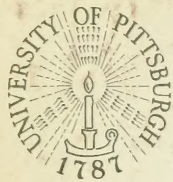
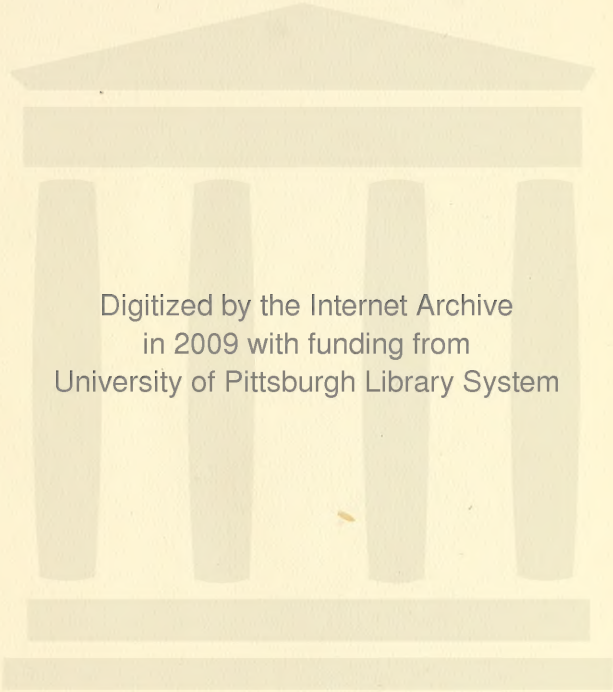
UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH



LIBRARY

WILLIAM & MARY DARLINGTON
MEMORIAL LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2009 with funding from
University of Pittsburgh Library System

http://www.archive.org/details/centuryillustrat69holl

THE CENTURY

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

MAGAZINE

VOL. LXIX
NEW SERIES: VOL. XLVII
NOVEMBER, 1904, TO APRIL, 1905

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK
MACMILLAN & CO. LTD., LONDON

Copyright, 1905, by THE CENTURY CO.

THE DE VINNE PRESS

INDEX

TO

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXIX NEW SERIES: VOL. XLVII

PAGE

AFRICA'S APPEAL TO CHRISTENDOM ..... *Prince Momolu Massaquoi*.. 927
Introduction ..... *Josiah Strong.*
Portrait of Prince Momolu Massaquoi.

ALDRICH'S, THOMAS BAILEY, "JUDITH OF BETHULIA" ..... *Editorial*..... 799

ARCHITECTURAL HINT, AN, FROM GEORGE WASHINGTON ..... *Editorial*..... 476

ART, AMERICAN, PHILADELPHIA'S CONTRIBUTION TO ..... *Harrison S. Morris*..... 714
Pictures from paintings and drawing.

ASSOCIATED PRESS, THE. I. Its General Foreign Service..... *Melville E. Stone* 888
Portrait of Melville E. Stone.

BALDWIN'S, WILLIAM H., JR., EXEMPLARY CAREER ..... *Editorial*..... 800

BLACKSMITH, FUGITIVE, THE. See "Finerty."

BLUE-JACKET, OUR MODERN..... *R. F. Zogbaum* 90
Pictures by the author.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY, THE, D. C. FRENCH'S BRONZE DOORS FOR *B*. 937, 957
Drawing by Malcolm Fraser.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, THE..... *Richard Aldrich* 585
Portrait of the founder, Henry Lee Higginson, from the painting by John S. Sargent, pictures by S. Ivanowski, and portraits from photographs.

BRAIN, THE, OF THE NATION ..... *Gustave Michaud* 41
Illustrations from photographs and diagrams.

BREAKING UP, THE, OF GEE HAW ..... *Emily Hewitt Leland* 938
Pictures by A. B. Frost.

BURBANK'S, LUTHER, WORK, AN AUTHORITATIVE ACCOUNT OF .. *William S. Harwood* ...656, 821
Pictures from photographs

"CAMEL, THE, OF JESUS" ..... *Margherita Arlina Hamm*.. 245
Pictures by Jay Hambidge.

CAMPAIGN, A NATIONAL, THOUGHTS DURING ..... *Editorial*..... 152

CAPTAIN KEIGHLEY'S MEN..... *Harvey J. O'Higgins*..... 368
Pictures by Martin Justice.

CAR, THE, THE EXPLOSION OF, THE STRANGE CEREMONY OF. See "Florence."

CARTOONS.
"Turn About is Fair Play" ..... *J. R. Shaver*..... 159
The County Fair: A Good Day for the Side-Shows ..... *E. Warde Blaisdell*..... 160
On Santa Claus's Picket-Line ..... *William Balfour Ker*..... 318
Connoisseurs and the Christmas Goose ..... *E. Warde Blaisdell*..... 320
Too Late ..... *J. R. Shaver* 480
The Point of View ..... *May Wilson Preston* 638
Travel up to Date ..... *E. W. Kemble*..... 640
For Identification..... *J. R. Shaver* 802
No Royal Road to Learning ..... *Boardman Robinson*..... 960

116163

PAGE

CASE, THE, WENT UP ..... *Clarke Gray* 395

CHÂTEAUX, THE, OF THE LOIRE ..... *Richard Whiteing* 803
I. Chinon — Chenonceaux — Luynes.
Pictures by André Castaigne and Jules Guérin — two in color.

CHICAGO'S NEW PARK SERVICE ..... *Henry G. Foreman* 610
Pictures by Jules Guérin.

CHILDREN'S COSTUMES IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY ..... *Roger Boutet de Monvel* 278
Pictures by Maurice Boutet de Monvel — one in color.

CHOPIN, THREE PRELUDES OF. Pictures by ..... *Sigismond Ivanowski* 241
Decoration by F. C. Gordon.

CHRISTIANITY, LIVING UP TO ..... *Editorial* 312

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas Callers. Picture in color by ..... *Anna Whelan Betts* 162

A Belated Christmas ..... *Carter Goodloe* 181
Pictures by Harrison Fisher.

A Misfit Christmas. A Monologue by Sonny's Father ..... *Ruth McEnery Stuart* 226

Liebereich's Christmas ..... *John Luther Long* 232
Picture by W. L. Jacobs.

"The Camel of Jesus" ..... *Margherita Arlina Hamm* .. 245
Pictures by Jay Hambidge.

Kerrigan's Christmas Sermon ..... *L. Frank Tooker* 290
Pictures by Martin Justice.

A Christmas Folk-Song ..... *Paul Laurence Dunbar* 298

A Lay Sermon for the Christmas Season ..... *Editorial* 313

A Christmas Warning ..... *Mary Fairfax Childs* 318

On Santa Claus's Picket-Line. Picture by ..... *William Balfour Ker* 318

A Christmas Fiesta in the Philippines ..... *David Gray* 426
Pictures from photographs.

CICATRICE, THE ..... *Gouverneur Morris* 392
Picture by Leon Guipon.

CITIZENS, ON THE GOOD, YET LIVING ..... *Editorial* 955

CLEVELAND'S, EX-PRESIDENT, "PRESIDENTIAL PROBLEMS" ..... *Editorial* 314

COLLEGE, THE AMERICAN, THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE OF ..... *Arthur T. Hadley* 864

COPPER. See "Water."

CORDON BLEU, THE, OF THE SIERRA ..... *Ethel Watts Mumford* 855
Pictures by Leon Guipon.

DADDY BILLY'S JUNO ..... *Susan Teackle Moore* 467

DEACON'S DILEMMA, THE ..... *Anne Warner* 709

DEVIL, THE, ON WHEELS ..... *St. Julien Grimké* 636

DYING, NOT A QUESTION OF, BUT WORSE ..... *Editorial* 153

EGYPTIAN COLONY, THE, IN NEW YORK, STORIES OF. See "Kalaun" and "Camel."

ELECTION, AFTER THE: A LOOK AHEAD ..... *Editorial* 474

ELIOT, PRESIDENT, ON THE LABOR PROBLEM ..... *Editorial* 798

ENEMY'S LINES, WITHIN THE ..... *Edward Boltwood* 109
Pictures by E. M. Ashe.

EVELINA'S RETURN ..... *Chapin Howard* 441
Picture by Christine S. Bredin.

FINERTY'S FERRY TALE ..... *Charles David Stewart* 528

FINLAND, THE CONFLICT IN ..... *David Bell Macgowan* 620
Picture by T. de Thulstrup, and portraits.

FLAMINGO CITY, A ..... *Frank M. Chapman* 163
Pictures from author's photographs, two of them colored by Bruce Horsfall, and two redrawn by Harry Fenn.

FLORENCE, HOLY SATURDAY IN: THE STRANGE CEREMONY OF THE EXPLOSION OF THE CAR ..... *Helen Zimmern* 919
Pictures from photographs.

FLORIDA, THE EVERGLADES OF ..... *Edwin Asa Dix* and *John Nowry MacGonigle* 512
Pictures by Harry Fenn and from photographs, and map.

PAGE

FORESTRY REFORM, THE NEXT STEPS IN ..... *Editorial* 315

FOSSIL WONDERS OF THE WEST ..... *Henry Fairfield Osborn.*

The Evolution of the Horse in America 3, 317

Ichthyosaurs 414

Pictures by Charles R. Knight and from photographs.

FRANCE, THE TRACKERS OF ..... *Roger Boutet de Monvel* 18

Pictures by Bernard Boutet de Monvel.

GERMANY.

Chapters from My Diplomatic Life. Embassy at Berlin ..... *Andrew D. White* 301, 378

Impressions of the German Emperor ..... *Andrew D. White* 483

With portraits of the Emperor and Empress from photographs.

HAND, THE, A CHAT ABOUT ..... *Helen Keller* 454

Pictures from photographs.

HOMER'S, WINSLOW, "ON THE HOMOSASSA RIVER, FLORIDA." Picture in color 299

HORSE, THE, THE EVOLUTION OF, IN AMERICA ..... *Henry Fairfield Osborn* ... 3, 317

Pictures by Charles R. Knight and from photographs.

HORSE-WOMAN, THE AMERICAN. Three drawings by ..... *Urquhart Wilcox* 47

HUMOR IN SCHOOL. I ..... *Agnes Deans Cameron* 958

ICHTHYOSAURS ..... *Henry Fairfield Osborn* 414

Pictures by Charles R. Knight and from photographs.

IMPOSSIBLE POSSIBILITY, AN ..... *Elliott Flower* 75

Pictures by Frederic R. Gruger.

INAUGURATION BALL, THE FIRST ..... *Gaillard Hunt* 754

Pictures from miniatures, decoration by F. C. Gordon.

INNESS'S, GEORGE, "SUNSET AT MONTCLAIR." Picture in color 257

"INOCULATING THE GROUND," POSTSCRIPT TO ..... *Gilbert H. Grosvenor* 801

IVANOWSKI'S, SIGISMOND, THREE PRELUDES OF CHOPIN 241

Decoration by F. C. Gordon.

JAPAN.

The Peeresses of Japan in Tableaux ..... *Yei Theodora Ozaki* 101

Pictures from photographs.

Japanese Devotion and Courage ..... *Oscar King Davis* 139

More Japanese Signboards ..... *Margaret Perry* 157

Intensive Warfare ..... *Editorial* 316

Awakened Japan ..... *Editorial* 633

The New Siege Warfare at Port Arthur ..... *Richard Barry* 681

The American Nurses in Japan ..... *Anita Newcomb McGee* 895

Pictures from photographs.

KALAUN, THE ELEPHANT-TRAINER ..... *Margherita Arlina Hamm* .. 502

Pictures by Jay Hambidge.

KEATS, OUR TREASURE IN ..... *Editorial* 154

KEEGAN'S COUP AT KA ..... *Edward W. Townsend* 557

Pictures by Frederic R. Gruger.

KERRIGAN'S CHRISTMAS SERMON ..... *L. Frank Tooker* 290

Pictures by Martin Justice.

KERRIGAN'S DIPLOMACY ..... *L. Frank Tooker* 698

Pictures by Martin Justice.

KNIGHT'S, CHARLES R., "TIGER AND COBRA." Picture in color 125

KOREA AND THE KOREAN EMPEROR ..... *W. F. Sands* 577

Portrait of the Emperor from the painting from life by Hubert Vos.

LABOR PROBLEM, THE, PRESIDENT ELIOT ON ..... *Editorial* 798

LONDON IN TRANSFORMATION ..... *Randall Blackshaw* 323

Pictures by Birch B. Long from the artist's sketches and architect's plans.

LOVE COMES, WHEN. A Girl's Letters to her Ideal ..... *Kate Whiting Patch* 602

Picture by Blendon Campbell.

MADELINE TRISTRAM ..... *Anne Douglas Sedgwick* 734

Picture by Maurice Greiffenhagen.

PAGE

MAN, THE, THE CONSUL PROTECTED ..... *Benjamin H. Ridgely* 402
Pictures by Frederic Dorr Steele.

MAN, THE, WHO FORGOT ..... *Alice Sedgwick* 51
Picture by John Russell.

MAN, THE, WITH THE DOG ..... *Bruce Craven* 639

"METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, THE FUTURE OF THE"—AGAIN ..... *Editorial* 956

MIND-CURE, THE, OF BROTHER PETER-PAUL ..... *Caroline Abbot Stanley* 744
Picture by A. B. Frost.

MISS HARRIET'S "EXTRAVAGANCE" ..... *Florida Pier* 149

MRS. HARRIGAN TELEPHONES ..... *Charles Battell Loomis* 319

MRS. LATHROP'S LOVE AFFAIR ..... *Anne Warner* 838

MUCHA, ALFONS, AND THE NEW MYSTICISM ..... *Christian Brinton* 218
Pictures by Mucha from illustrations.

NATION, CAN A, BE A GENTLEMAN? ..... *Editorial* 475

NEW YORK.

Pawnbroker Auctions, the, A Visit to. See "Sale."

Skyscrapers of New York. Shown in a Group of New Etchings. *Joseph Pennell* 776

PANSIES, WILD ..... *Gouverneur Morris* 885

PARK SERVICE, NEW. See "Chicago."

PAWNBROKER AUCTIONS OF NEW YORK CITY. See "Sale."

PEACE. See "Swords."

"PEACE WITH LIBERTY" ..... *Editorial* 798

PERMILLA, THE NARROW ESCAPE OF ..... *Helen R. Martin* 868
Pictures by Charlotte Harding.

PHILADELPHIA'S CONTRIBUTION TO AMERICAN ART. See "Art."

PIANO, THE SNEATH, DOWN THE FLUME WITH ..... *Bailey Millard* 117
Pictures by J. N. Marchand.

POMPEII, A NEW DISCOVERY AT ..... *Ettore Païs* 597
Picture in color.

PONE, WHEN THE, WENT OVER ..... *Edwin Asa Dix* 479

PORT ARTHUR, THE NEW SIEGE WARFARE AT ..... *Richard Barry* 681

PORTRAITURE, AMERICAN, EXAMPLES OF. XII. John Hay ..... *Augustus Saint Gaudens* ... 377

PRINCESS, THE, AND THE BOY ..... *Kate Whiting Patch* 259
Picture in color by Maxfield Parrish.

ROME, THE ORIGIN OF, A FRESCO REPRESENTING. See "Pompeii."

ROOSEVELT, PRESIDENT, AS A READER 951

ROOSEVELT, PRESIDENT, AT GLACIER POINT, YOSEMITE VALLEY. A Photograph 753

ROSE O' THE RIVER ..... *Kate Douglas Wiggin* ..643, 843
Pictures by George Wright—one in color.

RUSSIA.

A Diplomat's Recollections of Russia (1892–94) ..... *Andrew D. White* 127

The New Siege Warfare at Port Arthur ..... *Richard Barry* 681

The Conflict in Finland ..... *David Bell Macgowan* 620
Picture by T. de Thulstrup, and portraits.

The Outlook for Reform in Russia ..... *David Bell Macgowan* 787

Changing Russia ..... *Editorial* 954

SAINTE-BEUVE, A NOTE ON ..... *Brander Matthews* 423
Portrait of Sainte-Beuve from photograph.

SAINTE-BEUVE, AN OVERLOOKED "CAUSERIE" OF 478

SAINT GAUDENS'S STATUE OF GENERAL SHERMAN, CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK. Drawing in color by ..... *F. V. Du Mond* 2

SALE OF THE UNREDEEMED, THE, AT ..... *Albert Bigelow Paine* 354
Pictures by Orson Lowell.

SANDY ..... *Alice Hegan Rice* 192
Pictures by W. L. Jacobs—one in color. 311, 534, 687, 906

SCIENTIST, THE, AND THE MOTH ..... *Jennette Lee* 432
Headpiece by M. W. Bonsall.

PAGE

SCRAP ..... *Lucia Chamberlain* 946

SEA-WOLF, THE (Concluded from Vol. LXVIII) ..... *Jack London* 27
Picture by W. J. Aylward.

SECLUSION, THE, OF ROSALIA. A "Sexton Maginnis" Story ..... *Maurice Francis Egan* 566
Pictures by Arthur I. Keller.

SHERMAN, GENERAL, SAINT GAUDENS'S STATUE OF, CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK. Drawing in color by ..... *F. V. Du Mond* 2

SKYROCKET AND THE BLUE STUFF ..... *Cloudesley Johns* 761
Pictures by Martin Justice.

SPANISH MASTERS, OLD ..... *Timothy Cole.*
Goya's Washerwomen 26, 156
Alonzo Cano's Madonna and Child, known as "Our Lady of Bethlehem" 239, 317
Murillo's The Holy Family "del Pajarito" 322, 478

STUART'S, GILBERT, PORTRAITS OF MEN: JUDGE STEPHEN JONES *Charles Henry Hart* 72, 155
Engraved on wood by Henry Wolf.

SUNSET AT MONTCLAIR. Picture in color by ..... *George Inness* 257

"SUSAN CLEGG STORIES" ..... *Anne Warner.*
The Deacon's Dilemma 709
Mrs. Lathrop's Love Affair 838

SUZANNE'S CATECHISM ..... *Maud Wilder Goodwin* 674
Picture by Harrison Fisher.

SWORDS AND PLOWSHARES ..... *Editorial* 316

TARIFF, THE, SOME STUPIDITIES OF ..... *Editorial* 635

TIBETANS, THE, A LEADER OF ..... *J. Deniker* 73
Portraits of Agwan Dordji.

TIGER AND COBRA. Picture in color by ..... *Charles R. Knight* 125

TOLSTOI, THREE CHARACTERS OF. Pictures by ..... *Sigismond Ivanowski* 881
I. Katia. II. Mariana, "The Cossacks." III. Anna Karénina.

VACATIONS. See "Dying."

VALENTINE, THE. Drawing in color by ..... *Anna Whelan Betts* 482

VESUVIUS, COLOR AT ..... *Corwin Knapp Linson* 548
Pictures by the author—two in color.

WALL-STREET PLAN, THE ..... *Elliott Flower* 813

WARFARE, INTENSIVE ..... *Editorial* 316

WASHINGTON, GEORGE, AN ARCHITECTURAL HINT FROM ..... *Editorial* 476

WATER, PURIFYING, THE NEW METHOD OF ..... *Gilbert H. Grosvenor* 207
Pictures by William Oberhardt.

WELFARE MANAGER, THE: A NEW OCCUPATION ..... *Lillie Hamilton French* 61
Pictures by Charlotte Harding.

ZULOAGA, THE SPANISH PAINTER ..... *Christian Brinton* 446
Portrait of Zuloaga and reproductions of paintings.

VERSE

ADIRONDACK HARE, THE ..... *Francis Sterne Palmer* 157

"AND OTHERS" ..... *Clarence Urmy* 639

ART FOR THE SOUL'S SAKE ..... *Lee Wilson Dodd* 190

ART, THE PURSUER ..... *Edith M. Thomas* 147

AT SALUTE ..... *Susie M. Best* 774

AUTHORS' AGENCY, THE ..... *Julia Boynton Green* 958

BARBERINI BEES, TO THE ..... *Martha Gilbert Dickinson* 148
Decoration by Malcolm Fraser.

BONER, JOHN HENRY ..... *Richard Watson Gilder* 774

BOOK-WORM, A, THE TURNINGS OF ..... *Carolyn Wells* 318

CAT, TO A ..... *John G. Neihardt* 638

		Page
Child, To a Little	*Gouverneur Morris*	216
Picture by Alfons Mucha, and decorations by F. C. Gordon.		
Christmas Folk-Song, A	*Paul Laurence Dunbar*	298
Christmas Warning, A	*Mary Fairfax Childs*	318
Church Fight, Our	*Charles McIlvaine*	320
Cleveland, Grover, To	*John Finley*	774
Coals of Fire	*John Charles McNeill*	159
Como in April	*Robert Underwood Johnson*	917
Complication, A	*Arthur W. Ryder*	319
Corn-field Amenities	*Grace MacGowan Cooke*	640
Corporal Keefe	*William J. Lampton*	159
Death, the Angel Friend. In Memoriam—G. F. Watts, R.A.	*H. D. Rawnsley*	576
Dinner of Herbs, A	*William Hayes Ward*	115
Diplomacy	*Augusta Kortrecht*	479
"English as She is Spelled," More	*Beatrix Vere*	160
Fate	*Maud Wilder Goodwin*	353
God Save the State!	*Meredith Nicholson*	151
Guest, A Difficult	*Carroll Watson Rankin*	319
Hour, The, Supreme	*John Vance Cheney*	422
I Did n't Dare to Look	*Jennie E. T. Dowe*	801
Jefferson, Joseph. See "Optimists."		
Keats's Poem "To Autumn"		83
Picture by Maxfield Parrish, in color, and decoration by F. C. Gordon.		
Keller, Helen. See "Optimists."		
King, The Uncrowned	*Clinton Dangerfield*	289
Light-Ship, The	*William Hervey Woods*	673
Maidenhood, A Sonnet of	*M. Cannah*	440
March the Eighteenth. (To G. C.)	*John Finley*	774
Moro Love-Song, A	*Edward Barron*	124
Mother, A, in Egypt	*Marjorie L. C. Pickthall*	918
New Year, The	*Clinton Dangerfield*	340
"Oh, Ask Me Not"	*John Charles McNeill*	760
Ol' Mis'	*Grace MacGowan Cooke*	802
Optimists, Two. (A Letter to Joseph Jefferson, Acknowledging a Copy of Helen Keller's Essay on "Optimism")	*Richard Watson Gilder*	466
Panama. Home of the Dove-Plant or Holy Ghost Flower	*Amanda T. Jones*	527
Patchwork	*Clinton Scollard*	511
Ping-Pong, The Ballad of. (After Swinburne)	*Harry Graham*	863
Play, A Successful	*Frederic B. Bard*	639
Poet, a, Epitaph for. (John Henry Boner)	*Richard Watson Gilder*	774
Prayer, The. (To an Ursuline Nun)	*Alice Williams Brotherton*	441
Relinquishment	*Marshall Ilsley*	752
Saints, Two, Ballad of	*Theodosia Garrison*	277
Salvation, The, of Texas Peters	*J. W. Foley*	637
Sampler, On a	*Clinton Scollard*	390
Picture by Anna Whelan Betts, and decoration by F. C. Gordon.		
Sea-Gull, To a, Inland	*Christian Gauss*	733
Song	*Georgiana Goddard King*	680
Thought, A Common	*Henry Austin*	452
Uhlan, The	*Thomas Walsh*	708
Unremembered, the, Memorial of	*Edith M. Thomas*	533
Ursuline Nun, To an	*Alice Williams Brotherton*	441
Vendors, The	*Arthur Davison Ficke*	887
Yesterday	*Margaret Ridgely Schott*	936

Color drawing by F. V. Du Mond

SAINT GAUDENS'S STATUE OF GENERAL SHERMAN

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXIX NOVEMBER, 1904 NO. 1

THE EVOLUTION OF THE HORSE IN AMERICA

(FOSSIL WONDERS OF THE WEST)

FIRST COMPLETE ACCOUNT OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM EXPLORATIONS UNDER THE WILLIAM C. WHITNEY FUND

BY HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN

Da Costa Professor of Zoölogy in Columbia University, Curator in the American Museum of Natural History

THE horse is without doubt the noblest of our domesticated animals, and notwithstanding all the gaps which still interrupt our knowledge, no other animal presents such a complete and finely ordered ancestry; as compared with that of other quadrupeds his evolution may certainly be described as an *édition de luxe*. Finding his origin in a little animal less than a foot in height, we can trace his descent step by step during two or three million years, into his present beauty of form and superb mechanism of limb and tooth structure; we can follow his range over the entire northern hemisphere of Europe, Asia, and America, and into the southernmost limits of Africa and South America; we know the approximate period when two of his varieties, the domesticated horse and the ass, were conquered by man; we recognize his subsequent great influence in human civilization as well as his part in literature, in poem, and in story; we read daily more and more of his present culture and popularity, and speculate upon his future in competition with machines of human manufacture which are rapidly increasing in efficiency.

For many years I had been seeking a lover and patron of the modern horse whose assistance would enable the American Museum of Natural History to carry on special explorations in the West and studies in the East, with the exclusive purpose of solving some of the still unsolved problems in the history of the horse. It is popularly believed that the direct descent of the horse has been satisfactorily traced by Marsh and by the numerous American

Copyright, 1904, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

and European investigators who have been fascinated by this study. This is true in a general way, but not with the detail or accuracy demanded by the standards of modern science.

I felt that the only way to answer these questions would be to plan exploration on a world-wide scale, to study the wild horse as he exists to-day, and more exhaustively to compare the evolution of the horse in America with that which took place in Europe.

we have brought together more or less complete remains of seven hundred and seventy-one fossil horses, one hundred and forty-six of which were secured by the Whitney expeditions in the years 1901–1903. Mr. J. W. Gidley, whom I placed in charge of this work, has achieved brilliant success, especially in the discovery of a large number of complete skeletons. The rarity and value of complete skeletons will be realized when it is stated that in all the other museums of the world there are at

Model by Charles R. Knight. From a photograph

FIG. 1. MODEL OF THE PROTOROHIPPUS OR FOUR-TOED HORSE, BASED ON THE MOUNTED SKELETON IN FIG. 1*a* [1]

This little animal was thirteen and a half inches high. Its form must have been intermediate between that of its remote five-toed ancestor and that of its remote one-toed descendant, the modern horse

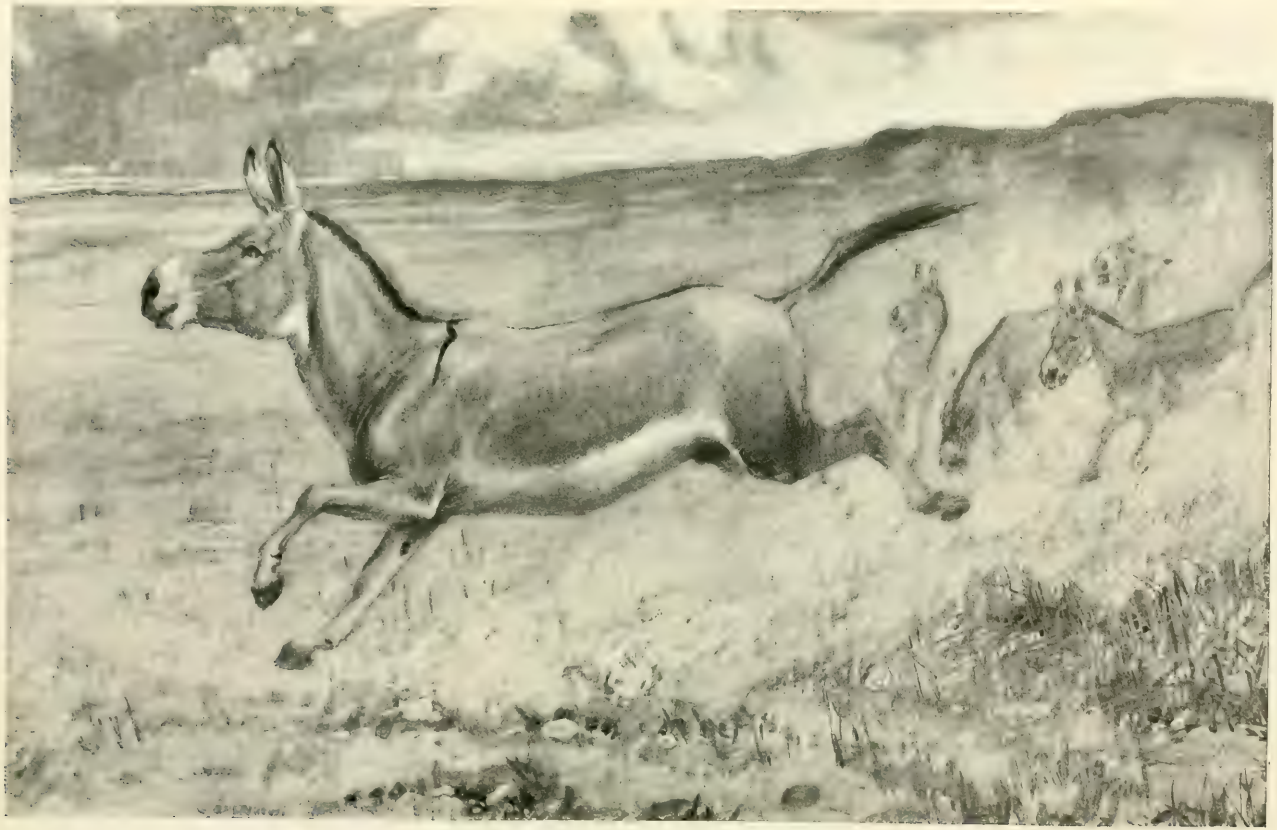
The generous benefactor was fortunately found in the person of the late William C. Whitney, one of the trustees of the American Museum. He entered into the plan with appreciation, and for three years amply supported this great project. It is a matter of regret that he could not have lived to see the completion of this work, which, nevertheless, will always be associated with his name. In these three years some very striking results have been secured, especially in regard to the evolution of the horse in America; and, with the coöperation of friends in other countries, we are now at least approaching a solution of the many unsolved problems.

Our American Museum explorations began in 1890, and up to the present time

present only three complete mounted skeletons of fossil horses. In our series we have already secured and mounted five.

It is among the post-Eocene horses that our explorers on the Whitney fund have made the most important discoveries. As if instinct with the present progressive genius of the country, these American animals seem to have set a more varied pace of evolution than the conservative *Anchitherium* and *Hipparion* of Europe, which Huxley mistakenly placed in the direct line of descent. The materials, in fact, present an embarrassment of riches. We find proofs of at least three and possibly four collateral lines of horses, large and small, fast and slow, the members of which were more or less intermingled in

[1] The photographs and drawings of this article are reproduced by permission of the American Museum of Natural History. — EDITOR.



Drawn by Charles R. Knight. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE WILD ASS OF ABYSSINIA (EQUUS ASINUS)

Considered to be the progenitor of the domestic ass

the "pedigree" published by Marsh. We have to sift the real ancestors of our modern horse from these numerous collateral races, which have confused all the students of this subject. Out of this newer investigation there comes the feeling of probability rather than of certainty that the direct ancestry of the horse was in North America.

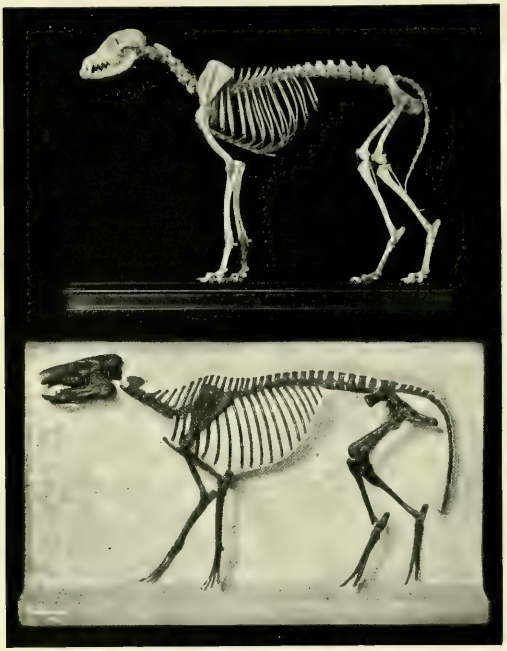


FIG. 1*a*. SKELETON OF THE MODERN WHIPPET-HOUND COMPARED WITH THAT OF THE FOUR-TOED HORSE

In foot-structure, limbs, and general proportions, the whippet of to-day closely parallels the four-toed horse

ANCIENT AMERICAN HORSES

We must assume totally different conditions of life in the Western country during the early evolution of the horse; not a dense tropical forest, but an intermingling of forests, glades, uplands, rivers, and lakes. This was the early Eocene environment, which was gradually transmuted through the Oligocene, Miocene, Pliocene, and early Pleistocene into scenery resembling that of Africa to-day. The American environment and the American horse evolved together—the teeth with the changes in the food, especially with the increasing spread of the grasses, the feet with the character of the turf, the speed with the development of speed among the wolves and foxes.

We may imagine the earliest herds of horses in the Lower Eocene (*Eohippus*, or "dawn-horse" stage) as resembling a lot of small fox-terriers in size, only eleven inches, or two and three tenths hands, at the withers, covered with short hair which may have had a brownish color with lighter spots, resembling the sunbeams falling through the leaves of trees, and thus protecting the little animals from observation. As in the terrier, the wrist (knee) was near the ground, the hand was still short, terminating in four hoofs, with a part of the fifth toe (thumb) dangling at the side. Despite its diminutive size of from eleven to fourteen inches, this little horse ranged from Mexico northward through Wyoming, and far over continental Europe and Great Britain.

The next higher stage, our four-toed horse (the *Protorohippus*), is the famous specimen found nearly complete by Dr. J. L. Wortman in the Big Horn Mountains of northern Wyoming. The contour of this little animal, as modeled [1] precisely on the lines of the skeleton by Mr. Charles Knight (Fig. 1), is to me the most interesting restoration ever made, because at once reminiscent of the very remote five-fingered atavus of the horse, in which the entire palm of the hand and sole of the foot rested upon the ground, and prophetic of the modern horse in the evidence of the coming ascendency of the middle hoof.

The rationale of the evolutionary changes which are in progress in this little hand is beautifully illustrated by comparison with the gradually elevated human

[1] This model, together with many of the original drawings from which this article is illustrated, was presented to the museum by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. The original paintings of the existing wild races of the horse, ass, and zebra were the gift of the late William C. Whitney.

hand as shown in Fig. 3. The middle finger is in each case the same. The evolutionary law is simple: it is the development of the useful and the degeneration of the useless. As the hand is raised, we can understand why the thumb disappeared first (*Eohippus* stage), because it was the first to leave the ground; why the little finger disappeared second (*Protorohippus* stage), as the next shortest of the series; why the toes corresponding to the index- and ring-fingers (*Mesohippus* stage) for an enormously long period helped to support the middle finger. Pursuing the comparison further, we can understand how the wrist is transformed into what is falsely called the knee of the horse, the back of the hand into the cannon-bone of the horse, the fingers into the pastern, the finger-nails into the hoofs.

and more dependent upon speed, which they secured chiefly by the stretching out and lengthening of the bones of the hands and the feet in the manner described above. Nature had found the same secret for increasing the speed of the little foxes of the period; but the horses more than held their own in the race for speed evolution. We thus find that the diminutive English coursing hound, the whippet (Fig. 1*a*), is to-day in size, proportions, and length of hand and foot almost the exact counterpart of this little Eocene "four-toed horse," whereas the hand of the modern horse has gone many stages further in its evolution.

The term *les solipèdes* which the French apply to the horse suggests the key-note to their progress. Although *Protorohippus* is four-toed, there is already a decided centralization of the weight on the middle toe, and

From a photograph

FIG. 2. TWO PRZEWALSKY COLTS IN THE NEW YORK ZOÖLOGICAL PARK

These animals, in the general characters of the head, hair, and mane, recall some of the sketches made in caves by men of the stone age (see especially the right-hand upper figure in Fig. 11)

THE BEGINNINGS OF SPEED

As the clumsier carnivores of the early Eocene period became extinct and were replaced by the speedier and more clever canids, which we may speak of as foxes, the life of the little horses became more

the fate of the three remaining lateral toes is virtually sealed. But, as an illustration of the enormously long periods required in evolution, we find that while the triumphant central digit was constantly lengthening and expanding, according to the speed of the different races of the horse,

Drawn by Charles R. Knight. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

THE IMPERIAL OR GREVY'S ZEBRA (EQUUS GREVYI), INHABITING PORTIONS OF NORTHEASTERN AFRICA

The largest and most delicately striped of the existing zebras

Drawn by Charles R. Knight. Halt-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

PRZEWALSKY'S HORSE (EQUUS PRZEWALSKII). FROM THE DESERT OF DZUNGARIA IN CENTRAL ASIA

The only wild species of true horse now living; believed to be related to the commoner domestic horses of Europe

perhaps two million years were passed in suppressing these four lateral toes entirely. Even now the veterinarian finds various diseases of the cannon-bone arising from the vestigial "splints" of the two lateral toes.

It is this getting up on the tip of the toe like a ballet-dancer, and the stretching out of the hand and foot, which principally account for the increase in length of limb and the increase in the height of these horses as compared with length of back. But the upward stages in the evolution of the horse are marked by slow yet continuous increase in size as a whole, as shown in Fig. 3. From the eleven inches, or less than three hands, of the small *Eohippus*, we pass to fourteen inches in *Protorohippus*, and to eighteen inches, or four and a half hands, in the Oligocene *Mesohippus*. As shown in Fig. 8, we have a series of steps leading up to the three Upper Miocene animals, the "forest horse" (*Hypohippus*, Fig. 6), the deer-like horse (*Neohipparion*, Fig. 7), and the "original horse" (*Protohippus*), each of which attained a height of forty inches, or ten hands. This is the size of the average Shetland pony, while the most diminutive Shetlands have been bred down to thirty-two and a half inches, or eight to nine hands. It is also the size of the smaller races of horses which are found with the most primitive remains of man in Europe. The smallest of the existing wild horses is the mountain zebra of Cape Colony, between twelve and twelve and a half hands in height; while the American-bred horse of our preglacial period (*Equus scotti*), shown in Fig. 8, measures fourteen hands at the withers.

The final result of tooth evolution is a grinding mechanism which can withstand from twenty-five to thirty years of almost continuous usage. The "dawn horse" was certainly a short-lived animal, attaining not over ten or twelve years of age before its short-crowned teeth wore out. The modern mechanism was evolved by the brilliant device of elongating these crowns, providing them with beautifully curved columns and cylinders of enamel from summit to base, and enveloping this hard enamel between the softer tissues of den-

tine and cement in such a manner that the unequal densities of these tissues produce a grinding surface which is uneven at every stage of wear (Fig. 4). The face and jaw of the horse are elongated and deepened to stow away this dental battery of upper and lower grinders (Fig. 5).

The improvement of the breeds of horses was by the constant selection of the most perfect mechanism in tooth and limb by that most expert and resourceful of all breeders—nature. Through this selection the horse attained the highest degree of mechanical perfection known in any quadruped, even bearing in mind the marvelous specialization of the modern antelopes: fitness to travel great distances, which explains its wide dispersal; ability to escape its enemies or ward them off with its hoofs; protective coloring of the hair as a means of concealment; the power of resisting great extremes of climate by the thickening of its hairy coat; capacity to subsist on comparatively innutritious food.

DISCOVERY OF VARIOUS NATURAL BREEDS IN AMERICA

Our exploring parties have traveled thousands of miles in search of fossil horses,

From a photograph

FIG. 4. SECTIONS OF THE GRINDING AND CROPPING TEETH OF THE HORSE

To show the elongation and infolding of the crowns and the alternation of the three wearing surfaces, enamel, dentine, and cement, which are of different degrees of hardness, and thus produce a ridged wearing surface of the highest efficiency. The enamel, the hardest tissue, is colored black, the dentine or ivory light brown, the cement white. First column, vertical sections of upper and lower cropping teeth, showing the cup or mark; second column, vertical sections of upper and lower grinders; third column, horizontal sections of upper and lower grinders.

from the staked plains of Texas on the south, up through New Mexico into eastern Colorado and western Nebraska, and north into Montana. The grand result of this work is the proof of the existence of at least three great races which evolved

From a photograph

FIG. 5. THE DENTAL BATTERY OF THE HORSE

With the roots of the six unworn grinding teeth laid bare, to show the provision for prolonged grinding action; as the crowns wear away, the teeth are gradually thrust down into action. (From a specimen in the William C. Whitney collection.)

contemporaneously in our country, then as diversified as Africa is to-day. We cannot as yet say which of these races was European and which American in origin. All were moving upward, but, like the hare and the tortoise, not with the same rapidity of change or exactly in parallel lines.

In 1901 we discovered in eastern Colorado the complete skeleton of what may be called the "forest horse" (*Hypohippus*, Fig. 6), ten hands high, with large lateral toes, serving to keep the feet from sinking in the relatively soft ground of the forests or lowlands, where it sought the softer kinds of herbaceous food, for which its short, simple teeth were best fitted. In the same year, in river and stream deposits, on the eastern escarpment of the staked plains, we found the remains of twelve three-toed horses of two kinds quite distinct from the "forest horse," including the American species (*Neohipparion*) of *Hipparion*, which represent in lightness and delicacy of limb the opposite extreme of structure.

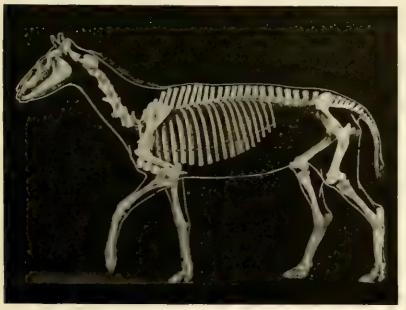
The splendid animals of this time (Upper Miocene) reflect the most favorable life conditions of what may be called the African period in America. Here were the primitive elephants, which, according to the dominant theory, had recently arrived on their long journey from Africa through Asia over the dry land of the Bering Straits region, on their way to South

America. Among the great profusion of animals were especially the giraffe-like camels with long necks, capable of browsing on the tops of the higher bushes, possibly indicating seasons of drought. The relatives of the deer and pronghorn antelope were still small, with simple horns; the horses themselves were of the size of ten-hand Shetlands.

The chief enemies of these Herbivora were the saber-tooth tigers, and a great variety of wolves, including the giant dog (*Dinocyon*).

Our notable achievement was in South Dakota, in 1902, when the Whitney party found the most perfect fossil horse skeleton ever discovered, which we subsequently named *Neohipparion whitneyi* in honor of Mr. Whitney. The animal was a mare which had sought refuge, with five young animals, probably representing a herd of colts, from a sand-storm or from some other disaster. They were found closely huddled together, with limbs drawn up; and whatever the cause of death,—a stroke of lightning, a storm, hunger, thirst, or cold,—they certainly had not been preyed upon by carnivores nor scattered by a flood. The preservation of the skeleton of the mare is extraordinary; even the rib cartilages were found in place, as well as the tip of the tail.

Neohipparion, as shown in Fig. 7, was proportioned like the Virginia deer—delicate and extremely fleet-footed, surpassing the most highly bred modern race-horse in its speed mechanism, and with a frame fashioned to outstrip any type of modern hunting-horse, if not of thoroughbred.

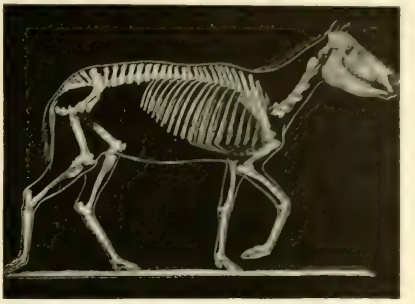


From a photograph

FIG. 6. THE HYPOHIPPUS

A three-toed forest-living horse, from deposits of Upper Miocene age in Colorado. Photograph of skeleton from the mounted specimen in the William C. Whitney collection. Contours in white by Charles R. Knight.

Both the "forest horse" and the *Neohipparion* races developed extremes of structure which were apparently fatal to their



From a photograph

FIG. 7. THE NEOHIPPARION (NEOHIPPARION WHITNEYI)

A three-toed horse of deer-like proportions, from deposits of Upper Miocene age in western Nebraska. Photograph from the mounted skeleton in the Whitney collection. Contours by Charles R. Knight.

persistence under changed conditions. For this or for some other reason both races became extinct, while the *Protohippus*, of intermediate structure, survived. This animal appears to have passed through *Pliohippus*, or the Pliocene horse, into the direct lineage of the modern horse; but we have not yet succeeded in finding either a skull or a complete skeleton which can be absolutely proved to be immediately ancestral to the true race of horses.

About the early or mid-Pliocene period there apparently occurred the long journey of the true American breed of horses into Asia and Europe and over the newly made land bridge of Panama or of the Antilles into South America. That the true Old World horse actually came from America is inferred because of the sudden appearance in the Upper Pliocene of the Siwalik Hills of northern India, in northern Italy, and in England, of five species of the true horses (*Equus*), of which no ancestors have been found in either Europe or Asia. Another strong argument for their American origin is found in the simultaneous appearance in the same countries of the camel, which we positively know to have been an exclusively American-bred animal. It is possible, however, that in unexplored portions of northern Asia the evolution of true horses may have been progressing.

I am sanguine that traces of this great exodus and migration of the horses will be discovered in the rocks of northern Asia, and that this great problem in the history of the horse will be solved in favor of America.

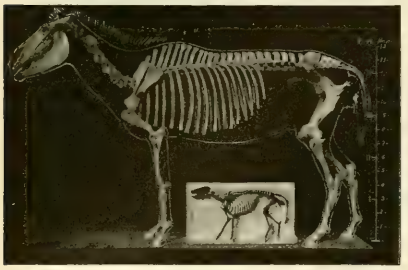


FIG. 8. THE FIRST AND LAST OF THE HORSE DYNASTY IN AMERICA

The smaller animal is the primeval *Protorohippus* or four-toed horse; the larger animal is the one-toed Scott's horse, one of the last native American species of horses. The stages of progress in size between these two extremes were realized in the fossil species named in the column on the right. Contours by Charles R. Knight.

TRUE PREGLACIAL HORSES OF AMERICA

THE preglacial or earliest Pleistocene times in America, as in Europe, were of temperate climate with increasing coldness. The country was covered from north to south with three noble species of elephants, namely, the northern mammoth, the Columbian mammoth, and the imperial mammoth or elephant of Texas; there were also large and small camels, and a variety of large ground-sloths which had recently made their way over the new land bridge from South America.

The great number and variety of our preglacial horses speak for favorable conditions, and constitute an additional proof of the American-origin theory. In 1826 Mitchell aroused wide-spread interest by the discovery of the first true fossil horse of America, found near the Navesink Highlands of New Jersey. This was seventy-eight years ago; it antedated by a quarter of a century Leidy's discoveries in Nebraska.

The wide geographical range, as well as the great variety in size and breed of the American preglacial horses, is indicated by the following facts. One animal (*Equus complicatus*), about the size of a small Western bronco, originally found near Natchez, has been traced all over the Southern States, from the isles of the Gulf of Mexico to South Carolina. A larger horse (*E. pectinatus*) with very elaborate grinding teeth has been found in the Northeastern and Middle States. On the extreme western coasts of California and in Oregon occurs the large "Pacific horse" (*E. pacificus*), perhaps closest to the existing species of horse (*E. caballus*). In Nebraska we quarried a whole season, securing remains of hundreds of horses belonging to another species (*E. excelsus*). In a portion of this quarry all the larger limb bones were found broken in two. This suggested to me the possibility that these larger bones, the only ones known to have contained marrow, had been broken by man, who was primitively a great marrow-eater, but we searched in vain for any collateral evidence of this hypothesis. To my knowledge, no human remains have been found associated with those of the fossil horse in North America; but I confidently expect that such association will be discovered, as it has been in South America.

By far the largest species of either wild or domesticated horse known has been determined by Mr. Gidley in Texas, and has appropriately been called the "giant horse" (*E. giganteus*). The grinding teeth exceed those of the Percheron draft-horse by one third. At the other extreme is a diminutive horse (*E. montezumæ*), discovered both in Florida and in the valley of Mexico.

All these animals were represented by single teeth, broken skulls, scattered bones, and other fragmentary remains.

A more welcome discovery could hardly be imagined, therefore, than that by our party, in 1899, on the eastern edge of the Llana Estacado of Texas. It was no less than a small herd of six or seven preglacial horses. One of these skeletons, represented in Fig. 8, may be taken as the representative of the last of its great race in America, with its little four-toed atavus, *Protorohippus*, beneath it. This true American horse was certainly rather ungainly-looking, proportioned like the larger primitive horses of Europe, with long body, short limbs, sloping sides, and quarters like

those of some of the zebras. Like the early cave-horses of Europe, it had a large head, convex forehead, stout limbs, spreading hoofs, and splint-bones which represent the last of the lateral toes.

EXTINCTION OF THE AMERICAN HORSE

When we look back upon the enormous antiquity of our horse, upon the ceaseless trials of nature by which it was produced, and upon the splendid varieties of breeds which roamed over the country in preglacial times, we cannot but regard the total elimination of this race as a calamity for the North American continent. John Fiske speaks of the absence of horses as one of the deterrent influences in American native civilizations. There is no doubt that we supplied South America with the horses which under the peculiar conditions there began to separate into a number of distinct breeds. The extremely short-limbed *Hippidium* of the pampas of Argentina was contrasted with the more normal long-limbed horses found in various parts of South America. The horse also persisted in South America until the advent of man; during the Upper Pleistocene lake formations its remains are found associated with chipped stone implements, with pottery and fire refuse, proving that it was both hunted and eaten. The evidence, however, for the total extinction of the horse is as strong in South as it is in North America, and it is generally accepted that in 1530 Mendoza reintroduced the horse into the La Plata region, just as the Spaniards reintroduced it into our Southern States. The rapid spread of feral breeds of horses in South America and of the mustangs in North America bespeak highly favorable conditions of life. Many of these horses have reverted to a very primitive condition, notably the striped yellow duns of Mexico.

The increasing cold and the advancing ice sheet of the glacial period are commonly assigned as the cause of the extinction of American horses. The fact that most of our native fauna became extinct at the same time lends probability to this theory. But this does not explain the elimination which also occurred to the south in Central and South America, and for other reasons it seems to me that the temperature theory is not adequate to explain all the facts. The great herds of kiangs, or wild asses, and other breeds which subsist under the extreme conditions of the northern winters, as well as the survival of the horse through the glacial period in Europe, demonstrate the capacity of this family to endure cold. Another class of causes which should certainly be taken into consideration is the occurrence of a wide-spread

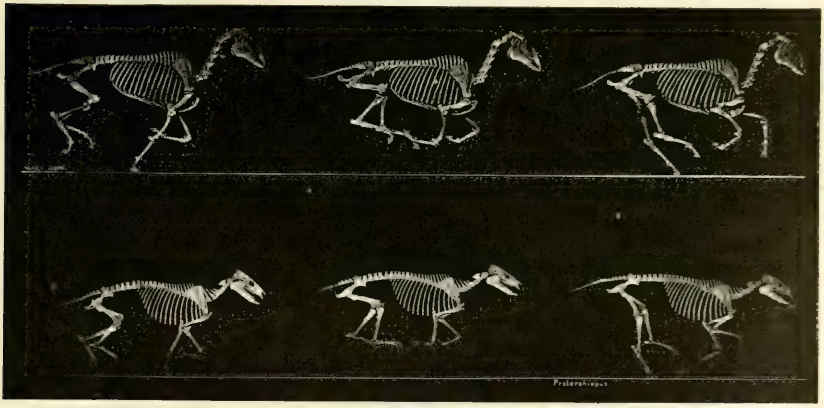


FIG. 9. POSITIONS OF THE SKELETON DURING THREE PHASES OF THE GALLOP, AS FIGURED BY MUYBRIDGE FROM THE MODERN HORSE (ABOVE), AND AS THENCE INFERRED FOR THE PROTOROHIPPUS (BELOW) OR FOUR-TOED HORSE

This illustrates the mechanical advantage of the great elongation of the hand and foot in the modern horse

epidemic among the quadrupeds, such as the rinderpest of Africa, or that which is spread by the tsetse-fly. In certain parts of South America the puma is an animal especially destructive to horses.

COLORING OF THE EARLY AMERICAN HORSES

We have still to solve the problem of when the separation of the three branches of the genus *Equus* occurred, namely, the horses, asses, and zebras, animals which still interbreed, although the progeny, the mule and zebra hybrids, are sterile. The origin of these three great races is still to be traced. We may imagine that it was due to the dispersal under different conditions of climate of the original or stem horses of America. Thus the zebras are peculiarly characteristic of northern and southern Africa; the asses are represented by two single species in northern Africa and by five or six species in Asia; while the true horse has only a single surviving species in the heart of Asia. The remote common parentage of the horses, asses, and zebras is proved less by the skeleton than by evidences of the community of pattern in the striping. Members of all three breeds show the strong dorsal or back stripe which is so conspicuous in the donkey, the shoulder stripe or stripes, more or fewer of the circular leg stripes, as well as the darker upper color and the lighter under color of the body. In some of the breeds in which normally the striping is not shown at all it occasionally occurs by atavism or reversion.

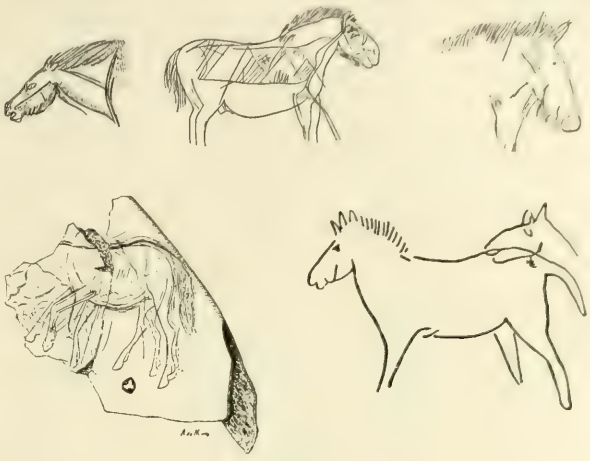
This leads to the interesting conclusion that the American Miocene and Pliocene horses were striped animals which, if living to-day, would be recognized as zebras, although not perhaps closely related to the African zebras. This I regard as definitely proved by the remarkable breeding experiments by my friend Professor Cossar Ewart, who believes that the asses parted company at an early stage from the zebras and horses, before the zebras had acquired their extravagantly striped coat, which may well have been heightened and intensified by the brilliant sunshine and shadow conditions of Africa. The ancestral true horse of northern Europe appears to have largely lost its zebra-like markings, just as the extinct quagga of South Africa was losing them through adaptation to entirely open country. The ground color of the true horse was of a dun or khaki shade, and this is a shade to which horses in various parts of the world tend to revert. In Mexico and various other parts of America the descendants of the horses introduced by the Spaniards are frequently of a dun color, with distinct dorsal, shoulder, and leg stripes; this is the so-called striped dun. Foals of the comparatively primitive Norwegian and other ponies are found with distinct stripes on the leg and forehead (Fig. 10); and even Arab foals frequently show the stripings on the legs.

This hereditary striping is proof of the enormously prolonged existence of the parental or stem race of horses in the sun and shade conditions of a partly forested country such as we believe North America to have been during the greater part of the horse-evolution period. The origin was probably as far back as the Oligocene, while the Eocene horses, which had more recently emerged from the forests, were probably spotted animals. The only explanation we can offer of the origin of striping is that of natural selection, because observation as well as experiment prove that both in brilliant sunlight and moonlight striping renders an animal inconspicuous, and is thus an important factor in its concealment from its enemies.

FIG. 10. ZEBRA-LIKE STRIPES ON THE FACE OF A NORSE PONY

The fading out of the stripes and the secondary development of a monotonous dun and brownish color were equally effective under the darker skies and in the open plains and deserts of the north, or in the desert conditions of the northerly and southerly portions of Africa. This uniformity of color in the common horse is probably a special impress of the severe Pleistocene conditions of Europe and Asia, of which we find other proofs,

such as the following. The tail became covered with hair from the tip to the bottom, partly as a protection from severe weather. The short hog-mane of the ass and the zebra at a late period, and perhaps partly by human selection, was replaced by the falling mane, which afforded protection to the animal from the rain when lying down. On the forehead the stripes disappeared and the forelock appeared. These latter changes must have occurred in comparatively recent times, because the oldest horses pictured by man are without forelock. The spreading hoof of the horse as compared with the narrow hoofs of the ass and zebra may have served to prevent the animal from sinking into the moist Pleistocene turf.



From a photograph

FIG. 11. SKETCHES OF HORSES MADE ON THE WALLS OF CAVES BY MEN OF THE STONE AGE

From Ewart after Rivière, Capitan and Breul, and Munro

THE HORSE AND MAN

THE conquest of the horse by man, and its final utilization for all purposes which are discharged by steam and electricity to-day, marked one of the great turning-points in the history of civilization. In the great earth and sand preglacial deposits of Europe the true wild horse is as wide-spread, though not as varied, as in America. It is not at this stage associated with the remains of man, because no preglacial man except the pithecanthropus or Trinil man of Java has been found. In the interglacial or postglacial period the remains of man and the horse are first found together. The first association occurs in the middle of the palæolithic, or rough-implement, period. The discovery of all the possible uses of the horse came very gradually, however, for there is abundant proof that man first hunted and ate, then drove, and finally rode the animal.

The remarkable drawings discovered by Rivière in 1901 in the cave of La Mouthe are believed to be of palæolithic age. The artists of La Mouthe and other caves in France left outlines partly etched, partly in ocher, of the animals of the chase, the reindeer, mammoth, bison, ibex, and horse, which have, for our purpose, the extreme merit of telling the truth. There are varieties in these drawings which Ewart interprets as indicating a variety of races.

The prevailing drawings of the palæolithic horse represent him as hog-maned, with no forelock to conceal the low-bred Roman nose. A second type in the Mouthe cave, a bearded horse with long, bristling mane, long ears, and convex forehead, is regarded by M. Rivière as another species. But it is not clear to my mind that these drawings represent more than the summer and winter coats of the same animal. Besides these Roman-nosed types to which Ewart traces the modern cart-horse, there are others with small heads and flat noses which Ewart associates with the Celtic pony and possibly with the origin of the thoroughbred. Other cave drawings, reproduced by M. Capitan, leave little doubt that the ass was known in Europe. It is also certain from abundant evidence in the caves of France that there was a larger horse toward the south perhaps, while the smaller breeds may have frequented the colder northern regions.

The horse was at first simply hunted for

food, and in the Solutrian period became the chief article of food, as shown by piled-up remains of thousands of skeletons, the long bones of which were split open for the marrow.

The northern palæolithic horse was only ten hands high, probably as a result of the dwarfing effects of the severe climate. It was too small an animal to be ridden. It was certainly not very different in appearance from the only true wild horse which now survives in the world, and was possibly the same stock. This is Przewalsky's horse (*E. przewalskii*) of the desert of Dzungaria, which was discovered by Poliakoff in 1881, and demonstrated beyond a doubt to be distinct from the wild ass of northern Asia and the Mongolian pony. As in the palæolithic drawings, this horse is unstriped. It is covered with thick hair of a dull brown or dun color, and has a woolly under-covering for winter protection. One of the Przewalsky colts (Fig. 2), now in the New York Zoölogical Park, probably gives us a living picture of the horse as he was known to palæolithic man thirty thousand years ago.

MULTIPLE ORIGIN OF THE HORSE

THE interesting question arises: Are these palæolithic horses and possibly the Przewalsky horses the forebears of our modern domesticated breeds, and are our horses of single origin, or of multiple origin, like our dogs?

In 1902 Professor Ewart first wrote me of the occurrence of a new type of horse in the islands west of Great Britain. In December of the same year he presented this before the Royal Society as a new variety or species, which he proposed to call the Celtic pony (*E. caballus celticus*). As found in Faroe, Barra, and other small islands of the outer Hebrides, also in Connemara, Ireland, it is a small pony of a yellow dun color, partly striped, with short hairs on the upper part of the tail, small ears, prominent eyes. On the inside of the hocks are either very small callosities or chestnuts, or no callosities, features which are invariably present in the true horse (*E. caballus*) as well as in Przewalsky's horse. Especially distinctive is the small, gracefully shaped head, a feature which leads Ewart to compare the Celtic pony with the small-sized, small-headed horse known to palæolithic man, and to imagine that these ponies represent the outermost fringe and the first to branch off from the horse fraternity.

In the same region of the Arctic Hebrides Ewart also observed, as a second type, large yellow duns about fourteen and three tenths hands at the withers, with big bones, large heads, and ungraceful Roman noses. "I imagine," he writes, "that the ancestors of these animals came from the south of Europe and correspond with the larger horses of the Neolithic cave deposits." From this second coarse, thick-set breed, similar in size to a full-grown Przewalsky's horse and to the animals which were domesticated in the Neolithic or polished-stone age of Europe, the common type of European work-horse may have sprung. Descendants of this low-bred, primitive race are apparently distributed over Europe and Asia, represented in the Norwegian and Mongolian ponies, in which the general earth color by reversion frequently shows vestiges of a formerly striped condition. All the earliest horses of history correspond to this type. The Sigynnæ, the only tribe north of the Danube known to Herodotus, drove similar horses in their chariots; this may have been the source of the horses of the Assyrians, Persians, and of the Homeric Greeks, of the ancient Britons, of the Scythians and Turkomans. It corresponds also with the small original horses of the Chinese, but ancient Chinese records show that about 100 B.C. the emperor began to send west to Turkestan for horses which had been improved by breeding.

There is evidence, however, of the frequent improvement of this northerly race by a superior southerly stock, which, if it can be clearly separated, constitutes a third distinct race of domesticated horse. In an extremely interesting paper published in 1902 Professor Ridgeway of Cambridge University brought forward strong historical evidence, first, that the superior horse had long been independent of the common northerly race, second, that it was known and occasionally imported for interbreeding by Persians and other Asiatics, third, that it was originally bred, not in Arabia, Persia, and Asia Minor, as is commonly supposed, but in ancient Libya. "It is clear," he says, "that the Arabs never owned a good horse until they became masters of northern Africa and secured

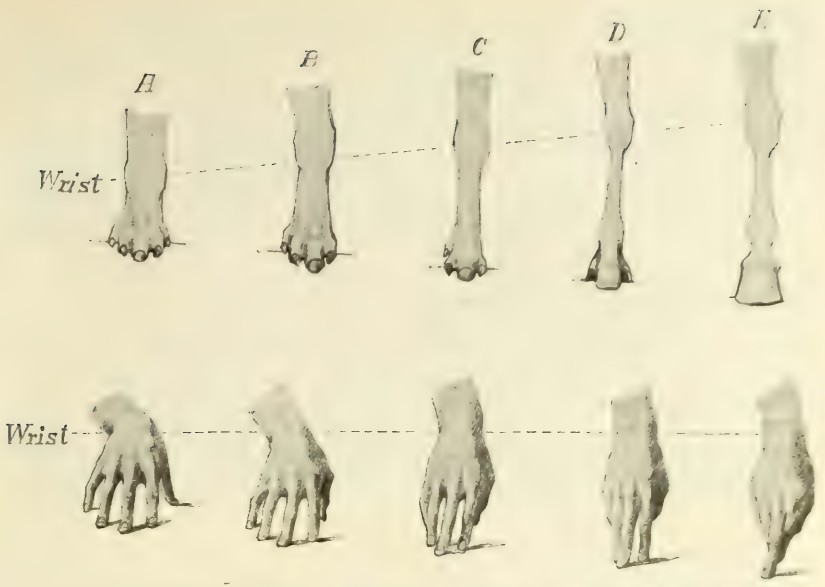


FIG. 3. HOW THE HORSE CAME TO WALK ON THE TIP OF A SINGLE FINGER. COMPARISON OF THE FOOT OF ANCIENT AND MODERN HORSES WITH THE HUMAN HAND

A, hypothetical ancestral stage, in which all five fingers (toes) rest upon the ground; *B*, *Protorohippus* stage, with four fingers resting on the ground; *C*, *Epihippus* stage, with the little finger slightly raised above the ground; *D*, *Mesohippus* stage, three-fingered; *E*, modern-horse (*Equus*) stage, single-fingered. This series also shows the conversion of the nail of the middle finger into a hoof.

the Barbary horses, which had been originally bred in the Libyan Desert." He finally suggests that this race from which all the fine-blooded horses of the world have sprung may have been independently derived from the zebra of northern Africa or from some closely allied species. We cannot accept this suggestion, because the falsely called "Arabs" freely interbreed with other horses, while the zebras are sterile in the second generation; but this does not preclude the supposition that while the two commoner breeds of horses were descended from Asiatic and European stocks which had felt the severity of Pleistocene conditions, the blooded horse was domesticated in the drier countries around and especially south of the Mediterranean, where the conditions for breeding may have always been eminently favorable.

The blood of this superior horse by importation has probably affected both the form and the color of all the finer breeds of horses of Europe and Asia, and this is the animal to which Shakspere's lines in "Venus and Adonis" apply:

So did this horse excel a common one,
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide;
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

THE TRACKERS OF FRANCE

BY ROGER BOUTET DE MONVEL

WITH PICTURES BY BERNARD BOUTET DE MONVEL

Once upon a time they descended the rivers, navigating with the current. In each ear they wore a large iron ring with two little crossed anchors in the middle of the circle. We are told that they were all capable, experienced men, thoroughly familiar with the river-beds, and trained to take advantage of every current and to avoid the ever-shifting bank of sand. In those days they were called bargemen.

Unfortunately, the rivers, having no intercommunication, overflowed in winter and dried up in summer. Then these worthy people would be thrown out of work for two or three weeks at a time, sometimes for an entire month, while the merchandise lay at the port, waiting for the water to regain the normal level before it could be shipped. As a result, it came to pass that canals were dug in every direction—long, tranquil canals connecting the rivers and navigable all the year round. Abandoning then the natural watercourses, the bargemen all became trackers.

Nowadays they drag their heavy boats the length of the steep embankments, as they journey from one town to another, from France to Belgium, from Belgium to the Netherlands, with cargoes of wood and charcoal and freestone and fine sand. They move at a leisurely gait beside the narrow canal, which, edged with plane-trees and Italian poplars, stretches ahead in a straight line, dividing the flat, damp meadow-lands in two, encircling villages and suburbs, running alongside a river, a railroad-track, or a stretch of sun-baked road.

The rich tracker employs a team of horses or mules to tow his boat. The poor ones themselves act as beasts of burden. On each bank a man, sometimes a woman, is harnessed to a long rope attached to the prow of the boat. As with bowed bodies and outstretched necks they pull in unison, a picture of melancholy resignation, one is reminded of a tiny ant dragging home some enormous burden. It should be remembered, indeed, that the largest boats have a capacity of three hundred and twenty tons; that is to say, they carry as much freight as a train of thirty-two cars. Towed by hand, they make hardly more than eight miles a day, and, when horses are employed, from twelve to fifteen. Usually this laborious task is performed by a donkey. He is very small, and has a collar of little bells and red tassels. His lank spine worn raw in spots, his faded hair, and his enormous stomach, bear witness to the fact that he is not too tenderly treated, and that the food on which he is nourished is mediocre in quality. He walks along with bowed head, drooping ears, and half-closed eyes, unceasingly lashing his thighs with his meager tail. A little behind comes the man, hauling also, so as to ease his beast. They proceed slowly, in jerks: three steps forward, then a pause in which the whole weight is thrown against the rope, then forward again. It is hot. The sun beats down in perpendicular rays on the glassy surface of the canal, and is reflected back again blindingly. Both man and beast are half asleep, though they plod steadily on until the former, aroused by some pertinacious fly, suddenly awakens, and rends the air with the sharp cracking of his whip. The rope stretches taut, and the boat glides noiselessly forward over the still water.

"THEY MOVE AT A LEISURELY GAIT BESIDE THE NARROW CANAL"

Some of these boats are wide and heavy, solid and comfortable-looking. Others are smaller, long and narrow in shape. The former are built after the new model, which measures about 125 feet in length by 17 in width, and has a burden of three hundred and twenty tons. Here we see a brand-new "pinnace," still redolent of tar. In the center is the single cabin, in which the entire family lives. It has tiny windows, green shutters, and a white railing before which a geranium blooms, and all is as clean and bright as a new toy.

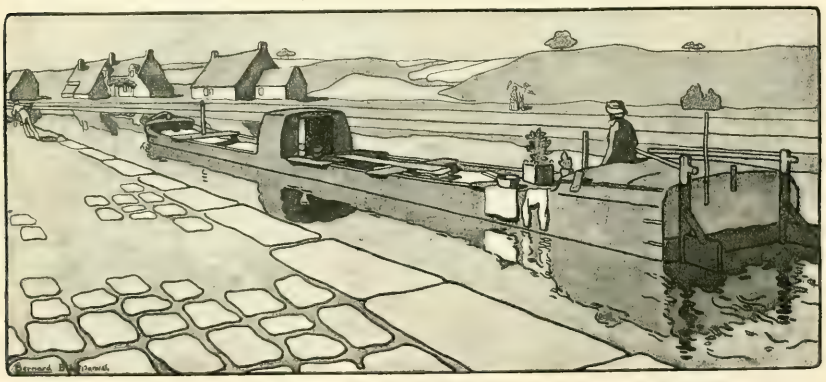
The other type is the "montluçon," as

THE DINING-ROOM

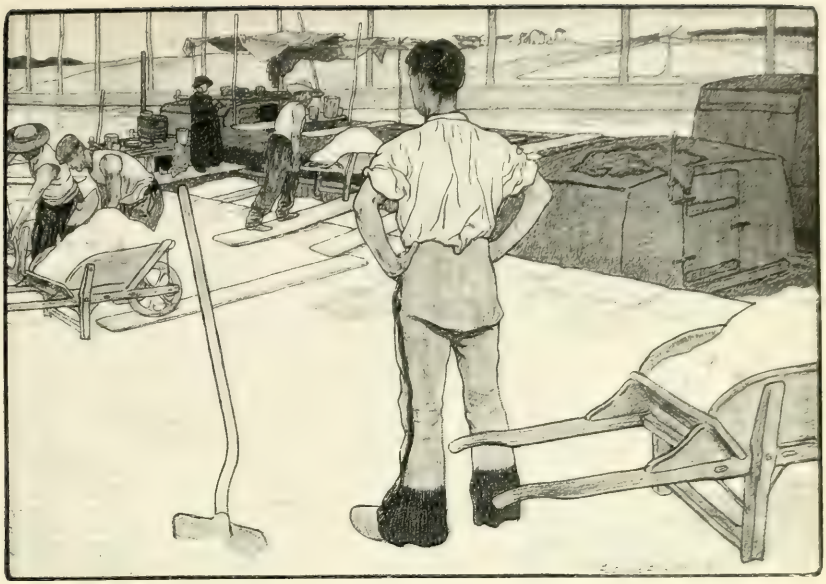
the trackers call it, an old-style river boat, such as were formerly built in Berry. It has no bridge, is very narrow, and has become entirely black from repeated coats of tar. It measures barely more than 60 feet in length by 9 in width. Its burden is from fifty to sixty tons. In the after part is the cabin. Usually one sees the family linen drying before the door, and on the roof a canary-cage, a sleeping dog, a little stove set up in the open, and upon which the soup is steaming. Large freshly painted letters proclaim the name. It is the *Franco-Russe*, the *Botha*, the *Toujours à mieux*, the *Souvenir de ma mère*, the *Tram de plaisir*, and the *Barque de Cythère*.

By the helm stands the woman, a heavy peasant, misshapen by toil, whose sunburnt face, old before its time, seems even darker beneath a white cap. All the while that she presides over the cooking she keeps a watchful eye upon the brood of ragamuffins who play and quarrel among the sand and charcoal; for every one of these floating dwellings swarms with ragged, barefoot children, all black and sooty beneath their mops of tow-colored hair. Seeing them tear about from one end of the narrow boat to the other, it appears nothing short of miraculous that they manage to escape the dangers which threaten them on every side. Not one among them knows how to swim, and for the same reason, were an accident to occur, the fathers could be of but slight assistance. One cannot but wonder, moreover, what kind of education is possible for children who are constantly moving from place to place, and who pass most of their time rolling in the dirt. Yet nearly all trackers can read and write, as can be seen by examining the register where each master boatman is required to sign his name whenever a lock is opened for him at night. One rarely finds a cross in place of the signature. All have either picked up some sort of schooling in the course of their wanderings, or have been sent to the communal school or to the good sisters in the periods of loading and unloading the boat.

In addition to the annual enforced holiday of thirty days, when the yearly cleaning of the canals and rivers takes place, there are frequent halts in the course of every journey. It may be that the canal crosses a stream and that at certain seasons this stream is not navigable by reason of ice, or floods, or drought. Whenever this occurs, the boat must be laid up. Close to the intersections of the canals and rivers, therefore, large basins have been constructed, capable of harboring from one hundred to one hundred and fifty boats at a time, ranged side by side in long lines. This floating village, with its contracted dwellings and its crowd of swarthy, shaggy men, tattered children, and bare-bosomed women, makes one think of some wandering Bohemian people, or of a tribe of nomads about to emigrate by water. On the grassy bank and the neighboring hedges rows of linen are spread out to dry. Lines of smoke curl upward, filling the air with an odor of green wood burning, and of open-air cookery. There is a confusion of shrill cries, and from boat to boat the



A MONTLUÇON BOAT



LOADING WITH SAND

donkeys are heard vying joyously with one another. Night falls, and everything grows still. Fires are lighted, and in their red reflections one distinguishes here and there the profiles of men and women seated in a circle, listening to the uncertain and monotonous music of an accordion.

Often, however, the evening passes in a less peaceful fashion. The bargemen, it must be admitted, have a decided liking for spirits, and as the tavern-keepers here, as everywhere else, are entirely agreed in the matter of keeping open shop along the route, the others feel bound, as it were, by the very force of circumstances, to drink both freely and frequently. Thus they sometimes get drunk and fail to come up with their boats till late in the night, and whenever this occurs a family quarrel ensues—a quarrel that rapidly develops into a violent and noisy fight between husband and wife. These are about the only occasions, however, when the bargemen have recourse to their fists; for although excessively choleric in temperament, and hasty and quarrelsome to a degree, they usually content themselves with challenges hurled from a distance. But although they rarely come to actual blows, the most trifling disagreement is sufficient to let loose a perfect hurricane of imprecations. The same hasty temper is found among the women. It is they usually who do the steering, and when several boats cross one another and one of them is a little crowded, there is an immediate outbreak of mutual abuse. Each boat pursues its way till they pass out of sight. Nothing happens, but still the dialogue goes on, each interlocutor continuing to hurl all manner of threats and abusive epithets at the other, and though they are half a mile apart, the air still vibrates with the clamor of their harsh voices.

But the noisiest time of all is when, after being detained for some time from one cause or another, the moment finally arrives for the assembled boats to move out of the basin and resume their journey. According to an accepted custom, it should be the proprietors of boats drawn by horses who pass out first, next those with donkeys, and finally the poorest of all, those who tow their boats themselves. It is hardly necessary to state, however, that, in spite of this perfectly reasonable and proper rule, every boat tries to get out at the same moment. Recourse has then to be had to the local police, who promptly establish themselves on the spot, and remain until the very last pinnace has disappeared.

A DONKEY-TEAM

Nor are these the only occasions upon which the police mingle in the affairs of the bargemen. It must be remembered that in their character of nomad, they have a natural tendency to pilfer, and credit should be given them for the very remarkable agility and lightness of touch that they exercise in the business. For the rapid and noiseless capture of stray animals capable of yielding nourishment found upon the route, they are without their peers. It is a question, however, merely of trifles; though they sometimes confuse the meanings of "mine" and "thine," our worthy friends are not really bad.

In spite of their frequent quarrels there exists among the bargemen a very edifying *esprit de corps*. Thus, boats laden with charcoal will go so far as to replenish the store of every other boat they meet. They settle the rates of charges among themselves, bargain amicably with one another, and effect exchanges—coal for wine, wine for wood, etc. This custom has become so firmly established that neither the transportation company nor the owner of the cargo ever dreams of fighting it, so utterly futile would be any such attempt. Often, indeed, and especially when the consignment consists of wine or spirits, they agree in advance to set aside a certain portion for the use of the bargeman, hoping by this means to induce him to deliver the remainder intact.

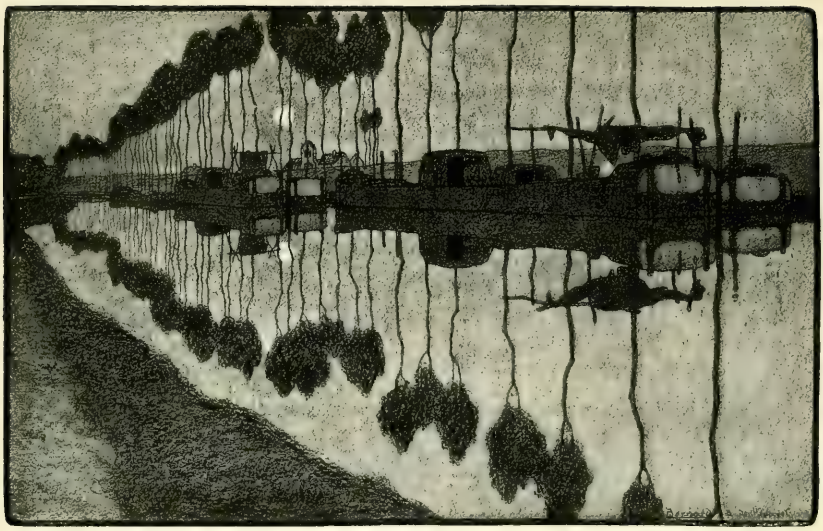
In all these affairs the part played by the police is an unimportant one, but it is a different matter when they are called upon to trace some fugitive from justice among the tribe of bargemen. Such cases are by no means uncommon, and if ordinarily one is a tracker just as he is a carpenter or a mason, often the calling is adopted merely as a convenient method by which to escape justice and conceal one's identity. It is a trade that does not necessitate a long apprenticeship; it is open to all, and the companies, needing men, take those who apply without examining them too closely.

The bargemen form to-day a community of about five thousand persons, and they control some two thousand pinnaces and barges. The true bargemen, however, are those who follow the calling from father to son, and who live with their families, each on his own boat. It is only little by little, though, that a man has become its proprietor. At first the boat is the property of a contractor or of a company who places him in charge and pays him a fixed sum

by the month or by the year. A tracker makes from sixty to seventy centimes a kilometer when he tows for himself, and from eighty to ninety-five centimes when he employs horses. Consequently we may say that he earns five francs, or about ninety-five cents, a day. If he wants to become the owner of the boat, the company agrees to reserve a certain portion of his wages for each trip, and by the end of ten, fifteen, or twenty years he has paid the full amount of the purchase-money. A pinnace is worth about eighteen thousand francs, a montluçon between five and six thousand, and neither lasts more than from thirty to forty years. One boat, however, which has become traditional in the world of bargemen, the *Subterranean*, survived for over seventy years. When, in the early part of the nineteenth century, the canal was dug to connect the basin of the Schelde with that of the Omnignon, not a bargeman could be found willing to attempt the passage, considered by all to be impracticable. Napoleon thereupon promised that the first boat to pass through should forever be exempt from tolls. Allured by this bait, one, bolder than the rest, made the attempt. In memory of the exploit his boat was called the *Subterranean*, and under this name was so assiduously kept in repair that it was still in existence in 1880, at which time the passage-tolls were abolished. It would then have been a difficult matter, however, to discover a single plank of the original boat.

By dint of hard work a good many trackers come to be proprietors of several boats. Thus working on their own account, with care and economy and good business capacity it is possible from a simple bargeman to end by becoming a wealthy contractor. Such instances are, however, extremely rare. For the most part a tracker's ambition is confined to the ownership of two boats. Later, when he shall have grown old and unfit for work, he will hand one of these over to his children and will sell the other for the highest price he can get, hoping to live upon the income. Reflect for a moment upon the size of an income derived from a capital of six thousand or even eighteen thousand francs! A bargeman, however, can subsist upon very little, and if his meager revenues prove insufficient for his support, he promptly dips into his capital. Should this become exhausted before his death, his children will take him in, and he will end his days on the boat which he himself has towed for many years.

"THE SAME HASTY TEMPER IS FOUND AMONG THE WOMEN"



REST

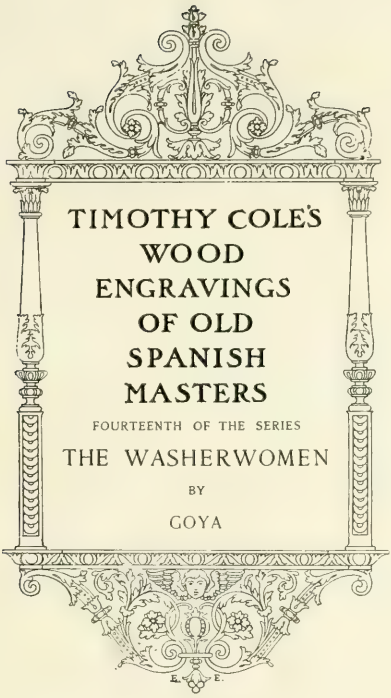
One is sometimes astonished to find in these days, when, before all else, rapid transport is required, that the canals remain of so much importance. And in any case it is difficult to understand why steam has not replaced horses, or, still more, men, for towing boats of three hundred tons burden. It should be borne in mind, however, that certain kinds of heavy and bulky merchandise, such as soft coal, charcoal, freestone, or breakable stuff like pottery, porcelain, and faience, are both difficult and costly to transport by rail.

True, it takes a boat a day to go the distance that a freight-train will cover in less than an hour. But the freight charge on French canals is currently one centime a kilometer for one thousand kilos, while by rail it is from three to eight centimes, or three and often eight times as much. Finally, none of these canals have been constructed with a view to steam-navigation. The most modern measure over 50 feet in width, and the banks, composed only of earth, could never withstand the strain of rapid travel. The passage of a medium-sized steamboat would cause a displacement of water far too great, and it would certainly happen sometime that two boats of this order, going in opposite directions, would end by sticking fast.

In order to remedy these drawbacks, all the canals would have to be widened. Unfortunately, they have been constructed not on any general plan, and differ as much in width and depth as they do in the size of the locks. One can readily see, therefore, that the expense of such an undertaking makes it extremely unlikely that it will ever be carried out.

Yet a large proportion of freight is still carried by water. In France it amounted in 1902 to thirty-two million tons. The annual traffic of Paris, the chief fluvial port, reaches six million tons, while that of Marseilles, the largest seaport, is not over five million tons. France has more than eight thousand miles of navigable waterways, and it is certain that every effort will be made to increase the facilities of her inland navigation. Many and various experiments have been tried in this direction, and, towage by steamboat being impracticable except on the streams, or at best the larger rivers, attempts have been made to employ machinery of various kinds.

Commerce will gain. But the peace and charm of the canals will disappear with those picturesque teams of mules and donkeys, which at present are such a delight to the eye, and thus still a little more ugliness and dullness will have invaded the natural beauty of the country-side.


TIMOTHY COLE'S
WOOD
ENGRAVINGS
OF OLD
SPANISH
MASTERS
FOURTEENTH OF THE SERIES
THE WASHERWOMEN
BY
GOYA

"The Washerwomen," from the original painting by Goya in the Madrid Museum. See "Open Letters"

THE SEA-WOLF

BY JACK LONDON

Author of "The Call of the Wild," "The God of his Fathers," etc.

XXXVI

FOR two days Maud and I ranged the sea and explored the beaches in search of the missing masts. But it was not till the third day that we found them, all of them, the shears included, and, of all perilous places, in the pounding surf of the grim southwestern promontory. And how we worked! At the dark end of the first day we returned, exhausted, to our little cove, towing the mainmast behind us. And we had been compelled to row, in a dead calm, virtually every inch of the way.

Another day of heartbreaking and dangerous toil saw us in camp with the two topmasts to the good. The day following I was desperate, and I rafted together the fore-mast, the fore- and main-booms, and the fore- and main-gaffs. The wind was favorable, and I had thought to tow them back under sail; but the wind baffled, then died away, and our progress with the oars was a snail's pace. And it was such dispiriting effort! To throw one's whole strength and weight on the oars, and to feel the boat checked in its forward lunge by the heavy drag behind, was not exactly exhilarating.

Night began to fall, and, to make matters worse, the wind sprang up ahead. Not only did all forward motion cease, but we began to drift back and out to sea. I struggled at the oars till I was played out. Poor Maud, whom I could never prevent from working to the limit of her strength, lay weakly back in the stern-sheets. I could row no more. My bruised and swollen hands could no longer close on the oar-handles. My wrists and arms ached intolerably, and, though I had eaten heartily of a twelve-o'clock lunch, I had worked so hard that I was faint from hunger.

I pulled in the oars and bent forward to the line which held the tow. But Maud's hand leapt out restrainingly to mine.

"What are you going to do?" she asked in a strained, tense voice.

"Cast it off," I answered, slipping a turn of the rope.

But her fingers closed on mine.

"Please don't!" she begged.

"It is useless," I answered. "Here is night and the wind blowing us off the land."

"But think, Humphrey. If we cannot sail away on the *Ghost* we may remain for years on the island—for life, even. If it has never been discovered all these years, it may never be discovered."

"You forget the boat we found on the beach," I reminded her.

"It was a seal-hunting boat," she replied. "And you know perfectly well that if the men had escaped they would have been back to make their fortunes from the rookery. You know they never escaped."

I remained silent, undecided.

"Besides," she added haltingly, "it 's your idea, and I want to see you succeed."

Now I could harden my heart. As soon as she put it on a flattering personal basis, generosity compelled me to deny her.

"Better years on the island than to die to-night or to-morrow or the next day in the open boat. We are not prepared to brave the sea. We have no food, no water, no blankets, nothing. Why, you 'd not survive the night without blankets. I know how strong you are. You are shivering now."

"It is only nervousness," she answered. "I am afraid you will cast off the masts in spite of me. Oh, please, please, Humphrey, don't!" she burst out.

And so it ended, with the phrase she knew had all power over me. We shivered miserably throughout the night. Now and again I slept fitfully, but the pain of the cold always aroused me. How Maud could stand it was beyond me. I was too tired to thrash my arms about and warm myself, but I found strength time and again to chafe her hands and feet to restore the circulation. And still she pleaded with me not to cast off the masts. About three in the morning she was caught by a cold cramp, and after I had rubbed her out of that she became quite numb. I was frightened. I got out the oars and made her row, though she was so weak I thought she would faint at every stroke.

Morning broke, and we looked long in the growing light for our island. At last it showed, small and black, on the horizon, fully fifteen miles away. I scanned the sea with my glasses. Far away in the southwest I could see a dark line on the water, which grew even as I looked at it.

"Fair wind!" I cried in a husky voice I did not recognize as my own.

Maud tried to reply, but could not speak. Her lips were blue with cold, and she was hollow-eyed; but oh, how bravely her brown eyes looked at me—how piteously brave!

Again I fell to chafing her hands, and to moving her arms up and down and about until she could thrash them herself. Then I compelled her to stand up; and though she would have fallen had I not supported her, I forced her to walk back and forth the several steps between the thwart and the stern-sheets, and finally to spring up and down.

"Oh, you brave, brave woman!" I said, when I saw the life coming back into her face. "Did you know that you were brave?"

"I never used to be," she answered. "I was never brave till I knew you. It is you who have made me brave."

"Nor I until I knew you," I answered.

She gave me a quick look, and again I caught that dancing, tremulous light and something more in her eyes. But it was only for the moment. Then she smiled.

"It must have been the conditions," she said; but I knew she was wrong, and I wondered if she likewise knew.

Then the wind came, fair and fresh, and the boat was soon laboring through a heavy sea toward the island. At half-past three in the afternoon we passed the southwestern promontory. Not only were we hungry, but we were now suffering from thirst. Our lips were dry and cracked, nor could we longer moisten them with our tongues. Then the wind slowly died down. By night it was dead calm, and I was toiling once more at the oars, but weakly, most weakly. At two in the morning the boat's bow touched the beach of our own inner cove, and I staggered out to make the painter fast. Maud could not stand, nor had I strength to carry her. I fell in the sand with her, and, when I had recovered, contented myself with putting my hands under her shoulders and dragging her up the beach to the hut.

The next day we did no work. In fact, we slept till three in the afternoon—or at least I did, for I awoke to find Maud cooking dinner. Her power of recuperation was wonderful. There was something tenacious about that lily-frail body of hers, a clutch on existence which one could not reconcile with its patent weakness.

"You know I was traveling to Japan for my health," she said, as we lingered at the fire after dinner and delighted in the movelessness of loafing. "I was not very strong. I never was. The doctors recommended a sea voyage, and I chose the longest."

"You little knew what you were choosing," I laughed.

"But I shall be a different woman for the experience, as well as a stronger woman," she answered, "and, I hope, a better woman. At least I shall understand a great deal more of life."

Then, as the short day waned, we fell to discussing Wolf Larsen's blindness. It was inexplicable, and I instanced his statement that he intended to stay and die on Endeavor Island. There had been his terrific headaches, and we were agreed that it was some sort of brain breakdown, and that in his attacks he endured pain beyond our comprehension.

I noticed, as we talked over his condition, that Maud's sympathy went out to him more and more; yet I could not but love her for it, so sweetly womanly was it.

Besides, there was no false sentiment about her feeling. She was agreed that the most rigorous treatment was necessary if we were to escape, though she recoiled at the suggestion that I might sometime be compelled to take his life to save my own—"our own," she put it.

In the morning we had breakfast and were at work by daylight. I found a light kedge-anchor in the forehold, where such things were kept, and with a deal of exertion got it on deck and into the boat. With a long running-line coiled down in the stern, I rowed well out into our little cove and dropped the anchor into the water. There was no wind, the tide was high, and the schooner floated. Casting off the shore-lines, I kedged her out by main strength (the windlass being broken), till she rode nearly up and down to the small anchor—too small to hold her in any breeze. So I lowered the big starboard anchor, giving plenty of slack; and by afternoon I was at work on the windlass.

Three days I worked on that windlass. Least of all things was I a mechanic, and in that time I accomplished what an ordinary machinist would have done in as many hours. I had to learn my tools, to begin with, and every simple mechanical principle which such a man would have at his finger-ends I had likewise to learn. And at the end of three days I had a windlass which worked clumsily. It never gave the satisfaction the old windlass had given, but it worked and made my work possible.

In half a day I got the two topmasts aboard and the shears rigged and guyed as before. And that night I slept on board, and on deck beside my work. Maud, who refused to stay alone ashore, slept in the forecastle. Wolf Larsen had sat about, listening to my repairing the windlass, and talking with Maud and me upon indifferent subjects. No reference was made on either side to the destruction of the shears, nor did he say anything further about my leaving his ship alone. But still I feared him, blind and helpless and listening, always listening, and I never let his strong arms get within reach of me while I worked.

On this night, sleeping under my beloved shears, I was aroused by his footsteps on the deck. It was a starlight night, and I could see the bulk of him dimly as he moved about. I rolled out of my blankets and crept noiselessly after him in my stocking-feet. He had armed himself with a draw-knife from the tool-locker, and with this he prepared to cut across the throat-halyards I had again rigged to the shears. He felt the halyards with his hands, and discovered that I had not made them fast. This would not do for a draw-knife, so he laid hold of the running part, hove taut, and made fast. Then he prepared to saw across with the draw-knife.

"I would n't, if I were you," I said quietly.

He heard the click of my pistol and laughed.

"Hello, Hump," he said. "I knew you were here all the time. You can't fool my ears."

"That 's a lie, Wolf Larsen," I said, just as quietly as before. "However, I am aching for a chance to kill you, so go ahead and cut."

"You have the chance always," he sneered.

"Go ahead and cut," I threatened ominously.

"I 'd rather disappoint you," he laughed, and turned on his heel and went aft.

"Something must be done, Humphrey," Maud said next morning, when I had told her of the night's occurrence. "If he has liberty, he may do anything. He may sink the vessel, or set fire to it. There is no telling what he may do. We must make him a prisoner."

"But how?" I asked, with a helpless shrug. "I dare not come within reach of his arms, and he knows that so long as his resistance is passive I cannot shoot him."

"There must be some way," she contended. "Let me think."

"There is one way," I said grimly.

She waited.

I picked up a seal-club.

"It won't kill him," I said. "And before he could recover I 'd have him bound hard and fast."

She shook her head with a shudder. "No, not that. There must be some less brutal way. Let us wait."

But we did not have to wait long, and the problem solved itself. In the morning, after several trials, I found the point of balance in the foremast and attached my hoisting-tackle a few feet above it. Maud

held the turn on the windlass and coiled down while I heaved. Had the windlass been in order it would not have been so difficult; as it was, I was compelled to apply all my weight and strength to every inch of the heaving. I had to rest frequently. Maud even contrived, at times when all my effort could not budge the windlass, to hold the turn with one hand and with the other to throw the weight of her slim body to my assistance.

At the end of an hour the single and double blocks came together at the top of the shears. I could hoist no more. And yet the mast was not swung entirely inboard. The butt rested against the outside of the port rail, while the top of the mast overhung the water far beyond the starboard rail. My shears were too short. All my work had been for nothing. But I no longer despaired in the old way. I was acquiring more confidence in myself and more confidence in the possibilities of windlasses, shears, and hoisting-tackles. There was a way in which it could be done, and it remained for me to find that way.

While I was considering the problem Wolf Larsen came on deck. We noticed something strange about him at once. The indecisiveness or feebleness of his movements was more pronounced. His walk was actually tottery as he came down the port side of the cabin. At the break of the poop he reeled, raised one hand to his eyes with the familiar brushing gesture, and fell down the steps, still on his feet, to the main-deck, across which he staggered, falling and flinging his arms out for support. He regained his balance by the steerage companionway, and stood there dizzily for a space, when he suddenly crumpled up and collapsed, his legs bending under him as he sank to the deck.

"One of his attacks," I whispered to Maud.

She nodded her head, and I could see sympathy warm in her eyes.

We went up to him, but he seemed unconscious, breathing heavily and spasmodically. Maud took charge of him, lifting his head to keep the blood out of it, and despatching me to the cabin for a pillow. I also brought blankets, and we made him comfortable. I took his pulse. It beat steadily and strong, was quite normal. This puzzled me; I became suspicious.

"What if he should be feigning this?" I asked, still holding his wrist.

Maud shook her head, and there was reproof in her eyes. But just then the wrist I held leapt from my hand, and the hand clasped like a steel trap about my own wrist. I cried aloud in awful fear, a wild, inarticulate cry; and I caught one glimpse of his face, malignant and triumphant, as his other hand compassed my body and I was drawn down to him in a terrible grip.

My wrist was released, but his other arm, passed around my back, held both my arms so that I could not move. His free hand went to my throat, and in that moment I knew the bitter foretaste of death earned by one's own idiocy. Why had I trusted myself within reach of those terrible arms? I could feel other hands at my throat. They were Maud's hands, striving vainly to tear loose the hand that was throttling me. She gave it up, and I heard her scream in a way that cut me to the soul; for it was the woman's scream of fear and heart-breaking despair. I had heard it before, during the sinking of the *Martinez*.

My face was against his chest, and I could not see, but I heard Maud turn and run swiftly away along the deck. Everything was happening quickly. I had not yet had a glimmering of unconsciousness, and it seemed that an interminable period of time was lapsing before I heard her feet flying back. And just then I felt the whole man sink under me. The breath was leaving his lungs, and his chest was collapsing under my weight. Whether it was merely the expelled breath, or consciousness of his growing impotence, I know not, but his throat vibrated with a deep groan. The hand at my throat relaxed. I breathed. His hand fluttered and tightened again. But even his tremendous will could not overcome the dissolution that assailed it. That will of his was breaking down. He was fainting.

Maud's footsteps were very near as his hand fluttered for the last time and my throat was released. I rolled off and over to the deck on my back, gasping and blinking in the sunshine. Maud was pale but composed,—my eyes had gone instantly to her face,—and she was looking at me with mingled alarm and relief. A heavy seal-club in her hand caught my eyes, and at that moment she followed my gaze down to it. The club dropped from her hand as

if it had suddenly stung her, and at the same moment my heart surged with a great joy. Truly she was my woman—my mate-woman, fighting for me as the mate of a caveman would have fought, all the primitive in her aroused, forgetful of her culture, hard under the softening civilization of the only life she had ever known.

"Dear woman!" I cried, scrambling to my feet.

The next moment she was in my arms, weeping convulsively on my shoulder while I clasped her close. I looked down at the brown glory of her hair, glinting gems in the sunshine far more precious to me than those in the treasure-chests of kings. And I bent my head and kissed her hair softly, so softly that she did not know.

Then sober thought came to me. After all, she was only a woman, crying her relief, now that the danger was past, in the arms of her protector or of the one who had been endangered. Had I been father or brother, the situation would have been nowise different. Besides, time and place were not meet, and I wished to earn a better right to declare my love. So once again I softly kissed her hair as I felt her receding from my clasp.

"It is a real attack this time," I said; "another shock like the one that made him blind. He feigned at first, and in doing so brought it on."

Maud was already rearranging his pillow.

"No," I said; "not yet. Now that I have him helpless, helpless he shall remain. From this day we live in the cabin. Wolf Larsen shall live in the steerage."

I caught him under the shoulders and dragged him to the companionway. At my direction Maud fetched a rope. Placing this under his shoulders, I balanced him across the threshold and lowered him down the steps to the floor. I could not lift him directly into a bunk, but with Maud's help I lifted first his shoulders and head, then his body, balanced him across the edge, and rolled him into a lower bunk.

But this was not to be all. I recollected the handcuffs in his state-room, which he preferred to use on sailors instead of the ancient and clumsy ship-irons. So, when we left him, he lay handcuffed hand and foot. For the first time in many days I breathed freely. I felt strangely light as I came on deck, as though a weight had been lifted from my shoulders. I felt, also, that Maud and I had drawn more closely together; and I wondered if she, too, felt it as we walked along the deck side by side to where the stalled foremast hung in the shears.

XXXVII

At once we moved aboard the *Ghost*, occupying our old state-rooms and cooking in the galley. The imprisonment of Wolf Larsen had happened most opportunely, for what must have been the Indian summer of this high latitude was gone, and drizzling, stormy weather had set in. We were very comfortable; and the inadequate shears, with the foremast suspended from them, gave a businesslike air to the schooner and a promise of departure.

And now that we had Wolf Larsen in irons, how little did we need it! Like his first attack, his second had been accompanied by serious disablement. Maud made the discovery in the afternoon, while trying to give him nourishment. He had shown signs of consciousness, and she had spoken to him, eliciting no response. He was lying on his left side at the time, and in evident pain. With a restless movement he rolled his head around, clearing his left ear from the pillow against which it had been pressed. At once he heard and answered her, and at once she came to me.

Pressing the pillow against his left ear, I asked him if he heard me, but he gave no sign. Removing the pillow and repeating the question, I was answered promptly that he did.

"Do you know you are deaf in the right ear?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered in a low, strong voice, "and worse than that. My whole right side is affected. It seems asleep. I cannot move arm or leg."

"Feigning again?" I demanded angrily.

He shook his head, his stern mouth shaping a strange, twisted smile. It was indeed a twisted smile, for it was on the left side only, the facial muscles of the right side moving not at all.

"That was the last stroke of the Wolf," he said. "I am paralyzed; I shall never walk again. Oh, only on the right side," he added, as though divining the suspicious glance I flung at his left leg, the knee of which had just then drawn up and elevated the blankets.

"It 's unfortunate," he continued. "I 'd

like to have done for you first, Hump. And I thought I had that much left in me."

"But why?" I asked, partly in horror, partly out of curiosity.

Again his stern mouth framed the twisted smile, as he said:

"Oh, just to be alive, to be living and doing, to be the biggest bit of the ferment to the end—to eat you. But to die this way—"

He shrugged his shoulders, or attempted to shrug them, rather, for the left shoulder alone moved. Like the smile, the shrug was twisted.

"But how can you account for it?" I asked. "Where is the seat of trouble?"

"The brain," he said at once. "It was those cursed headaches brought it on."

"Symptoms," I said.

He nodded his head. "There is no accounting for it. I was never sick in my life. Something 's gone wrong with my brain. A cancer or tumor or something of that nature—a thing that devours and destroys. It 's attacking my nerve-centers, eating them up, bit by bit, cell by cell—from the pain."

"The motor-centers, too," I suggested.

"So it would seem. And the curse of it is that I must lie here, conscious, mentally unimpaired, knowing that the lines are going down, breaking bit by bit communication with the world. I cannot see; hearing and feeling are leaving me: at this rate I shall soon cease to speak. Yet all the time I shall be here, alive, active, and powerless."

"When you say *you* are here, I 'd suggest the likelihood of the soul," I said.

"Bosh!" was his retort. "It simply means that in the attack on my brain the higher psychical centers are untouched. I can remember, think, and reason. When that goes, I go. I am not. The soul?"

He broke out in mocking laughter, then turned his left ear to the pillow as a sign that he wished no further conversation.

Maud and I went about our work oppressed by the fearful fate which had overtaken him—how fearful we were yet fully to realize. There was the awfulness of retribution about it. Our thoughts were deep and solemn, and we spoke to each other scarcely above whispers.

"You might remove the handcuffs," he said that night, as we stood in consultation over him. "It 's dead safe. I 'm a paralytic now. The next thing to watch out for is bed-sores."

He smiled his twisted smile, and Maud, her eyes wide with horror, was compelled to turn away her head.

"Do you know that your smile is crooked?" I asked him; for I knew that she must attend him, and I wished to save her as much as possible.

"Then I shall smile no more," he said calmly. "I thought something was wrong. My right cheek has been numb all day. Yes, and I 've had warnings of this for the last three days, by spells: my right side seemed going to sleep, sometimes arm or hand, sometimes leg or foot.

"So my smile is crooked?" he queried, a short while after. "Well, consider henceforth that I smile internally with my soul, if you please—my soul. Consider that I am smiling now."

And for the space of several minutes he lay there, quiet, indulging his grotesque fancy.

The man of him was not changed. It was the old, indomitable, terrible Wolf Larsen imprisoned somewhere within that flesh which had once been so invincible and splendid. Now it bound him with insentient fetters, walling his soul in darkness and silence, blocking it from the world which to him had been a riot of action. No more would he "conjugate the verb to do in every mood and tense." "To be" was all that remained to him—to be, as he had defined death, without movement; to will, but not to execute; to think and reason, and in his spirit to be as alive as ever, but in the flesh to be dead, quite dead.

And yet, though I even removed the handcuffs, we could not adjust ourselves to his condition. Our minds revolted. To us he was full of potentiality. We knew not what to expect of him next, what fearful thing, rising above the flesh, he might break out and do. Our experience warranted this state of mind, and we went about with anxiety always upon us.

I had solved the problem which had arisen through the shortness of the shears. By means of the watch-tackle (I had made a new one) I heaved the butt of the foremast across the rail and then lowered it to the deck. Next, by means of the shears, I hoisted the main-boom on board. Its forty feet of length would supply the height necessary properly to swing the

mast. By means of a secondary tackle I had attached to the shears, I swung the boom to a nearly perpendicular position, then lowered the butt to the deck, where, to prevent slipping, I spiked great cleats around it. The single block of my original shears-tackle I had attached to the end of the boom. Thus by carrying this tackle to the windlass I could raise and lower the end of the boom at will, the butt always remaining stationary, and by means of guys I could swing the boom from side to side. To the end of the boom I had likewise rigged a hoisting-tackle, and when the whole arrangement was complete I could not but be startled by the power and latitude it gave me.

Of course two days' work was required for the accomplishment of this part of my task, and it was not till the morning of the third day that I swung the foremast from the deck and proceeded to square its butt to fit the step. Here I was especially awkward. I sawed and chopped and chiseled the weathered wood till it had the appearance of having been gnawed by some gigantic mouse. But it fitted.

"It will work—I know it will work!" I cried.

Wolf Larsen had received another stroke. He had lost his voice, or was losing it. He had only intermittent use of it. As he phrased it, the wires were like the stock market, now up, now down. Occasionally the wires were up and he spoke as well as ever, though slowly and heavily. Then speech would suddenly desert him, in the middle of a sentence perhaps, and for hours, sometimes, we would wait for the connection to be reestablished. He complained of great pain in his head, and it was during this period that he arranged a system of communication against the time when speech should leave him altogether—one pressure of the hand for "yes," two for "no." It was well that it was arranged, for by evening his voice had gone from him. By hand-pressures, after that, he answered our questions, and when he wished to speak he scrawled his thoughts with his left hand, quite legibly, on a sheet of paper.

The fierce winter had now descended upon us. Gale followed gale, with snow and sleet and rain. The seals had started on their great southern migration, and the rookery was virtually deserted. I worked feverishly. In spite of the bad weather, and of the wind which especially hindered me, I was on deck from daylight till dark, and making substantial progress.

I profited by my lesson learned through raising the shears, and then climbed them to attach the guys. To the top of the foremast, which was lifted conveniently from the deck, I attached the rigging, stays, and throat- and peak-halyards. As usual, I had underrated the amount of work involved in this portion of the task, and two long days were necessary to complete it. And there was so much yet to be done: the sails, for instance, had to be made over.

While I toiled at rigging the foremast, Maud sewed on the canvas, ready always to drop everything and come to my assistance when more hands than two were required. The canvas was heavy and hard, and she sewed with the regular sailor's palm and three-cornered sail-needle. Her hands were soon sadly blistered, but she struggled bravely on, and, in addition, did the cooking and took care of the sick man.

"A fig for superstition," I said on Friday morning. "That mast goes in to-day."

Everything was ready for the attempt. Carrying the boom-tackle to the windlass, I hoisted the mast nearly clear of the deck. Making this tackle fast, I took to the windlass the shears-tackle (which was connected with the end of the boom), and with a few turns had the mast perpendicular and clear.

Maud clapped her hands the instant she was relieved from holding the turn, crying:

"It works! It works! We 'll trust our lives to it!"

Then she assumed a rueful expression.

"It 's not over the hole," she said. "Will you have to begin all over?"

I smiled in superior fashion, and, slacking off on one of the boom-guys and taking in on the other, swung the mast perfectly in the center of the deck. Still it was not over the hole. Again the rueful expression came on her face, and again I smiled in a superior way. Slacking away on the boom-tackle and hoisting an equivalent amount on the shears-tackle, I brought the butt of the mast into position directly over the hole in the deck. Then I gave Maud careful instructions for lowering away, and went into the hold to the step on the schooner's bottom.

I called to her, and the mast moved easily and accurately. Straight toward the square hole of the step the square butt descended; but as it descended it slowly twisted, so that square would not fit into square. But I had not even a moment's indecision. Calling to Maud to cease lowering, I went on deck and made the watch-tackle fast to the mast with a rolling hitch. I left Maud to pull on it while I went below. By the light of the lantern I saw the butt twist slowly around till its sides coincided with the sides of the step. Maud made fast and returned to the windlass. Slowly the butt descended the several intervening inches, at the same time slightly twisting again. Once more Maud rectified the twist with the watch-tackle, and once more she lowered away from the windlass. Square fitted into square. The mast was stepped.

I raised a shout, and she ran down to see. In the yellow lantern-light we peered at what we had accomplished. We looked at each other, and our hands felt their way and clasped. The eyes of both of us, I think, were moist with the joy of success.

"It was done so easily, after all," I remarked. "All the work was in the preparation."

"And all the wonder in the completion," Maud added. "I can scarcely bring myself to realize that that great mast is really up and in—that you have lifted it from the water, swung it through the air, and deposited it here where it belongs. It is a Titan's task."

"And they made themselves many inventions—" I began merrily, then paused to sniff the air.

I looked hastily at the lantern. It was not smoking. Again I sniffed.

"Something is burning," Maud said with sudden conviction.

We sprang together for the ladder, but I raced past her to the deck. A dense volume of smoke was pouring out of the steerage companionway.

"The Wolf is not yet dead," I muttered to myself as I sprang down through the smoke.

It was so thick in the confined space that I was compelled to feel my way; and, so potent was the spell of Wolf Larsen on my imagination, I was quite prepared for the helpless giant to grip my neck in a strangle-hold. I hesitated, the desire to race back and up the steps to the deck almost overpowering me. Then I recollected Maud. The vision of her, as I had last seen her, in the lantern-light of the schooner's hold, her brown eyes warm and moist with joy, flashed before me, and I knew that I could not go back.

I was choking and suffocating by the time I reached Wolf Larsen's bunk. I reached in my hand and felt for him. He was lying motionless, but moved slightly at the touch of my hand. I felt over and under his blankets. There was no warmth, no sign of fire. Yet that smoke which blinded me and made me cough and gasp must have a source. I lost my head temporarily, and dashed frantically about the steerage. A collision with the table partly knocked the wind from my body and brought me to myself. I reasoned that a helpless man could start a fire only near to where he lay.

I returned to Wolf Larsen's bunk. There I encountered Maud. How long she had been there in that suffocating atmosphere I could not guess.

"Go up on deck," I commanded peremptorily.

"But, Humphrey—" she began to protest in a queer, husky voice.

"Please! please!" I shouted at her, harshly.

She drew away obediently; and then I thought, What if she cannot find the steps? I started after her, to stop at the foot of the companionway. Perhaps she had gone up. As I stood there, hesitant, I heard her cry softly:

"Oh, Humphrey, I am lost!"

I found her fumbling at the wall of the after-bulkhead, and, half leading, half carrying her, I took her up the companionway. The pure air was like nectar. Maud was only faint and dizzy, and I left her lying on the deck when I took my second plunge below.

The source of the smoke must be very close to Wolf Larsen: my mind was made up to this, and I went straight to his bunk. As I felt about among his blankets, something hot fell on the back of my hand. It burned me, and I jerked my hand away. Then I understood. Through the cracks in the bottom of the upper bunk he had set fire to the mattress. He still retained sufficient use of his left arm to do this. The damp straw of the mattress, fired from

beneath and denied air, had been smoldering all the while.

As I dragged the mattress out of the bunk it seemed to disintegrate in mid-air, at the same time bursting into flames. I beat out the burning remnants of straw in the bunk, then made a dash for the deck for fresh air.

Several buckets of water sufficed to put out the burning mattress in the middle of the steerage floor; and ten minutes later, when the smoke had fairly cleared, I allowed Maud to come below. Wolf Larsen was unconscious, but it was a matter of minutes for the fresh air to restore him. We were working over him, however, when he signed for paper and pencil.

"Pray do not interrupt me," he wrote. "I am smiling."

"I am still a bit of the ferment, you see," he wrote a little later.

"I am glad you are as small a bit as you are," I said.

"Thank you," he wrote. "But just think of how much smaller I shall be before I die."

"And yet I am all here, Hump," he wrote with a final flourish. "I can think more clearly than ever in my life before. Nothing to disturb me. Concentration is perfect. I am all here and more than here."

It was like a message from the night of the grave, for this man's body had become his mausoleum. And there, in so strange a sepulcher, his spirit fluttered and lived. It would flutter and live till the last line of communication was broken, and after that who was to say how much longer it might continue to flutter and live?

XXXVIII

"I THINK my left side is going," Wolf Larsen wrote, the morning after his attempt to fire the ship. "The numbness is growing. I can hardly move my hand. You will have to speak louder. The last lines are going down."

"Are you in pain?" I asked.

I was compelled to repeat my question loudly before he answered:

"Not all the time."

The left hand stumbled slowly and painfully across the paper, and it was with extreme difficulty that we deciphered the scrawl. It was like a "spirit message," such as are delivered at séances of spiritualists for a dollar admission.

"But I am still here, all here," the hand scrawled, more slowly and painfully than ever.

The pencil dropped, and we had to replace it in the hand.

"When there is no pain I have perfect peace and quiet. I have never thought so clearly. I can ponder life and death like a Hindu sage."

"And immortality?" Maud queried loudly in the ear.

Three times the hand essayed to write, but fumbled hopelessly. The pencil fell. In vain we tried to replace it. The fingers could not close on it. Then Maud pressed and held the fingers about the pencil with her own hand, and the hand wrote, in large letters, and so slowly that the minutes ticked off to each letter:

"B-O-S-H."

It was Wolf Larsen's last word,—"bosh,"—skeptical and invincible to the end. The arm and hand relaxed. The trunk of the body moved slightly. Then there was no movement. Maud released the hand. The fingers spread, falling apart of their own weight, and the pencil rolled away.

"Do you still hear?" I shouted, holding the fingers and waiting for the single pressure which would signify "yes." There was no response. The hand was dead.

"I noticed the lips slightly move," Maud said.

I repeated the question. The lips moved. She placed the tips of her fingers on them. Again I repeated the question. "Yes," Maud announced. We looked at each other expectantly.

"What good is it?" I asked. "What can we say now?"

"Oh, ask him—"

She hesitated.

"Ask him something that requires 'no' for an answer," I suggested. "Then we shall know with certainty."

"Are you hungry?" she cried.

The lips moved under her fingers, and she answered, "Yes."

"Will you have some beef?" was her next query.

"No," she announced.

"Beef-tea?"

"Yes, he will have some beef-tea," she said quietly, looking up at me. "Until his

hearing goes we shall be able to communicate with him. And after that—"

She looked at me queerly. I saw her lips trembling and the tears swimming up in her eyes. She swayed toward me, and I caught her in my arms.

"Oh, Humphrey," she sobbed, "when will it all end? I am so tired, so tired!"

She buried her head on my shoulder, her frail form shaken with a storm of weeping. She was like a feather in my arms, so slender, so ethereal. "She has broken down at last," I thought. "What can I do without her help?"

But I soothed and comforted her, till she pulled herself bravely together and recuperated mentally as quickly as she was wont to do physically.

"I ought to be ashamed of myself," she said. Then added, with the whimsical smile I adored, "But I am only one small woman."

That phrase, "one small woman," startled me like an electric shock. It was my own phrase, my pet, secret phrase, my love-phrase for her.

"Where did you get that phrase?" I demanded, with an abruptness that in turn startled her.

"What phrase?" she asked.

"'One small woman.'"

"Is it yours?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered, "mine. I made it."

"Then you must have talked in your sleep," she smiled.

The dancing, tremulous light was in her eyes. Mine, I knew, were speaking beyond the will of my speech. I leaned toward her. Without volition I leaned toward her, as a tree is swayed by the wind. Ah, we were very close together in that moment. But she shook her head, as one might shake off sleep or a dream, saying:

"I have known it all my life. It was my father's name for my mother."

"It is my phrase, too," I said stubbornly.

"For your mother?"

"No," I answered; and she questioned no further, though I could have sworn her eyes retained for some time a mocking, teasing expression.

With the foremast in, the work now went on apace. Almost before I knew it, and without one serious hitch, I had the mainmast stepped. A derrick-boom rigged to the foremast had accomplished this; and several days more found all stays and shrouds in place and everything set up taut. Topsails would be a nuisance and a danger for a crew of two, so I heaved the topmasts on deck and lashed them fast.

Several more days were consumed in finishing the sails and putting them on. There were only three—the jib, foresail, and mainsail; and, patched, shortened, and distorted, they were a ridiculously ill-fitting suit for so trim a craft as the *Ghost*.

"But they 'll work," Maud cried jubilantly. "We 'll make them work, and trust our lives to them!"

Certainly, among my many new trades, I shone least as a sailmaker. I could sail them better than make them, and I had no doubt of my power to bring the schooner to some northern port of Japan. In fact, I had crammed navigation from text-books aboard; and, besides, there was Wolf Larsen's star-scale, so simple a device that a child could work it.

As for its inventor, beyond an increasing deafness and the movement of the lips growing faint and fainter, there had been little change in his condition for a week. But on the day we finished bending the schooner's sails he heard his last, and the last movement of the lips died away, but not before I had asked him, "Are you all there?" and the lips had answered, "Yes."

The last line was down. Somewhere within that tomb of the flesh still dwelt the soul of the man. Walled by the living clay, that fierce intelligence we had known burned on; but it burned on in silence and darkness. And it was disembodied. To that intelligence there could be no objective knowledge of a body. It knew no body. The very world was not. It knew only itself and the vastness and profundity of the quiet and the dark.

XXXIX

THE day came for our departure. There was no longer anything to detain us on Endeavor Island. The *Ghost's* stumpy masts were in place, her crazy sails bent. All my handiwork was strong, none of it beautiful; but I knew that it would work, and I felt myself a man of power as I looked at it.

"I did it! I did it! With my own hands I did it!" I wanted to cry aloud.

But Maud and I had a way of voicing

each other's thoughts; and she said, as we prepared to hoist the mainsail:

"To think, Humphrey, you did it all with your own hands!"

"But there were two other hands," I answered—"two small hands. And don't say that was also a phrase of your father's."

She shook her head and laughed, and held her hands up for inspection.

"I can never get them clean again," she wailed, "nor soften the weather-beat."

"Then dirt and weather-beat shall be your guerdon of honor," I said, holding them in mine; and, spite of my resolutions, I would have kissed the two dear hands had she not swiftly withdrawn them.

Our comradeship was becoming tremulous. I had mastered my love long and well, but now it was mastering me. Wilfully had it disobeyed and won my eyes to speech, and now it was winning my tongue—aye, and my lips, for they were mad this moment to kiss the two small hands which had toiled so faithfully and hard. And I, too, was mad. There was a cry in my being like bugles calling me to her. And there was a wind blowing upon me which I could not resist, swaying the very body of me till I leaned toward her, all unconscious that I leaned. And she knew it. She could not but know it as she swiftly drew away her hands, and yet could not forbear one quick, searching look before she turned away her eyes.

By means of deck-tackles I had arranged to carry the halyards forward to the windlass; and now I hoisted the mainsail, peak and throat, at the same time. It was a clumsy way, but it did not take long, and soon the foresail as well was up and fluttering.

"We can never get that anchor up in this narrow place, once it has left the bottom," I said. "We should be on the rocks first."

"What can you do?" she asked.

"Slip it," was my answer. "And when I do, you must do your first work on the windlass. I shall have to run at once to the wheel, and at the same time you must be hoisting the jib."

This manœuver of getting under way I had studied and worked out a score of times; and, with the jib-halyard to the windlass, I knew Maud was capable of hoisting that most necessary sail. A brisk wind was blowing into the cove, and, though the water was calm, rapid work was required to get us safely out.

When I knocked the shackle-bolt loose, the chain roared out through the hawse-hole and into the sea. I raced aft, putting the wheel up. The *Ghost* seemed to start into life as she heeled to the first fill of her sails. The jib was rising. As it filled, the *Ghost's* bow swung off, and I had to put the wheel down a few spokes and steady her.

I had devised an automatic jib-sheet which passed the jib across of itself, so there was no need for Maud to attend to that; but she was still hoisting the jib when I put the wheel hard down. It was a moment of anxiety, for the *Ghost* was rushing directly upon the beach, a stone's throw distant. But she swung obediently on her heel into the wind. There was a great fluttering and flapping of canvas and reef-points, most welcome to my ears, then she filled away on the other tack.

Maud had finished her task and come aft, where she stood beside me, a small cap perched on her wind-blown hair, her cheeks flushed from exertion, her eyes wide and bright with the excitement, her nostrils quivering to the rush and bite of the fresh salt air. Her brown eyes were like a startled deer's. There was a wild, keen look in them I had never seen before, and her lips parted and her breath suspended as the *Ghost*, charging upon the wall of rock at the entrance to the inner cove, swept into the wind and filled away into safe water.

My first mate's berth on the sealing-grounds stood me in good stead, and I cleared the inner cove and laid a long tack along the shore of the outer cove. Once again about, and the *Ghost* headed out to open sea. She had now caught the bosom-breathing of the ocean, and was herself abreath with the rhythm of it as she smoothly mounted and slipped down each broad-backed wave. The day had been dull and overcast, but the sun now burst through the clouds, a welcome omen, and shone upon the curving beach where together we had dared the lords of the harem and slain the holluschickie. All Endeavor Island brightened under the sun. Even the grim southwestern promontory showed less grim, and here and there, where the sea-spray wet its surface, high lights flashed and dazzled in the sun.

"I shall always think of it with pride," I said to Maud.

She threw her head back in a queenly way, but said, "Dear, dear Endeavor Island! I shall always love it."

"And I," I said quickly.

It seemed our eyes must meet in a great understanding, and yet, loath, they struggled away and did not meet.

There was a silence I might almost call awkward, till I broke it, saying:

"See those black clouds to windward. You remember, I told you last night the barometer was falling."

"And the sun is gone," she said, her eyes still fixed upon our island where we had proved our mastery over matter and attained to the truest comradeship which may fall to man and woman.

"And it 's slack off the sheets for Japan!" I cried gaily. "A fair wind and a flowing sheet, you know, or however it goes."

Lashing the wheel, I ran forward, eased the fore- and main-sheets, took in on the boom-tackles, and trimmed everything for the quartering breeze which was ours. Unfortunately, when running free it is impossible to lash the wheel, so I faced an all-night watch. Maud insisted on relieving me, but proved that she had not the strength to steer in a heavy sea, even if she could have gained the wisdom on such short notice. She appeared quite heart-broken over the discovery, but recovered her spirits by coiling down tackles and halyards and all stray ropes. Then there were meals to be cooked in the galley, beds to make, Wolf Larsen to be attended upon, and she finished the day with a grand house-cleaning attack upon the cabin and steerage.

All night I steered, without relief, the wind slowly and steadily increasing and the sea rising. At five in the morning Maud brought me hot coffee and biscuits she had baked, and at seven a substantial and piping hot breakfast put new life into me.

Throughout the day, and as slowly and steadily as ever, the wind increased. And still the *Ghost* foamed along, racing off the miles till I was certain she was making at least eleven knots. It was too good to lose, but by nightfall I was exhausted. Though in splendid physical trim, a thirty-six-hour trick at the wheel was the limit of my endurance. Besides, I knew, if the wind and sea increased at the same rate during the night, that it would soon be impossible to heave to. So, as twilight deepened, gladly, and at the same time reluctantly, I brought the *Ghost* up on the wind.

But I had not reckoned upon the colossal task the reefing of three sails meant for one man. While running away from the wind I had not appreciated its force, but when we ceased to run, I learned, to my sorrow, and well-nigh to my despair, how fiercely it was really blowing. The wind balked my every effort, ripping the canvas out of my hands and in an instant undoing what I had gained by ten minutes of severest struggle. At eight o'clock I had succeeded only in putting the second reef into the foresail. At eleven o'clock I was no further along. Blood dripped from every finger-end, while the nails were broken to the quick. From pain and sheer exhaustion, I wept in the darkness, secretly, so that Maud should not know.

Then, in desperation, I abandoned the attempt to reef the mainsail, and resolved to try the experiment of heaving to under the close-reefed foresail. Three hours more were required to gasket the mainsail and jib, and at two in the morning, nearly dead, the life almost buffeted and worked out of me, I had barely sufficient consciousness to know the experiment was a success.

I was famished, but Maud tried vainly to get me to eat. So sleepily helpless was I that she was compelled to hold me in my chair to prevent my being flung to the floor by the violent pitching of the schooner.

Of the passage from the galley to the cabin I knew nothing. In fact, I was aware of nothing till I awoke in my bunk, with my boots off. It was dark. I was stiff and lame, and cried out with pain when the bedclothes touched my poor finger-ends. Morning had evidently not come, so I closed my eyes and went to sleep again. I did not know it, but I had slept the clock around and it was night again.

Once more I awoke, troubled because I could sleep no better. I struck a match and looked at my watch. It marked midnight. And I had not left the deck until three! I should have been puzzled had I not guessed the solution. No wonder I

Drawn by W. J. Aylward. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"BEFORE I KNEW IT, MY ARMS WERE ABOUT HER"

was sleeping brokenly. I had slept twenty-one hours. I listened for a while to the behavior of the *Ghost*, to the pounding of the seas and the muffled roar of the wind on deck, and then turned over on my side and slept peacefully until morning.

When I arose at seven I saw no sign of Maud, and concluded she was in the galley preparing breakfast. On deck I found the *Ghost* doing splendidly under her patch of canvas. But in the galley, though a fire was burning and water boiling, I found no Maud.

I discovered her in the steerage, by Wolf Larsen's bunk. I looked at him—the man who had been hurled down from the topmost pitch of life to be buried alive and be worse than dead. There seemed a relaxation of his expressionless face which was new. Maud looked at me, and I understood.

"His life flickered out in the storm," I said.

"But he still lives," she answered, infinite faith in her voice.

"He had too great strength."

"Yes," she said; "but now it no longer shackles him. He is a free spirit."

"He is a free spirit surely," I answered; and, taking her hand, I led her on deck.

The storm broke that night, which is to say that it diminished as slowly as it had arisen. After breakfast next morning, when I had hoisted Wolf Larsen's body on deck ready for burial, it was still blowing heavily and a large sea was running. The deck was continually awash with the sea which came inboard over the rail and through the scuppers. The wind smote the schooner with a sudden gust, and she heeled over till her lee rail was buried, the roar in her rigging rising in pitch to a shriek. We stood in the water to our knees as I bared my head.

"I remember only one part of the service," I said, "and that is, 'And the body shall be cast into the sea.'"

Maud looked at me, surprised and shocked; but the spirit of something I had seen before was strong upon me, impelling me to give service to Wolf Larsen as Wolf Larsen had once given service to another man. I lifted the end of the hatch-cover, and the canvas-shrouded body slipped feet first into the sea. The weight of iron dragged it down. It was gone.

"Good-by, Lucifer, proud spirit!" Maud whispered so low that it was drowned by the shouting of the wind; but I saw the movement of her lips, and knew.

As we clung to the lee rail and worked our way aft, I happened to glance to leeward. The *Ghost*, at the moment, was uptossed on a sea, and I caught a clear view of a small steamship two or three miles away, rolling and pitching head on to the sea as it steamed toward us. It was painted black, and from the talk of the hunters of their poaching exploits I recognized it as a United States revenue cutter. I pointed it out to Maud, and hurriedly led her aft to the safety of the poop.

I started to rush below to the flag-locker, then remembered that in rigging the *Ghost* I had forgotten to make provision for a flag-halyard.

"We need no distress signal," Maud said. "They have only to see us."

"We are saved!" I said soberly and solemnly. And then, in an exuberance of joy, "I hardly know whether to be glad or not."

I looked at her. Our eyes were not loath to meet. We leaned toward each other, and before I knew it, my arms were about her.

"Need I?" I asked.

And she answered: "There is no need; though the telling of it would be sweet, so sweet."

Her lips met the press of mine, and, by what strange trick of the imagination I know not, the scene in the cabin of the *Ghost* flashed upon me, when she had pressed her fingers lightly on my lips and said, "Hush, hush."

"My woman, my one small woman," I said, my free hand petting her shoulder in the way all lovers know though never learn in school.

"My man," she said, looking at me for an instant with tremulous lids which fluttered down and veiled her eyes as she rested her head against my breast with a happy little sigh.

I looked toward the cutter. It was very close. A boat was being lowered.

"One kiss, dear love," I whispered. "One kiss more before they come."

"And rescue us from ourselves," she completed, with a most adorable smile, whimsical as I had never seen it, for it was whimsical with love.

THE END

THE BRAIN OF THE NATION

BY GUSTAVE MICHAUD

SOME twelve years ago Senator Henry Cabot Lodge published in THE CENTURY a study of the distribution of celebrities in the United States. Taking a cyclopedia of biography for a criterion, Mr. Lodge determined, by States, the number of men of genius they had produced in the past. Interesting as were the data thus gathered, they failed, however, to answer the question, Where are the most intellectual people of our country—those who yield the highest percentage of ability? The number of celebrities born in a given State was not divided by the total number of persons born in that State from the date of its settlement to the present time. The difficulty of getting at the latter number was probably the main cause of the omission.

To supply this, I have selected a method altogether different from that of Mr. Lodge. Instead of considering the past, I have limited myself to the present. To find out the fraction representing the degree of intellectuality for each State, I have taken for the numerator the number of persons born in that State, living in 1900, included in a directory of persons prominent in public life, the arts, sciences, and literary pursuits,[1] and for the denominator the total number of persons born in the same State and living in the United States in 1900, the latter number being furnished by Table LXII (Vol. I) of the Twelfth Census. Such a method is devoid of the historical interest attached to the study of Mr. Lodge. As a compensation, it furnishes available data to the anthropologist and to the sociologist. It simplifies the problem through the elimination of several unknown factors, and gives thereby a chance of getting at the laws which obtain in the distribution of intellectuality in our country.

The word "intellectuality" is not considered here as synonymous with "intellect." Indeed, if by "intellect" a superior, clear intelligence, applicable in every circumstance and to every detail of life, is meant, "intellectuality" may be the opposite of "intellect." Intellectuality is the main characteristic of the man of genius; intelligence, that of the man who succeeds in life. Intelligence means common sense; intellectuality does not. The name of the man who, through a remarkable display of intelligence, perseverance, fortitude, and other manly qualities, builds up a fortune for himself and his family, and thus contributes to the prosperity of the State, does not frequently find its way into a dictionary of biography. The names which are likely to be found there are those of men who were led by an overpowering passion for some intellectual pursuit, often of a literary, artistic, or scientific nature.

The directory under consideration contains the names of the living men of talent found in dictionaries of biography, those of authors gathered from lists furnished by publishers, and those of specialists given

[1] "Who's Who in America," edition of 1901.

by technicians. Owing to the variety of means used to find out talent of all degrees through its various manifestations, this book is probably freer than some other dictionaries from that constant error which is to be feared when one single method or by him, being an Eastern publication, gave undue preëminence to Eastern men of talent. The directory used by me is published in Chicago. It is hoped that the position of that city, west of our present center of population, will protect against

A COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPH (IN THE CENTER) OF TWELVE MEN OF VARIOUS INTELLECTUAL PURSUITS

man is resorted to. It is doubtless guilty of many omissions, as well as of containing names which should be omitted; but it is safe to say that a perfect list of men of talent would leave as they now stand the shadings, if not the figures, of the map of distribution given in this article.

A criticism made upon Mr. Lodge's figures after the publication of his study was that the cyclopedia of biography used such an accusation the criterion chosen by the writer.

Negroes were eliminated from the list of eminent men given by the directory and from the total number of people born in each State. They represent only a fraction of the celebrities, but they constitute a large portion of the population of the South. Had they been left, the figure representing the intellectuality of such States as Louisi-

ana, Alabama, and Mississippi, in which about one half of the population are negroes, would have been reduced to nearly one half of its present value; and the fact that those data would have represented the average intellectuality of a mixture of negroes and white people would have deprived it of all ethnic significance and of much of the sociological value which it might otherwise have had.

In the accompanying map our present birth-rate of talent in each State has been charted. The word "present" refers to the fact that all the human elements of the calculation were living in 1900.

One main fact can be seen by a glance at this map: a steady fall in the birth-rate of men of talent is met with in going from New England westward. While, in New England, out of every 100,000 births 54 are those of men of talent, in New York that number falls to 34, in Ohio to 19, in Indiana to 11, in Illinois to 10, in Missouri to 6, in Kansas to 2, in Colorado to 1.

In the case of such Western States as Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, Minnesota, and the Dakotas, the extreme paucity of men of talent is in part explained by two facts: a lack of suitable means of education for the present generation and an abnormal proportion of young people among the native-born.

But if we remain within the zone which was filled by settlers in the eighteenth or in the beginning of the nineteenth century, and which includes such States as Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana, and Illinois, that explanation fails, and there remains the fact of a disproportion of from about three to one between the East and the West in the present birth-rate of men of talent.

In several cases the Western State enjoys a greater material prosperity, has more and larger cities, and has offered to the present generation better educational opportunities than many of its Eastern neighbors. The State of Ohio is comparable in area to the State of Maine. In 1810 the population of Ohio was larger than that of Maine. In 1826 there were in Ohio five universities and colleges (Ohio University, Miami University, Franklin College, Kenyon College, and Western Reserve University), against two in Maine (Bowdoin College and Colby University). Twenty years later there were in Ohio eight times the number of colleges and universities then found in Maine, yet the present birth-rate of celebrities is more than twice as great in Maine as in Ohio.

Nor has the State of Indiana remained behind in educational matters. In 1840 the generation which is now eighty years old found in Indiana six universities and colleges against two in Maine, one in New Hampshire, and two in Vermont. In spite of such advantages, that generation and the following show but one fifth of the birth-rate of men of talent observed in northern New England.

A similar fact may be observed in the South. The State of Tennessee early enjoyed better educational advantages than its Eastern neighbors. In 1794 there was not a single college or university in North Carolina. South Carolina had but one such institution, the College of Charleston. At that time Tennessee had three universities and colleges: the University of Tennessee, the University of Nashville, and Greenville and Tusculum College. Its superiority over its Eastern neighbors in the equipment as well as in the number of its colleges Tennessee has continually kept from the eighteenth century down to the present time. Nashville is to-day the great educational center of the South; yet the birth-rate of celebrities in Tennessee is but one third of that of South Carolina.

It is evident that the cause of such differences, as well as that of the imposing intellectual superiority of the poor mountainous regions of New England over the whole East, lies in the men themselves, and not in their surroundings. New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri are but the successive stages of the great westward migration which, during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, peopled the West at the expense of the East; and the steady decrease in the birth-rate of talent met with when passing from one of those States to its Western neighbor shows, as is the case in every partial migration, that that particular one was highly selective in its process. Before entering into the detail of this process, let us consider the material to which it was applied.

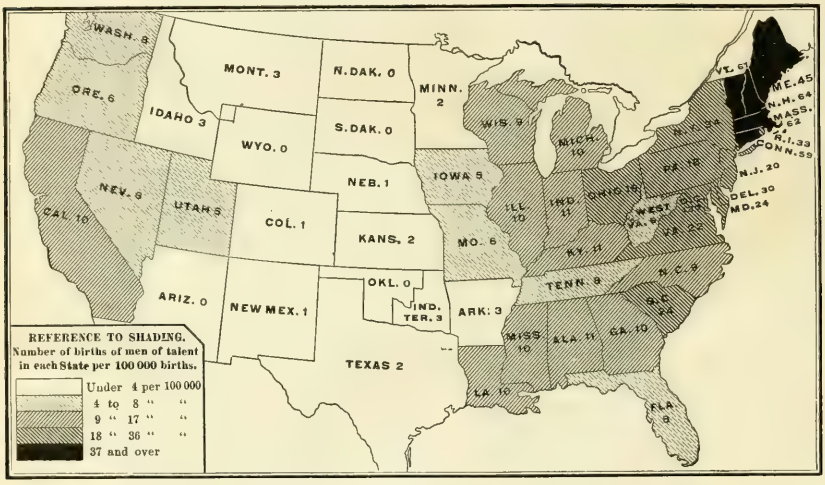
The immigrants who peopled New England during the seventeenth century may be roughly divided into two categories: those who emigrated because they wished to improve their position through the acquisition of property, and those who wished

above all to enjoy religious freedom. The latter contained among them an unusual number of men of talent. Lombroso has demonstrated the close connection which exists between exalted religious ideas and ideals and the nervous temperament characteristic of genius. In our own country examples of that connection abound. The American novelist who is best known abroad, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, was the daughter of a clergyman and the sister of seven clergymen, four of whom were men of genius or of great talent. Emerson was

England did in the days of its settlement. On that element was laid the foundation of its present intellectual greatness.

Yet the arrival in New England of immigrants containing a large percentage of that high-thinking and much-thinking element was but the first stage of the selective process which has resulted in the distribution of intellectuality shown by our map.

The fertile plains of the West contrasted with the poor soil of New England; a westward current of emigration from New England began. But while the Puritans



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE THE DISTRIBUTION OF MEN OF TALENT

the eighth in succession of a consecutive line of ministers. Henry Clay, James Russell Lowell, Bancroft, Parkman, Samuel F. B. Morse, and Cyrus W. Field were sons of clergymen. James Fenimore Cooper, Howells, and Whittier were sons of Quakers. Agassiz was the son of a Swiss pastor, himself of Huguenot descent. The Huguenots—in America still more than in England, Switzerland, Holland, or Prussia — were a hotbed of talent. "In proportion to their numbers," says Senator Lodge, "they have produced more men of ability than any other race in the United States." And our map reveals the curious influence which the blood of thousands of Huguenots who were among the very first settlers of South Carolina now exerts on the intellectuality of the State. Few colonies have ever received such a host of idealists as New

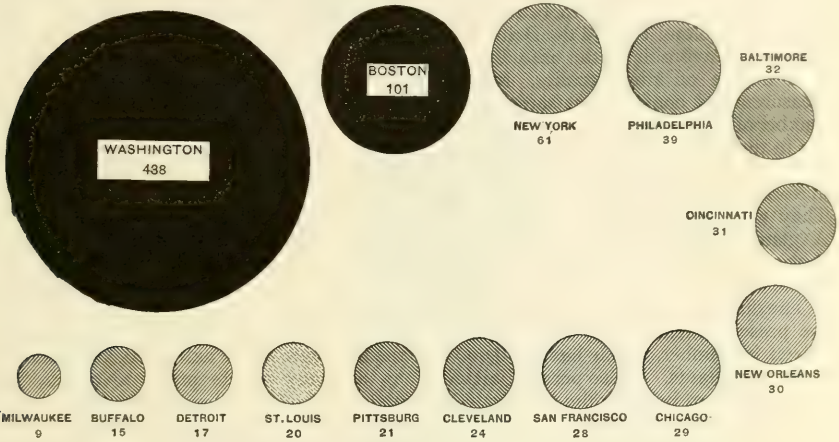
had made the sacrifice of a part of their earthly possessions in order to satisfy their spiritual needs, the people who left New England for the West willingly sacrificed spiritual and intellectual advantages in order to acquire earthly possessions. The principles which presided over the two migrations were radically different. One of them being an immigration, the other an emigration, both contributed to bring about the same result.

The positive, energetic, enterprising, "strenuous" people were those who left. The poets, the literati, the artists, the lovers of intellectual culture, are, by virtue of their all-absorbing ideal, less sensitive than other people to the attraction exerted by good and cheap land. Moreover, they needed a cultivated community which might understand and appreciate them.

They did not take kindly to the idea of a life in the wilderness. They remained.

With them remained the neurotic and the weak, who felt that they were ill prepared for the hardships of pioneer life. Between these and the geniuses the line cannot be sharply drawn. The typical man of genius is but rarely endowed with a strong physique. The Italian school of anthropologists considers genius as a neurose, and the fact that but few great men of genius have been altogether free from nervous troubles, in themselves or in their of those who had in them the latent though transmissible germ of talent went West, but in the following generation the selective process operated again. As a result, from New England to Illinois, all the way through, talent lagged behind.[1]

The District of Columbia is an example, perhaps unique in the world, of the heredity of talent. Let it be borne in mind that, in this case as in that of every State, the elements of the calculation are not the men and women who reside in the District, but those who were born in it, and



THE RELATIVE DISTRIBUTION OF MEN OF TALENT IN THE LARGER CITIES

family, gives strength to that opinion. Lombroso has accumulated a curious array of facts on that subject in his "Man of Genius." Not long ago the columns of some of our leading newspapers were filled with accounts of the growth of degeneracy in Connecticut and other New England States. Though not based on rigorous scientific observation, these reports are probably true. At all events, our last Federal census shows that the death-rate from diseases of the nervous system is higher in New England than in the United States at large, and is highest, in New England, in the native stock (both father and mother native).

Doubtless, with the continual intermixing of families through marriage, thousands who are disseminated all over the United States. In the diagram above the number of men of talent now residing in Washington is considered; but what the map shows for the same region is merely its present birth-rate of talent. That such a percentage of the people born in the District of Columbia should become famous is of course the result of the artificial selection which has gathered temporarily or permanently into a city, not among the largest in the country, so many eminent men. It is interesting to note that the concentration process continues. The civil service rules, which become every year more exacting and more comprehensive, select out of the nation for specialized departmental service

[1] California and some neighboring States seem to be exceptions to the law of the westward decreasing intellectuality, but it must be borne in mind that until the year 1869 California was more easily reached by sea than by land, and was virtually nearer New England than the State of Utah. Most of the immigrants who peopled California were not selected through the migratory process from the newly formed Western race inhabiting a neighboring Western State, but came from New York.

in Washington increasing numbers of men who have become learned because they cared more for learning than for anything else.

The English anthropologist John Munro, studying British men of talent, has found them to belong mainly to the Baltic race, with a strong mixture of the Mediterranean and Alpine bloods, which appear much diluted in many parts of the British Isles. Lombroso has shown that the extremely dark type of the Mediterranean race, such as is found in Sardinia and Calabria, is not a favorable medium for the hatching of genius. Munro believes that the extreme blond type of the Baltic race[1] is no more favorable to the unfolding of a high degree of intellectuality. My own measurements confirm that statement. A number of New England men, whose names are in the directory I have used as a standard, kindly consented to sit for me in uniform conditions of position and light. They were selected in a haphazard way. A glance at the composite photograph shows that the average type is not a pure Baltic one.

The diagram on the previous page shows the present intellectuality of those cities, fifteen in number, which have 250,000 or more inhabitants. It also permits immediate comparison between the intellectuality of a city and that of the State in which it is located. The intellectuality has been determined by dividing the number of men of talent now residing in each city by the total population of that city. For reasons previously stated, negroes are eliminated from the calculation.

Leaving aside Washington, which owes its intellectual superiority to artificial selection, it becomes apparent that highly intellectual cities are located in the deeply tinted regions of our map. Moreover, the intellectuality of cities occupying the extreme west of large Eastern States (Buffalo and Pittsburg) is decidedly inferior to that of the State in which they are found. The contrary is true for St. Louis, which occupies the extreme east of a large Western State. The preponderant factor in the percentage of talent found in our large cities is the ethnic character of the region which surrounds them. Boston would make a better showing if Cambridge were included within its precincts; yet, as that city stands in the diagram, it shows unmistakably the influence of the people of New England.

How long will New England continue to be the brain of the nation? Three factors are at work to modify the intellectuality of that part of our country. Emigration strengthens it; immigration threatens it; worse than immigration is the falling off in the birth-rate of the native stock. Luxury, or, as many people prefer to call it, "a high standard of living," is but rarely compatible with numerous children. If the high thinking of the Pilgrims is to be kept, their plain living must not be altogether dropped.

[1] For a description of the Baltic type see "What Shall We Be?" or "The Coming Race in America," by the present writer, in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for March, 1903. Briefly the Baltic type may be described thus: dolichocephalic; narrow nose; elongated face; eyes close together; chin rarely protruding; light hair; blue eyes; high stature.

THE AMERICAN HORSE-WOMAN

THREE DRAWINGS BY
URQUHART WILCOX

Drawn by Urquhart Wilcox. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE MORNING RIDE

Drawn by Urquhart Wilcox. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

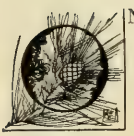
THE WINNER

Drawn by Urquhart Wilcox. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

IN PERFECT FORM

THE MAN WHO FORGOT

BY ALICE SEDGWICK



N a warm spring night in New York, six men sat around a table playing poker: John Fletcher, long and blond and charming; Harry Bond, dark, fresh-faced, and robust; Edward Fleming, older than the first two, but looking like a "college boy" beside them, because he was clean-shaven; old Mr. Rutherford; Burroughs, a millionaire; and Smith, the host.

It was late, and Mr. Rutherford had more than once pulled out his watch with a "Now, look here, boys, this won't do!"

But he had been met on each occasion by protests, especially from Fletcher, who, after losing steadily, was now as steadily winning; and after each protest Mr. Rutherford had drawn up his chair with resignation. Fletcher bit his lips in his excitement, and the other young men were at first profuse in jovial expressions of dismay on their own behalf and congratulation on his. But during the last half-hour Fleming and Bond had seemed suddenly to become grave and listless; they caught each other's eyes now and then, and immediately looked away. Finally, after one of these interchanges of glances, Bond grew furiously red, and Fleming stretched himself and drew a long, half-repressed breath.

Mr. Rutherford had turned to throw away a cigar-end, and Smith and Burroughs were looking at their cards; it was at this moment that the two quiet young men noticed a curious movement, more pronounced, of Fletcher's hand, which they had previously observed. The latter caught the look that passed between them, flushed, saw that the flush was noticed by both, and turning deliberately to Mr. Rutherford, who was opening his mouth for a fresh protest, said:

"You 're not going to put an end to all the fun, Uncle Fordy?" They all called him "uncle," though he was related only to Fletcher, and that distantly. He linked his arm in the old man's with caressing nonchalance, and "uncle" submitted once more.

They played for another quarter of an hour, and Fletcher again lost; then they separated, Mr. Rutherford yawning, Bond and Fleming putting on their hats with a certain deliberate gravity and an obstinate avoidance of each other's and Fletcher's eyes. Fletcher himself maintained his smile; he was wondering if they had noticed, and his lips were tremulous. He walked away with his two friends, and was the first to break the awkward silence.

"Well, I feel myself 'swelling wisibly,'" he said, patting his pocket. He felt that to ignore the evening's occupation would seem flagrantly unnatural; now his reference sounded flagrantly forced.

"Yes," the others answered; then, at a turning off the avenue, all three paused.

"You fellows are too sleepy to come in for a while?" said Fletcher, and he shook hands and bade them good night without waiting for an answer. Harry's face wore an expression of shame, and Edward said "Good night, Jack," with peculiar gentleness.

Neither spoke for several minutes after they had left Fletcher. Then Harry said:

"You saw?"

"Yes; long before you did."

"You saw before that king? But he was hardly winning at all then, you know." Harry clung to unessential detail, as if to distract his mind from the appalling essential.

"No; he was cautious at first—only risked now and then."

There was silence, and then Harry burst out with: "Ned, I can't believe it!"

"I wish I need n't, old boy."

When they had reached their rooms, Harry grasped his head between his hands, groaning, "Oh, Ned, what shall we do?"

His friend looked fixedly before him.

"Do? We must tell him, of course."

"Tell him! Tell Johnny Fletcher, who was at college with us, that we 've seen him cheat at cards!"

"How are we to go on, otherwise? We must have it all out. He knows already that we saw."

"Yes; I think he does."

"I know he does. He went on playing, you know, and lost on purpose—just to make a show of—" And Fleming broke down and hid his face in his hands.

II

John Fletcher undressed and got into bed without any pause for reflections and with a sense of cheating thought by routine; his teeth were firmly closed, and he still steadied his face, as if he were before an audience. The last thing he did before putting out the light was to empty his pockets, methodically sorting coin, bank-notes, and checks.

"I must cash these and pay Fisher at once," he said to himself. He counted the money, and found that when this creditor was paid there would still be a considerable surplus. It was the thought of this surplus that made him turn hot with anguish as he got into bed; he still obstinately averted his mind from the principal enormity, and for the moment was most overwhelmed by the problem of what he should do with the money that would be left over.

Throw it away? That would be acting like a fool. Profane the name of charity by bestowing it on some philanthropic institution? He trembled as he pictured to himself the abhorrence with which the recipients would repulse his generosity if they knew in what fashion that generosity had been made possible. He turned with the greatest loathing from the idea of paying off sundry small debts with the surplus: his sense of honor, as lively as when he had sat down to cards that night, recoiled from the possibility of making an offense of such magnitude serve so trifling an end. Just as the pressure of one overpowering difficulty could alone have tempted him to do what he had done, so he shrank sensitively from relieving himself with stolen money from any but his greatest burden.

Then the full realization of what he had done could be kept at arm's-length no longer; the conviction that he was disgraced before Harry and Edward was as nothing compared with his own sense of guilt: and it was nothing to him that he was sure of their silence; better that his act should be published far and wide. A wave of heat seemed to burn him from head to foot; with a groan he sat up and buried his face in his hands. Oh, to recall the past hours! Hours! They must be as many years; he had been a cheat for years. And again a calm, almost a peace, would descend upon him, in which the heavy beat of his heart, like the stroke of a chime, persistent, monotonous, far away, alone seemed to recall some late, receding tumult; then he repeated to himself: "It is all a dream—a dream. What have I been thinking of?"

Then a name sprang into his mind—"Philippa!" the girl whom he loved, who loved him, he was sure; and again he woke to a fierce sense of reality. If he had never seen Philippa! If only he had never come into her life!

He had been in debt and unable to marry; had turned to speculation, lost, tried to regain, and lost still more heavily. One debt especially weighed him down—that which he owed to Fisher, who was now inexorable, after having taken advantage of the young man's lack of experience. He it was who held the sword that was to fall next Saturday; and this was Monday. And when it fell he must lose Philippa, probably forever. How could he ever struggle to his feet after the catastrophe? His mind had gone over every expedient. Could some one help him tide over the present? He was an orphan, and had only his salary and a mere trifle of income. Mr. Rutherford? He was comfortably off, but could not possibly afford such a loan as was necessary to save Fletcher from ruin. Smith and Burroughs were almost strangers. Then there were Harry and Ned. For Ned the thing was out of the question; Harry's father was rich, but, as the young man had himself declared, he also was being stung by sundry gadflies with frequency enough to

keep him fairly busy. He was not very badly pressed, but he must "look sharp now and settle 'em up, cuss 'em!" for his father was as severe as he was liberal, and would on no account increase his son's handsome allowance.

"You look rather down on your luck, old fellow," Harry had said during the course of this conversation. "You know, if a hundred or so 's of any use to you—" and he turned in his chair so that he might fish in his pockets with greater ease. But Fletcher restrained him, smiling his brave, charming smile. What good could "a hundred or so" do him?

When he had gone to Smith's that night he had calmly made up his mind that the wave must break over him, and his losses had left him as indifferent as if he had been playing on a sinking ship. "I am a sinking ship," he had said to himself, though still with some faint hope; "and the rats are leaving me," he added, as he parted with his small stakes.

When had the temptation assailed him, and how had it been possible? He could not recall the moment. Only it seemed to him that suddenly the words, "You will lose Philippa in five days!" were sprung upon him while he made some jest, and, as suddenly and inconsequentially, he was saying to himself soberly, though a tumult whirled about the words: "Uncle Fordy is all right; he is never rash. Neither is Ned; he 's all right, too. Harry?" He played on mechanically and observed Harry. "He 's not a bit reckless this evening; he 's not going to hurt himself. The others—Smith is rolling in money, and Burroughs could n't lose enough to make any difference to himself if he tried." Then he repeated the words, or they repeated themselves over and over again: "Rolling in money, and the others are all right." At college he had been considered first-rate at legerdemain. "How queer it would be—how easy—if I slipped a card—how easy! Shall I?" He felt drowsy, and the light, veiled with tobacco-smoke, the voices, the soft patter of the cards, seemed to be part of the phantasmagoria in which he himself was but one of the shadows. "No, not yet; not this king—another—"

And then he had cheated. Was it with fierce but cool determination, or with a feeling that he was merely making an experiment which, once made, was irrevocable? He could not remember. He could remember but the one truth which shattered him—the inexorable truth that in one hour the honor of thirty years had been blighted and all future peace destroyed.

His misery was so unbearable that he got out of bed and walked up and down the room with his hands pressed over his face. "In one hour! If I could recall that one hour! O God! God! to be back in yesterday—back in yesterday!"

He stumbled to a cupboard, took out a bottle of whisky, and drank from time to time, still walking back and forth. He must kill thought, if only for the moment. Finally, with his mind befogged, he staggered again to the cupboard to put back the bottle, stumbled, struck his head against the mantelpiece, and lay insensible.

III

THE servant who found him in the morning at once sent for Mr. Rutherford and the doctor who lived in the same building. Together they hurried to the young man, who, still unconscious, was lying in bed with a handkerchief about his head. A maid was scrubbing the carpet with a damp cloth, and a sickly, diluted smell of whisky filled the room.

The smell caused Mr. Rutherford to stop short, with a slight exclamation. He and the doctor exchanged glances, and the latter said to the maid: "Is that whisky you 're wiping up?"

"It is," she replied, adding with a sort of cheerful affection: "Sure, he was dhrunk, poor fella."

It was an hour before Fletcher became conscious, and his eye fell upon Mr. Rutherford, who was sitting by the bed, looking at him with mingled relief and reproach. The doctor had gone.

"Uncle Fordy! What *are* you doing here?" exclaimed Fletcher. "This is an unexpected pleasure."

"Why, Johnny," said Mr. Rutherford, in some confusion, "you fell down and hit your head last night, and in the morning they found you unconscious. First thing I know, in comes James, bursting into my place, and says you 've burst your head open, or something. So we went for the doctor, and he worked at you for a while—and here we are."

"Good heavens!" said Fletcher, smiling and closing his eyes. Then he opened them again, frowning.

"Ugh! what a smell! Why, it 's whisky!"

Bridget, who had been reluctantly departing, now drew near, with a soothing: "Never you mind, Mr. Johnny dear!" and a smile almost of encouragement; but Fletcher's perplexity only increased.

"What does she mean?" he asked, after Bridget had gone.

"Well, to tell you the truth, Johnny, they found a whisky-bottle lying on the floor. I 'm afraid you were drinking when you fell. Don't you remember?"

"No, I don't remember anything. I feel so tired, I can't make my mind go back. Yes, I do, though! Oh, Uncle Fordy, I wish I could have stayed unconscious forever!"

"Bosh, my dear boy! Good heavens! You must n't take it as hard as that! It was a little shock to me at first, I 'll confess. You see, I 'd never heard of you as anything but sober all your life,—it rather hurt my feelings when I found you 'd been drinking,—so I suppose, like an old donkey, I pulled a long face, and you saw it when you came to. But, my dear boy, don't give it another thought. It 's a mere peccadillo. And now the doctor says you must be quiet, so we won't say another word."

"Oh, my getting drunk!" Fletcher blushed faintly. "You 're awfully good to cheer me up. All the same, I am humiliated and amazed. But—"

"The doctor said you must n't bother about anything," interrupted Mr. Rutherford.

"Oh, confound the doctor!" Fletcher persisted, with a whimsical smile. "How 's the doctor's word going to prevent my bothering? It 's bad enough that I should have made a beast of myself; but that 's not what I was thinking of so much. Do you know, Uncle Fordy, in a day or two I shall be a ruined man? Virtually, I am already; and, you see, I wish I need n't have come to, just to go on being a ruined man."

"Why, Johnny!"

"Yes, it 's true."

"But why did n't you come to me? I 'd have helped you."

"Dear old uncle! You could n't have afforded it. Speculating, you know."

"How much?"

"Oh, what 's the odds now? But if you want to know—" And he named the sum.

"Why, Johnny!" Mr. Rutherford sat up, pulled down his waistcoat, and beamed upon the patient. "I may as well tell you, in spite of the doctor; you might as well hear good news as brood over your troubles. Don't you remember last night—dining at Smith's, and the poker, and how you made a clean sweep of us all—Smith and Burroughs and Ned and Harry and me? Why, you won a good bit more than you owe that skinflint. There! take your money with my blessing and this solemn injunction: Don't do it again; leave gambling alone, whether it 's the Exchange or cards. I believe I shall myself—almost; it 's not right for an old fellow like me to lend himself to that kind of thing. It 's pulled you out of a bad hole; but don't you get into any more holes that take that kind of pulling out."

"Uncle Fordy," said Fletcher, who had been listening with affectionate patience, "one would think it was *you* who had been—" he broke off in confusion, and went on: "I mean, have you taken leave of your senses? What poker do you mean? I have n't played poker for a month or more. I was n't at Smith's last night; I was here the whole time."

"This one of your latest jokes?"

"No joke at all. I tell you I passed the whole evening here. I sat in that chair you 're in now; I had a pipe in one hand and Eleanor Harrington's last novel in the other; after that I went for the 'Poetical Works of John Keats'; and after that the deluge, I said to myself, because of course I was aware that the deluge was timed to be here in a few days, and Eleanor Harrington and John Keats could n't keep it off. Then I thought that the weather was very warm, and I had a nap. Now, that 's how I passed last night. The only thing I don't remember is the drinking. I suppose I got desperate lying awake, and that was the result. But it 's queer that I should forget that; and it 's not like me to have done it," he added wistfully.

Mr. Rutherford had whistled once during this statement; now he said solemnly:

"My good John, I see you were harder hit than I knew—I mean your head. You must be telling about night before last. *Last* night you did just what I say. Now,

don't argue with me, or you 'll be a sick man. The doctor 's coming again soon, and he 'll blow me up for stirring up his patient. If you want me to do anything for you—take any little message to Mr. Silas K. Fisher—"

"I 'd rather do it myself," said Fletcher, faint and dazed; "but will you look for the money? Look in my pockets. No, I suppose I must have locked it up; the key 's in my trousers pocket. That little drawer there. Is that it? All right; lock it up and put the key—"

"It 's all right, Johnny. Remember, if you 're not up by Saturday, I 'll see Fisher for you. I 'm going out of town in a few hours now—be back on Monday. Feel pretty well? That 's right. There 's the doctor driving up, and it 's time I was off."

He met the doctor in the hall, told him of Fletcher's lapse of memory, and sped on his way. A few hours later, as he was driving to the station, he passed Fleming and Bond. He had only a few minutes to spare, and thrust his head out of the window, shouting: "Hullo, boys! Look up John, will you? He 's seedy; he 'll tell you all about it."

IV

On Wednesday Harry Bond called with a sad and reluctant heart and asked if he might see Fletcher. He gave a sigh of relief when he was told that the patient was asleep. He communicated his relief to Fleming, who had been unable to go with him and was thankful for the respite. Harry, too, was to be out of town till Monday; he had done his duty by poor conscience-stricken Fletcher, and the evil moment of an explanation was deferred. Fleming was free only in the evening, and in the evening Fletcher always slept. So at least he need not endure the sight of his friend, pitiful, physically prostrated by this new sense of dishonor.

And Fletcher, on his part, was glad to be alone. He supposed that Ned and Harry must know all the circumstances of his illness; how it had been caused by such an extraordinary exultation over his success at cards that he had gone home directly to get drunk and stumble about until he injured himself. The thought of facing them was mortifying.

He was determined that he would tell Philippa everything when she got back to New York; nothing should be hidden from her. It was strange that a man could tell a woman of his love and his momentary degradation in the same breath; but he would rather bring down her condemnation upon him than win her, knowing that he had hidden from that condemnation.

Still, his uppermost feeling was one of relief and elation. The hateful burden was removed. He would go to Fisher at the last moment—it would seem to lend greater keenness to his triumph—and make himself free.

The doctor allowed him to get up on Friday, and on Saturday, without waiting for permission, he took a cab and drove to Fisher's office. When, after what seemed to him inordinate delay, he was admitted to his creditor's presence, he found him sitting in his shirt-sleeves, his heels on a desk, and the paraphernalia of iced drinks at his elbow; in one hand was the morning paper, in the other a palm-leaf fan. Mr. Fisher was a fat man with round gray eyes; his neck rolled over the back of his collar in three red tiers; a toothpick protruded from his mustache. Before he had looked at Fletcher he began in a high, nasal voice:

"I 'm sorry, Mr. Fletcher, but this was the day we agreed on. There must be some day set, now must n't they? I can't go on extending the time; if people went on extending time, business 'd cease to be business, now would n't it?"

"No doubt. I did n't come here to ask you to extend. Will you please give me a receipt?" and Fletcher put down the bank-notes.

Fisher gave a prolonged "Oh!" adding, as he counted the notes swiftly with his forefinger, "This is a very different matter, ain't it? I was about making up my mind that you would n't come up to scratch."

When Fletcher's receipt had been made out, his late creditor pushed the tray toward him, affably inviting him to have a little something; the latter declining, he dropped the toothpick, drained his glass, and passed his tongue over his mustache, while Fletcher walked out with an expression of cool disgust. Mr. Fisher glanced at his watch, saw that it was his luncheon-hour, shouldered on his coat, and sauntered out with his hat on one side, saying to him-

self philosophically, "Young fool looked at me like I was carrion."

With a sensation of mingled fatigue and exultation Fletcher made a round of his lesser creditors and paid every debt. And now he must go to Philippa; he had not seen her for a month, and she would be happy to hear of his great relief; for Philippa, to whom he confided everything, knew that he had been in trouble.

She was sitting at her writing-table, bent over a letter. How exquisite she looked, darling Philippa! Her soft, dark hair, her face rather pale from the heat, her white blouse, with the neat black bow under her chin, all made a cool harmony of darkness and pallor. She got up and came to him slowly, her gray eyes smiling into his. He took her hands, and after studying his face for a moment she asked, "Have you been ill?"

"Yes; I came to tell you all about it." When they had sat down, he said: "I have n't been so happy for months, Philippa. There are drawbacks to my happiness, though, and now I am going to tell you of both. First, Philippa darling, I must tell you that I love you. But you know that."

"Yes, I know," she replied, putting her hand on his shoulder; and they leaned forward and kissed each other.

After a rapturous silence she said: "What are the drawbacks, Jack?"

"To tell you about those I must tell you about the good luck, too—but you won't approve of that. And I have a confession to make—a hateful confession.

"You know, I was in debt, and lately I have been expecting ruin—sure ruin, Philippa. I had tried to right myself by speculating, and that only led from bad to worse; then I got into the hands of a scoundrel, and by to-day it would have been all up with me. On Monday, knowing that the end was inevitable, I played poker with Uncle Fordy—you know Mr. Rutherford—and Harry and Ned and two other men. I was reckless; I knew I 'd lost you; I did n't care any longer what became of me, and I played I don't know how long: but I won, and kept on winning until I 'd made enough to pay all my debts. They are all paid, Philippa, and I 'm scot-free. But I know this only at second-hand, because—and here comes the strangest and most humiliating part of all—I must have gone home mad with relief at my success (thank Heaven, I hurt nobody by it!), for I got drunk. Yes," he repeated, putting her hand from his shoulder, "I got dead drunk, Philippa. I stumbled about, and fell, and struck my head. It made me lose consciousness, and when I came to I had completely forgotten about the whole thing. It was Uncle Fordy who told me how we played poker and I won, and how the servant found me in the morning. I can still recall nothing. And now I have come to ask your forgiveness. Forgive me, if you can. But if you should only feel disgust, I would rather disgust you than deceive you."

She drew a long breath, and, putting her hand back on his shoulder, said: "There is no disgust, Jack. I have nothing for you but love and forgiveness. Perhaps I love you better than ever, because it was my forgiveness which you thought of at once. Only one thing—don't gamble, dearest; never do it again. It hurt me to hear that more, far more, than the other thing. That was the madness of a moment. And now it 's all forgotten; but oh, Jack, take care of yourself! That strange loss of memory! Are you sure you feel all right, dearest?"

V

It so happened that Edward Fleming, too, loved Philippa, whose friend he had been for years, and on the Monday after Fletcher's confession he went to her and made his own avowal.

She was sitting at the same table, writing to Fletcher. When she looked up and saw the grave eagerness of Fleming's face, usually so impassive, her heart sank with the sense of what was impending. Nevertheless, she mustered an easy and unconcerned smile as she held out her hand.

"Well, Ned, what have you been doing with yourself lately? It 's a week since I last saw you, is n't it?" Then she remembered that it was exactly a week ago that evening that her poor Jack's strange good and bad fortune had crowded upon him, and she stopped short.

"Yes, Philippa." He looked up at her with his direct blue eyes. "I have n't had the courage to come and see you. I knew that if I did see you I could refrain no longer from telling you what was on

my mind, and I dreaded your answer. But I can wait no longer. Try to love me, Philippa," he said, getting up and putting his hand on her chair; "it is the one desire of my life—the only thing that I care about. If you can understand how I worship you, what I think of you—"

"Oh, Ned dear, don't think of me like that!"

"Then you don't care for me? But you may one day. Will you let me think that perhaps you will care some day?" he said, with grave insistence.

"I can't."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure."

"May I ask one thing more? Is there some one else? Is that why you 're sure?"

"Yes, Ned; that is why. Don't, don't look at me so! It makes me feel as though you blamed me." She put her hands pleadingly on his.

"Blame you?" he replied in a low voice. "Perhaps I do feel as if I blamed you, because it seems to me so impossible, so monstrous, almost, that what I feel for you should go for nothing, that it is powerless to help me. Such waste! So futile! But I do know that I hate him," he added calmly, taking up his hat. "Philippa—darling—how can I help hating him? Is n't he worse than my murderer?"

"You must n't hate him, Ned; you won't; he 's your friend."

"*My friend!*" he almost shouted, thinking of Harry, the one person to whom he had confided his secret.

"Yes—John Fletcher."

They stood and gazed at each other a minute, and then he came back to her and cried breathlessly: "Philippa, you don't mean it!"

"I can't understand you, Ned. Yes, I do mean it. Why are you so amazed?" And as he still stared at her, pale and speechless, she exclaimed: "Are you thinking of the other night, and do you suppose I can't overlook that one thing? Well, I can and I do. He told me everything, and I forgave him."

Fleming turned away.

"Ned, how can you judge a man so harshly, because for once, only once, he drank too much! Well, I am not so fastidious. Thank Heaven, I am not so fastidious as you!"

He stood for a moment with lowered eyes, then, raising them, he said, "Forgive me," and held out his hands, smiling.

She took them, pressed them, and then, bursting into tears of pity, left him.

As Fleming walked away in the warm darkness, he kept repeating to himself: "'Drank too much!' 'Told me everything!' What does she mean—what does it all mean?" Had Fletcher gone home to drink down his remorse? But why had he made a point of confessing that when the other, the disgraceful secret, must be weighing him down? And Philippa! This was the man for whom Philippa turned from him! Was she to marry a cheat, a sneak? Should he allow it? No, a thousand times no! She should be told; if it were to bring down her scorn and hatred on his head, she should be told. Let her forgive Fletcher if she could,—perhaps her love was strong enough,—but she should not be so monstrously deceived.

His own wretchedness was partly swallowed up by rage, and it was in this frame of mind that he passed his club. At the same moment Fletcher came down the steps, joined him, and put an arm through his. Fleming longed to throw him off, but repressed the impulse. Fletcher was saying:

"I feel as if last Monday were a year ago, Ned, instead of a week. Do you know, Ned, that Monday has made all the difference in the world to me: I 'm like a man who 's been standing with a rope around his neck, when just in time comes a reprieve. Heavens! what an escape I had! It seems like irony, when you think of it, that so much blessedness should flow from such a source! However, I 've made a solemn vow never to play for money again. If I had n't made a vow, it would be all the same. Do you know, I 've had the strangest aversion to cards since that night!"

Edward Fleming turned slowly and surveyed the face of the man who walked beside him. The face was happy; Fletcher's eyes looked forward with a rapt, unseeing gaze. He was a little haggard in the artificial light, and very handsome.

"I 'm glad you 're all right now," Fleming heard himself saying, with deep wonder.

Fletcher interpreted his constraint as a delicate embarrassment on behalf of the friend who had been discovered in such a plight. He bravely referred to the subject.

"I did feel ashamed at the thought of seeing you and Harry again." Fleming drew a tremendous, silent breath. "If I had been a fellow given to that kind of thing from time to time, I should n't have cared much. But that I, of all people, should turn in and drink myself into such a condition! I wonder if it had anything to do with that lapse of memory."

"*What* lapse of memory?" cried Fleming, sharply, stopping short.

"Why, Ned, did n't you hear? You mean to say Uncle Fordy did n't tell you! Why, of course," he cried, with a laugh of delight, taking Fleming's arm and almost dragging him forward. "Come along, and I 'll tell you all about it. The doctor says it 's one of the strangest cases he ever had."

"HARRY," said Fleming that night, "everything is over between Philippa and me."

Harry took his pipe out of his mouth and looked at his friend. Then he rose and put his arms about Fleming's shoulders. "Quite sure, dear old Ned?"

"Yes; there 's some one else." Then Fleming withdrew a few steps, and said, looking his friend full in the face: "It 's Jack Fletcher."

Even in the midst of his overpowering astonishment, Harry's ear caught the "Jack." They had been referring to Fletcher as "John" since last Monday. He stared at Fleming, his face flushing more and more crimson, and then he shouted, "*What?*"

Fleming bowed his head in reaffirmation.

"You mean to tell me he 's had the—"

Fleming pushed him gently back into his chair, sat down, stretched himself out, and said, in a voice as gentle as his gesture had been: "Harry, he 's as innocent as you or I."

"Ned, are you mad? Really, dear old boy, are you all right? Because, you know, I can't make head or tail out of all this."

"Yes," pursued Fleming, half to himself, and as if he had not been interrupted—"yes," he repeated, gazing fixedly before him; "he forgot."

"Forgot! What do you mean? What 's that got to do with it? He shall remember, I 'll be hanged if he sha'n't! Look here, Ned, what do you mean by 'forgetting'?"

"He went home and got drunk,—you see, he must have been crazy with remorse,—and then he fell and hit his head—"

"Well! Oh, go on!"

"Harry, that blow made him an innocent man! It drove the whole thing from his memory—everything that happened that night. Uncle Fordy had to tell him that he had made all that money. He needed it awfully, poor Jack!"

"But, good Lord, Ned! do you mean to say that a fellow, just by forgetting—"

"Hold on a minute, old man," said Fleming, restraining his friend with one hand while he reached for a cigar with the other. While he lighted the cigar, he said between the puffs:

"Do you remember when we used to discuss immortality in college, and the survival of personality after death, and that fellow Evans, who said he did n't care whether he retained his individuality or not, and—"

"Yes, of course I do; the silly idiot!" cried Harry, present and recalled emotions exasperating him beyond endurance.

"Of course you always reminded him that memory is the man, so to speak,—that if you lose your present individuality, you cease to be yourself—you become some one else."

"Oh, I see now what you 're making for, Ned. But Jack Fletcher 's virtually the same Jack Fletcher—same personality, same make-up, and everything. So your theory does n't hold good."

"Yes, it does. The Jack Fletcher who cheated at cards *has* disappeared; that part of him is obliterated as completely as a forgetful immortality would obliterate the Harry Bond I have before me now. Why, Harry, you can remember lots of things you did ten years ago and would n't do now; but no one would think of holding you responsible for them now, any more than if some one else had done them. All that is gone—that corner of the slate is wiped clean, merely because you ignore it, even though you may recall it. Then how much more clean Jack's corner has been wiped: he can't even recall."

"Oho, I 've got you now!" cried Harry, bracing himself on his elbows for the, to him, unusual psychological contest. "That corner of my slate is wiped clean because what was written there is n't a part of my present make-up—not my essential ego, you see, whereas—whereas—"

"You 're not going to say that cheating at cards is an essential part of Jack's?"

"It may be latent in him still, and he might do it again under the same circumstances. And besides, you must consciously repudiate what was on the slate, you must atone for it by suffering for it, you must pay up your score; *that 's* how people's slates are wiped clean."

"And do you suppose Jack did n't suffer enough on that night to atone? Do you suppose he did n't repudiate? And as for any latent tendency to cheat, I don't believe it; I don't believe that circumstances would bring about the same result. That

Drawn by John Russell

"'BUT OH, JACK, TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF!'"

result was a sudden mad impulse; it must have been like hypnotism or sleep-walking. There was never anything mean or ugly in Jack's make-up. Do you know, Harry, I 'm immensely—immensely pleased, shall I say?—to think that Jack 's been jostled out of the consequences of a few minutes of madness. Think of it—a lifetime of remorse for a few minutes of madness!"

They were silent for a minute, and Harry twisted about uneasily; then he sat bolt upright and exclaimed:

"You can't answer *this*, Ned: grant, if you like, that Jack's forgetfulness puts him back a day, makes him as if he had never cheated. It does *not* make him an innocent man; it only makes him an *untried* man. Now, I maintain that that crime *is* still latent in Jack; it must be. If the blow on his head effaced the committing of it, it 's merely brought him up to the committing-point again; he stands just where he did before.

"When a man," he went on loudly, moving his arm up and down, as if beating time to his words, "has the potentiality of crime so strong in him as to make him actually *commit* crime, then the only guaranty you have of the non-recurrence of that act is the man's repentance, based on the knowledge of his guilt. We know that goodness is n't mere ignorance of evil. I repeat: Jack 's not an innocent man; he 's an untried one."

"Would you lay traps for the untried, Harry?"

"No, I would n't. But in mere justice to others it is n't right that Jack should go about unwarned and capable of stealing other men's money."

"Oh, other men's money is safe enough. One thing does seem to have remained to Jack from last Monday—a sudden antipathy to cards. And he told me that he 'd made a vow never to play for money again. You 'll admit that Jack never broke his word under any circumstance. Above all, he 'll never break this vow: I know to whom he made it."

"There must be a screw loose somewhere,—there must be,—and I 'll put my finger on it in time."

"I don't want you to put your finger on it, Harry. And now I 'm off to bed; good night."

"One minute, Ned." Harry's eyes were wet.

"Well, old fellow?"

"Philippa—"

"Well?"

"Jack 's to have Philippa because he hit his head?"

"Yes."

"And if a man forgets a thing he 's to go scot-free?"

"Well, that 's all *I* can make of it, Harry."

A NEW OCCUPATION

THE WELFARE MANAGER

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

WITHIN the last few years there has been created in the industrial world an office now known as that of the welfare manager. It should not be forgotten, however, that this term was invented to fit an office already in existence, and that it was not so invented until much valuable work of a pioneer character had been accomplished.

This manager, who may be either a man or a woman, is a recognized intermediary between the employers and employees of mercantile houses and manufacturing plants which possess any pretensions to size and importance. Such a person represents the choice of an employer who would introduce among his employees improved and more favorable conditions, but who, hampered as he is by the complex ramifications of the industrial and social world of to-day, and unable to attend personally to every detail, finds himself obliged to summon to his aid the services of an intermediary between himself and those in his employ.

It is the employer, not the employee, who has chosen this intermediary and outlined the scope of the manager's work. At the same time, in order that his own purposes may not be defeated by the presence of too much friction in his establishment, he has been at pains, when making his choice, to respect the sentiments and prejudices, and sometimes even the dignities, of his employees. In no case coming under my observation has he failed to remove a welfare manager unable to preserve the harmonies. For such a manager, it must be understood, is unlike a superintendent or a foreman, and has no direct authority in the business, no power to engage or to dismiss an employee.

To have, hereafter, the holder of such a position represent the choice of the employee is, so I have been informed, a proposition now made by some who are interested in betterment work. "How would such a person differ from a walking delegate?" I asked; and although elaborate explanations full of points of distinction were made, it was difficult to see wherein the powers would vary, and still more difficult to appreciate the wisdom of the change proposed.

Take, for example, so simple a question as that with which the manager is frequently concerned—the value of fresh air and good drinking-water on the health of the individual. Inevitably it must be recognized that a question of health bears its relation to the wage-earning capacity. How, then, would it be possible for those accustomed to ill-ventilated rooms at home, and who understand nothing of hygiene, to demand fresh air and good drinking-water during their working hours, or to consider the question of electing a welfare manager who would demand them in a factory? These things the employer, with his broader knowledge and wider outlook, sees first.

Among the best-known welfare managers are to be found those who have prepared themselves for their profession, as they would have done for the practice of law or medicine. Like the rest of the employees, they are paid by the company, and,

Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"'I URGE BLACK AND WHITE FOR MANY OF OUR YOUNG WOMEN'"

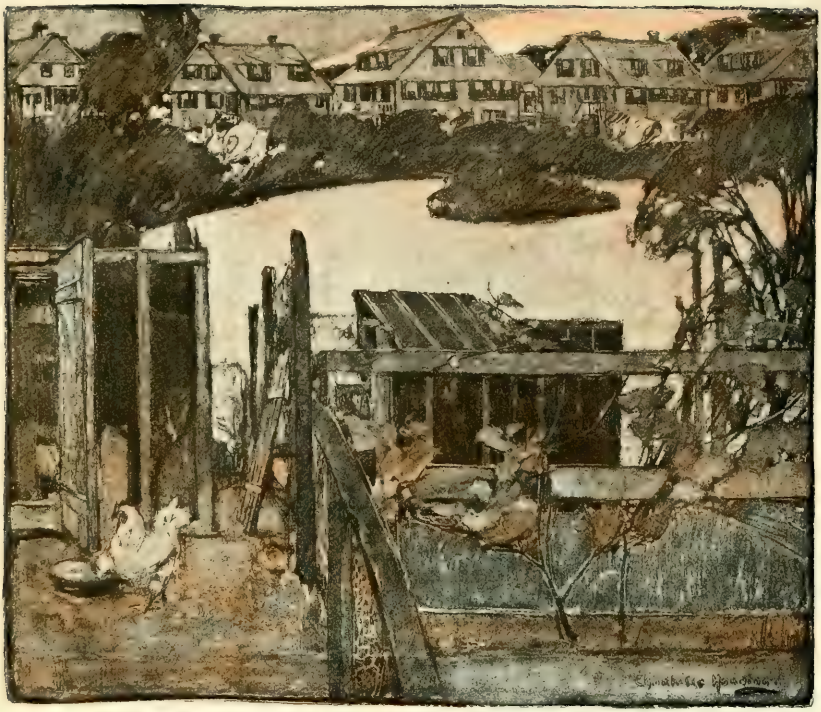
as all managers should do, they keep the general welfare of the company in view, balancing the interests of employer and employee, and, in the end, proving them to be one and the same thing. Their ideal is to demonstrate the scientific nature of their calling, and they take pains to disclaim as an inspiration in their labors, or as a justification of ways and means, any of the so-called spirit of philanthropy. "interfere with the clothes of the employees, but I can prove to them that their own possibilities of making a sale are often ruined by the appearance which they may make as salespeople, not only by untidiness, but by the wearing of flaming and incongruous colors among stuffs where the delicacy of color makes the value of the material to be sold. That is why I urge black and white for many of our young

Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

AT THE NOON HOUR

With them the success of their work resolves itself into a success of purely business principles and methods, and, unless a good business profit is made for the company and the employee, they regard their own department as a failure. "My sole aim," the welfare worker of a large retail establishment said to me, "is to increase the wages of the employees, and I can do this only by increasing their efficiency. Air, light, warmth, and good cheer must prevail in the store. Questions of good books to read and proper dresses to wear must also arise. I cannot," she continued, women. Then again," she continued, "think what a poor voice means!" The success of a person is often dependent upon manner of speech.

There are welfare workers—also in large retail establishments—whose point of view is taken from another side, and to whom neither the strictly sociological aspects of the problems nor yet the purely business side of the question involved have made any direct appeal. Something like a religious impulse is the controlling factor here—that form of religion which has the welfare of others at heart and which takes



Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

A VILLAGE ON THE NEW ENGLAND COAST

rebuffs and discouragements in a cheerful spirit, going on in the work in obedience to some governing principle within and because of a love which nothing kills. And yet such a worker never disregards the interests of the firm or loses sight of its main objects and purposes. "Primarily," as such a one has said to me, "we are all here for one specific purpose—to hustle materials into our establishment and to hurry them out again as rapidly as we can and with the least possible friction. When that work has been accomplished, we have time for the other, and we must make time for the other. The young and the ignorant must be helped forward, must be shown how the best development is to be had of themselves as individuals." This speaker, although recognized as an intermediary and spoken of as such by the firm, is, for all that, not paid for the duties of the office, nor yet for the betterment work accomplished by it. She draws her salary for other duties connected with the business side of the store, those of her welfare work being undertaken voluntarily, in obedience to a dictate of the conscience and without a thought of pecuniary recompense. Her special training in betterment work came from association with a society devoted to the interests of young women.

It is not unusual to discover welfare managers who, engaged by a company for some specific work, discover that the very nature of their calling forces upon them the rôle of intermediary as one that is a logical and inevitable outgrowth of their original contract. An architect or a landscape-gardener, for example, who has been engaged to build the houses or to lay out the grounds of an isolated manufacturing plant, must of necessity be brought into frequent contact with the employees for whom the houses are being built and with the children left at home while their parents are at work. If he knows that the purpose of the company is to consider the needs and to stimulate the interests of its em-

ployees, and if he cares anything about the work as a whole, he discovers many opportunities for drawing the attention of the company to still other new needs and requirements as they present themselves. If he be wise and would escape the much-talked-of troubles of other companies, he does not insist that all the porches of all the pretty houses that he has built with so much care be covered with vines, nor that all the windows be curtained with a washable material instead of being hung with aprons and shawls; nor yet does he boast of his righteous intentions, even when his enthusiasms are carrying him away. Instead, he shows the tenant how a vine-covered porch or a well-curtained window does look, and then he leaves the tenant free in the matter of choice.

A welfare manager who has been called to a great manufacturing plant has issues to meet which must differ from those found in the large retail establishments of a city—establishments to which hundreds of clerks come in the morning, only to be scattered in as many directions at night, miles away sometimes, or lost near by in the confusion of crowded tenements. Again, the problems differ with the situation of the manufacturing plant, which, like the cigarette and box factories of New York, may lie only a few blocks away from our fashionable avenues, or which may lie only in isolated districts. In large cities, therefore, the special housing of employees can hardly enter into the scope of an employer's obligations, nor, except in a general way, be the concern of the welfare manager. The very conditions of crowded metropolitan life, with its neighboring tenements on the one hand and its cheap transportation rates on the other, make it unnecessary for the employer to solve problems which confront others in charge of isolated plants, where an entire settlement will sometimes spring up about a single factory chimney. In the latter instance houses have to be built, and water has to be brought now into the houses and now into the factory. Often the very temperature of the water has to be studied, or otherwise the overheated man becomes ill after drinking. The question of transportation methods will often arise, and not infrequently a welfare manager has been the means of having bridges built and car-tracks laid for the benefit of employees obliged to lose half-hours in the morning

Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

"WILL WANT TO DANCE"

Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"THE BUYING OF TICKETS"

when making wide detours to avoid dangerous or impassable crossings.

As in all industrial establishments, the question of proper toilet facilities presents itself, and these facilities must be not only hygienic but convenient. In factories where the deleterious effects of lead upon the worker have been proved, it has sometimes been necessary to provide for daily baths and a change of clothing, as these add to the health and the longevity of the worker. The subject of ventilation has to be considered, and the air so introduced that no one when at work need be compelled to stand in a draft. To every necessity and to all questions of ways and means the welfare manager must be alive. When he happens to be an expert he works out his own solution; when he is not he consults some authority—an engineer, architect, or physician, as the case may be.

There will arise, too, questions in regard to lunching- and resting-places, recreation and holiday-making. Just here the welfare manager discovers that no inviolable rule can be laid down upon the subject, since that which will amuse one set of people will dismay another. National prejudices will enter in, as among Italians, Germans, Hungarians, and Irishmen. Religious sentiments and sectarian animosities will also complicate the question. The early training of the employees, the education and the temperaments of the workers, have to be considered. In some parts of our country the factory girl who has stood on her feet for hours will want to dance when the noon hour arrives, and she will go back to her labors refreshed. She will dance all night, too, when the chance is given her. In other sections she prefers to read. I saw a group of them, in a New England factory, deep in their books when luncheon was over. They had the air of earnest college students, like those among whom, at one time, I was thrown.

Again, the welfare manager of a great manufacturing plant, with its thousands of employees representing almost as many diversified needs and conditions, must be prepared to meet not only the arguments of men, but to treat with the temperaments of women. Such a person, whether man or woman, must be fortified with a knowledge of working institutions; understand questions of hours, wages, competition, output; be equipped, in other words, to discuss projects with union leaders, capitalists, employees, and always to discuss these projects with reason and intelligence.

The welfare manager, on the other hand, who is thrown in only with the women of a retail establishment, finds that no strictly

sociological training is necessary, and the need of meeting the so-called labor problems of the day, or of coming into contact with trades-unions and their leaders, does not inevitably arise. The problems encountered are for the most part individual. The young girl who has reached the age when she thinks that her mother "knows nothing of the world" must be guided with discretion, educated, amused, and kept out of the street. The sick must be taken care of, both at home and in the shop. The anxieties of the mother forced to leave her little children uncared for while she works

supreme. A love of truth and a spirit of justice and of right dealing must be in possession of the character. Aggressiveness, or any form of interference with individual rights, is out of the question. Espionage is sure to bring disaster to all concerned. Playing the patron is as bad as playing the spy, and will arouse a spirit of resentment often impossible to quell.

Here, indeed, seems to be the rock on which many have split. Even the best of gifts cannot be forced upon those not yet ready to receive them, as we see every day in the training of children, and the em-

Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by W. Aikman

"A LUNCH-ROOM . . . MAY BE PROPOSED"

are also to be set at rest, and the women themselves helped to take their own pleasures. Those of us who are accustomed to running about the country on our little jaunts would find it difficult to realize how the idea of arranging for a journey will dismay those whose lives are spent in the daily routine of a shop. The hiring of an expressman, the buying of tickets, and the checking of trunks represent to them the unknown arts. The question of how and where to secure summer board excites an even greater disquietude. It is a part of the duty of the welfare manager to arrange these matters for women, in order that the benefit of a week's fresh air may be theirs.

Both the employer and the welfare manager will tell you that, besides the mental equipment and the experience required for the success of the office, other requirements are absolutely essential. Tact must be

ployer or welfare manager, however righteous his intention, is guilty of folly when, after giving that for which others are not ready, complains because his efforts have met with no return. Wise employers insist that no parade of their betterment works shall be made. They are private affairs.

To be successful in its best, most rounded sense, both the employer and the welfare manager must be in constant control of themselves, renewing day by day, as it were, the disinterestedness and impersonality of their purposes. A certain sense of detachment must be present or the work is a failure—that spirit of detachment which may spring from a sense of humor, or from the recognition of the fact that, like the rest of the world, the employee must grow to an appreciation of conditions essential to progressive stages of development. When this recognition is had, the

Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE VILLAGE ABOUT THE TOWERING CHIMNEYS

discontent of the employee may sometimes be regarded as only one of the signs of his growth, and is not condemned as an evidence of evil in him, nor complained of as a token of his ingratitude. Ingratitude, by the way, is a word which the best type of employer and welfare manager never permits. With them it is a question of establishing equable and humane relations. Thus an employer in a Massachusetts factory built two bathing-pavilions for the benefit of the men and women in his employ. He also furnished free towels. These towels were torn, lost, and otherwise abused. Coming as I did straight from another quarter in which the workingman's ingratitude was made the subject of loud complaint, I was interested to see what was done in this case. No suggestion of ingratitude had been uttered. A small charge was made for the towels used, and with this charge the troubles ceased.

The secret of all the great successes coming under my observation has lain in the conscious recognition of growth. One day, for example, I found myself in a lovely village on the New England coast. The houses had been built and arranged by the company. Curtains hung at the windows, the porches were in order, and the miniature lawns were either neatly trimmed or set out with flowers. On two summits overlooking the sea were a library of which any county might have been proud, and a lunch and recreation building with charming lines and proportions and of a color so delightful that no affront was offered to the color of sea or sky.

I lunched in the club on baked fish and vegetables and old-fashioned raised rolls. I have seldom seen a better room of its kind, even belonging to a country club.

Then I went into the library, with its solid oak furniture, its delightful books and pictures. A young librarian was busy here, and a young kindergarten teacher at work in a garden under the willows, the employees' children about her. There was spotless cleanliness everywhere—in the school-room by the pond, in the little kitchen where the cooking lessons were given, in the room where the welfare manager held boys' classes in sloid, in the small hospital, with its neatly made bed and its antiseptic apparatus arranged on a glass-covered table ready for the two nurses who at any moment might be summoned, and again in the club room, with its orderly kitchen and pantries—a spotless cleanliness that had in it something inexpressibly delightful.

That spirit of detachment to which reference has been made, and which, recognizing stages of growth and development, takes them into account whenever industrial conditions are being altered, was notably exemplified in another instance, this time in a retail establishment of one of our large cities. Here a coöperative association had been formed by the head of the firm, and to this association most matters in the establishment are referred, even the question of my visit having been laid before it and a vote taken on the subject. Any and every thing relating to the efficiency of the employee is voted upon: the initiating or amending of rules which affect it, and therefore the question of working-hours, holidays, losses, improvements, the opening or building of new rooms for lunching, reading, or recreation. Its most important feature is a board of arbitration. Since its formation this board has decided upon ninety-one cases. Of these forty-two have been in favor of the employee, thirty-two in favor of the firm, while seventeen have represented cases where adjustments have been made, both interests being represented.

Such an association has been found to benefit both sides, doing away with friction or grounds for mutual suspicion, and leaving those who are in charge of the business free to do advanced work.

More and more as my investigations led me further I became convinced that in the minds of those who led, in the bettering of industrial conditions, there had always been an ideal. Afterward others may have recognized as "good business" the working out of this ideal, those who were greedy of public opinion adopting the methods; but primarily, in all the work of the advanced employer, there has been the ideal in which he *believed*.

How, then, it is asked frequently, does the work of the welfare manager differ from that of the settlement worker? Fundamentally, as they will tell you, the purposes are the same, and a knowledge of good settlement work is of great benefit to the manager who desires to promote the social and mental welfare of his employees. The question of residence, however, does

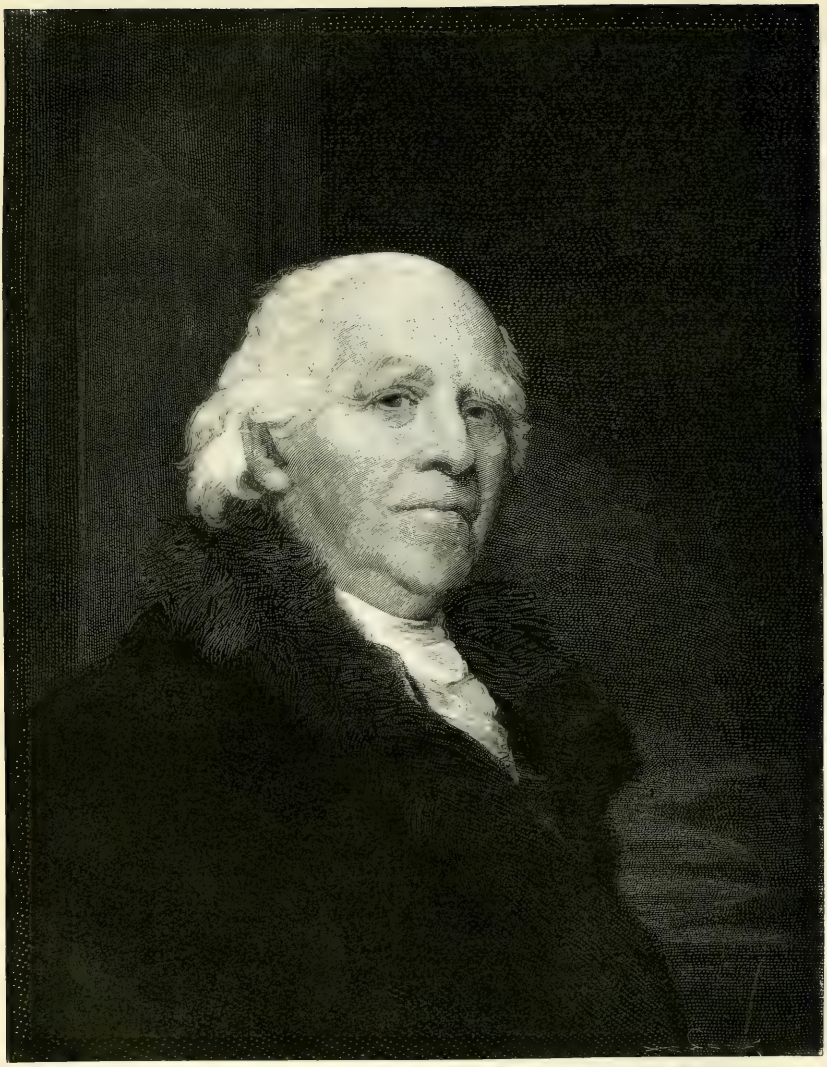
Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE POULTRY SHOW IN A NEW ENGLAND FACTORY TOWN

not enter into the scope of the manager's work, and for that very reason, as the manager claims, it is easier to reach the people; for the settlement worker has to "coax his neighbor to be good," while the welfare manager proves that virtue pays for itself, better wages and better positions being sure to follow upon increased efficiency.

Like the settlement worker, the welfare manager reaches the people in various ways. Clubs are formed. One manager here in New York, for instance, founded a club among the young women under her, which now has a membership roll of three hundred and fifty, with a right of representation in the National Federation of Women's Clubs. Under the direction of a welfare manager lectures are given by well-known men and women on different subjects, both intellectual and moral. Classes are organized, circulating libraries and art collections are subscribed for. Publications are undertaken, edited by the welfare manager, with contributions made by the employees. Prizes are offered for well-kept gardens, good poultry, vegetables, butter, skill in athletics, and for essays on subjects of interest to the employee.

Unlike the settlement worker, however, the welfare manager has at times to explain the purposes of the improvements proposed. The relations of the employer and the employee may be so happy that all innovations and improvements are understood and accepted without question. But now and then it happens that the employee sniffs danger—a possible patronage or perhaps an advertising scheme. When this happens, the business of the welfare manager has often been to convince the employee that no liberties are to be taken with his individual rights, and that the capital of the company is not to be diverted into non-productive channels, when it might better be put into the pockets of the worker. A lunch-room, for instance, may be proposed as a more decorous place to eat in than the stairways or curbstones. But the employee wants first to know several things: Is he to be compelled to eat in this room, when he may want to eat with his family? Is his luncheon to be given him as a charity? Is the firm going to parade its beneficence? And how much extra, in the end, is it going to cost him, the employee? To answer these questions the welfare manager must sometimes invite the employees to a dinner in the middle of the day, laying the ins and outs of the question before them. Sometimes only the leaders are invited to the meeting. Sometimes, again, the union man has to be consulted on the subject, or the man of one religion persuaded to eat in the neighborhood of a man who boasts a different creed.



From the painting by Gilbert Stuart, in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. Engraved on wood by Henry Wolf. See "Open Letters"

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF MEN: JUDGE STEPHEN JONES

From a photograph

AGWAN DORDJI AND SERVANT-GUARD TRAVELING IN THE GOBI DESERT

A LEADER OF THE TIBETANS

BY J. DENIKER

President of the Anthropological Society of Paris

DURING the recent events in Tibet there has frequently been heard the name of Agwan Dordji (or Dordjiev), an ecclesiastic of the first rank, who, according to certain journalists, directed the resistance to the English in their march upon Lhasa.

One day in June, 1898, I received a visit from a Mongolian Buriat, who presented letters of introduction from one of my Russian friends, and asked if I would like to make the acquaintance of a Tibetan priest attached to the court of the Dalai-Lama. An hour later Agwan Dordji was at my Paris house. He was in European dress, a man of about forty, short and stocky. His bronzed face was of the keen Mongolian type, and he appeared intelligent and kindly. In the course of the conversation I questioned him about Buddhism; and then, in his turn, he began to question me, wishing to know if there were many Buddhists in Paris. I told him that the number of his co-religionists in my country was very small, but that many French scholars were interested in the doctrine of Buddha, and that in the Musée Guimet there was a collection of many objects of the Buddhist cult. A few days later I took him to see the museum. He was very much pleased with his reception, and permission was given him to celebrate a Buddhist mass in the library of the museum. This took place June 27, 1898, in the presence of a numerous company, including some actual Buddhists. After a visit to London he returned to Lhasa.

During his first trip the great priest had been presented, though unofficially, to the Czar, who made him a present, among other gifts, of a gold watch inscribed with the imperial monogram. In the following year, however, he was charged with a semi-official mission to the Czar. For a long time the Dalai-Lama had desired that the Mongolian Buriats of Russian allegiance should have formal permission of the Czar to undertake pilgrimages to Lhasa; so the Tibetan ruler sent him again to St. Petersburg to further this desire. Moreover, the convents, dissatisfied with Chinese business methods, gave him commissions to have various objects of worship made in Europe. As Russian artisans were unable to execute the orders, he returned to Paris and made himself known again to me. In the course of his second stay he told me something of his personal history.

He was born in the Transbaikal of Mongol Buriat parents. Desiring to consecrate himself to the monastic life, he undertook a course of religious study, and at the age of eighteen visited Lhasa with a company of pilgrims. There, in the midst of the temples of the Holy City, profoundly

affected, he decided to continue his theological education. By a privilege without precedent, since he was not a Tibetan, he was permitted to remain at Lhasa and to study in the convent Sera. It was in this cloister that his industry and religious fervor were first remarked. and won for him the title of *khambo*—that is, superior of the convent. He had soon the distinguished honor of being chosen preceptor of the Dalai-Lama. Intrusted with the theological training of the young man, Agwan gained the confidence of his pupil and was attached to his personal suite. He was a valued counselor of the Dalai-Lama, and his large intelligence, naturally open to great ideas, made of him something almost exceptional—a liberal lama. Indeed, on his return from his first trip, in 1898, he found that his standing was very much compromised. He was accused of extreme liberalism, and the conservative party were scandalized by a photograph in which he was shown in company with a Russian lady. To these accusations he replied with tact, citing the example of the Tara-Eike, the White and Green Buddhist goddesses who brought the Buddhist faith to Tibet. "In the West," he asserted, "if you wish to have friends you must have the influence of women. For this reason I would not have wished to displease this Russian lady, who is already a fervent admirer of our religion." But another and more serious accusation confronted him. He had taken several portraits "in a little black box" to exhibit in the West! In order to escape from the anger of the priests, he was obliged to destroy his photographic apparatus before all the court of the Dalai-Lama. But, with a tact characteristically Asiatic, he regained his position, and finally won permission to revisit Europe.

From a photograph

AGWAN DORDJI IN CEREMONIAL COSTUME, THE TIARA OF YELLOW CLOTH, TRIMMED WITH RED, BEING THE HEAD-DRESS OF THE SUPERIOR OF A CONVENT

Having ordered in France some metal vases for the use of the Buddhist monks, and other objects, Agwan left Paris in September, 1900, and went to the Crimea, where the Czar received him graciously at the summer residence and gave him many presents.

In June, 1901, he obtained from the Czar the formal permission desired for the pilgrimages to Lhasa. He also visited Italy, and at the Vatican observed for himself the power of the Pope. He returned to Paris, and in October, 1902, gave the order for the famous *tse-boum*, which I described in THE CENTURY for February, 1904.

AN IMPOSSIBLE POSSIBILITY

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC R. GRUGER

AN elderly man, attired like a prosperous farmer on an outing, entered the City Hall and proceeded to the mayor's office. To the people who spoke or nodded to him he replied in a dazed way, as if he did not quite understand what it was all about. At the door of the office he paused, and, for a moment, seemed disposed to turn back, for the room was crowded and there was a babel of voices that smote his ear. However, his momentary hesitation lost him the chance for flight: he was recognized.

"Here 's the mayor!" some one cried.

Thereupon a dozen men rushed to greet him, and he was drawn into the big room where politicians and others were accustomed to await the pleasure of the man who was momentarily at the head of municipal affairs. Bewildered, he listened to the congratulations and suggestions until a young man rescued him from his predicament.

"Better slip into the inner office and take them one at a time," suggested the young man.

Once inside, Mayor Ethan Hollins drew a long breath and looked about him with the air of one who wanted to get his bearings. Somehow he did not seem to exactly fit into the surroundings, for there was a good deal of display about the office and none at all about him. He was a plain man of the people, who had unexpectedly come into office on a wave of reform—a man of fair education and much hard sense, but one who had previously taken no important part in the politics of the city. That was why he was in the mayor's office: the people had wearied of trying the politicians, so they had turned out in unexpected force to put in a man who had no political affiliations at all. Naturally, they also got a man who had no practical knowledge of municipal affairs. But the men in the outer office erred when they accepted his momentary bewilderment as an evidence of weakness. Ethan Hollins was strong without being aggressive: he was the kind of man who, with a saving grace of humor, still held steadfastly to his own ideas in the face of any opposition that did not convince him. He wanted to know what he was doing and why he was doing it.

It was not unnatural, however, that he should have been regarded as "easy" at first glance. He was a strange man in a strange place, and he knew it and showed it. What he did not show was the quickness with which he could "pull himself together," as he expressed it, and the stubbornness with which he could hold to a course that he believed to be right.

"Room for the politicians and none for the taxpayers," he commented.

The young man looked at him with surprised inquiry.

"I was thinking," explained Hollins, "of the difference between seeing the mayor and trying to pay taxes. But of course the public does n't count."

"The mayor requires a good deal of space," the young man suggested finally, seeing that the reference was to the size of the room.

"I suppose so," commented Hollins. "Most of them have kept a political boom of some sort stored here, have n't they?"

The young man was uncertain whether to smile or not. Hollins spoke with solemn

Drawn by Frederic R. Gruger

"'THAT 'S THE WAY OUT'"

seriousness, but there was a suggestion of humor in his eyes. However, he promptly passed on to the next point.

"Those people out there seem mighty glad to see me," he said.

"Yes," said the young man, non-committally.

"But I don't believe they are going to keep on being so glad," added Hollins. "Have I got to see them?"

"It 's customary."

"Big waste of time," remarked Hollins. "I thought I got through with all that foolishness when I was sworn in before the council last night."

"Oh, this is n't foolishness," explained the young man. "They all want offices or favors of some kind."

"And you don't think that 's foolishness!" retorted Hollins. "Young man, you don't know *me!* I 'm not going to run a political party; I 'm going to run the city. But they don't know that yet. Open the exit to the hall, and show them in."

The politicians, workers, and applicants were totally unprepared for the reception they received. They knew that Hollins had only such knowledge of municipal affairs as he had gained from the papers, and they had seen his distress and bewilderment at the first onslaught in the outer office, so they rather expected to overwhelm him by aggressive assurance. But the Hollins of the outer office and the Hollins of the inner office were very different men. They discovered in something less than thirty seconds that the latter, in spite of his clothes, was *the mayor*. He was standing by the table in the center of the room when they entered, and they forgot his apparel when he raised his hand and stopped the first rush toward him.

"Glad to see you, gentlemen," he said, "and delighted to have this evidence of your good will. If any of you have any requests or suggestions to make, please put them in writing and file them with my secretary. I expect to be very busy this morning. That 's the way out," pointing to the exit to the hall.

Some of them thought they saw a faint twinkle in his eyes as the line filed past him and out the other door, but they could be sure of nothing except that they had bumped up against something hard.

"I 've seen frosts," one of them said ruefully, "but that 's the worst ever."

"Anybody who picks him up for a fool wants to drop him quick," said another.

That was just what the young man in

the office was thinking, too. He became suddenly deferential. And then there was another change.

"Got my second wind," announced Hollins, and there was no mistake about it this time: he was smiling; it was a joke. "I had to have a minute to catch my breath after that riot when I came in," he added; "I was n't expecting it, but I 'm all right now."

"You certainly are," said the young man, with the fervor of sincere admiration.

"Who are you?" asked Hollins, ignoring the implied compliment.

"I 'm Albert Kenny. I was private secretary to your predecessor. You 'll find my resignation on the desk."

"Sick of the job?"

"Why, no."

"For a minute," said Hollins, "I thought I 'd found a man who would let go of a public job without having his knuckles rapped; but I was mistaken."

Kenny's face flushed. He did not think the fact that he was willing to remain justified this verbal slap. But before he could speak Hollins had torn the resignation up and thrown it into the waste-basket.

"Saves the trouble of appointing you over again," he said, and again there was something of humor in his eyes. Later, Kenny told one of the clerks that "anybody who tries to read that old fellow is going to find himself tackling an unknown language." But just then he could only suggest humbly—and he was far from being humble—that the retiring department heads were waiting to pay their respects.

"Retiring the way you are?" asked Hollins. There could be no doubt about it—this man was a humorist. But he was again the mayor when the department heads entered—a man careless of appearances, although neither shabby nor slovenly; a man who did not know or care what "correct dress" meant; but still the mayor.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I 'm an accidental mayor, unexpectedly elected on an independent ticket. I came in here on a reform movement, and while I 'm here it 's going to be a movement that moves, but it needs experience to make it move smoothly. You have the experience, and I have not; but I have a few ideas that perhaps never would occur to you, owing to your more or less intimate association with politics. One of them is that the man who is running a department is going to run it very much the way the man who put him there wants it run. If they have not been run satisfactorily at any time in the past, it has been because the mayor did n't want them so run. This mayor does, and he wants the help of the men who are familiar with the work. Gentlemen, if any one of you wants to resign, he will have to go to the trouble of making another trial, for I 'm going to tear these resignations up."

This was so unusual, so absolutely contrary to precedent, that the department

Drawn by Frederic R. Gruger

"'SAVES THE TROUBLE OF APPOINTING YOU OVER AGAIN'

heads hardly knew what to say. Finally the commissioner of public works suggested that there seemed to be innovations ahead, and asked what particular plans he had for the various departments.

"That they shall be run according to law," replied Hollins; "according to law as it is written, and not according to law as somebody thinks it ought to be written."

"There are some dead letters in the code," remarked the controller.

"Not now," said Hollins.

The department heads looked at the mayor in amazement. This was the limit of absurdity.

"Why, there are laws that never were meant to be enforced," the controller urged.

"Bluffs?" asked Hollins.

"Yes; bluffs by the council," answered the controller.

"Well, the council is going to quit bluffing," announced Hollins, "for a bluff that 's called is mighty discouraging."

"There are antiquated laws," persisted the controller; "laws that never have been enforced and never were intended to be enforced. Oh, it 's impossible!"

"Did you ever hear of an impossible possibility?" asked Hollins, with the air of a man seeking confidential information.

"Never."

"Well, you will," asserted Hollins, suddenly changing his tone and manner. "If the code is wrong, we 'll have a new code. The one central idea of this administration is going to be to stick to the law as it stands. Do I make myself clear?"

He did, and the department heads agreed to adhere strictly to this plan. One or two wished to retire, for private business reasons, but they consented to hold on for a little time. As a matter of fact, they were interested and curious: they wanted to see what would happen. Others had talked of rigid adherence to the law, but no one could judge of this mayor by his predecessors: he was "an original package," as one man expressed it; he puzzled them.

"A new code!" laughed the commissioner of public works, when they reached the hall. "We 've needed one for the last fifteen years, and this sublime egotist speaks of it in an offhand way, as a mere incident of his administration."

News of the extraordinary stand taken

Drawn by Frederic R. Gruger

"'IT 'S THE LAW, IS N'T IT?' ASKED HOLLINS"

by the new mayor spread rapidly, and many called to give him advice. To these he proved an enigma. He was not ugly or aggressive; in fact, he conceded his political ignorance and was really timorous in some things, but certain lines of discussion always came back to the same question: "It 's the law, is n't it?" That apparently settled the matter, so far as he was concerned, and he seemed to take it for granted that it settled it for every one else. He asked the question mildly, innocently, as if realizing the possibility of an error of fact on his part; but, the fact granted, he considered the conclusion too obvious to require explanation or comment. Two or three days he spent in these fruitless discussions, while he was becoming accustomed to the situation, and he was found to be tractable and ready to defer to his subordinates on every other subject. The questions that usually occupy the attention of a new mayor he passed over lightly: his cabinet he had settled the first morning, to the surprise and disappointment of many people; politics did not interest him; important future legislation he would take up later; big departmental questions were decided on the recommendation of department heads; but the enforcement of existing laws was something that demanded his immediate personal attention.

One morning he asked for a copy of the municipal code, and, announcing that he was now ready to get down to real business, spent an hour in the study of it.

"Mighty interesting reading," he remarked.

"Rather dull," said Kenny.

"No," returned Hollins; "there 's a good deal of humor, if you have the art to pick it out and see the point of the joke. Perhaps the aldermen thought they saw the point when they put some of the provisions in here, but I don't believe they really did. Maybe they will later. Send for a policeman."

When the policeman arrived, Hollins gave him a name and address.

"That man is dumping his ashes in the alley," he said. "Tell him they 've got to be taken away to-day, and it will mean trouble if I see any there when I pass tomorrow."

The policeman hesitated.

"Why, he 's an alderman!" he exclaimed.

"I told you there was a joke in that book," said Hollins, turning to Kenny. Then to the policeman: "If there 's anything wrong in sending an ordinary policeman to an alderman, turn the job over to a sergeant. I don't know much about municipal etiquette."

The perplexed policeman departed, and Hollins settled down to a further perusal of the municipal code.

"Write to John Baxter & Co.," he said, suddenly looking up, "and tell them to get the boxes and barrels off the sidewalk, and keep them off. They use the sidewalk for a shipping-room."

"So do others," suggested Kenny.

"Who?" demanded Hollins.

"Why, Blake & Carter, among others."

"Write to them, too."

"But, Mr. Mayor," protested Kenny, "Blake was one of the leaders in the movement that elected you, and he contributed generously to your campaign fund."

"Did he?" asked Hollins. "That makes it funnier, does n't it? I told you this book was full of jokes. Write it in red ink, and I 'll sign it myself."

Kenny looked up at his chief, but the latter was deep in the code again. The strain of trying to comprehend his chief and follow his changes of manner and mood was beginning to tell on Kenny. One moment he wanted to tell him a funny story, and the next he was saying "sir" very respectfully.

"Tell the chief of police," instructed Hollins a little later, "that I passed three places this morning where from eight to fifteen delivery-wagons were occupying half the street while loading up. It 's got to stop."

Kenny was aghast.

"You 'll have a riot on your hands, Mr. Mayor!" he argued. "That is customary all over town."

"It 's against the law."

"The law is a dead letter."

"Not now."

"Such radical action will force many firms out of business," persisted Kenny.

"That being the case, of course the law is n't the law," commented Hollins, and Kenny meekly made out the order for the chief of police without another word. Hollins spoke mildly, pleasantly, but there was a sting that was disconcerting, and there could be no possible doubt that the

only mayor of that city was Ethan Hollins. "I was elected to enforce the laws," he went on presently. "Everybody was yelling for a mayor who would enforce them. What did they mean by that?"

"The laws against crime and the criminal classes—the police-court laws," said Kenny.

"I did n't think of that," mused Hollins. "A man can always ease his conscience by taking a rap at the poor devils, can't he? Well, I 'll visit one of the police courts, where I can't make a wreck of the city every time I look up a law."

Hollins entered the police court with the same modest uncertainty with which he had entered the City Hall a few days before. He was unsophisticated, ignorant of details and methods; but the justice, who invited him to a seat on the bench, soon learned, even as others had learned, that on one point he had the courage of his convictions at all times, and that he had a trick of waking up unexpectedly.

Drawn by Frederic R. Gruger

"'IT 'S THE LAW, IS N'T IT?' RETORTED HOLLINS"

A young man of sportive tendencies was discharged with a reprimand.

"Give him back his revolver," instructed the justice.

"Got a permit for it?" asked Hollins.

"Why, no," was the reply. "Just drunk, you know; he did n't try to shoot anybody, and it is n't customary—"

"It 's the law, is n't it?" asked Hollins.

"I believe a man does have to have a permit to carry a revolver," admitted the justice, "but we usually overlook that, unless he happens to be a desperate character."

"It 's the law, is n't it?" repeated Hollins, with disconcerting directness.

"On second thought," said the justice to his clerk, "I believe we will confiscate the revolver."

Hollins was beginning to be seriously troubled. Apparently, he was the only man who did not believe the law should be ignored, enforced or interpreted according to the convenience of the moment, and the idea that had seemed to him straightforward and easy was beginning to develop distressing complications. Reasoning in this strain on his way back to his office, he was almost run over by a man who swung his horse suddenly round a corner.

"Are you blind?" yelled the man.

"Stop him!" shouted Hollins, and the man was pulled up short by a policeman. "Take him to the station," instructed Hollins.

"What charge?" asked the policeman.

"Charge!" exclaimed Hollins. "Why, rounding a corner faster than a walk, of course."

"Nobody has ever been arrested for that yet," urged the policeman.

"It 's the law, is n't it?" retorted Hollins.

"The law says you shall bring your horse to a walk at every street-intersection, too," argued the driver, "but who does it?"

"I 'd be arresting a man a minute for that," added the policeman.

Hollins scratched his head.

"The principal industry of this city will be putting the population in the police stations if I don't watch out," he remarked, "and we 've got to have somebody outside to pay taxes. Perhaps I 'd better give warning through the newspapers about this law first. Let him go this time, officer."

At his office there was more trouble. At least twenty men had assembled there since he left, many of them aldermen, and more were constantly arriving.

"What 's the row?" he asked.

"Row!" exclaimed one of the aldermen. "Why, Mr. Mayor, you 're putting the town out of business! Half a dozen merchants have been to me about your order

to stop loading delivery-wagons from the sidewalk. They have n't room to do it anywhere else."

"That is n't my fault, is it?" demanded Hollins.

"It 's confiscation, Mr. Mayor!" cried one of the merchants, advancing belligerently. "You might as well send the police down and close our store."

"It has always been permitted!" added another.

Then came Baxter, the man who had barrels and boxes in front of his store, and who was the more indignant because Hollins lived in his neighborhood.

"You 're crazy, Ethan Hollins!" he exclaimed. "You don't know your friends! Why, I helped to nominate you!"

"So as to keep on breaking the law?" asked Hollins, mildly.

"It 's absolutely senseless!" broke in an alderman. "There are a lot of crazy laws in the code—"

"But they 're there, are n't they?" interrupted Hollins.

"Of course, but they don't mean anything."

"Looks to me like they do," said Hollins, with a significant glance at the excited crowd.

"You surely don't want to ruin the business of the city," argued another of the merchants. "You don't want to put substantial and progressive concerns in bankruptcy or drive them to other cities?"

"No-o," admitted Hollins.

"Well, that 's what you 'll do. We 've spent our money and established ourselves in good faith, and it 's an outrage to attempt to change the conditions at this late day. It destroys the basis upon which we 've figured, demoralizes business, impairs our investments, adds to our expenses—in fact, compels a complete reorganization."

"Why, of course," said Hollins. "It 's very simple when you look at it right, is n't it? You violated the law in making your business plans, so you ought to be allowed to continue violating it."

"I tell you, Mr. Mayor, it 's idiocy, rank idiocy!" thundered an alderman, exasperated by this quiet sarcasm. "If you keep on with your monkey-business, we 'll put you to the bad in politics and everything else."

Hollins looked surprised.

"You 'd better look out for yourself!" cautioned another.

Hollins, merely Hollins the man before, began to show signs of being Hollins the mayor.

"The people won't stand it!" declared another of the city fathers. "You 'll have to take to the woods!"

Hollins made a complete and startling change of base.

"Who is the mayor of this city?" he demanded, and answered his own question: "I am. What did I swear to do? Enforce the laws. Who made the fool laws? Why, you hypocrites made them! You stand up and saw the air and talk pretty and swell out and pass a law that you don't mean, and then you come sneaking in here to tell me to ignore it! You want the credit of putting something that is theoretically nice on the books, and then you want me to take the odium of making it a dead letter! But I won't do it! I tell you, every bad law that becomes a dead letter takes some good law to the graveyard with it and weakens all law! If you don't like the law, change it! For while it 's in the code I 'm going to make you obey it to the letter!"

The merchants and aldermen were trembling with passionate indignation as they listened to this defiance; but this man was the mayor beyond question. Standing by the table, straight, earnest, fearless, he held them in check when they were in a mood to mob him.

"I have n't really begun yet," declared Hollins, "but I 'm going to begin now." He turned to his private secretary, who fairly thrilled with admiration for the splendid nerve of his chief. "Kenny," he said, "take down the instructions that I give you and see that they go to the right men. Loading from the sidewalks must stop; overhanging signs must go—"

"That was n't under discussion," excitedly interposed a merchant who had an eight-foot sign suspended over his sidewalk for which he had only a three-foot permit.

"It 's the law, is n't it?" demanded Hollins.

"There are some permits—"

"All permits, except those given by special order of the council, are rescinded," interrupted Hollins. "The council may break its own laws, but this administration won't. This applies also to wooden awn-

ings. Sidewalks must be kept clear of goods, and there must be no skids to block the free passage of pedestrians; the police must see that ashes and garbage are kept in separate cans and not dumped in the alleys—"

"Wait a minute!" broke in the man of whose ash-piles Hollins had complained. "There 's an ash-pile behind your own house."

"Make a note of that," said Hollins to Kenny, with imperturbable gravity. "Tell the police to notify Ethan Hollins that he 'll find himself in the police court to-morrow morning if those ashes are n't removed. He did n't know about it, but that 's his fault, and this administration is treating all alike. Tell the police that horses must be brought to a walk at corners and when emerging from alleys, and write to the police magistrates that they are not put there to make laws, but to follow them. Violations—all violations—must be punished or I 'll know the reason why. The trouble with this town is that every man who gets a little money or influence thinks he 's three sizes bigger than the law, which was only made for him to pass judgment on."

Several impatient and excited men tried to close in on the mayor to argue with him, but a gesture stopped them.

"The police must close the saloons Sundays, too," he declared.

"Oh, the devil!" exclaimed a saloon-keeping alderman, despairingly. "Why, that law prohibits the opening of barber-shops and all stores, even cigar-stores."

"Make a note of that, Kenny," instructed Hollins, with a quick, whimsical glance at the discomfited alderman. "I overlooked it, but close them all; and give the building department a rap on revolving doors. The law says that doors must open out, and half of a revolving door opens in."

The men were frantic, but Hollins still held them—held *them*, but not their tongues. "You 'll kill the city!" "We 'll impeach you!" "Throw him out the window!" were among the cries that went up.

"For what?" demanded Hollins. "They 're your laws, are n't they? The city does n't have to have laws it does n't want! I tell you, I 'm going to make honest men of you! I 'm going to make you go on record for what you mean! Stand back!" as they suddenly surged toward him. "I 'm not through yet! There are wooden sidewalks that must come up, frame buildings that must come down, bulging show-windows that must back up, bridges over alleys—"

"You 'll swing from a lamp-post!" an alderman cried.

"Oh, you don't like your laws!" retorted Hollins. "You 've been tying yourselves up in hard knots, and looking owlishly wise while you were doing it! You 'd pass any old law that a constituent wanted, so long as you could wink at a complaisant mayor when it came to enforcing it! And I want to say to the merchants here, Turn your guns on the council! That 's where the trouble lies, and the people will find it out when the laws are enforced. They 'll be marching on the council-chamber to put the aldermen on record, to drive them from their holes and make them say what they mean, and I 'll show them where the blame rests for the whole miserable business!"

The aldermen were plainly disconcerted, and one of the merchants, in spite of his previous anger, saw both the humor and the logic of the situation.

"I guess he has put it up to the council," he said.

"But we can't do it in a minute," protested an alderman, suddenly finding himself put on the defensive. "We must have time."

"Why, of course," retorted Hollins, with one of his disquieting changes to quiet sarcasm. "You 've only had about fifteen years, and you need fifteen years and three months. Well, I 'll give you the three months extra time, but the laws go as they stand three months from to-day."

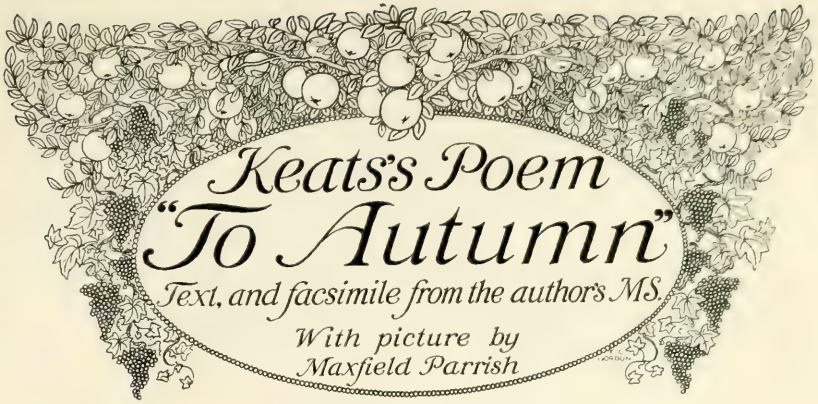
"We 'll have to have a complete new code," said the alderman.

"Impossible!" ejaculated Hollins.

They looked at him uncertainly, and they knew that somewhere in his interior he was enjoying a joke, but there was no exterior indication of it.

"I mean," he added, "an impossible possibility."

Then they all laughed and shook hands and joked about the late unpleasantness. But there was no doubt that the city was going to have a new and an honest code, that meant what it said, just as soon as one could be prepared.

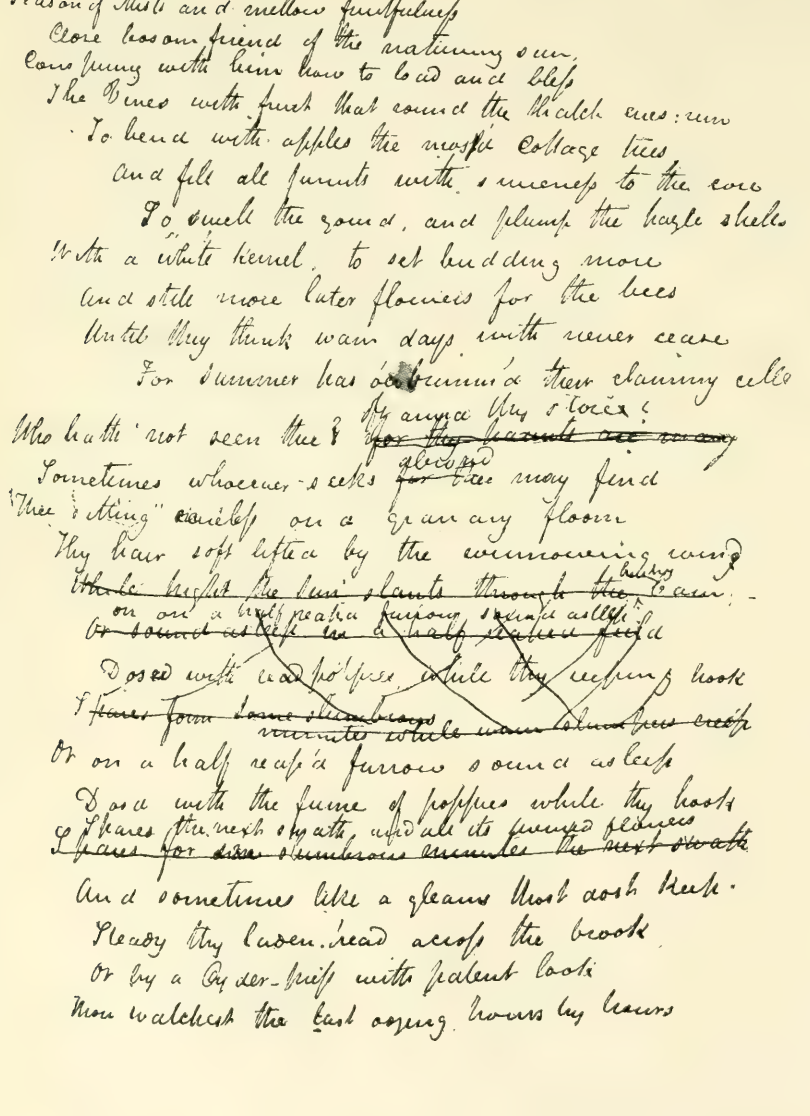


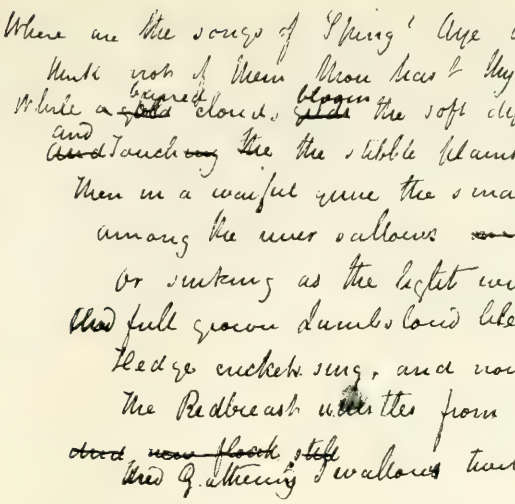
Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook:
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of spring? Aye, where are they?
Think not of them—thou hast thy music too,
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud-bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

KEATS'S POEM "TO AUTUMN"


Season of Mists and mellow fruitfulness
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun,
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
The Vines with fruit that round the thatch eves run:
To bend with apples the moss'd Cottage trees
And fill all fruits with ripeness to the core
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazle shells
With a sweet kernel, to set budding more
And still more later flowers for the bees
Until they think warm days will never cease
For Summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy cells
Who hath not seen thee? ~~for thy haunts are many~~
glean'd
Sometimes whoever seeks for thee may find
Thee "sitting" careless on a granary floor
Thy hair soft lifted by the winnowing wind
~~Or~~ on a half reaped furrow sound asleep
Drowsed with the fume of poppies while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across the brook
Or by a Cyder-press with patient look
Thou watchest the last oozing hours by hours

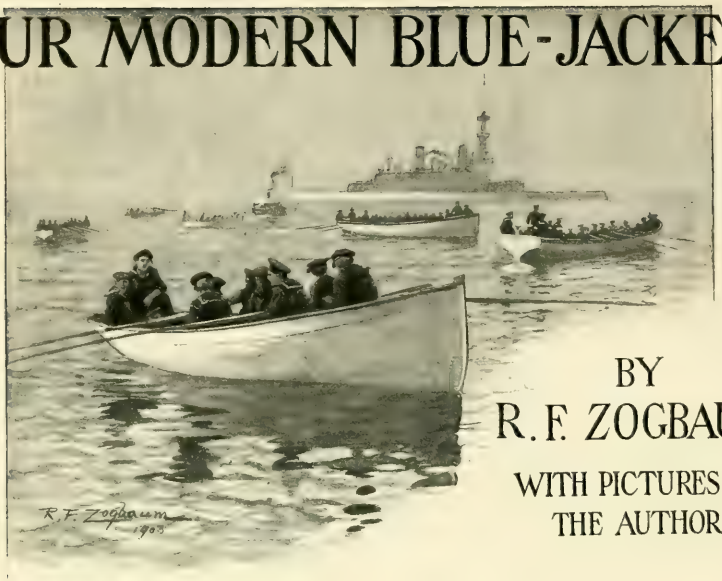


The foregoing draft of the lines "To Autumn" (see also p. 83) is here reproduced from the author's holograph, which bears at the close these inscriptions: "*Original* manuscript of John Keats' Poem to Autumn. Presented to Miss A. Barker by the author's Brother [George] L'lle [i.e., Louisville] Nov 15 1839" "Given to my granddaughter Elizabeth Ward Nov. 14th '96 Anna H. B. Ward" Mrs. Ward, wife of Samuel Gray Ward, Esq., of Washington, D. C., was a friend of George Keats, and it is by the kind permission of her granddaughter, now Mrs. Charles B. Perkins of Boston, that this reproduction is made. The poem was composed in 1819. In a letter to John Hamilton Reynolds, dated "Winchester 22nd Sept 1819," Keats wrote: "How beautiful the season is now! How fine the air!—a temperate sharpness about it. Really, without joking, chaste weather—Dian skies. I never liked stubble fields so much as now—aye, better than the chilly green of the spring. Somehow, a stubble field looks warm. This struck me so much in my Sunday's walk that I composed upon it." Here followed the text.—EDITOR.

Photographed from the electrotype mask in the National Portrait Gallery, London, for Kenyon West, by special permission

FRONT VIEW OF THE LIFE-MASK OF KEATS, BY HAYDON

OUR MODERN BLUE-JACKET



BY
R. F. ZOGBAUM
WITH PICTURES BY
THE AUTHOR

LIKE one of its own great ships as, answering to the thrust of her powerful propellers, she pushes steadily onward, laying back knot after knot of her voyage, has been the progress of the navy—in all that leads to improvement in efficiency of material and personnel—ever since the four ships of Admiral Walker's "White Squadron" first shoved their noses out to sea one gusty, windy December morning now some fifteen years ago. Tall masts and wide-reaching spars with great squares of canvas, bellying to the wind and blackened with the smoke of the fires below, still rose from the steel hulls of these ships. The hum and buzz of electric crane and winch had not yet displaced the creaking of yard and block, or the measured thud of feet upon the deck and the merry squeal and rattle of fife and drum, as sailormen, marines, idlers, all tailed on to the falls, and the boats were run up to the davits; and in spite of circular barbette, thick-walled conning-tower, bulging sponsons in their white sides, and many radical changes in gear and equipment, there was much remaining to remind one of

"the days of heave and haul,
Of the weather-gage, of tack and sheet,
When the anchor rose to the tap of feet
And the click of the capstan pawl."

And yet, though these vessels—or, like one ancient graybeard of a boatswain's mate sarcastically put it, as he glanced around decks cumbered, in his bewildered mind, with newfangled devices and machinery like a factory ashore, "These here blankety-blanked iron coal-stoves wot they calls ships"—were but the prototypes of the tremendous sea-machines to come, to many an old shellback among their crews the knell of all true seamanship tolled out with every stroke of the ship's bells.

But while it is true that the mariner is no longer dependent upon his skill and ability to handle and move his ship by means of a force of nature he cannot control, and though human ingenuity has given him a machine combining in its mechanism the forces of the air, the fire, and the lightning, enabling it to come and go by day or night wherever there is water enough under the keel to float it, the sea ever remains the same, and the domination over its mighty power will always be the problem of him who goes down to it. The same stoutness of heart, the same quickness of brain, the same skill in reading current and tide, the

Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

GAUDILY COLORED FLAGS BY DAY

same resourceful readiness under all conditions of wind and wave, fog, storm, or battle, that have so conspicuously marked the achievements of the American naval seaman of the past must to-day meet tests of seamanship as rigid in their requirements as ever before.

All of the ship's company—machinist, fireman, or coal-passer down where the engines throb and thrust; yeoman, steward, and messman in the narrow ammunition-passages below; marine in military top and battery; every soul on board, each in his way—form the units of the fighting whole; all must face alike, with equal courage and devotion, the danger and terror of battle. But it is on the trained skill of the seaman—he who mans the ship's weapons on gun-deck, in turret and torpedo-room; who manages and navigates, directs and controls every movement of his craft, battleship or cruiser, torpedo-boat or submarine—that mainly depend the triumph of victory, the safety and security of vessel and crew.

Quick, ready, and resourceful as was the nimble topman and the tarry-handed, curved-fingered hauler of sheet and bowline, another "handy man," equally adroit, expert, and efficient, but with complicated duties requiring education and training such as his forebears never dreamed of, succeeds them in the person of the blue-jacket—seaman and artificer—of the times in which we live. While on almost any of the big ships may still be found some sturdy survivors of the old navy,—some level-headed, oaken-hearted master-at-arms; some hard-fisted, sea-worn chief quartermaster; some canny, handy gunner's or carpenter's mate, for, anomalous as it may seem, the carpenter and his mates still have their hands full of work even on the newest of steel ships,—the youth of the great mass of

Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

BRIGHT WINKING SIGNAL-LAMPS BY NIGHT

Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

A BATTLESHIP'S TURRETS IN ACTION

the crews is apparent even to the casual visitor; and while some of the disadvantages of youth may be evident in our young man-of-war's-man, take him by and large, he is an excellent product of the conditions of naval life of the present day.

The youthful blue-jacket may seem, at times, a trifle too self-confident, too prone to believe he "knows it all," but that is because he has an active brain and nimble wit; and though, like most young Americans of his class, he has been accustomed to restraint of but a mild nature before entering the service, a comparatively short experience on shipboard will usually teach him the wisdom of holding his tongue and attending strictly to what he is told to do by those to whom the law gives authority over him. Yet, while punishment, swift and sure, follows offenses, the discipline of the navy is conducted under generally wise laws, the observance of which is incumbent on all grades from the commander-in-chief to the last enlisted landsman. No commanding officer may refuse "to receive and consider any request, report, or statement that any member of the crew may desire to make," and the rights of the subordinate, no matter how humble his position, are as safely guarded as the privileges of the highest in command.

As a rule most good-natured, our sailor-lad is not wanting in the combativeness of his race—not a bad quality in a man the ultimate object of whose being is to fight in defense of the rights and interests of the country, provided it be properly controlled; and discipline takes care of that. Human nature on shipboard is very much like human nature in other places; so in ship's companies, numbering anywhere from one hundred to seven hundred men, occasional disputes and contentions are bound to occur. To the credit of the great majority, however, there is much "give and take" in the intimate proximity of ship life, and under the unwritten law of the forecastle, a selfish, quarrelsome, or dirty shipmate is soon made to realize the unpopularity of his ways.

Cleanliness of ship and person is a sort of fetish in the navy. Scrubbing, polishing, and painting seem to be going on somewhere on board almost all the time, and your thorough man-of-war's-man himself is more often than otherwise a model of neatness in person and dress. You may see the bulge of a quid in his cheek, but tooth-brush and powder come out of his ditty-box—the little wooden chest where he keeps his most cherished belongings—night and morning, and he washes and scrubs his lithe, muscular body until the tattoo-marks stand out in clear red and blue against a white skin as fine as silk.

It is "clean dirt"—only coal-dust and oil—that besmirches face and clothing of the grimy, perspiring fireman, as at the end of his watch he makes his way to the shower-baths provided for his use alone on board the larger vessels.

Nothing seems to please the blue-jacket more than to paddle about, barefooted, in the water running from the hose over the decks in the daily "washing-down" and holystoning of the morning watch; and when the periodical task of coaling ship—that most trying of all duties to both officers and men, for all hands, whether from ward-room or forecastle, must remain on board during the operation—is over, some scores of brawny fellows, naked as the day they were born, stand or move about behind the shelter of the high bulwarks on the superstructure deck, soapsuds and lather up to their eyes, playing the hose on one another, capering about with chaff and laughter like so many boys just set free from school.

Although, with clue-garnets and stu'n'-sails, much of the picturesque language of the sea has passed away, Jack's conversation is still garnished with expressions and terms born of the conditions of his life on the ocean. His language with his mates is a curious combination of Bowery slang and sea-phrases,—"Youse guys come in out er that boat and bear a hand!" as I heard one young cockswain order,—and I believe that if Shakspere could have known our modern Yankee man-of-war's-man, he never would have put strange oaths in the mouth of a soldier. Yet in spite of the peculiarities of his speech and his almost universal neglect of the rule that two negatives make an affirmative, he can send or read the most complicated message in either the international or naval code—with signal-flags in the daytime, or by the Ardois system of red and white electric lights at night, through which our war-ships hold conversations with one another—as intelligently and correctly as the most

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"WITH HAWSER AND CABLE THEY CAUGHT THE SWINGING GUNS"

skilful telegrapher can tick one off on his instrument.

Knowledge in the care and use of the often complicated, sometimes even delicate, mechanical devices by the aid of which much of his work is done frequently calls for the exercise of a high order of intelligence on the part of the blue-jacket—artificer or seaman or gunner. Chat with the smooth-shaven, earnest-eyed electrician in the intervals of the search-light drill; or visit him in the dynamo-room, or in the electrical store-room 'way down between decks, and talk with him about his work, the chances are that he will reach up to some shelf and bring forth plans, or blue prints, or some book or other to help him explain. In his 'prentice days he has been taught to hand, reef, and steer, and he can handle an oar in a boat, and a rifle or revolver, too, if called on, and all he has learned about electricity he has learned in the service.

Or come for a smoke with my friend the gunner's mate, in the turret where the big guns are, and where the thick white, curving sides of steel are as spotless and clean as the walls of a fine lady's drawing-room. He loves his great guns, and is eternally pottering about them, polishing here or touching up a spot on the paint on the mounts there. He can tell you all about what they can do, these grim pets of his—Sampson and Dewey he has named them.

I know one gunner's mate who designates his big thirteen-inch fellows as Protector and Defender; he has ideas, that honest sailorman, and will discourse learnedly about initial velocity, resisting power, and the like.

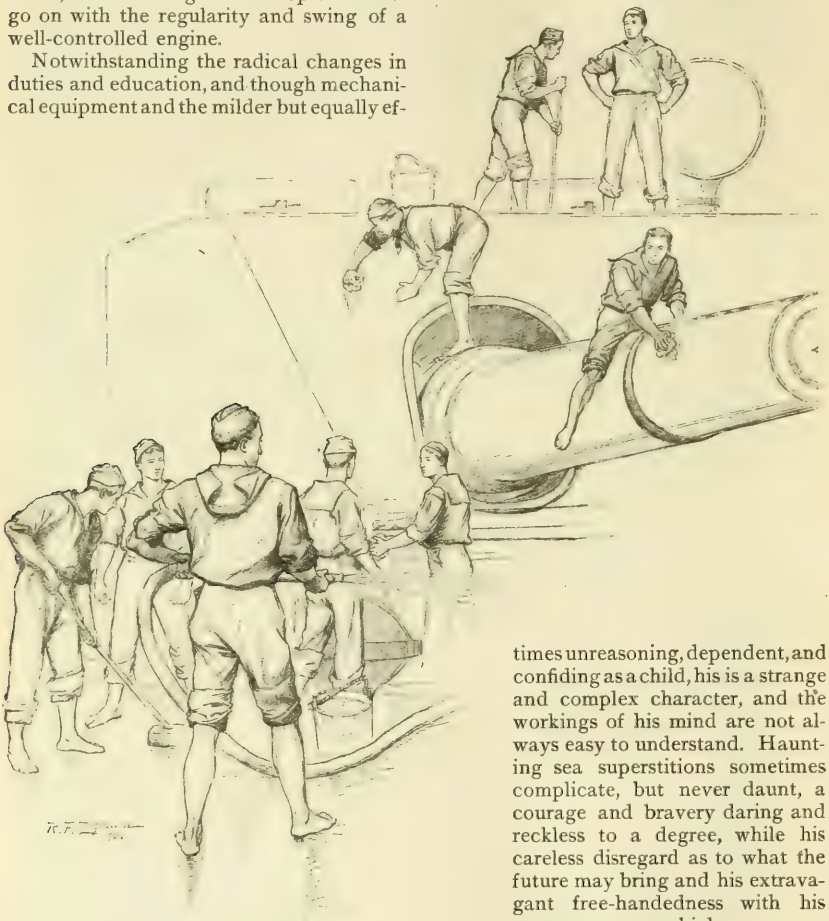
Though he is rather shy with strangers, if you know him well he may bring out some of his sketches, for he has a crude, natural handiness with his pencil, and produces wonderful pictures of ships with every bolt and rivet carefully defined; or he may show you photographs of ship life, or scenes in the ports he has visited, which he has taken and developed and printed himself. He is a great reader, too, in the intervals of fussing with his guns: likes Dickens, and can quote line after line from Shakspere's plays; nevertheless, when he goes ashore on liberty he lays a straight course for the "vawdvill shows," as he calls these popular places of entertainment.

But to see him at his best is when, the ship cleared for action, the big guns in the turrets come into play. There is just room for you to stand in the narrow passage between the two great cannon; you are shut in tight in the thick-walled turret, together with a dozen or more men of the guns' crews standing, naked to the waist, silently at their stations. The battle-lanterns are burning, and a few diffused rays of daylight shine dimly in through the oval openings of the gun-ports. You can feel the massive turret moving slowly and smoothly, but you can see nothing outside. An order from the quiet-voiced officer in command, and instantly everything springs into action. Out of the depths of the ship, rising through the circular shaft which, curving like the inner walls of the tower of a lighthouse, leads to the ammunition-passages and magazines below, a metallic rumbling sounds up from where the huge shells and great powder-cartridges are being loaded on the electric ammunition-hoists. Up come the cars, quickly and quietly, until the projectile points into the gun's breech thrown open to receive it. With smooth, quick thrusts the electric rammer shoves shell and powder-charge firmly home. A clang, and the breech-block closes; a pressure of an electric stud, and the piece is discharged, settling back on its carriage from the recoil of the explosion of nearly three hundred pounds of powder[1] as gently and lightly, seemingly, as the fall of a feather. You do not feel much of the tearing displacement of the air outside, the "blast" of the gun; the ponderous steel walls of the turret have in a measure protected you from the tremendous rush of air into the vacuum created by the explosion, and only a heavy, bursting thud strikes your ears, which, however, if you have neglected a little cotton for them, may produce surprising sensations. Some vapor seeps through the interstices between the gun tubes and the sides of the ports, and the powder gases make you choke and gasp a little, but, except for the heated and confined atmosphere of the steel box in which you are closed up, you do not feel much discomfort. Several times the guns are loaded and fired, but there is no

[1] The service charge of a thirteen-inch gun is about 275 pounds of smokeless powder. The projectile, inclusive of a bursting-charge of 50 pounds of powder, weighs 1150 pounds.

confusion, no hurry, though the turret is alive with quick-moving forms as the well-drilled men spring to and from their various posts, and the rush of the ammunition-cars, the smooth movement of the guns and turret, the thrusting of telescopic rammer go on with the regularity and swing of a well-controlled engine.

Notwithstanding the radical changes in duties and education, and though mechanical equipment and the milder but equally effective methods of training and discipline have brought about such marked contrasts with those of bygone days in his environment, Jack has always remained Jack. "The burden of the mystery of the sea" is his, and the strange, fascinating influence of traditions and customs handed down through generation after generation of farers of the ocean still holds sway over him, and marks him as one apart from his fellow-men ashore. Alike simple and shrewd, manly and self-reliant, and yet at times unreasoning, dependent, and confiding as a child, his is a strange and complex character, and the workings of his mind are not always easy to understand. Haunting sea superstitions sometimes complicate, but never daunt, a courage and bravery daring and reckless to a degree, while his careless disregard as to what the future may bring and his extravagant free-handedness with his money are proverbial.



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

IN THE MORNING WATCH

"Put some of it in a savings-bank? Not on your life! There ain't no one dependent on me," once said one of my friends before the mast to me. "Why, look-a here; you r'member that old German-Swede, Blank? Don't you know, sir, he was quarter-gunner on this ship time you made the cruise in the Mediterranean with us. Well, *he* was the savin' kind: so close and

mean he was a byword with all hands. Wot happened! He had n't taken his discharge two weeks when he went to the hospital, and when he come out, he come out feet first. Wot good did all his savin' do him? What fun does such fellows have out o' life? No, sir! I 'm goin' to blow in every cent—and a butterfly dude won't be in it with *me!*"

My sailor friend was a splendid type of the minor petty officer of the new navy, tall and spare in flesh, but solid in bone and muscle, with a thick mustache twisted and turned upward at the ends. A great dandy, his uniforms, blue or white, were always clean and fresh and cut in as exaggerated a sea-fashion as his officers could permit with due regard to the regulations; he had a fad of wearing long black silk stockings and patent-leather pumps when he went ashore on liberty: but in spite of his harmless frills, no better boatswain's mate ever piped all hands to muster.

We had been shipmates before on more than one short cruise it had been my privilege to make, and were well acquainted. He had been telling me that his term of enlistment had nearly expired, and that a very respectable sum—several hundreds of dollars—had accumulated to his credit on the paymaster's books. A few weeks later, while crossing Broadway, I almost came in collision with a man who, in his brand-new clothes, shining high hat, and silver-topped cane, looked as if cut out from one of the fashion-plates you see hanging on the walls of your tailor's shop, and it was not until my finger-bones were almost crushed in the clasp of a great red-gloved hand that I recognized the smiling gray eyes and upturned mustache of my friend the whilom boatswain's mate. Oh, yes, he reënlisted within the three months,[1] and no doubt is now doing his duty in some quarter of the globe as faithfully and cheerfully as always, laying his pay aside until the time comes for another run ashore in his character of gentleman of leisure. There is nothing new under the sun. Shade of Marryat! do we not all remember Mr. Chucks, the boatswain in "Peter Simple"?

Like human beings, ships have their peculiar characteristics. Those who command and man them must learn their ways; must make allowance for their defects, and study how best to make use of their effective potency and strength. They must know to a hair's-breadth just what answer helm and screw will give under all the varying phases of sea and wave; how to regulate and control the vessel's speed whether going ahead, astern, or turning in her circle. Where in the rapidly following movements of a manœuver in squadron the great battle-ships, rushing through the water at a speed of from twelve to fifteen knots with others ahead or astern or on either quarter, turn or advance, wheel in column or in line in answer to the hoists of gaudily colored flags, streaming from the signal-yard of the flag-ship by day, or the bright-winking gleams of her signal-lamps by night, the dire disaster of collision is possible if eye and ear and trained mind are not always alert. It is not out of mere routine that, day in and day out, on every fighting-ship in the navy, the warning shriek of the siren-whistle sounds the call for collision-drill and the closing of water-tight doors all through the ship.

In a thick fog, such as so often suddenly drifts over the waters of the North Atlantic coast, nine ships of Admiral Bunce's squadron were steaming to the eastward. For twenty-four hours the heavy masses of vapor entirely shut out the view of one ship from another; all night and all day the dismal wails of the whistles of the ships sounded, one after another, all down the line, counting out their distinguishing numbers, or answering to the orders blown to them through the mist from the flag-ship. No observation of the sun could be had, and position and course of the squadron were determined and held by dead-reckoning, yet, though during the whole time not a ship caught as much as a glimpse of its squadron mates, when the fog lifted, as quickly as it had shut down, every vessel was in position in the column stretching its length over the sea back from the flag-ship. There was nothing extraordinary in this; it is mentioned here simply as an incident of seamanly skill in handling and navigating, not only individual ships, but an entire squadron, circumstances the difficulties of which could be successfully confronted and overcome only by those schooled and educated to the sea.

The forces of his engines have mitigated

[1] As a premium for reënlistment, a man-of-war's-man, on joining the service again within three months from the date of his discharge, is credited with a certain amount of pay for that time.

the perils of a lee shore, but in the very power and strength of the ship itself may some time lie the cause of sudden unforeseen danger, calling forth, to the utmost extent of strain, the exercise of all the trained courage and skill of the seaman.

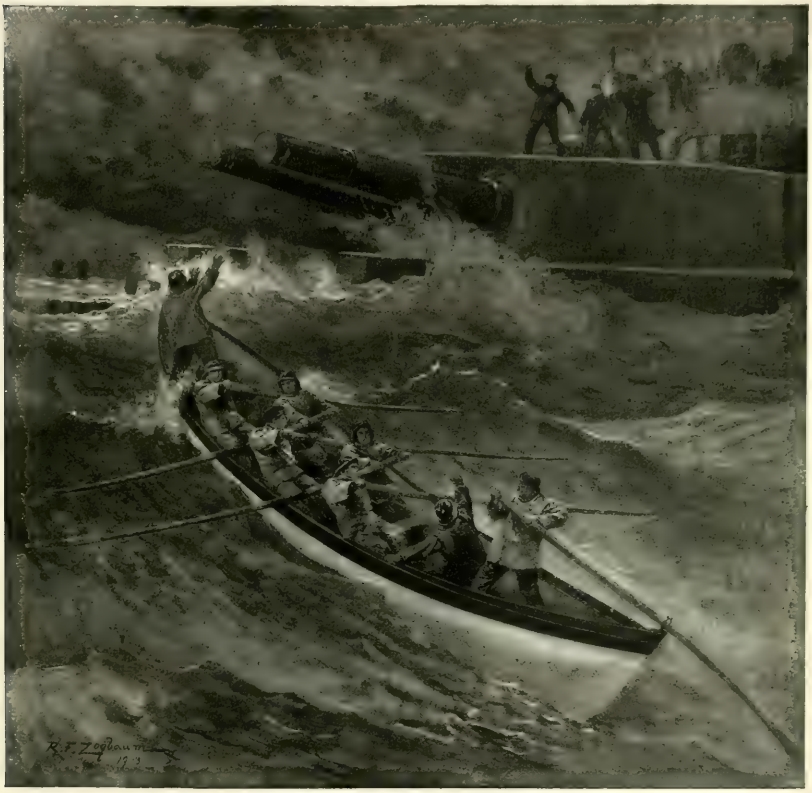
In the "Toilers of the Sea" we read the story of the gun breaking from its lashings and running amuck on the deck of the ship until caught and subdued by the master seaman of Hugo's tale. I think it was in 1896, in a great storm off Hatteras,—but time and place are immaterial,—that the controlling device for holding fast the forward turret of the battle-ship *Indiana* gave way under the stress of the tremendous sea running, and the ponderous mass of steel, five hundred tons in weight, with the heavy guns shoving their long tubes out of the ports, began to revolve, swinging in uncontrolled, smashing force from side to side as the ship rolled, threatening destruction and death to vessel and crew. Then it was that the master seaman on the bridge, the master seamen on the decks below it, the seamen under them, gave proof of disciplined courage and presence of mind, born of the strenuous experience of ever-recurring conflict with the ocean's might. Down below, the engines answered to the summons from the bridge; obedient to the nervous touch of the seaman at the wheel the vessel turned at bay to the huge gray waves, leaping up and shouldering one another, as if in hungry haste to overwhelm and drag her down beneath their depths. Like some stricken monster of the sea, the great warship wallowed and rolled, now burying her bows in the crest of some fierce comber, now rising heavily under the weight of the water rushing along her decks and pouring in cataracts over the sides. But undismayed and undaunted, officers and men, beaten down and thrown about the decks in the swirl of boarding seas—only to spring forward again and again, laboring with the sailorly skill which only the trained "habit of the sea" could give them—with hawser and cable caught the swinging guns, actually lassoing them, as it were, checking and subduing the crushing turns of the turret's great round bulk, and holding it fast in bonds of hemp and steel.

Service in the ships' boats—pulling-barge or cutter, sailing-launch or steamer—is an important factor in the development of seaman-like resourcefulness and courage. There are not only the ordinary boat-drills,—the exercising by crews or by whole fleets under oars or sail, or the landing of a force "armed and equipped for distant service,"—but a score and more of other duties. A squadron at anchor will have boats in the water coming and going in all directions. There are the regular ferries, so to speak, to and from the landing-place ashore; the boats with the mail-orderlies, the trim marine soldiers who act as letter-carriers; the guard-boat, with the red-crossed white flag in the bow, carrying messages, papers, and orders from one ship to another. Here comes the admiral's barge, sweeping smoothly along under the twelve-oared stroke of its picked crew; the heavy "beef-boat," loaded down with provisions for some ship, loses way, as the crew tosses oars, and the midshipman in charge rises from his seat in the stern-sheets, holding hand to cap-visor in salute as the commander-in-chief passes. Duty in the boats is often severe, not to say dangerous; it must be dirty weather indeed—nothing short of a gale of wind—that will prevent the regular duty-boats from making their customary trips.

The history of the navy is full of tales of gallant deeds of rescue on the ocean. At sea the life-boat is always held in readiness for instant lowering, and the cry of "Man overboard" will send its crew tumbling into it, never knowing whether the alarm is one for purposes of drill, or whether they are actually to pull away to the aid of some shipmate struggling for life in the water astern. A monitor whose engines had broken down once anchored in soundings off the Carolina coast. A whale-boat, under command of one of the watch-officers, was sent to the distant shore to telegraph the naval authorities for assistance. The sea was running so high on the return to the ship that it was impossible to take the boat alongside to hoist her aboard. Night was coming on; sea and wind were steadily rising; to go back the long distance to the shore and attempt a landing in the heavy breakers that were now piling up under the increasing force of the gale would be simply exchanging Scylla for Charybdis. But the ready resourcefulness of the seaman was not to be overcome by any such conditions as faced the lieutenant and his boat's crew. The raft-like decks of a monitor are almost awash even in com-

paratively quiet water, and now the sea was breaking over them fore and aft. Our lieutenant, pulling to windward, turned the bow of his boat toward the ship, and seizing his opportunity as the seas swept onward, boldly rode in on the crest of a big

war-ships; but in what comparatively little deep-sea commerce it can lay claim to, the American sailor is not found in any great number before the mast, and the fisherman, than whom no finer seaman can be found the world over, rarely "joins the navy,"



Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

RIDING IN UPON THE DECK OF A MONITOR ON THE CREST OF A BIG WAVE

wave, he and his crew actually beaching their boat on the steel deck of the monitor, like fishermen coming ashore through the surf. I do not know whether the bottom of the whale-boat was stove in or not by the impact on the hard deck; probably it was, but the lieutenant and his men were safe.

Unfortunately, the seafaring population of the United States is not large enough to recruit the navy, even at the strength now authorized by law. The nation should have none but Americans in the crews of its

largely because he likes the independence and freedom of his trade, is born and brought up in it, so to speak, and, above all, is a genuine "tack and sheet" sailorman, to whom the smell of the engine-room is a "stench to the nostrils" and the coal-whip an abomination.

Nevertheless, the raw material to draw from is not wanting. First there are the thousands who live and have their being on the banks of our great rivers and all along our extensive coasts by lake and sea; then the landsmen in general; and last, and

best of all, those fine youngsters developed by the excellent apprentice system of the service. The law authorizes the enlistment of a certain number of boys to serve as naval apprentices from the time of their entry into the service until they reach the age of twenty-one years. Great pains are taken in the selection of these youths, and much care and attention are given to their education and training, first for a period at various shore stations, then on training-ships at sea, whence they are distributed to the vessels in commission throughout the fleet. They are recruited in all parts of the land, principally in the cities, although there is a respectable representation from the rural districts, and physically and mentally they form the pick of the youngsters of the working-classes, from which they generally spring. Many of that most excellent body of officers—the warrant-officers of the navy—rise from their ranks; the best of the young petty officers and artificers bear, in addition to their chevrons, the distinguishing mark of the passed apprentice.

The ideal method of keeping full the crews of our ships would be, it seems to me, to extend the apprentice system to a degree enabling the navy to draw its enlisted force of seamen and many artificers mainly from this force, just as it draws its line-officers from the Naval Academy. Given sufficient, if gradual, expansion to the apprentice system, and liberal laws encouraging and inducing reënlistment in the navy, or enrolment in a reserve (not a State militia, which, however, has its excellent uses—"but that is another story"), it is my modest but firm conviction that the navy of the United States would possess an enlisted sea personnel which, in intelligence, sturdy and proper independence and self-respect combined with discipline and quick-witted obedience to the lawful orders of their superiors, could not be surpassed, if, indeed, equaled, by that of any other service, bar none.

Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

A YOUNG BLUE-JACKET

THE PEERESSES OF JAPAN IN TABLEAUX

THEIR FIRST PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENT FOR CHARITY

BY YEI THEODORA OZAKI

THE social ideas of a people are the last to change, and this has been strikingly illustrated in the case of Japan. Aroused from her seclusion of centuries by her contact with the West, the little Island Empire has developed her constitutional government, her army and her navy, after the most approved models of the West, with marvelous rapidity. Though she is so progressive in all these respects, Japan is still very conservative in all that regards the home and domesticity of its women.

While Japanese ladies appear at the spring and autumn garden-parties,—the young girls mostly in their own beautiful national costume,—they vanish when the function is over as irrevocably as a flock of birds in their flight of migration. A few of the wives of ministers and officials attend the big dinners, but the daughters of Japan are still kept in guarded retirement. There is no social intercourse between young people of both sexes. In the field of public charity, however, there is a marked divergence from the general rule. Unanimously the nation seems to have agreed that here is a sphere in which "place aux dames" can be accorded without reserve.

The number of charitable and educational societies founded by women within the last twenty years is surprising. The names of the highest and most influential ladies of the land are enrolled on their committees, and a recent public entertainment with tableaux vivants, organized by the Peeresses, marks an epoch in the evolution of the Japanese woman.

It was given at the Naval Club, by the graduates of the Peeresses' School, for the benefit of the domestic and industrial schools organized by Mme. Shimoda, the head mistress of the Peeresses' School. The entertainment, an informal garden-party, with tableaux, was furnished by the young Peeresses, who in lovely kimonos of sapphire, fawn, periwinkle, and turquoise crape, girdled with sashes glinting with gold, made pictures of grace and beauty against the sylvan background of the club gardens, with the glimmering sea beyond. Over two thousand guests from the leading native and foreign coteries of Tokio were present.

The twelve tableaux which pictured famous female characters in the history of ancient, medieval, and eighteenth-century Japan are here reproduced from photographs.

Ancient Times: Tachibana no Taehime, famous for filial piety, following her father into exile. He dies, and her devotion to his memory wins posthumous pardon

Fujiwara Epoch (990 A.D.): Seishonagon, noted for learning and ready wit, lifting a curtain and disclosing the snowy summit of Mount Koro, as she quotes from a Chinese poet

Kamakura Shogunate (Thirteenth Century): Matsushita Zenni teaching her son economy in public affairs, by patching a screen, which accounts for the simple habits of the Hojo family, who ruled for nine generations

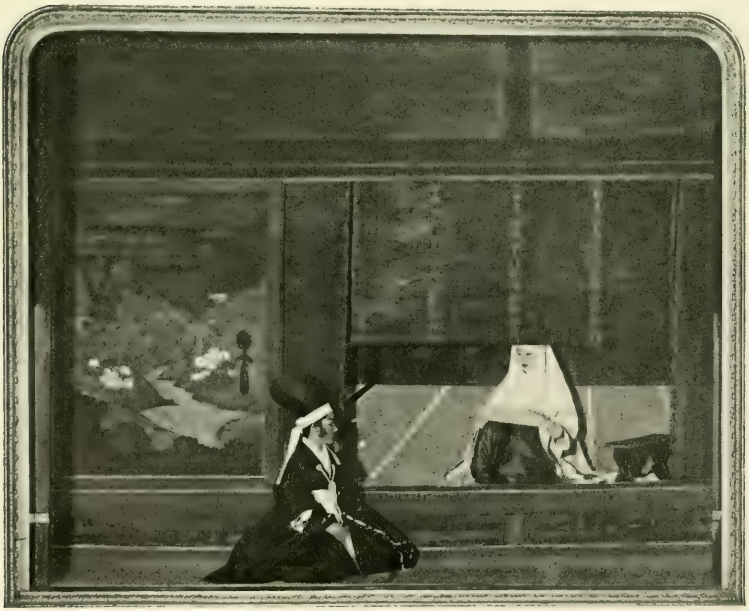
Time of the Pretenders (1336 A.D.): Kusunoki, before his execution, gives his dagger to his son Masatsura, and admonishes him to persist in the cause of the Emperor

Civil Wars (1583 A.D.): The wife of Okumura, the commander of a besieged fortress, inspecting the lines, arousing sleeping sentinels, cheering the weary, consoling the sick, and attending the wounded

Tokugawa Shogunate (1710 A.D.): Shushiki, famous for her devotion to literature, at fourteen, attaching a poem to the branches of a cherry-tree, "which, unlike man, never drank too much though so near the well"

Ancient Times (540–571 A.D.): Obako, wife of a Japanese commander killed by rebellious Koreans, on being summoned to surrender, waves defiance with her upper garment, and sings devotion to the Emperor

Fujiwara Period (Tenth Century): Akazomé no Emon counseling her husband how to write the letter of resignation of his feudal lord whose treatment by the government became neither his lineage nor his attainments



Kamakura Shogunate (Thirteenth Century): Masako, widow of the Shogun Yoritomo, as the "nun-shogun," directing the affairs of the Shogunate from a convent

Time of the Pretenders (1337–92 A.D.): Iga no Tsubone, when the resources of all others fail, with her own hands places great pines across a torrent to further the escape of the Emperor and Empress

Civil Wars (Sixteenth Century): The wife of Ymanouchi Katsutoyo offers to her husband ten gold pieces placed in her mirror-case at marriage, with which he buys a beautiful charger, and attains favor and power

Tokugawa Shogunate (Eighteenth Century): Kasuga no Tsubone, as nurse of the Second Shogun's son Takechiyo, teaching her charge to fight a duel with cherry-blossom branches (the kneeling antagonist is a boy). She is celebrated in literature and the drama

WITHIN THE ENEMY'S LINES

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

WITH PICTURES BY E. M. ASHE

THREE big men sat late at night in room 212 of the college-town hotel and talked foot-ball. It is a saying that the wall-paper of 212 knows more foot-ball than the Intercollegiate Rules Committee. Every autumn the room is the headquarters for the coaching staff of the eleven.

Of the three men McDuffield was the most important, because he was chief coach and had been with the team six weeks while two perplexed underlings were trying temporarily to fill his place as manager of a Southern railroad. The other veterans in 212 were Gleason and Ducrow. Dr. Gleason is allowed a fortnight's vacation yearly at the Massachusetts General Hospital, and during this holiday he invariably becomes hollow-eyed over the manufacture of kicking half-backs. Stephen Ducrow, after glorifying the position of end rush for four successive seasons, turned sailor missionary, and among the slums of San Francisco his square jaw and lumpy shoulders are as well respected as they were fifteen years or so ago when he was bulldogging down the field under Gleason's historic punts.

"I mean Butcher Endicot," said McDuffield, from an arm-chair. "Played tackle in the Thanksgiving game in '87, after Gavegan was hurt."

"'88," corrected Ducrow,—"old Clarke's year."

"He was a ball of fire in a cross-buck," went on McDuffield. "They worked it for twenty yards on us just before Anderson's run."

Gleason pounded the marble top of the bureau on which he was sitting.

"Twenty!" he snorted. "They made twelve. That 's every inch they made. Don't I remember? Old Clarke told their quarter-back that the only way they could get across our line was to go round the world and come up on the other side. Then Mucker Root scratched that goal from the field for them with his shin. Don't I remember? Ah!"

"Mighty kingdom! but it was a hard game to lose!" groaned McDuffield.

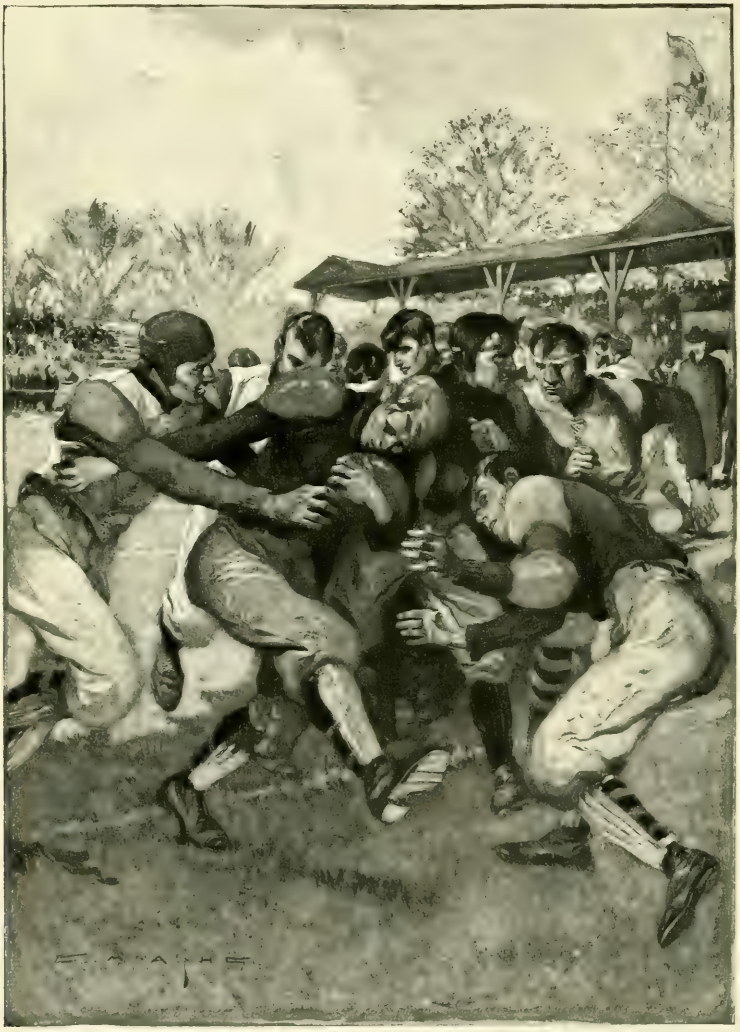
The physician's face became grave. He leaned forward and spoke very slowly and solemnly.

"I want to tell you the gospel truth about that game," he said. "If Norris had n't played so wide, and if I had n't struck that patch of mud, and if—"

"Oh, you and your 'ifs'!" broke in McDuffield. "Man alive, you were boxed!"

"I was not boxed," Gleason protested stormily. "You know perfectly well that I was boxed only twice that season. Once was the time at the polo grounds, and—"

Ducrow wriggled joyfully among the pillows of the bed. He had not even seen



Drawn by E. M. Ashe. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"THE ACADEMY QUARTER . . . RECOVERED THE BALL AND MADE HIS DISTANCE"

a foot-ball for many years. He was in the East on a matter of business, and McDuffield had insisted that he join the coaches for a day or two. Ducrow had not wished particularly to come, although his brother was the present captain. The final season of his own athletic career was a bitter memory. When Ducrow was captain of the eleven they had lost the championship game, and Stephen had wrongfully been blamed for the defeat. But now that he was in 212 he was glad to be there, and he pulled at his pipe in contented silence. He had arrived only two hours before.

A deferential knock heralded Dan Flint, the trainer. Ducrow bounced from the bed and greeted him cordially, although he had always disliked Dan. Flint was an elderly, red-haired fellow with a hatchet face and knowing eyes. In his younger days he had been a professional oarsman of somewhat ill repute.

"Ducrow has come back to hear some of your anecdotes again," suggested Gleason.

"Oh, yes, I remember the yarns," responded Ducrow, trying to seem friendly. "The one about that cross you rowed in Baltimore, and the stories of your shady old partner—Wilson or Tilson—what was his—"

McDuffield coughed sharply. "How are the people to-night, Dan?" he asked.

"Pretty fair. I 've just been over to the captain's room."

"That 's right," said Gleason, glancing at Ducrow. "Take care of the boy. He 's the reason why we 've got to win."

The missionary smiled, not quite mirthfully. "True for you," said he. "One whipped captain is enough in the Ducrow family."

There was a slightly embarrassed pause while Ducrow rekindled his tobacco. McDuffield jumped up and stamped viciously on the hearth-rug.

"What gravels me about losing that game, Steve," he declared, "is the fact that Root was captain of the team that beat you. Why, he 's bragging about it yet! But this year it 's different. We 'll win, all right. We 've got to. That 's what we 're here for." He bit off the words. "We 've got to do everything to win."

Ducrow looked curiously at him, and dropped back on the pillows amid a cloud of smoke. Gleason observed the look.

"Wait until the parson has seen a line-up," he laughed. "He 'll be as crazy to win as anybody."

"Well," said Flint, "I come to tell you the scrubs did n't have their second formation O. K. this afternoon. The ends had ought to take more ground and leave the half smother the tackle. Here, I 'll show you that attack of theirs."

He took an envelop from his pocket. A small blackboard was propped on the steam-radiator. Flint slipped out a sheet of paper and chalked some lines on the board. Ducrow sleepily noted that the envelop was postmarked. He was surprised, lazily, for in his time the trainer had never professed expert knowledge of the game.

"What 's your opinion of the lay out?" asked McDuffield, after Dan and Gleason had gone.

"I guess our chances are rather slim, are n't they?" retorted Ducrow.

"Devilish slim, if your reverence will excuse me. And the game only thirteen days off."

They began to undress.

"It seems to me that you 're putting in a lot of time on working up a defense to two or three plays," said Ducrow.

"Maybe we are, just now." McDuffield stooped to loosen his shoes. "If we can stop the other fellows, they can't win. That 's how I figure it. If we can train our team to stop their plays—"

"Yes," Ducrow interrupted, "if some one should tell us the other fellows' plays beforehand."

The head coach yawned tremendously. "I vote we turn in," said he. "I 've hardly slept this week with worrying."

II

Ducrow had breakfast at the training-table, where the undergraduates pleased him much by knowing him without an introduction. After breakfast he bought a newspaper and roosted on the fence of the gymnasium yard. The weather was warm and sunny, and a gentle breeze sociably tilted Ducrow's stiff hat while he looked for the foot-ball news in his paper.

This was the item which caught his eye. It was a bit of gossip from "the other place"—information from the camp of the enemy:

The friends of Hilson, a candidate for quarter-back, complain that their favorite is not fairly treated. Hilson is the son of the late "Fiddler" Hilson, a once celebrated pugilist.

Hilson a candidate for the rival team! That was the name Ducrow was trying to remember last night—the name of Dan Flint's disgraceful partner.

Ducrow whistled and folded the newspaper deliberately. Gleason, wearing an old varsity sweater, led his squad of kickers into the yard for their morning practice. Half a dozen foot-balls sailed through the air. The boom of them quickened Ducrow's pulse. A rise of color reddened his cheeks as he heard Gleason yelling imperious orders to his charges. McDuffield strolled into the yard.

"Well, what do you think?" he inquired.

"I think they 're nervous," said Ducrow. "That 's the third fumble for the little chap. He shifts his eye too soon. Are n't they all over-anxious?"

"I reckon they 're no more anxious than we are."

Ducrow pocketed the newspaper. "Let 's have a look at the trophy-room," he proposed.

Thinking hard, he followed McDuffield between the heavy olive portières of the white marble apartment in the gymnasium. In the corners were cabinets for the silver cups and gilded base-balls. Along the walls was ranged a frayed array of boating flags, the prizes of victorious crews for forty years. At one end of the room hung the championship foot-balls, each labeled with a score and a captain's name.

"There 's mine, and there 's Glee's," pointed McDuffield.

"And there is n't mine," laughed the parson. "Root has mine down at the other place."

McDuffield touched Ducrow's elbow bashfully.

"We could n't all win," he muttered. "And there 'll be a Ducrow foot-ball hanging there within a month, or I 'll know why."

He leaned against the center-table, under the suspended prow of a racing-shell.

"Mac," said Ducrow, "are we getting tips from the other team?"

The table creaked. Ducrow braced his shoulders almost imperceptibly.

"We 're pretty well aware what they 're up to," returned McDuffield. "We always are. We have to be. But nobody is giving away their plays to me. What do you mean?"

"I mean this. The son of Flint's pal, Hilson, is trying for their eleven. They don't treat him the way he wants. Ten to one he 'd like to spite them for it, and twenty to one he has a crooked streak in him. It 's his blood. Now, what 's going on at our end? Flint gets letters with foot-ball plays in them. Our team is coached to meet those plays. Why are they so important? Where do they come from?"

McDuffield rubbed his leg meditatively and dismounted from the table. "I don't know what you 're talking about," he said emphatically.

"Oh, be fair!"

"I don't know what you 're talking about. I can't discuss about something I don't know, can I?"

"But don't you see? You 'd be as crooked as Hilson if you—"

"Look here," interposed McDuffield, flushing. "Dan Flint coaches our scrubs. I coach our team. Is it any of my business where Dan gets his ideas? And, besides, what if I did know directly the other fellows' plays? Mind, I don't admit it—but what if I did? That would n't win the game for us by a long shot."

"You 're dodging. I hoped you 'd right it, Mac," murmured Ducrow. His face fell. His disappointment mastered him. "It 's the principle—the principle," he resumed, raising his voice. "Flint's influence is bad, and you yield to the old rogue. Are n't there such things as rules of honor? But any rule with Flint is merely something to be evaded. That 's his nature—to fight fair only for the benefit of the umpire."

"Fine preaching," commented McDuffield. "As for this young Hilson—"

"As for young Hilson," echoed Ducrow, "nobody can be more sorry for him than I am. He 's beginning well, is n't he? He 's booked already to go the way of his father and Dan and the rest of the gang. I call it an outrageous shame that somebody should n't tell him—"

"Take care," warned McDuffield, and nodded toward the door.

The portière shook tentatively, and Dan Flint's red hair was visible in the opening.

Ducrow did not waste time in guessing how much Dan had overheard. There used to be a train to the other place at ten-fifty. Ducrow's duty seemed clear. That which could not be made McDuffield's business could be made his own. He clicked his watch and walked away without disclosing his errand.

III

"It 's a four-hour run," the conductor informed Ducrow.

"They 've cut it down a little, have n't they? When I made this trip back in the eighties it seemed to take about a week."

Ducrow tried to read, but through the leaves of the book he saw with startling vividness the car as it had been during his last journey over the road, after his defeat, crowded with heartbroken, weary boys and clumsily sympathetic men. He could catch the whispered comments on his leadership and the awkward condolence. "You did your best," they told him, "but Root had the luck." Ducrow's lips tightened as he turned the pages. That was a hard game to lose.

The brick station at the other place was unchanged. Ducrow set out afoot for the athletic field where Hilson, he thought, would be taking part in the afternoon practice of the foot-ball squad. Ducrow knew the road to their field well enough. He had traversed it, once jubilant and victorious, and once—he gazed reminiscently at a certain stone wall. When he had passed this wall before, a screaming group of the other fellows was painting a score on it—the score by which Ducrow had just been beaten. He remembered how young Gleason hysterically shook his battered fist at the numerals, and how the other fellows roared when they saw him.

At the field Ducrow found that a game was scheduled. While he was buying his ticket at the gate, a short, stockily made man shouldered into him.

"Why, you're Du—Mr. Ducrow!" cried the man, in surprise. "You ought to recollect me. I 'm Root. I have n't seen you since, have I?"

Slightly confused, the two shook hands.

"I 've every reason to recollect you, Mr. Root," responded Ducrow. "It 's funny that we should meet right here."

"I 'm coaching our lads," said Root.

"I did n't know that. Well, if you turn out as fine a team as the one that licked mine when you were captain—"

"Come straight in, Mr. Ducrow." Root's brisk cordiality was disagreeably overdone. "Come on to the side-lines. We 'll give you all the chance you want to look us over. No trouble to show goods. We 're having a little practice game with the academy."

Ducrow followed his former antagonist over the low fence which skirted the gridiron. Root's manner was laboriously chivalrous and condescending, and it was plain that he considered his guest to be a detected spy. At an end of the field beyond the bleachers was a tackling-machine. The dummy figure, dangling from the rope, was dressed grotesquely in the color of Ducrow's college. Root indicated it with an unpleasant grin.

"Did n't have those things in our day, old man," he remarked. "You see, that color sort of devils up our chaps."

"I should think likely," grunted Ducrow.

They squatted on the turf, and Root muttered aside to several neighbors, who thereupon nudged elbows and stared at the visitor with a mixture of amusement and enmity. Ducrow stared, too. It interested him to observe that the fellows from the other place still wore that indescribable and vaguely hostile air which, in his eyes, always marked them. Ducrow was sure that he would have known fellows from the other place had he met them in the antipodes. Then the referee's whistle blew, and Ducrow's arms involuntarily came back with a twitch. Sometimes the muscles of Loyal Legion men behave similarly at the tang of a bugle. Ducrow's eager eyes fixed themselves on the enemy's eleven.

"Same old bunch, eh?" said Root.

"Just the same," said Ducrow, under his breath. "I could almost think that I —oh, pretty work!"

The academy quarter fumbled a pass, but recovered the ball and made his distance.

"Rank work, I call it," growled Root. "We ought to have nailed that ball. Here, Morton, put it down against our left tackle."

He rose and joined a dejected watcher who was keeping a note-book. Ducrow laughed to himself. Of course the academy players were preposterously over-

matched, but their gritty alertness made Ducrow clench his fists happily inside his pockets.

"That 's the stuff!" he whispered. "Let 'em have it! Every pound—every ounce. Give it to 'em—hard!"

Ducrow bent over, his sinews tense. He would like to be playing that right end for a minute. He 'd show them something about smashing tandems. The long-disused foot-ball machinery of his mind glided marvelously into motion without a creak. He weighed the strength and weakness of the college eleven, he foresaw their stratagems, he plotted effective attack. His nerves jumped while he was waiting for the signals, but at each shout of the quarter-back's hoarse voice they were steeled, as they used to be, to a cold and indomitable confidence.

"Game has n't changed much," he said. "There 's old Clarke's crisscross. Tear 'em up, you guard!"

The big team was forced to kick. Ducrow instinctively shot an expert glance upward to diagnose the wind. It was exactly such weather as this down here when he—*thud, thud!* like the discharge of a double-barreled gun. The academy center rush had blocked the kick. The spectators on the bleachers rustled mournfully. Ducrow screwed his heel into the ground to give vent to his delight. The shrill whistle sounded the finish of the game.

When the academy eleven gathered in a knot and barked out a cheer, lifting their steaming shoulders in unison, Ducrow had a desire to join them. He felt strangely that those boys were his friends. Some of the other fellows, drifting through the gate, started a foot-ball song. Ducrow listened, but his ears were choked by the echo of the chorus they had roared after his last game:

"Oh, we 'll make a holy show
Out of Cap'n Steve Ducrow
When we teach 'em how to play the game of foot-ball!"

Well, they had made a holy show of him, certainly. Ducrow dug his finger-nails into his palm as he recalled the miserable twilight of the second half, after his eleven had played their hearts out in a losing cause. The finger-nails went in a trifle deeper when he heard the cheer of the college team on the side-lines. The familiar yell rang tauntingly. The absurd dummy dangled from the tackling-machine with a new significance, that of a contemptuous caricature of himself.

"Say, I hope you 're satisfied with us, Mr. Ducrow," called Root, for the benefit of the chuckling bystanders. "Tell your brother he 'll know he 's had a game when we get through with him next week."

"Oh, I guess that 'll be all right, thank you," said Ducrow, promptly.

He added a mental resolution to make it all right if he could. If he could help it, his brother should not be humiliated by this cad of a Root, as he had been. Ducrow examined his watch. If he hurried he could rejoin McDuffield in time for the nightly conference with the eleven. Every minute counted a week before the game. His brain simmered with schemes of play.

Ducrow quickened his pace when he saw a bus loaded with the academy team and bound for the station. He ought to have a talk with those youngsters. The bell of a locomotive clanged vigorously. Ducrow ran across the platform and swung to the steps of the last car. Beyond the door he bumped into the outstretched legs of Flint, the trainer.

IV

The parson gasped. "Why, Dan, I never expected to—to—"

"Well, I sort of expected to see you," vouchsafed Flint, grimly. "Sit down. Chase along forward, will you, Bobbie?"

The youth who sat beside the trainer arose sheepishly, and Ducrow took the vacant place. Dan tugged at his grizzled mustache.

"I presume you 've had a talk with Root and the others about this matter, ain't you?" asked Flint.

"Yes, I 've talked with Root," faltered Ducrow.

He contemplated the scurrying landscape absently. The effervescent flood of his foot-ball spirit, in which he had been swamped, began to grow flat and quiet. He remembered his Hilson mission.

"I knowed you 'd be down here," Flint explained. "I tried to get in ahead of you. Wanted to square the thing myself. You see, I was behind the curtains in the gym this morning when you spoke to McDuffield. I heard the last part of what you said. That 's the cause of Bobbie Hilson being with me now. I 'm taking him away

from there. There ain't much harm done. He 's wrote a letter to their cap'n, making a clean breast of it. I guess we 're in time, don't you?"

Ducrow did not reply.

"It was this way," went on Dan, doggedly. "When Fiddler Hilson dies, a few of us whacks up some money for the kid, to give him a good chance—schooling and so on. So he goes off by himself, and he goes wrong, like you suspicioned. And I did n't sense how wrong till I heard you talking this forenoon. You see, us folks, Mr. Ducrow, we 're sort of different from your straight kind, just as you reckoned. You see, we get tied up in the idea of beating the other chap any old way, and we forget pretty much everything else."

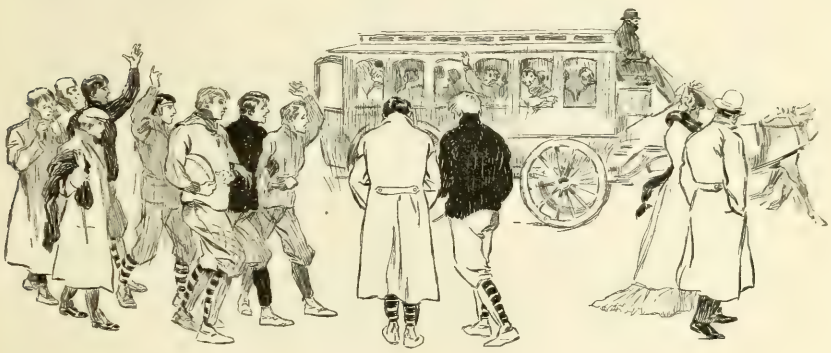
"I see," said Ducrow, slowly. "I see very well."

"You must n't blame the boy. There 's crookedness, maybe, in the blood—his and mine. He did n't know no better. You men is bred straight. When you spot anything underhanded, you 're keen to right it quick, and win or lose. Well, that 's the gentleman of it. That 's the way I 'd like this kid for to go, if he can." Flint fumbled among some cigars in his pocket in order to conceal his earnestness. "What did Root and them fellows say when you warned them about Bob's crooked business? Here, have a smoke."

"I did n't warn them," said Ducrow.

"You—what?"

"I forgot to warn them." Ducrow looked wearily into the trainer's astonished eyes. "Would they have been warned at all except for you? I'm not sure. Upon my life, I can't be sure. Shake hands, Dan Flint."



A DINNER OF HERBS

BY WILLIAM HAYES WARD

WE won us a lodge in the edge of the wood,
My Love and I;
The forest behind and the fallows before,
And a well-spring nigh;
And we made us a bed of the balsam boughs,
And we built us a fire before the door.
In a blissful solitude
We hid us away for a month and a day,
My Love and I,
Where the leaves were green and the mosses were gray,
And the clouds a-drowse.

And a book I took for a lofty mood:
Brave was its dirge over Lycidas dead;
And bitterly Samson avenged the jeer
The uncircumcised flung at his shaven head;
Of chaos and Satan it trumpeted clear;
And cheerily, airily, hymned it the day
When the heaven-born Babe in the manger lay,
And the gods, astonied, slunk away.

And my Love, she took her a daintier book,
For a softer vein.
It told in languorous, lingering rhymes,
That floated like petals of roses strewn
On the placid river of Heaven,
The knightly wars of the Virtues seven,
And the knights that fought in their train
In the dreamy, fabulous times;
Of the lion's breast that was Una's throne,
And the iron man with the iron flail,
And the marriage song and the magic sail,
When Thames flowed soft for the marriage day.
And thus we hid us away,
My Love and I, for a month and a day.

But what is the call that comes hot on the wire?
By messenger-post it is sent to my nest:
"Come back. List the fray. Why hide thee away
When the heavens are red and the world is afire?
The Muscovite fights; East answers the West;
Mikado and Czar are grappling to slay.
Why stay thee in war-time to love or to rest?

"Come back. List the fray. The Republic has heard
The clarion call to the balloting men,
And the parties are marshaled for battle again.
The leaders have uttered the rallying-word;
The conflict is on; there is honor to earn;
There is office to win and incense to burn.
Of the fat you shall eat, and drink of the sweet,
With a portion to send to a patriot friend."

But I said: "Nay, nay.
You may drink of your sweet, and your fat you may eat;
But I hunger for none of your savory meat.
No favor I crave, and no honor I miss;
No office I ask; for no profit I pray.
So a month and a day with my Love I will stay;
And we 'll cook us a dinner of herbs, I wis,
Where Love is."

DOWN THE FLUME WITH THE SNEATH PIANO

BY BAILEY MILLARD

WITH PICTURES BY J. N. MARCHAND

I HAD halted at Camp Five to catch my breath. This flying down a Sierran lumber-flume, scurrying through the heady air like another Phaëton, was too full of thrills to be taken all in one gasp. I dropped limply into the rawhide-bottomed chair under the awning in front of the big board shanty which was on stilts beside the airy flume, and gazed on down the long, gleaming, tragic, watery way to the next steep slide. Then I looked at the frail little flume-boat which had borne Oram Sheets and me thus far on our hazardous journey to the valley. Perhaps I shivered a bit at the prospect of more of this hair-raising adventure. At any rate, Oram, the intrepid flume-herder, laughed, dug his picaroon into a log, and asked:

"Sorry yeh come? Wal, it does git onto a man's nerve the first trip. Strange so many brash ones like you wanter try, but few on 'em ever dast git in ag'in. But I 've be'n down so often." Then he peered about the cabin. "Looks like none o' the boys was to home. Wish they was; they might git us up a little dinner. It 's jest twelve."

He went inside the open door, and I heard him foraging about, the shanty echoing hollowly to the clumping of his big boots. By and by his nasal note was resumed:

"Come in, pardner! Here 's a great find: a big can o' green gages an' a hunk o' jerk an' a lot o' cold biscuits."

Inside, with my legs under the greasy, coverless table, I chewed the jerk like one who was determined to give his jaws the benefit of strenuous physical culture, and listened while Oram rattled on, with his mouth full of the sodden, half-baked biscuits.

"You might n't think it," said he, "but three years ago this here was the most scrumptious camp on the hull flume. Ol' man Hemenway lived here then with his daughter Jess. She kep' house fer him. Jess was a great gal. Every man along the flume, from Skyland to Mill Flat, was in love with her. Shape? You could n't beat that there gal for figger if yeh was to round up every actress in the country. She had a pair o' big round baby-blue eyes, an' was as pretty as any o' them there cigarette picters. A little on the strawbary-blonde, but not too much red in her hair, an' yet spunky as a badger when yeh teased her.

"The boys down this way did n't have much show. It looked like Jess had hit it off with Jud Brusie, a big, husky, clean-lookin' chap up to the h'ist. Jud used ter send her down notes stuck in sticks wedged inter the clamps, an' he used ter sneak down this way on Sundays when he 'd git a chanst. She 'd meet him up to the Riffles there by that big bunch o' yaller pines we passed. He did n't dast come down here nary time till ol' man Hemenway he got laid up with a busted laig from slippin' off the trestle in the snow. That there was Jud's show ter git in his fine work. Used ter bring down deer-meat for the ol' man, an' sody-water from that there spoutin' spring up ter Crazy Cañon; an' it begun to look like Hemenway 'd give in an' let him have her. But he seemed to hold off.

"The boys used ter nearly josh the life out o' Jud. One feller—his name was Phil Pettis—was skunkin' mean enough to read

a note Jud sent down oncet an' tell about it roun' Skyland; but that was the only time any of 'em ever done anything like that, fer Jud jest laid fer Phil an' went through him like a buzz-saw an' chucked him inter the flume.

"No, it did n't kill Phil, but he got tol'able well used up. His clothes was nearly all tore off, an' his hands got some bruised where he caught on to the aidges before he got a holt an' lifted himself out in a still place. He 'd be'n all right only he got mixed up with a string o' lumber that was a-comin' down, an' so he had to go to the hospital.

"One thing about Jess—she was a singer all right. I ain't never heared ary one o' them there the-*ay*-ter gals that could beat her singin'. She warbled like a lark with his belly full o' grubworms. It was wuth ridin' a clamp from here to Mill Flat to hear her sing. She had a couple o' hymn-books an' a stack o' them coon songs the newspapers gives away, an' I tell yeh, she 'd sing them there songs like she 'd knowed 'em all her life. Picked out the tunes some ways on a little string-thing like a sawed-off guitar. Sounds like muskeeters hummin' around. Yes, a mandy-linn—that 's it. But that there mandy-linn did n't soot her a little bit. She was crazy ter have a pianner. I heared her tell her paw, who was around ag'in workin' after his busted laig got well, she 'd give ten years o' her life for any ol' cheap pianner he could skeer up fer her.

"'Wal,' says he, 'how in tunket am I a-goin' ter git anything like that—thirty miles off'n the road, an' nary way o' freightin' it up or down the cañon to this camp?'

"'Could n't yeh have it brung up to Skyland by the stage road,' asts she, 'an' then have it rafted down the flume? Jest a little one?' she asts very earnest-like.

"'Gee-whittaker!' says he, laughin' all over. 'You 'll be a-wantin' 'em to send yeh down a parlor-keer nex'.'

"Then she gits hot in the collar an' cries an' takes on, an' Jud, who was a-hangin' around, has to walk her up to the Riffles; an' he must 'a' comforted her a heap, fer she comes back alone, singin' 'Nearer, my God, to Thee' like a angel.

"The' was a big spill up to the Devil's Gate,—one o' them places back there where the flume hangs onto the side o' the cliff, about half a mile above the bottom o' the gulch,—an' Jud Brusie an' all hands has to work there three days an' nights ter git things straightened out. Jud worked so derned hard, up all night an' hangin' on ter the ropes he was let up an' down by till yeh 'd think he was ready to drop, that the soop'rintendent said he 'd make Jud flume boss when he got back from Noo York, where he was a-goin' fer a few months. The soop'rintendent—that 's Mr. Sneath—went over the hull flume with Jud a little while before he lit out for the East, p'intin' things out ter him that he wanted did when he got back. I was down here flume-herdin' at Five when him an' Jud come along in a dude-lookin' flume-boat, rigged out in great style. I stopped 'em back there a ways with my picaroon, when they sung out, an' they walked down here on the side planks. Jest as they got near the camp the soop'rintendent he stopped like he 'd struck a rotten plank an' stared at the house.

"'Who 's that singin'?' says he.

"'Miss Hemenway,' says Jud, proud-like.

"'She 's got an awful sweet voice,' says the ol' man. 'It oughter be trained. She ought to go to a hothouse'—or something like that. 'Conservatory'? Yes, that 's it.

"'She 's mighty anxious to l'arn,' says Jud. 'She wants a pianner awful bad.'

"'Does she?' says the soop'rintendent. 'She oughter have one.'

"When he come along to the house he says to Jess, who stuck her head outer the door an' looked kinder scared-like, says he, 'I wish yeh 'd sing a few songs fer me.'

"Wal, yeh could see wal enough that Jess's knees was a-knockin' together, but she tunes up her mandy-linn, scratches at the strings with a little chip, an' gits started all right on 'Rock o' Ages,' an' gits to goin' along kinder quavery-like fer a while, an' then she busts right inter 'He'r dem Bells,' so strong an' high an' wild that it takes the ol' man right out o' his boots.

"He claps his hands an' yells, 'Hooray! Give us another.'

"Then she saws along on 'Gather at the River,' an' chops inter 'All Coons Looks Alike ter Me' in a way to stop the mill.

"Her paw stan's around all the while, tickled t' death an' smilin' all over.

"'Wal,' says the soop'rintendent, when Jess she stops ter git her wind, 'yer all

Drawn by J. N. Marchand. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'SHE TUNES UP HER MANDY-LINN, SCRATCHES AT THE STRINGS WITH A LITTLE CHIP'"

right, Miss Hemenway. Yer as full o' music as a wind-harp in a tornado.' Then he says to her paw on the Q. T., 'If yeh was ter let that gal go ter the city an' l'arn some o' them high-toned op'ry songs, yeh would n't have to be picaroonin' lumber strings much longer.'

"'Yes,' says Hemenway, bloated up like a gobbler an' lookin' at Jess where she stan's with her face red an' still a-puffin' for breath; 'an' she thinks she could l'arn right here if she only had a pianner.'

"'She 'd oughter have one, that 's right,' says Mr. Sneath. 'I wish,' he says, an' then he breaks off like a busted log-chain. 'But we could n't git it down here.'

"'What 's that?' asts Hemenway.

"'We got a pianner up to our place, an' Mrs. Sneath won't be a-fingerin' on it fer five months. She 's a-goin' East with me. If we could only git it down here an' back all right. If the' 's only a road from Skyland down here or from Mill Flat up, but the' ain't, so the' 's no use talkin'. Could n't ship it down to the Flat an' up on mule-back, or nothin', either; so I guess it can't be did.'

"'Why not send it down the flume?' asts Jess, timid-like. I could see she was jest crazy about gittin' it.

"'Oh, the flume is old, an' it 's rotten in places, an' such a heavy load might go through.'

"'Why, it holds up the grub-boat all right,' says Jess. 'Oh, if I could only have that pianner down here! I can play a little already, an' I 'd l'arn a lot. I 'd practise eight hours a day.'

"'How about gittin' the meals?' asts Hemenway.

"'Wal, I 'd set up, then, an' practise all night,' says she.

"'I 'm afeard that 'u'd be pretty hard on yer paw,' says Mr. Sneath, smilin'. 'Wal, Jud, we got ter be goin'.'

"So they gits inter their dude boat, an' Jess she skips along after 'em, an' jest as they 's about to ontie she yells out to the soop'rintendent:

"'Cain't I have it? Cain't I have it? Cain't yeh send it down the flume? Please say yeh will. I 'll take the best kind o' keer of it. It sha'n't git a single scratch.'

"Mr. Sneath he looks at her a minute kinder tender-like, an' I knowed them big eyes o' hern was a-doin' their work. Them big soft baby eyes would 'a' drawed sap outer a dead log.

"'Wal,' says he, 'we 'll see. If Mrs. Sneath 's willin' I guess it 'll be all right.'

"'Thank you, thank you, thank you!' she yells as the boat flies down the flume.

"I seed Jud blow a kiss to her, an' I knowed she was happy as a bird. She was a-singin' around the shanty all day, an' at supper she done nothin' but talk, talk, talk about that there pianner.

"'Don't be so awful gay, Miss Hemenway,' says I, for I was afeard she might be disapp'inted. 'Yeh ain't got it yet. Yeh know, Mr. Sneath 's a' awful busy man, an' he may fergit it.'

"'Oh, he won't fergit! Jud 'll poke him up on it,' says she. 'An' I think I 'll have it put right over there in that corner. No, that 's on the flume side, an' it might draw dampness there. Over there by the winder 's the place, an' plenty o' light, too. Wonder if they 'll think to send down a stool.'

"I had to skin up to Skyland nex' day. Jud says the soop'rintendent has to light out quicker 'n he 'd thought, but he did n't fergit about the pianner. Mis' Sneath was as easy as greased skids, but Mr. Sneath he did n't know exactly. He sends the pianner over to the warehouse there 'longside the flume an' has the men slap together a stout boat to run her down in; but at the las' minute he backs out. He was a-lookin' at the pianner standin' there in the warehouse, an' he says to Jud, says he:

"'That there pianner has be'n in our family ever sence we was married. Marthy allus sot a heap o' store by that pianner. It was my first present to her, an' I know she thinks a hull lot of it, even if she don't seem ter keer. Trouble is, she don't know what sendin' it down the flume means. Yeh see, it ain't like a long string o' lumber—weight 's all in one place, an' she might break through. This flume ain't what it was thirteen years ago, yeh know.'

"Jud he argies with him, 'cos he knows Jess's heart 'll be broke if she don't git the pianner; an' after a while he thinks he 's got it all fixed; but jest afore Sneath an' his wife takes the stage he telaphones down to the warehouse to let the pianner stay there till he comes back. Then he goes away, an' Jud is as down in the mouth as if he 'd run his fist ag'in' a band-saw. He mopes around all day, an' he 's afraid to tell Jess; but as I was a-goin' back to Five that night, he tells me to break it to her gentle-like an' say he 'd done his best. Which I did. Wal, that gal jest howls when I tells her, an' sobs an' sobs an' takes on like a baby coyote with the croup. But her dad he quiets her at last.

"Jud he hardly dasts to show up on Sunday, but when he does git in she won't look at him fer quite a while. Then some o' that strawbary-blonde in her comes out in some o' the dernedest scoldin' yeh ever heared.

"'It 's too bad, Jessie,' says he, 'but it ain't my fault. I done my best. He backed out at the las' minute; he backed out, an' I could n't do no more than if a tree dropped on me. He backed out.'

"After a while he takes her off up the flume a piece, an' they stays there a long time, but she don't seem satisfied much when she comes back. There is hell a-poppin' there for about three days over that there pianner, an' the ol' man he gits so sick of it he gives her warnin' he 'll light out if she don't quit. Wal, she quiets down some after that, but she makes Jud as mis'able as a treed coon fer over a week. She keeps a-tryin' an' a-tryin' to git him to send the pianner down anyway. She tells him she 'll send it back afore the Sneaths gits home.

"'He told me I could have it; he promised me,' says she, 'he promised me, an' I 'll never marry you unless you send it down. You can do it; you 're goin' to be boss, an' you know it will be all right. I 'll see that they ain't a scratch on it; an' you can put it in the warehouse, an' they 'll never know it 's be'n away.'

"An' so she keeps a-teasin' an' a-teasin', till finally Jud he gits desperate.

"'Oram,' says he to me one day, 'Oram, you 're a ol' flume man. What do you think o' runnin' that pianner down to Five?'

"I shakes my head. I likes the boy, an' I don't want ter see him take sech big chances o' gittin' inter trouble. Somebody might tell Sneath, an' then it might be all off about his bein' flume boss. Besides, nobody had never run no pianner down no flume before, an' yeh could n't tell what might happen.

"'D' yeh think, honest, Oram,' says he, 'the ol' flume 's likely ter give way anywheres?'

"'No,' says I; 'she 's strong as a railroad-track.'

"'Wal, then,' says he, 'I 'm a-goin' to do it. You come down Sunday an' we 'll take her out afore anybody 's out o' the bunk-house.'

"I tries to argy him out of it, but he won't listen. So Sunday, about five in the mornin', I goes up to Skyland, an' we slides the big boat inter the flume an' gits the pianner onto the rollers, an' 't ain't much trouble to load her all right; fer, yeh know, them big boats has flat tops like decks, an' things sets up on top of 'em. But while we was a-doin' that an' the boat is hitched tight to a stanchion 'longside o' the flume, the water backs up behind so high that it looks as though the pianner is a-goin' ter git wet. This skeers Jud, an' he seems to lose his head someways.

"'Hustle up, Oram!' says he, very nervous-like. 'The boat 's crowdin' down so it won't let any water past. Ontie that rope.'

"I takes a good notice o' the pianner, an' I don't like her looks, sittin' up there so high on that little deck.

"'We oughter tie her on good an' tight,' says I.

"She 's a upright, yeh see, an' she 's as top-heavy as a pile-driver. I was afeard she 'd strike a low limb or somethin' an' git smashed. So I goes to settle her a bit an' lay her down on her back an' tie her on; but he says he don't know about that layin'-down business, an' declares she 'll ride all right. He speaks pretty sharp, too. So I gits a little huffy an' onties the rope, an' we starts.

"Wal, she don't go very fast at first, 'cos she 's heavy an' they ain't none too much water in front; but after a while we comes to the Devil's Slide,—you remember the place,—an' we scoots down there like the mill-tails o' hell.

"'Gee-whiz!' says Jud. 'She 's a-rockin' like a teeter. I hope she 'll stay on all right.' He was settin' back with me, behind the pianner, an' we both tries to holt on to her an' keep her stiddy, but we cain't do much more 'n set down an' cuss haff the time, we 're so afeard we 'll git throwed out. Wal, after we come to the foot of the slide, we breathes easy-like, an' Jud he says it 's all right, for that there was the wust place. For about three miles the pianner set on that boat as stiddy as a church, an' from there on down to Four it was pretty good sailin'. Of course we went a good deal faster in the steep places than any other boat ever sent down the flume, because the heft o' the thing, when she got started, was bound to make her fly, water or no water. In a good many places we run ahead of the stream, an' then in the quiet spots the water would catch up to us an' back up behind us an' shove us along.

"Between Four an' Five there 's a place we used ter call Cape Horn. The flume is bracketed onto a cliff, yeh know, fer about a mile, an' it 's a skeery place any way yeh shoot it; yeh scoot aroun' them there sharp curves so lively, an' yeh look down there four or five hundred feet inter the bottom o' the cañon. That 's where yeh shut yer eyes. Yeh remember? Wal,

Drawn by J. N. Marchand. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'CAIN'T I HAVE IT? CAIN'T I HAVE IT? CAIN'T YEH SEND IT DOWN THE FLUME?'"

when I sees Cape Horn ahead I gits a little skeered when I thinks how she might rock. We run onto a place where I could look away ahead, an' there, wavin' her apron or somethin', is a gal, an' I knows it 's Jess, out from Five to see the pianner come down. Jud he knows, too, an' waves back.

"We runs out onto the brackets, turns a sharp curve, an' she begins to wabble an' stagger like a drunken man, floppin' back an' forth, an' the strings an' things inside is a-hummin' an' a-drummin'.

"'Slow her down!' yells Jud. 'Slow her down, or we 'll never git past the Horn!'

"I claps on the brake, but she 's so heavy she don't pay no 'tention to it, though I makes smoke 'long them planks, I tell yer. She scoots ahead faster 'n ever, an' bows to the scenery, this way an' that, like she was crazy, an' a-hummin' harder than ever.

"'Slow her down! Ease her down!' hollers Jud, grittin' his teeth an' holdin' onto her with all his hundred an' eighty pounds weight. But 't ain't no good. I gits a holt oncet, but the water backs up behind us an' we goes a-scootin' down on a big wave that sloshes out o' the flume on both sides an' sends us flyin' toward that Horn fer further orders.

"When we gits to the sharpest curve we knows we 're there all right. She wabbles on one side an' then on the other, so I can see chunks o' sky ahead right under her. An' then, all of a sudden, she gives a whoopin' big jump right off the top o' the boat, an' over the side o' the flume she goes, her strings all a-singin' like mad, an' sailin' down four hundred feet. Jud had a holt of her before she dropped, an' if I had n't 'a' grabbed him he 'd 'a' gone over, too.

"You might not believe it, pardner, but we run a quarter of a mile down that there flume before we hears her strike. Jeroosalem! What a crash! I never heared one o' them big redwoods that made half so much noise when she dropped. How she did roar! An' I tell yeh what was strange about that there noise: it seemed like all the music that everybody had ever expected to play on that pianner for the nex' hundred years come a-boomin' out all to oncet in one great big whoop-hurray that echered up an' down that cañon fer half an hour.

"'We 've lost somethin',' says I, cheerful-like, fer I thinks the' 's no use cryin' over spilt pianners.

"But Jud he never says nothin': jest sets there like he was froze plumb stiff an' could n't stir a eyelid—sets there, starin' straight ahead down the flume. Looks like his face is caught in the air and held that way.

"Of course, now our load 's gone, the brake works all right, an' I hooks a-holt onto the side about a hundred feet from where Jess stands like a marble statute, lookin' down inter the gulch.

"'Come on, Jud,' says I, layin' my hand onto his arm soft-like; 'we gits out here.'

"He don't say nothin', but tries to shake me off. I gits him out at last, an' we goes over to where poor Jess stands, stiff an' starin' down inter the gulch. When she hears our feet on the side planks, she starts up an' begins to beller like a week-old calf; an' that fetches Jud outer his trance for a while, an' he puts his arm aroun' her an' he helps her back along the walk till we comes to a place where we gits down an' goes over to view the wreck.

"Great snakes, pardner, but it was a sight! The pianner had flew down an' lit onto a big, flat rock, an' the' was n't a piece of her left as big as that there plate. There was all kinds o' wires a-wrigglin' aroun' on the ground an' a-shinin' in the sun, an' the' was white keys an' black keys an' the greatest lot o' them little woolly things that strikes the strings all mixed up with little bits o' mahogany an' nuts an' bolts an' little scraps o' red flannel an' leather, an' pegs an' bits o' iron that did n't look as if it had ever been any part o' the machine. It was the dernedest mess! I picked up somethin' Jess said was a pedal,—a little piece o' shiny iron about as long as that,—'n' that was the only thing that seemed to have any shape left to it. The litter did n't make any pile at all—jest a lot o' siftin' sawdust-stuff scattered around on the rocks.

"'She struck tol'able hard,' says I, lookin' at Jud. But he don't say nothin'; jest stan's over there on the side o' the rock an' looks as if he 'd like to jump off another fifty feet the' was there.

"'Don't take it like that, Jud,' says Jess, grabbin' holt o' him an' not payin' any 'tention to my bein' there. 'Cry, cuss, swear—anything, but don't be so solemn-like. It 's my fault, Juddie dear—all my fault. Can yeh ever, ever fergive me? Yeh said yeh did n't think it was safe, an' I kep' a-goadin' yeh to it; an' now—' She broke out a-blubberin' an' a-bellerin' again, an' he puts his arm around her an' smiles, an' says soft-like:

"'It don't matter much. I can raise the money an' buy a new one fer Mis' Sneath. How much do they cost?' says he.

"'Oh, I dunno! Five hundred dollars, I think. It 's an awful lot o' money!'

"'Wal, I got three-fifty saved up,—you know what fer,—an' I can raise the rest an' put a new pianner in the place o' that one,' says he.

"He looks at the wreck, an' fer the first time I sees his eyes is jest a little damp.

"They did n't either of 'em seem to take any notice o' me, an' I did n't feel that I counted, nohow.

"'An' we cain't git married,' says Jud,

sorrowful-like, 'for ever so long. There 'll be nothin' to housekeep on till I can save up some more.'

"'Yes, we can, too,' says she. 'I don't keer if yeh ain't got so much as a piece o' bale-rope.'

"'But yer paw?'

"'I don't keer,' says she, very hard-like, a-stampin' her foot. 'He can like it or lump it.'

"Wal, I sneaks away an' leaves 'em there, an' by an' by they comes up to where I sets on top o' the boat, an' Jud is n't so plumb gloomy as I thinks he 'd be.

"Him an' her goes down ter Fresno nex' day an' buys one o' that same identical make o' pianners an' has it shipped up on the first freight-wagon to Skyland. An' they puts it inter the warehouse, an' there she stands till Mr. Sneath comes home with his wife.

"When Mis' Sneath she sees the pianner brung inter her house she don't notice any difference fer a while; but one day she sets down ter play, an' she pounds out a few music, an' then she gives a jump an' looks all over the machine an' she says, 'Good Lord!' An' Sneath he comes in, an' they has a great time over how the' 's be'n sech a change in that pianner. She finally makes up her mind it 's a bran'-new one, an' sends fer Jud an' asts him what he knows about it. An' he cain't lie a little bit, so he up an' tells her that her pianner is all inter sawdust an' scrap-iron down on the rocks, an' that this is a new one that he owes a hundred an' fifty dollars on down ter Fresno.

"Then she busts out a-laughin' an' says:

"'Why, that old tin pan! I 'm glad it flew the flume. It was n't wuth twenty dollars. I got a noo grand pianner on the way here that I ordered in Noo York. I 'll make this here one a weddin'-present to you an' Jess.'

"And the soop'rintendent he writes out his check an' sends it down to Fresno to pay off the hundred an' fifty, an' when the weddin' it comes off he gives 'em a set o' chiny dishes besides.

"Jud 's flume boss now, an' Jess she plays that pianner an' sings like a bird. When we gits down ter Mill Flat I 'll show yeh their house. It 's a white one up on the side o' the hill, jest across the gulch from the mill.

"Wal, yeh had all the grub yeh want, pardner? Say, ain't them green gages sour? They sets yer teeth on aidge all right. An' I could n't find the boys' sugar-can. If yer full up, I guess we 'd better git inter the boat."

I took my seat behind Oram and a particularly offensive pipe he had just lighted. Looking down the long, swift-running, threatening flume, I shuddered; for since Oram's recital the native hue of my resolution had been "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." I remarked that if he saw any of those Cape Horn curves ahead to let me know and I would get out and walk.

"Don't yeh be skeered by what I told yeh," said he. "Yeh got a pretty fair-sized head, but yeh ain't quite so top-heavy as Mis' Sneath's big upright. An' besides, the' ain't no more Cape Horn on this flume; they calls that place Pianner P'int now."

A MORO LOVE-SONG

BY EDWARD BARRON

SHADOWS dream along Lapak—
Siassi, pearl of all the isles!
Soon shall come the proa back
Of one who hungers for thy smiles.
Sailing up the weary miles,
Scarlet-hued his sail shall shine—
Scarlet-hued and fringed with black,
As you wove it, line and line,
Long ago on far Lapak.

Siassi, O sweet heart of pearl!
From Lapak too long he bides—
Green Lapak, whose waters whirl
Through the Strait of Whispering Tides.
Ere the rice the hill slope hides,
Madly shall the conch-horns play,
Signaling the boats that furl
All their streamers in the bay—
Love's call for thee, O heart of pearl!

Color drawing by Charles R. Knight

TIGER AND COBRA

A DIPLOMAT'S RECOLLECTIONS OF RUSSIA

INCIDENTS AND IMPRESSIONS OF MY MISSION IN 1892–94

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

DURING four years after my return from service as minister to Germany I devoted myself to the presidency of Cornell University, and on resigning that position gave all time possible to study and travel, with reference to the book on which I was then engaged: "A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology."

But in 1892 came a surprise. In the reminiscences of my political life I have given an account of a visit, with Theodore Roosevelt, Henry Cabot Lodge, Sherman Rogers, and others, to President Harrison at the White House, and of some very plain talk, on both sides, relating to what we thought shortcomings of the administration in regard to the civil service. President Harrison greatly impressed me at the time by the clearness and strength of his utterances. My last expectation in the world would have been of anything in the nature of an appointment from him. High officials do not generally think well of people who comment unfavorably on their doings or give them unpleasant advice; this I had done to the best of my ability in addressing the President, and great, therefore, was my astonishment when, in 1892, he tendered me the post of minister plenipotentiary at St. Petersburg.

RAILWAY IMPROVEMENT

ON the 4th of November I arrived in Russia, after an absence of thirty-seven years. Even in that country, where everything moves so slowly, there had clearly been changes, the most evident of these being the railway from the frontier. At my former visit the journey from Berlin to St. Petersburg had required nine days and nine nights of steady travel, mainly in a narrow post-coach; now it was easily done in one day and two nights in very comfortable cars. At that first visit the entire railway system of Russia, with the exception of the road from the capital to Gatchina, only a few miles long, consisted of the line to Moscow; at this second visit the system had spread very largely over the empire, and was rapidly extending through Siberia and northern China to the Pacific.

LACK OF ENTERPRISE

BUT the deadening influence of the whole Russian system was evident. Persons who clamor for government ownership of American railways should visit Germany, and above all Russia, to see how such ownership results. In Germany its defects are evident enough: people are made to travel in carriages which our main lines would not think of using, and with a lack of conveniences which with us would provoke a revolt. But the most amazing thing about this administration in Russia is that the whole atmosphere of the country seems to paralyze energy. During my stay at St. Petersburg I traveled over the line between that city and Berlin six or eight times, and though there was usually only one express-train a day, I never saw more than twenty or thirty through passengers. When one bears in mind the fact that this road is the main artery connecting one hundred and twenty

millions of people at one end with over two hundred millions at the other, this seems amazing; but still more so when one considers that in the United States, with a population of, say, seventy millions, we have five great trunk-lines across the continent, each running large express-trains several times a day.

There was evidently little change as regards enterprise in Russia, whatever there might be as regards facilities for travel. St. Petersburg had grown, of course. There were new streets in the suburbs, and where the old admiralty wharves had stood, for the space of perhaps an eighth of a mile along the Neva, fine buildings had been erected. But these were the only evident changes. The renowned Nevsky Prospekt remained as formerly—a long line of stuccoed houses on each side, almost all poor in architecture, and the street itself the same unkempt, shabby, commonplace thoroughfare as of old. No new bridge had been built across the Neva for forty years; there was still but one permanent structure spanning the river, and the great stream of travel and traffic between the two parts of the city was dependent mainly on the bridges of boats, which, at the breaking of the ice in the spring, had sometimes to be withdrawn during many days.

A change had indeed been wrought by the emancipation of the serfs, but there was little outward sign of it. The muzhik remained to all appearance what he was before; in fact, as the train drew into St. Petersburg, the peasants, with their sheepskin caftans, cropped hair, and stupid faces, brought back the old impressions so vividly that I seemed not to have been absent a week. The old atmosphere of repression was evident everywhere. I had begun my experience of it under Nicholas I, had seen a more liberal policy under Alexander II, but now found a recurrence of reaction, and everywhere a pressure which deadened all efforts at initiating a better condition of things.

But I soon found one change for the better. During my former stay, under Nicholas I and Alexander II, the air was full of charges of swindling and cheatery against various men at court. Now next to nothing of that sort was heard: it was evident that Alexander III, narrow and illiberal though he might be, was an honest man, and determined to end the sort of thing that had disgraced the reigns of his father and grandfather.

PRESENTATION TO THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS

Having made the usual visit to the Foreign Office upon my arrival, I was accompanied, three days later, by the proper officials, Prince Soltikoff and M. de Koniar, on a special train to Gatchina, and was there received by the Emperor. I found him, though much more reserved than his father, agreeable and straightforward. As he was averse to set speeches, we began, at once, a discussion on various questions interesting the two nations, and especially those arising out of the Bering Sea fisheries. He seemed to enter fully into the American view, characterizing the marauders in that sea as *ces poachers là*, using the English word, although our conversation was in French; and on my saying that the Russian and American interests in that question were identical, he not only acquiesced, but spoke at considerable length, and earnestly, in the same sense. Something being said of sundry misrepresentations of Russia by travelers, I told him that this might be another cause of sympathy between the two countries, and referred to the malignant calumnies spread through Europe by many writers upon America, and in this he acquiesced with some feeling.

This interview concluded, I was taken through a long series of apartments filled with tapestries, porcelain, carvings, portraits, and the like, to be received by the Empress. She was slight in figure, graceful, with a kindly face and manner, and she put me at ease immediately, addressing me in English, and detaining me much longer than I had expected.

The impression made by the Emperor upon me at that time was deepened during my whole stay. He was evidently a strong character, but within very unfortunate limits: he was upright, devoted to his family, with a strong sense of his duty to his people and of his accountability to the Almighty; but more and more it became evident that his political and religious theories were narrow, and that the assassination of his father had thrown him back into the hands of reactionists. At court and elsewhere I often found myself looking at him and expressing my thoughts inwardly

much as follows: "You are honest, true-hearted, with a deep sense of duty; but what a world of harm you are destined to do! With your immense physical frame and giant strength you will last fifty years longer; you will try by main force to hold back the whole tide of Russian thought; and after you will come the deluge." There was little indeed to indicate the fact that he was just at the close of his life.

IMPRESSION OF THE PRESENT CZAR

At a later period I was presented to the heir to the throne, now the Emperor Nicholas II. He seemed a kindly young man; but one of his remarks amazed and disappointed me. During the previous year the famine which had become chronic in large parts of Russia had taken an acute form, and in its train had come typhus and cholera. It was, in fact, the same wide-spread and deadly combination of starvation and disease which similar causes produced so often in western Europe during the Middle Ages. From the United States had come large contributions of money and grain, and as, during the year after my arrival, there had been a recurrence of the famine, about forty thousand rubles more had been sent me from Philadelphia for distribution. I therefore spoke to him on the general subject, referring to the fact that he was president of the Imperial Relief Commission. He answered that since the crops of the last year there was no longer any suffering, that there was no famine worthy of mention, and that he was no longer giving attention to the subject. This was said in an offhand, easy-going way which appalled me. The simple fact was that the famine, though not so wide-spread, was more trying than during the year before; for it found the peasant population in Finland and in the central districts of the empire even less prepared to meet it. During the previous winter they had very generally eaten their draft-animals and burned everything not absolutely necessary for their own shelter; from Finland specimens of bread made largely of ferns had been brought to me, which it would seem a shame to give to horses or cattle; and yet his Imperial Highness, the heir to the throne, evidently knew nothing of all this!

In explanation, I was afterward told by a person who had known him intimately from his childhood that, though courteous, his main characteristic was an absolute indifference to all persons and things about him, and that he never showed any application to business or a spark of ambition of any sort. This was confirmed by what I afterward saw of him at court. He seemed to stand about listlessly, speaking in a good-natured way to this or that person when it was easier than not to do so, but, on the whole, indifferent to all that went on about him.

After his accession to the throne, one of the best judges in Europe, who had every opportunity to observe him closely, said to me: "He knows nothing of his empire or of his people; he never goes out of his house if he can help it"; and this explains in some degree the insufficiency of his program for the Peace Conference at The Hague, and for the Japanese war, which, as I revise these lines, is going on with fearful disaster and disgrace to Russia.

The representative of a foreign power in any European capital must be presented to the principal members of the reigning family, and so I paid my respects to the grand dukes and duchesses. The first and most interesting of these to me was the old Grand Duke Michael, the last surviving son of the first Nicholas. He was doubtless rightly regarded as, next to his elder brother Alexander II, the flower of the flock, and his reputation was evidently much enhanced by comparison with his brother next him in age, the Grand Duke Nicholas. It was frequently charged that the conduct of the latter during the Turkish campaign was not only unpatriotic but inhuman. An army officer once speaking to me regarding the suffering of his soldiers at that time for want of shoes, I asked him where the shoes were, and he answered, "In the pockets of the Grand Duke Nicholas."

Michael was evidently different from his brother; not haughty and careless toward all other created beings, but kindly, and with a strong sense of duty. One thing touched me. I said to him that the last time I had seen him was when he reached St. Petersburg from the seat of the Crimean War in the spring of 1855, as he drove from the railway to the palace in company with his brother Nicholas. Instantly the tears came into his eyes and flowed down his cheeks. He answered: "Yes, that was sad

indeed. My father [meaning the first Emperor Nicholas] telegraphed us that our mother was in very poor health, longed to see us, and insisted on our coming to her bedside. On our way home we learned of his death."

Of the younger generation of grand dukes,—the brothers of Alexander III,—the greatest impression was made upon me by Vladimir. He was apparently the strongest of all the sons of Alexander II, being of the big Romanoff breed, strong and muscular, like his brother the Emperor. We chatted pleasantly, and I remember that he referred to Mr. James Gordon Bennett—whom he had met on a yachting cruise—as "my friend."

Another of these big Romanoff grand dukes was Alexis, the Grand Admiral. He referred to his recollections of the United States with apparent pleasure, in spite of the wretched Cazalet imbroglio, which hindered President Grant from showing him any hospitality at the White House, and which so vexed his father, the Emperor Alexander II.

The ladies of the imperial family were very agreeable. A remark of one of them, a beautiful and cultivated woman,—a princess of one of the Saxon duchies,—surprised me: when I happened to mention Dresden, she told me that her great desire had been to visit that capital of her own country, but that she had never been able to do so. She spoke of German literature, and as I mentioned receiving a letter the day before from Professor Georg Ebers, the historical novelist, she said, evidently from her heart: "You are happy indeed that you can meet such people. How I should like to know Ebers!" Such are the limitations of royalty.

COLLEAGUES IN THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS

MEANTIME I made visits to my colleagues of the diplomatic corps, and found them interesting and agreeable, as it is the business of diplomatists to be. The dean was the German ambassador, General von Schweinitz, a man ideally fit for such a position: of wide experience, high character, and evidently strong and firm though kindly. When ambassador at Vienna, he had married the daughter of his colleague the American minister, Mr. John Jay, an old friend and colleague of mine in the American Historical Association, and so came very pleasant relations between us. His plain, strong sense was of use to me in more than one difficult question.

The British ambassador was Sir Robert Morier. He too was a strong character, though lacking, apparently, in some of General von Schweinitz's more kindly qualities. He was big, roughish, and at times so brusque that he might almost be called brutal. When bullying was needed it was generally understood that he could do it *con amore*. A story was told of him which, whether exact or not, seemed to fit his character. He had been for a time minister to Portugal, and during one of his controversies with the Portuguese Minister of Foreign Affairs, the latter, becoming exasperated, said to him: "Sir, it is evident that you were not born a Portuguese cavalier." Thereupon Morier replied: "No, thank God, I was not. If I had been, I would have killed myself on the breast of my mother."

THE GERMAN ELEMENT

THERE was evidently a disposition among very many of the most ardent Russians to make a merit of their imperfect civilization and to cultivate hatred for any people whom they clearly saw possessing anything better; hence it came that, just as so many Frenchmen hate Great Britain, and so many in the backward, slipshod regions of our country hate New England, it was quite the fashion among large classes of Russians to hate everything German, and especially to detest the Baltic provinces.

One evening during my stay a young Russian at a social gathering of military and other officials voiced this feeling by saying: "I hope the time will soon come when we shall have cleared out all these Germans from the Russian service; they are the curse of the country." Thereupon a young American present, who was especially noted for his plain speaking, immediately answered: "How are you going to do it? I notice that as a rule you rarely dare give a position which really involves high responsibility to a Russian; you always give it to a German. When the Emperor goes to the manœuvers, does he dare trust his immediate surroundings to a Russian? Never. He intrusts them to General Richter, who is a Baltic-province German. And

when his Majesty is here in town, does he dare trust his personal safety to a Russian? Not at all. He relies on Von Wahl, prefect of St. Petersburg, another German." And so this plain-spoken American youth went on with a full catalogue of leading Baltic-province Germans in positions of the highest responsibility, finally saying: "You know as well as I that if the salvation of the Emperor depended on any one of you, and you should catch sight of a pretty woman, you would instantly forget your sovereign and run after her."

RUSSIAN MEN OF NOTE

To meet scientific men of note my wont was to visit the Latin Quarter, and there, at the house of Professor Woeikoff of St. Petersburg University, I met at various times a considerable number of those best worth knowing. One of those who made a specially strong impression upon me was Admiral Makharoff. As I revise these lines, news comes of his death as commander of the Russian fleet at Port Arthur, his flag-ship, with nearly all on board, being sunk by a torpedo. At court, in the university quarter, and, later, at Washington I met him often and rated him among the half-dozen best Russians I ever knew. Having won fame as a vigorous and skilful commander in the Turkish war, he was devoting himself to the scientific side of his profession. He had made a success of his colossal ice-breaker in various Northern waters, and was now giving his main thoughts to the mapping out, on an immense scale, of all the oceans, as regards winds and currents. As explained by him with quiet enthusiasm, it seemed likely to be one of the greatest triumphs of the inductive method since Lord Bacon. With Senator Semenoff and Prince Gregory Galitzin I had very interesting talks on their Asiatic travels. I was greatly impressed by the simplicity and strength of Mendeleieff, who is certainly to-day among the two or three foremost living authorities in chemistry. Although men of science, unless they hold high official positions, are rarely seen at court, I was glad to find that there were some Russian nobles who appreciated them, and an admirable example of this was once shown at my own house. It was at a dinner when there was present a young Russian of very high lineage, and I was in great doubt as to the question of precedence, this being a matter of grave import under the circumstances. At last my wife went to the nobleman himself and asked him frankly regarding it. His answer did him credit; he said: "I should be ashamed to take precedence here of a man like Mendeleieff, who is an honor to Russia in the eyes of the whole world, and I earnestly hope that he may be given the first place."

There were also various interesting women in St. Petersburg society, the reception afternoons of two of them being especially attractive; they seemed not unlike the French salons under the old régime.

ANECDOTES OF THE LEGATION

THE American colony at St. Petersburg was very small. Interesting compatriots came from time to time on various errands, and I was glad to see them; but the one whose interviews were always most heartily welcomed was a former vice-consul, Mr. Prince, an original, shrewd down-easter, and his reminiscences of some of my predecessors were full of interest to me.

One especially dwells in my mind. It had reference to a former senator of the United States who, about the year 1840, was sent to Russia as minister. There were various evidences in the archives of the legation that sobriety was not this gentleman's special virtue, and among them many copies of notes in which the minister, through the secretary of legation, excused himself from engagements at the Foreign Office on the ground of "sudden indisposition."

Mr. Prince told me that one day this minister's valet, who was an Irishman, came to the consulate and said: "Oi 'll not stay wid his Igsillincy anny longer; Oi 've done wid 'im." "What 's the trouble now?" said Mr. Prince. "Well," said the man, "this mornin' Oi thought it was toime to git his Igsillincy out of bed, for he had been dhrunk about a week and in bed most of the toime; and so Oi wint to 'im and says Oi, gentle-loike, 'Would your Igsillincy have a cup of coffee?' whin he rose up and shtruck me in the face. On that Oi took 'im by the collar, lifted 'im out of bed, took 'im acrass the room, showed 'im his ugly face in the glass, and Oi said to 'im, says Oi, 'Is thim the eyes of

an invoy igstraorr-rrdinarry and minister plinipotentiarry?'"

An interesting reminder of another predecessor was a letter in the archives written about the year 1832 by Mr. Buchanan, afterward senator, minister in London, Secretary of State, and President of the United States. It was a friendly missive to an official personage in our country, and went on somewhat as follows:

> I feel almost ashamed to tell you that your letters to me, mine to you, and indeed everything that has come and gone between us by mail, has been read by other eyes than ours. This was true of your last letter to me, and, without doubt, it will be true of this letter. Can you imagine it? Think of the moral turpitude of a creature employed to break open private letters and to read them! Can you imagine work more degrading? What a dirty dog he must be! How despicable indeed he must seem to himself!

And so Mr. Buchanan went on, and wound up on this wise:

> Not only does this person read private letters, but he is a forger: he forges seals, and I regret to say that his imitation of the eagle on our legation seal is a *very sorry bird.*

Whether this dose had any salutary effect on the official concerned I never learned.

EXCELLENT PRECAUTIONS AGAINST CHOLERA

A PECULIAR duty during my last stay in St. Petersburg was to watch the approach of cholera, especially on the Persian frontier. Admirable precautions had been taken for securing telegraphic information, and every day I received notices from the Foreign Office as to the result, which I communicated to Washington. For ages Russia had relied on fetishisms of various kinds to preserve her from great epidemics, but at last her leading officials had come to realize the necessity of applying modern science to the problem, and they did this well. In the city "sanitary columns" were established, made up of small squads of officials representing the medical and engineering professions and the police. These visited every nook and corner of the city, and, having extraordinary powers for the emergency, compelled even the most dirty of the population to keep their premises clean. Excellent hospitals and laboratories were established, and of these I learned much from a former Cornell student who held an important position in one of them. Coming to town three or four times a week from my summer cottage in Finland, I was struck by the precautions on the Finnish and other railways: notices of what was to be done to prevent cholera and to meet it in case it appeared were posted everywhere, in six different languages; disinfectants were made accessible everywhere; the seats and hangings in the railway-cars were covered with leather cloth frequently washed with disinfectants; and to the main trains a hospital-car was attached, while a temporary hospital, well equipped, was established at each main station. In spite of this the number in the cholera hospitals at St. Petersburg in the middle of July rose to a very high figure, and the number of deaths each day from cholera was about one hundred.

Of these victims the most eminent was Tschaikovsky, the composer, a man of genius and a most charming character, to whom Mr. Andrew Carnegie had introduced me at New York. One evening, at a dinner-party, he poured out a goblet of water from a decanter on the table, drank it down, and the next day he was dead. But with this exception the patients were, so far as I learned, almost entirely from the peasant class. Although boiled water was supplied for drinking purposes, and some public-spirited individuals went so far as to set out samovars and the means of supplying hot tea to peasant workmen, the answer of one of the muzhiks when told that he ought to drink boiled water indicated the peasant view: "If God had wished us to drink hot water he would have heated the Neva."

RUSSIAN HIGH OFFICIALS

A FOREIGN representative has to meet on business not merely the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs and the heads of departments in the Foreign Office, but various other members of the imperial cabinet, especially the ministers of finance, of war, of the navy, of the interior, and of justice, as well as the chief municipal authorities of St. Petersburg; and I can say that many of these gentlemen, both as men and as officials, are fully equal to men in similar

positions in most other countries which I have known. Though they were at times tenacious in questions between their own people and ours, and though they upheld political doctrines very different from those we cherish, I am bound to say that they generally did so in a way which disarmed criticism. At the same time I must confess a conviction which has more and more grown upon me, that the popular view regarding the power, vigor, and astuteness of Russian statesmen is ill-founded. Russian officials and their families are very susceptible to social influences: a foreign representative who entertains them frequently and well can secure far more for his country than one who trusts to argument alone; in no part of the world will a diplomatist more surely realize the truth embedded in Oxenstiern's famous utterance, "Go forth, my son, and see with how little wisdom the world is governed." When one sees what a really strong man might do in Russia, what vast possibilities there are which year after year are utterly neglected, one cannot but think that the popular impression regarding the superiority of Russian statesmen is badly based. As a matter of fact, there has not been a statesman of the first class in Russia since Peter the Great, and none of the second class unless Nesselrode and the first Emperor Nicholas are to be excepted. To consider Prince Gortchakoff a great chancellor on account of his elaborate despatches is absurd. The noted epigram regarding him is doubtless just, "C'est un Narcisse qui se mire dans son encrier." To call him a great statesman, in the time of Cavour, Bismarck, Lincoln, and Seward, is preposterous. Whatever growth Russia has made in the last forty years has been mainly in spite of the men who have posed before the world as her statesmen: the atmosphere of Russian autocracy is fatal to greatness in her public men.

The emancipation of the serfs was due to a policy advocated by the first Nicholas and carried out under Alexander II; but it was made possible mainly by Miloutine, Samarin, Tscherkasky, and other subordinates who were never allowed to approach the first rank as state servants. This is my own judgment founded on observation and reading during half a century, and it is the quiet judgment of many who have had occasion to observe Russia longer and more carefully.

NO PROGRAM AT THE HAGUE CONFERENCE

Of course in saying this I refer mainly to the Russian Foreign Office, though the remark applies to most other branches of the administration. Take the peace measures proposed to the world by Nicholas II. When all Europe got together at The Hague to carry out the Czar's purpose, it was found that all was haphazard; that no preliminary studies had been made by Russia, no project prepared; in fact, that the Emperor's government had virtually done nothing toward guaranties of peace. Russia did indeed send one especially strong man to the Peace Conference—M. de Martens; but he was clearly not empowered to do anything which should practically secure Europe or Asia against the ambition of the war party at the Winter Palace.

RUSSIA'S FATUOUS COURSE WITH FINLAND

Take also the dealings with Finland. The whole thing is monstrous. It is both comedy and tragedy. Finland is by far the best-developed part of the empire; it stands on a higher plane than do the other provinces as regards every element of civilization; it has steadily been the most loyal of all the realms of the Czar, nihilism and anarchism never having gained the slightest foothold: yet to-day there is nobody in the whole empire strong enough to prevent sundry bigots, military and ecclesiastical, leading the Emperor to violate his coronation oath; to make the simple presentation of a petition to him treasonable; to trample Finland under his feet, to grievously wrong and grossly insult its whole people, to banish its best men and confiscate their property, to muzzle its press, to brutalize its peasantry, and thus to lower the whole country to the level of the remainder of Russia.

At the time of the Crimean War I had been interested in the Finnish peasants whom I saw serving on the gunboats. There was a sturdiness, heartiness, and loyalty about them which could not fail to elicit good will. But during this second stay in Russia my sympathies with them were more especially enlisted. The hot weather of the first summer I passed with

my family at the Finnish capital, Helsingfors, at the point where the Gulf of Finland opens into the Baltic. The whole people deeply interested me. Here is one of the most important universities of Europe, with a noble public library, beautiful buildings, and throughout the whole town an atmosphere of cleanliness and civilization far superior to that which one finds in any Russian city. Having been added to Russia by Alexander I, under his most solemn pledges that it should retain its own constitutional government, it had done so up to the time of my stay, and the results were evident throughout the entire grand duchy. While in Russia there had been from time immemorial a debased currency, the currency of Finland was as good as gold; while in Russia all public matters bore the marks of arbitrary repression, in Finland one could see the results of enlightened discussion; while in Russia the peasant is but little, if any, above Asiatic barbarism, the Finnish peasant, simple, genuine, is clearly far better developed both morally and religiously. It is a grief to me in these latter days to see that the measures which were then feared have since been taken. Finland is to be ground down to a level with Russia in general. Not long since we heard much sympathy expressed for the Boers in South Africa in their struggle against England; but infinitely more pathetic is the case of Finland. The little grand duchy has done what it could to save itself, but it recognizes the fact that its two millions of people are utterly powerless against the brute force of the one hundred and thirty millions of the Russian Empire. The struggle in South Africa meant, after all, that if worst came to worst, the Boers would, within a generation or two, enjoy a higher type of constitutional liberty than they ever would have developed under any republic they could have established; but Finland is now forced to give up her constitutional government and to come under the rule of brutal Russian satraps. These have already begun their work; all is to be "Russified": the constitutional bodies are to be virtually abolished; the university is to be brought down to the level of Dorpat—once so noted as a German university, now "Russified" and worthless; for the simple Protestantism of the people is to be substituted the fetishism of the Russo-Greek Church. It is the saddest spectacle of our time. Former emperors, however much they have wished to do so, have not dared break their oaths to Finland; but the present weakling sovereign, in his indifference, carelessness, and absolute unfitness to rule, has allowed the dominant reactionary clique about him to accomplish its own good pleasure. I put on record here the prophecy that his dynasty, if not himself, will be punished for it. All history shows that no such crime has been committed without receiving punishment.[1]

DE GIERS AND DE WITTE

THE first Russian statesman with whom I had to do was the Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. de Giers; but he was dying. I saw him twice in his retirement at Tsarskoé-Seló, and came to respect him much. He spoke at length regarding the *entente* between Russia and France, and insisted that

[1] The above was written before the Russian war with Japan and the assassinations of Bobrikoff, Plehve, and others, were dreamed of. My prophecy seems likely to be realized far earlier than I had thought possible.

As these sheets go to press, word comes that the Emperor has decreed the assembling of the Finnish Parliament, and various people unacquainted with Russian modes of government seem to be basing hopes for Finland on this statement. Pity that such hopes are more than doubtful! To those acquainted with Russian history, such a Parliament looks like a mere trap by which the next satrap who rules Finland can detect, by their utterances, the nobler and more patriotic men of the country, report them as dangerous, and so secure their banishment.

As a man who, during a long life, has pondered much upon history, I have found in it constant evidences of "a Power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness." That Power has punished such dynasties as the Valois and Bourbons in France, the Stuarts in England, the Hapsburgs in Spain, and will, I firmly believe, punish, not less, the dynasty of Romanoff. There is a striking resemblance in personal characteristics and surroundings between Charles IX of France and Nicholas II of Russia. The former allowed himself to be dragged by priests, women, and a palace clique into the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; the latter has allowed himself to be dragged by priests, women, and a palace clique into the assassination of Finland and the present frightful war.

The question between Russia and Japan could have been easily and satisfactorily settled in a morning talk by any two business men of average ability—giving to each country all that it needs or can fairly claim; but there has been wantonly forced on by Russia one of the most terrible wars in history, which bids fair to result in the greatest humiliation which she has ever known.

it was not in the interest of war, but of peace. "Tell your government," he said, "that the closer the lines are drawn which bind Russia and France, the more strongly will Russian influence be used to hold back the French from war."

At another time he discoursed on the folly of war, and especially regarding the recent conflict between Russia and Turkey. He spoke of its wretched results, of the ingratitude which Russia had experienced from the peoples she had saved from the Turks, and finally, with extreme bitterness, of the vast sums of money wasted in it which could have been used in raising the condition of the Russian peasantry. He spoke with the conviction of a dying man, and I felt that he was sincere; at the same time I felt it a pity that under the Russian system there is no chance for such a man really to enforce his ideas: for one day he may be in the ascendancy with the autocrat, and the next, through the influence of grand dukes, women, priests, or courtiers, the very opposite ideas may become dominant.

The strongest man among the Czar's immediate advisers was understood to be the Finance Minister, De Witte. There always seemed in him a certain sullen force. The story usually told of his rise in the world is curious. It is in effect that when the Emperor Alexander II and his family were wrecked in their special train at Borki, many of their attendants were killed, and the world generally, including the immediate survivors of the catastrophe, believed for some time that it was the result of a Nihilist plot. There was, therefore, a general sweeping into prison of subordinate railway officials, and among these was De Witte, then in charge of a railway-station. During the examinations which ensued he showed himself so clear-headed and straightforward that he attracted attention, was given a subordinate position in the Finance Ministry, and finally advanced to the first place in it. His dealings with Russian finance have since shown great capacity: he brought the empire out of the slough of depreciated currency and placed it on a gold basis. I came especially to know him when he offered, through me, to the United States a loan in gold to enable us to tide over the difficulties with the currency question. He informed me that Russia had in her treasury many millions of rubles in American gold eagles, and that the Russian gold reserve then in the treasury was about six hundred millions. The only result was that I was instructed to convey the thanks of our government to him, there being no law enabling us to take advantage of his offer. What he wished to do was to make a call loan, whereas our Washington authorities could obtain gold only by issuing bonds.

I also met him in a very interesting way when I presented to him Rabbi Krauskopf of Philadelphia, who discussed the question of allowing sundry Israelites who were crowded into the western districts of the empire to be transferred to some of the less inhabited districts, on condition that funds for that purpose be furnished by their coreligionists in America. De Witte's discussion of the whole subject was liberal and statesmanlike. Unfortunately there was, as I believe, a fundamental error in his whole theory, which is the old Russian idea at the bottom of the autocracy, namely, that the state should own everything. More and more he went on extending government ownership to the railways until the whole direction and management of them virtually centered in his office.

One out of many sufferers from this theory was a very energetic man who had held sundry high positions but was evidently much discouraged. He showed me specimens of various rich ores from different parts of the empire, but lamented that there was no one to take hold of the work of bringing out these riches. It was perfectly clear that with the Minister of the Interior at that time, a very different man from De Witte, as in sundry other departments, the great question was how not to do it; evidently he, and functionaries like him, felt that if great enterprises and industries were encouraged they would become so large as to be difficult to manage, hence that it would be more comfortable to keep things within as moderate compass as possible.

IMPRESSION OF DE PLEHVE

To the easy-going view of public duty there were a few notable exceptions. While De Witte was the most eminent of these, there was one who has since become sadly renowned, and who, as I revise these

lines, has just perished by the hand of an assassin. This official was De Plehve, who, during my acquaintance with him, was only an under-secretary in the Interior Department, but was apparently taking all the important duties from his superior, M. Dournovo. At various times I met him to discuss the status of sundry American insurance companies in Russia, and was favorably impressed by his insight, vigor, and courtesy. It was, therefore, a surprise to me when, on his becoming a full minister, he bloomed out as a most bitter, cruel, and evidently short-sighted reactionary. The world stood amazed at the murderous cruelties against the Jews at Kishinef, for which he was really responsible, and nothing more cruel or short-sighted than his dealings with Finland has been known since Louis XIV revoked the Edict of Nantes. I can explain his course only by supposing that he sought to win the favor of the reactionary faction which at present controls the Czar, and thus to fight his way toward the highest power. He made of the most loyal and happy part of the empire the most disloyal and wretched; he pitted himself against the patriotism, the sense of justice, and all the highest interests and sentiments of the Finnish people; and he met his death at the hands of an avenger who, in destroying the enemy of his country, has blotted out apparently the last hope of his country's happiness.

A POINT IN RUSSIA'S FAVOR

WHILE a thoughtful American must condemn much which he sees in Russia, there is one thing which he cannot but admire and contrast to the disadvantage of his own country, and this is the fact that Russia sets a high value upon its citizenship. Its value, whatever it may be, is the result of centuries of struggles, of long outpourings of blood and treasure, and Russians believe that it has been bought at too great a price and is in every way too precious to be lavished and hawked about as a thing of no value. On the other hand, when one sees how the citizenship of the United States, which ought to be a millionfold more precious than that of Russia, is conferred loosely upon tens of thousands of men absolutely unfit to exercise it, whose exercise of it seems at times likely to destroy republican government; when one sees the power of conferring it granted to the least respectable class of officials at the behest of ward politicians, and at times without any regard to the laws; when one sees it prostituted by men of the most unfit class, and indeed of the predatory class, who have left Europe just long enough to obtain it and then left America in order to escape the duties both of their native and their adopted country, thus availing themselves of the privileges of both citizenships without one thought of the duties of either, using it often in careers of scoundrelism, one feels that Russia is nearer the true ideal in this respect than we are.

As a matter of fact, there is with us no petty joint-stock company an interest in which is not virtually held to be superior to this citizenship of ours, for which such sacrifices have been made, and for which so many of our best men have laid down their lives. No stockholder in the pettiest manufacturing company dreams of admitting men to share in it unless they show their real fitness to be thus admitted; but admission to American citizenship is surrounded by no such safeguards: it has been cheapened and prostituted until many who formerly revered it have come to scoff at it. From this evil, at least, Russia is free.

That there are many meritorious refugees, cannot be denied; but any one who has looked over extradition papers, as I have been obliged to do, and has seen people posing as Russian martyrs who are comfortably carrying on in New York the business of counterfeiting bank-notes, and unctuously thanking God in their letters for their success in the business, will be slow to join in the outcries of refugees of doubtful standing claiming to be suffering persecution on account of race, religion, or political opinion.

COURT CEREMONIES

THE entertainments by wealthy Russian nobles to the diplomatic corps were by no means so frequent or so lavish as of old. Two reasons were given for this, one being the abolition of the serf system, which had impoverished the nobility, and the other the fact that the Emperor Alexander III had set the fashion of paying less attention to foreigners than had formerly been the custom.

The main hospitalities, so far as the Emperor and Empress were concerned, were the great festivities at the Winter Palace, beginning on the Russian New Year's day, which is twelve days later than ours. The scene was most brilliant. The vast halls were filled with civil and military officials from all parts of the empire, in the most gorgeous costumes; an especially striking effect being produced by the caftans, or long coats, of the various Cossack regiments, the armor and helmets of the Imperial Guards, and the old Russian costumes of the ladies. All of the latter, on this occasion, from the Empress down, wore these costumes, which at other times were seen only upon peasants from the various provinces; there was great variety in these, but their main features were the *kakoshniks*, or ornamental crowns, and the tunics in bright colors.

The next of these great ceremonies at the palace was the blessing of the waters upon the 8th of January. The diplomatic corps and other guests were allowed to take their places at the windows of the palace looking out over the Neva, and thence could see the entire procession, which, having gone down the ambassadors' staircase, appeared at the temple which had been erected over an opening in the ice of the river. The Emperor, the grand dukes, the Archbishop of St. Petersburg with his suffragan bishops, all took part in this ceremonial, and the music, which was selected from the anthems of Bortniansky, was very solemn and impressive.

During the winter came court balls, and, above all, the "palm balls." The latter were, in point of brilliancy, probably beyond anything in any other court of modern times. After a reception, during which the Emperor and Empress passed along the diplomatic circle, speaking to the various members, dancing began, and was continued until about midnight; then the doors were flung open into other vast halls which had been changed into palm-groves. The palms for this purpose are very large and beautiful, four series of them being kept in the conservatories for this special purpose; each series is used one winter and then allowed to rest for three winters before it is brought out again. Under these palms the supper-tables are placed, and from twenty-five hundred to three thousand people sit at these as the guests of the Czar and Czarina. These entertainments seem carried to the extreme of luxury, their only defect being their splendid monotony. Only civil and military officials are present, and a newcomer finds much difficulty in remembering their names; there are said to be four hundred Princes Galitzin in the empire, and I personally knew three Counts Tolstoi who did not know one another. But the great drawback is the fact that all these entertainments are exactly like—always the same thing: merely civil and military functionaries and their families; and, for strangers, no occupation save to dance, play cards, talk futilities, or simply stare.

The Berlin court, though by no means so brilliant at first sight, and far smaller,—since the greatest number I ever saw in any gathering at the German Imperial Schloss was about fifteen hundred,—was really much more attractive, its greater interest arising from the presence of persons distinguished in every field. While at St. Petersburg one meets at court only civil and military functionaries, at Berlin one meets not only these, but the most prominent men in politics, science, literature, art, and the higher ranges of agriculture, commerce, and manufactures. At St. Petersburg, when I wished to meet such men, who have added to the peaceful glories of the empire, I went to their houses in the university quarter; at Berlin I met them also at court.

AN OBLIGING "NUBIAN"

Among the greater displays of my final year were a wedding and a funeral. The former was that of the Emperor's eldest daughter, the Grand Duchess Xenia, at Peterhof; it was very brilliant, and was conducted after the usual Russian fashion, its most curious features being the leading of the couple about the altar and their drinking out of the same cup.

Coming from the ceremony in the chapel, we of the diplomatic corps found ourselves at the foot of the great staircase, in a crush. But just at the side was a large door of plate-glass opening upon an outer gallery communicating with other parts of the palace, and standing guard at this door was one of the "Africans" whom I had noticed from time to time at the Winter Palace: an enormous creature, very black, very glossy, with the most brilliant costume possible. I had heard much of these "Nu-

bians," and had been given to understand that they had been brought from Central Africa by special command. At great assemblages in the imperial palaces, just before the doors were flung open for the entrance of the Majesties and their cortège, two great black hands were always to be seen put through the doors, ready to open them in an instant—the hands of two of these negro giants. I had built up quite a structure of romance regarding them, and now found myself in the crush at the foot of the grand staircase near one of them. As I looked up at him he bent down, put his lips to my ear, and said, with deferential compassion, "If you please, sah, would n't you like to git out of de crowd, sah, t'roo dis yere doah, sah?" Whereupon he opened the door, let us through, and then stood at bay against the crowd.

AN IMPERIAL FUNERAL

Splendid, too, in its way, was the funeral of the Grand Duchess Catherine at the Fortress Church. It was very impressive; almost as much so as the funeral of the Emperor Nicholas I, which I had attended at the same place nearly forty years before. The Emperor Alexander III, with his brothers, had followed the hearse and coffin on foot, and his Majesty was evidently greatly fatigued. Soon he retired to take rest, and then it was that we began to have the first suspicion of his final illness. Up to that time there had been skepticism: very few had thought it possible that a man of such giant frame and strength could possibly be seriously ill, but now there could be no doubt of it. Standing near him, I noticed his pallor and evident fatigue, and was not surprised that he twice left the place, evidently to secure rest. There was, indeed, need of it. In the Russian church the rule is that all must stand, and all of us stood from about ten in the morning until half-past one in the afternoon; but two of the high officials, covered with gold lace and orders, bearing tapers by the side of the grand duchess's coffin, toppled over from exhaustion and were removed.

As to other spectacles, one of the most splendid was the midnight mass on Easter eve. At my former visit I had seen this at the Kazan church; now we went to the Cathedral of St. Isaac. The ceremony was brilliant, almost beyond conception. As in the old days, the music was heavenly, and as the clocks struck twelve the cannons of the Fortress of Peter and Paul boomed forth, all the bells began chiming, a light, appearing at the extreme end of the church, seemed to run in all directions through the vast assemblage, and presently all was one blaze of light: every person in the church was holding a taper, and within a few moments all of these were lighted.

AMERICAN AFFAIRS AS SEEN FROM RUSSIA

One event which deeply stirred the Americans living in Russia at that period was the great strike at Chicago. Across the vast abyss, not merely of space but of ideas, which separates the two nations, it looked portentous indeed. Many Russians, who, in spite of the system prevailing in their own country, sympathized with liberty in others, were saddened by what they thought the probable ending of American freedom in mob rule. A considerable number of the upper classes, on the other hand, were doubtless pleased at seeing what they thought the end of constitutional government in the United States. When the American people, represented by their President and constituted authorities, firmly grasped that attempted anarchy and ended it, they gave lovers of liberty, not only in Russia but throughout the world, new hopes that well-regulated American freedom may be perpetual.

DEPARTURE FROM RUSSIA

In 1893, a new election having brought into power the party opposed to my own, I tendered my resignation to President Cleveland, and, in the full expectation that it would be accepted, gave up my apartment; but as he expressed a hope that I would continue at my post, I remained in the service a year longer, occupying my odds and ends of time in finishing my book. Then, feeling the need of going elsewhere to revise it, I wrote the President, thanking him for his confidence and kindness, but making my resignation final and naming the date when it was absolutely necessary for me to leave Russia. A very kind letter from him was the result, the time I had named was accepted, and on November 1, 1894, to my special satisfaction, I was once more free from official duty.

JAPANESE DEVOTION AND COURAGE

THE SPIRIT THAT QUICKENETH JAPAN

BY OSCAR KING DAVIS

THE PHILOSOPHY OF JAPANESE PATRIOTISM

AFTER the war between Japan and China it was often said that Murata rifles and Krupp cannon and the modern, scientific instruction of her army were what gained for the Island Empire so decisive a victory. The Japanese themselves did not accept this view. Says Dr. Inazo Nitobe:

> Does a piano, be it of the choicest workmanship, ever burst forth into the rhapsodies of Liszt or the sonatas of Beethoven without a master's hand? Or if guns win battles, why did not Louis Napoleon beat the Prussians with his mitrailleuse? It is "the spirit that quickeneth," without which the best of instruments profiteth but little. The most improved guns and cannon do not shoot of their own accord; the most modern educational system does not make a coward a hero. No! What won the battles on the Yalu, in Korea and Manchuria, was the ghosts of our fathers guiding our hands and beating in our hearts. They are not dead, those ghosts, the spirits of our warlike ancestors.

This ancestor-worship of the Japanese is no superstition: it is the great essential fact of their lives. "Western people easily make fun of it," says one of their writers, "but therein lies the philosophy of our patriotism." It was of this feeling that Lafcadio Hearn wrote: "It is probably the most profound and powerful of the emotions of the race—that which especially directs national life and shapes national character. Patriotism belongs to it. Loyalty is based upon it. The soldier who, to make a path for his comrades through the battle, deliberately flings away his life . . . obeys the will and hears the approval of invisible witnesses."

This is Yamato Damashii (the soul of Japan). It found its highest development in the lives of the military knights, the samurai of feudal days, whose code of precepts formed the Bushido, so cleverly expounded by Dr. Nitobe. Since the beginning of the present war there have been many explanations of the remarkable Japanese successes. But more than ever before it has been shown to be "the spirit that quickeneth" which has "won the battles on the Yalu, in Korea and Manchuria," "the spirit that quickeneth" which made the wonderful, long-sustained attack on the superbly defended fortress of Port Arthur.

THE MADNESS FOR SUCCESS

THERE is a wide-spread notion that the Japanese soldiers are fatalists, because when they join the colors in war-time they call themselves *kesshitai* (determined to die). But only in a restricted sense can they be called fatalists. They count their lives as forfeit, it is true, but only in the sense that each man is quite willing to die, and expects, when his crisis comes, to give his life, if necessary, for the success of his task. He hopes to come back, but only as a victor. Better far that his bones bleach in a foreign land than that he should return to his home defeated or with his work

unaccomplished. This is the real meaning of kesshitai. It is not that the soldier is bound at any event to throw his life away, but that in any event where success may be accomplished by his effort he will win even at the cost of his life—he will succeed or die. The code of the samurai "conceived the state as antedating the individual," and "the latter being born into the former as part and parcel thereof, he must live and die for it or for the legitimate incumbent of its authority."

From being merely the code of the samurai, and limited to their comparatively small number, Bushido grew to be the possession of the Japanese people generally. "The ethical system which first enlightened the military order," says Dr. Nitobe, "drew, in course of time, followers from amongst the masses." Again, "the precepts of knighthood, begun at first as the glory of the élite, became in time an aspiration and inspiration of the nation at large, and . . . Yamato Damashii ultimately came to express the *Volksgeist* of the Island Realm." This teaching has thoroughly permeated the national life. "Scratch a Japanese of the most advanced ideas and he will show a samurai."

HONOR AND REVENGE

ACTUATING the collective movement of the Japanese in this war is "that sense of honor which cannot bear being looked down upon as an inferior power." Coupled with it is the universal belief of the Japanese—product of Bushido precepts—that "in revenge there is something which satisfies one's sense of justice." Thus back of the realization of economic necessity, behind the impelling force of ever-increasing press of population, lie, first, the proud determination to demonstrate themselves to the world as a power on a par with the highest, one which must be reckoned with in the settlement of world problems, and, second, the old craving for revenge on the enemy which humbled them in their hour of triumph ten years ago. And loyalty being the first tenet of their religion, and "life being regarded only as the means whereby to serve the master," it becomes clear why and how the whole fighting force of Japan, on land and on sea, is kesshitai. This is "the spirit that quickeneth." To understand how stern, uncompromising, determined is this spirit, it is only necessary to recall that "in the days when decapitation was public not only were small boys sent to witness the ghastly scene, but they were made to visit the place alone in the darkness of night, and there to leave a mark of their visit upon the trunkless head." That was barely a generation ago. Fatalism? Ah, no! "The spirit that quickeneth" the army and navy of Japan to-day is the growth and development of centuries of unfettered militarism. The like of Yamato Damashii cannot be found among the other peoples of the world.

FIRST ATTEMPT TO BLOCK PORT ARTHUR

THE first objective of the Japanese at the opening of the war was naturally the Russian fleet at Port Arthur. It must be either destroyed or bottled up in order to permit the movement of troops and supplies oversea. The first fight taught the Russians the folly of risking an open engagement and determined the character of the subsequent manœuvering. The Japanese found that they must hold in harbor the fleet that would not come out and fight. A close blockade was impracticable, owing to the severe weather prevailing off Port Arthur and the power of the land batteries. The alternative was to block the entrance.

The channel which leads into the harbor of Port Arthur is about three hundred and fifty feet wide. Steep hills rise on either side, close in, where the Russians had posted powerful batteries. Besides these forts, one of the Czar's battle-ships, the *Retvizan*, which had been disabled in the first fight, lay aground near the entrance in such position that her secondary battery commanded the channel. One ship would not be sufficient for the blocking even if sunk squarely across the fairway. The Japanese selected five old merchant steamers and loaded them with stone. Mines were arranged in the hold of each in such manner that their explosion would sink the ship almost immediately. The ships being ready, Admiral Togo called for volunteers from his fleet to handle them. He wanted seventy-seven men. More than two thousand, virtually every man who had the opportunity, responded. Some of them, following the "time-honored practice of the samurai," wrote their applications in their own blood. It could hardly be called

volunteering for a dangerous task. It was a prayerful appeal to be selected for a highly honorable mission.

The night chosen for the attempt was dark and stormy. High seas were running, and an icy wind drove across the harbor with frequent, thick snow-squalls. It was about two o'clock in the morning when the blocking ships arrived from their rendezvous. They were preceded by a flotilla of torpedo-boats and destroyers and escorted by others. It was the business of the first torpedoers to scout out the entrance and drive away any Russian torpedo craft which might be on guard. Although the attempt to block was made at night and under the most favorable conditions for preserving secrecy, there was no effort at concealment when the time came for the actual dash to be made. The approach of the torpedoers gave warning to the Russians, and immediately the search-lights of the forts on the hills and of the ships in the harbor began to play over the water about the entrance until the whole place was a blaze of light. The forts opened fire with all their guns, and the ships lying far enough out to reach the danger zone joined the action.

Straight into the glare of the blinding search-lights and into the maelstrom of shells and projectiles the stone-laden blocking ships held their way. One of them was commanded by Takeo Hirose, a lieutenant-commander in the navy, who was known among his sailor mates by the nickname of "Mars." He was a curious combination of the fantastic honor characteristic of the Japanese, and of a schoolboyish sentimentality. He had served as naval attaché at St. Petersburg, where he had formed friendships with several officers who were now at Port Arthur. He cherished the belief that if he could only see some of these officers he could persuade them of the uselessness of holding out against the Japanese and might thereby bring about the surrender of the fortress and the ships without further fighting. For, samurai and officer as he was, he abhorred bloodshed, and he had his plans formulated for obtaining leave to visit the fortress as soon as he had performed the present task of blocking up the entrance so that the Russian ships could not come out.

The blocking ships were still five or six miles from the position allotted for their self-destruction when the Russians opened fire. Blinded by the search-lights, their commanders were unable to see the harbor mouth, and had to steer for it by dead-reckoning. The leading ship missed the course a little and grounded outside the entrance. Hirose's ship followed and profited by the misfortune of its fellow. Steering by the compass, he held on, despite the fire of the Russians, until a shell disabled the steering-gear. He lost his course, but kept on steaming ahead. The *Retvizan* devoted the full fire of her secondary battery to his luckless ship, but could not stop him. On he went until he actually collided with the Russian battle-ship. Recoiling by the shock of collision, the rudderless ship swung toward the channel mouth, and Hirose gave the order to blow her up. He alone of the five who started had succeeded in getting near the intended point. All the others had been either sunk by the Russian fire or disabled and compelled to sink themselves. As his ship went down, Hirose and his men launched a boat and began a desperate struggle to row back through the fire-swept waters to the torpedoers waiting outside to pick them up. Every stroke they pulled was in the full blaze of Russian search-lights, with shells and bullets splashing about them and occasionally striking the boat. The torpedo-boats outside were showing fire-basket signals, but the search-lights blinded the men in the boat so that they could not see their friends. The water, splashed by the Russian shells, soaked their clothes, and it was bitter cold. Their boat leaked, and some of the men pulled off their boots to bail out the water. It was tough work battling against the heavy seas, but they kept it up. The five torpedoers assigned to rescue duty steamed daringly in about the harbor mouth and one by one picked up the boats from the sunken ships, but it was not until three o'clock in the afternoon that the last one was saved. Not one was lost. In spite of the terrible fire to which they had been subjected, only one or two were killed and a few wounded.

It was a gallant, daring effort, but an utter failure. Japan thrilled in her silent fashion at the news and praised her heroes, but the men themselves went back to their ships and shaved their heads in humiliation, refusing to speak to their mates, living alone and silent, asking only permission to try again.

SECOND ATTEMPT—DEATH OF HIROSE

It was a month later when that permission came to some of the officers. To the men it was refused. They had shown their willingness and their gallantry. There were others entitled to the chance. Only one enlisted man secured the highly prized permission. This was Chief Warrant-Officer Sugino. He and Hirose had been friends from boyhood. He had accompanied Hirose on the first attempt, and now, at the lieutenant-commander's special request, he was allowed to go again. Hirose had not given up hope of visiting the fortress and trying to persuade his old-time friends to surrender, but he knew full well the danger of the work he was about to undertake. He had settled all his business affairs and was prepared to die. "I can think of no serious omission in fulfilling engagements," he wrote his parents, "and should I be called away this moment I leave nothing behind me about which I should feel ashamed to take heaven or earth into my confidence, or be laughed at by any man, and I have absolutely nothing to make me fear death." In the pocket of his blouse he carried the gloves he wore one day when, being detailed to guide the Empress about one of the new battle-ships, he had been obliged on several occasions to take her hand.

This time there were only four ships. As before, they were preceded by torpedoers to clear the way and followed by others to pick up the survivors. From the method of attack, the torpedo-boats going in ahead, it was inevitable that the blocking ships would be discovered while still well away. They chose the hours just before dawn. The four ships, under full steam, headed straight in for the harbor mouth and succeeded in getting within two miles before the wheeling search-lights picked them up. Already the batteries were at work on the torpedo-boats, aided by the patrol-ships and the disabled *Retvizan*, still lying aground under Golden Hill. Hirose's was the second ship in the line. The first drove directly into the glare of the search-lights focused upon her, and, utterly unmindful of the swarms of angry shells screaming overhead, bursting all about, and now and then tearing through the ship herself, kept steadily on until she reached a position in the channel, let go her anchor, and blew herself up. Hirose, following his leader closely, saw his success with a happy heart.

This time there was something to do aboard the blocking ships besides merely to stand under the awful fire and wait the time to explode their mines. Each ship had mounted a small quick-firing gun, and as she went in her crew served it with all their energy. Hirose had almost gained the allotted position. Some of his men had been killed, others wounded, but in the main it was well, and he thought he had succeeded. He sent Sugino to explode the mine and prepared to swing his ship across the channel. But as Sugino was preparing to light the fuse a Russian torpedo struck the ship. The explosion set off the ship's mine, and Sugino was killed where he stood. Instantly the ship settled, and Hirose knew she would sink where she was. He ordered away the boat and ran to look for his friend. On deck hardly a man was sound; but they got the boat lowered, and, wounded as they were, helped one another in until all who were alive were ready to go but Hirose. He could not find Sugino's body. Three times he tried to go below, but the inrushing water forced him back. At last, when the deck was almost awash, he stepped into the boat. He stood looking back at the ship going down in a great swirl of water, as if he expected to see Sugino come up on deck or to hear him call to them to wait. And as he stood there thinking only of his friend, while his men pulled out toward the rescuers hovering near the harbor mouth, a shell struck him and carried him bodily into the sea.

As the men rowed they sang war-songs; but so fiercely were they shelled by the Russians that they thought the singing must be attracting attention, and stopped. The deadly search-lights played upon them all the time, and the flash of their oars revealed their exact position. Again and again their boat was hit, and the man at the tiller was struck in the head. They brought the boat parallel with the beams of one search-light that was watching them, and lay still, hoping thus to elude the pitiless gaze of the great unwinking eye. So they lay, bailing out their leaking boat with their boots, until the terrible din of the firing died away, the guns ceased to roar, and the search-lights were turned off.

The attempt to block was over. Dawn came on, and they rowed out and were picked up by their friends, only to find that again the effort had failed. The ships, gallantly as they had been handled, had not been sunk in the right places, and the channel was still open.

THE SUCCESSFUL THIRD ATTEMPT

Some men would have given up the effort, but not the Japanese. They had sunk nine ships and thrown away a million dollars and many lives for nothing. Loyal Japan rocked with the wonderful story of the gallantry of her sons; but not a word of criticism was heard for the men who had failed, not a murmur of complaint, only the sad but hopeful cry that they must try again. Five weeks intervened before the preparations were completed for the third attempt. Again and again the war-ships offered battle to the Russians. Ruse after ruse failed to lure the children of the Czar into a fight. Port Arthur was bombarded from every possible point without avail. The Russians refused to risk a general engagement. The time had come when troops in large numbers must be brought by transport up to Manchuria. Come what might, cost what it would, the entrance to Port Arthur must be sealed up.

Neither side had been idle for five weeks. Each had busily sowed mines in the waters about the harbor mouth, the Russians to keep the Japanese from getting in, the Japanese to keep the Russians from getting out. The Russians had also constructed a great boom of heavy logs which they stretched across the channel entrance as a further protection.

The Japanese concluded that one reason of their previous failures was that they had employed too few ships. If they doubled the number they would have more than twice the chance of getting enough of them into proper position to do the work. So they prepared nine steamers, each loaded with cement, which would harden upon being wet and become like a great mass of solid stone. The news of the victory on the Yalu, which had just been won, fired the hearts of the venturesome fellows who were selected from the thousands of applicants for the dangerous task. As before, they planned to approach just before dawn. The night was clear when they left their rendezvous, convoyed by gunboats and destroyers charged with the old duty of clearing the way and picking up the survivors. In general scope the plan was exactly the one that had failed twice. Each ship, as on the second attempt, mounted a gun to give the crew work while passing through the fire belt.

This night revealed as never before "the spirit that quickeneth" the Japanese navy. Shortly after the start a strong gale sprang up, and in a little time a high sea was running. The weather was so rough that the ships became separated, and the commander, fearing that the attempt would fail, set signal to turn back, intending to wait for a quiet night. But the Japanese Nelsons failed to observe the signal, and each ship held on its course. The first to arrive found the convoying torpedo destroyers already at it, with the Russian patrol-ships at the harbor mouth, and thinking that the work had begun, steamed straight in. There had been hot work before, but nothing like this. The Russians had mounted new batteries near the water on both sides of the channel and had set up new search-lights. As the first ship started in, one after another the search-lights picked her up, and battery after battery opened fire on her. Observation-mines had been laid also, which were fired now, making a flare like a huge torch and throwing a great glare over the water. Into this brilliant light the blocking ship advanced. Electric mines exploded all about her as she steamed on, and shells whistled around her, plunged into the water on all sides, throwing up columns of spray, or crashed into her hull or through her rigging. Luck was hers, and no shot struck a vital place. On she drove straight into the channel, her men working their gun and singing their war-songs as they fired. Slap against the boom she went, and through it, the fastenings of the logs parting under the strain. On up channel she held until fairly in the middle. Then, the position so desperately striven for gained at last, she swung across the fairway, let go her anchor, and fired her mine, going down as truly as if it had been a drill with never a sign of resistance.

Hard behind came her mates, one after another. The crested combers driving in on the southerly gale were chopped and torn by the myriad shells that screamed from the Russian batteries. The search-lights played over the water with steady,

unceasing sweep, and every instant exploding mines added to the din and the glare. Still they came. All but one of the nine had reached the harbor, and each of these eight strove to win the appointed place. The second, following close after the first, smashed through the boom, picked her place well inside, and went down by her master's hand. The third had almost stopped when she struck the boom. Instantly she grappled it, swung alongside squarely across the channel, and went down. Close behind this one came two more, turned broadside to the fairway, and set off their mines.

Russian mines or shells sank the other three before they reached the harbor entrance, but enough went down in their allotted position to gain their point, and Port Arthur was sealed. Success had crowned the desperate work at last. Now came the struggle to escape. Close in behind the cement-laden ships came the daring torpedo craft, eagerly searching for the small boats with the survivors. Of the three outside ships all the men were picked up, but those who reached the boom saw no more of their comrades. Against the tall seas pounding into the harbor they could make no headway, struggle as they might. They strove to attract their friends by singing war-songs, but attracted only the bullets and shells of the enemy instead. A long time they worked in vain. Then they gave it up. Only Japanese, to whom surrender is a disgrace worse than death, would do what they did then. They went ashore, sprang through the pounding surf, and charged up the hills, boldly attacking the batteries and the search-lights, a handful at a time. For a moment the astonished Russians turned their rifles on the sturdy little fellows scrambling up the hills. Then the recognition gallantry gives to gallantry caught them, and with a cheer they held their fire. So the last of the blocking crews crowned their successful effort and fell into the hands of the enemy, weapons in hand and fighting to the last, "obeying the will and hearing the approval" of the millions of samurai gone before.

THE MEN OF THE "KINSHU MARU"

THAT is "the spirit that quickeneth" the Japanese navy. It is not less lively in the army. Consider the men of the *Kinshu Maru*. She was a little transport on which a company of the Thirty-seventh Infantry was sent from one town to another on the east coast of Korea. On the way they fell in with some Russian war-ships. Summoned to surrender, they refused. They knew they were helpless. They had been taught, too, by the higher officers, who recognize the folly of the old samurai notion that suicide is better than surrender, that it was their business under such circumstances to give up, for a live man, even though a prisoner of the enemy, has still a chance of some day serving his Emperor. But they belonged to the Osaka division, which once, long ago, in the Formosa rebellion, had been charged with cowardice and had never since had opportunity to wipe out the stain. So when the naval officers, who were not so concerned as the soldiers, and the non-combatants, who had no sensitive honor to defend, had left the ship, these soldiers formed up on deck and opened fire with their rifles on the Russian war-ships. They wanted no quarter and they asked no compromise. They would show the world that the men of the Osaka division were not afraid to die or to fight against hopeless odds. When the inevitable happened and the Russian shells sent the *Kinshu Maru* to the bottom, these defenders of the honor of men long gone fired their last volley and went down shouting, "Teikoku banzai!"

FORDING THE YALU ON THE BOTTOM

SANKO TAKANO, sergeant-major, special duty, belongs to the Second Company, Second Cavalry Regiment, Second Division. On a dark night in early April, soon after his regiment had reached the Yalu River, he and Lance-Corporal Shinobu Watanabe were sent out with a third man to ascertain the width and depth of the main stream of the river where it flows between two large islands opposite Wiju. They crossed the first channel in a boat which the sergeant-major and the corporal left on the first island in charge of the third man. Then the two worked across the island to the main stream. The Russians occupied a little village on the opposite side, directly across from the place where Takano and Watanabe struck the river. Takano saw that it would be very difficult to get across without attracting their attention. Ice was run-

ning in the river, and the water was bitterly cold. Takano thought that if he tried to swim he would surely arouse the Russians. So he determined to walk across on the bottom of the river, rising occasionally for breath! They had a coil of light rope with them. Takano took off his uniform and fastened one end of the line to his body. Then he picked up a stone to help him keep on the bottom, and waded in, leaving the lance-corporal to hold the rope by which he was to be dragged back whenever he gave a signal of two sharp pulls.

Pounded by the ice and chilled to the marrow by the cold water, Takano struggled on. The water rose over his head, but the heavy stone he carried enabled him to keep on the bottom. Now he could walk a little faster, for he was free from the battering ice; but as he neared the center of the stream the current grew swifter and swifter, until, if it had not been for the stone he carried, it would have swept him down. He grew numb from the cold, and it took all his strength, stout swimmer as he was, to rise to the surface and stay there long enough to breathe. Yet he dared not drop the weight, for he knew he could not get down to the bottom again. So he worked, with Watanabe paying out the rope, until he felt the bottom rising and knew he was beyond the middle of the stream. Almost senseless, Takano stumbled along, striving to carry out the letter of his orders and reach the opposite bank. But not even Japanese nature could stand such a test, and Watanabe, waiting on the bank, felt the long, steady pull on the rope that told him Takano had lost consciousness. With all his might the corporal hauled in the line and soon had the unconscious sergeant-major out of the water.

A brisk rubbing and the contents of his flask finally revived Takano, who got into his warm, dry uniform again and started back with the corporal across the island. But when they reached the place where they had left the boat, it was gone. The third man, concluding that they had been captured by the Russians, had started back. There was nothing for it but to swim, so in the two men plunged. The floating ice hammered them and the cold water numbed them, so that they could not make headway against the current and were carried downstream. But fortune had not deserted them, and they drifted against the boat in which their comrade was trying to scull back to shore. He too had been swept down-stream by the swift water and the ice which hindered his sculling. He hauled them in, and soon they were landed on the Wiju side, to be commended by their captain for showing the real spirit of Yamato Damashii.

SASAKI'S SACRIFICE

ANOTHER phase of "the spirit that quickeneth" is shown by the exploit which ended the life of Corporal Koji Sasaki of the Second Cavalry. This regiment was part of the screen that covered the front of the First Japanese army in its slow advance from Feng-huang-cheng toward the Russian positions on the railroad. It fell to the lot of Corporal Sasaki one day in June to go out with five other troopers, under Sublieutenant Nakumo, to reconnoiter the Liao-yang road toward the famous Motien Pass. The rugged Manchurian hills that heaved up their bluff bulk on each side of the road held no esthetic suggestion for them. Each might easily be a trap to catch them, the place of concealment of a detachment of the enemy. Carefully, painstakingly, slowly they searched their way forward, scrambling to height after height to gain vantage-points from which the surrounding country could be scanned. Hour after hour passed, with no sign of Russians. Then suddenly, unexpectedly, as the patrol was advancing quietly along the road, around a turn from behind a hill came a group of the soldiers of the Czar, perhaps forty men.

The two patrols discovered each other at the same instant. The Russians being infantrymen, with their rifles in their hands, were ready for action instantly, and before the Japanese could make a move toward fighting, their enemy was shooting at them. Nakumo recognized the peril of his position at once, and with his men dashed under cover of some bushes and small trees that grew beside the road. But scarcely had they gained this cover when Corporal Sasaki saw another force of Russian infantry, about a hundred in number, coming out from behind another hill and advancing on a line that would cut the retreat of the party. Lieutenant Nakumo saw that he was hopelessly outnumbered. To fight would be folly, for they would all be killed, which they did not mind except

that that would defeat the object of the reconnaissance, leaving no one to report to the general; or they would be captured, which, for reasons of their own, the Japanese regard as the most indelible disgrace, for which no excuse can be given and no atonement made. His only chance was to run for it. Even that did not seem to offer much hope, and when he announced his intention the others agreed with him. That was Sasaki's opportunity. His right hand flew up to his cap in the never-failing salute to superior rank, and he cried out:

"You take the others and escape as fast as you can. I will stay here and try to hold the Russians until you get away."

With true Japanese readiness, Nakumo accepted the sacrifice on the instant, and he and the other five troopers dashed back toward their own lines at full speed. The Russians saw them and fired a few scattering shots, but without effect. Meantime Corporal Sasaki calmly sat on his horse among the brush and watched the enemy's cautious advance. It never occurred to him that they might not have counted the number of his party and would think the whole Japanese patrol had fled. He took it for granted that they surely knew he was left behind and that they would devote themselves to his capture. And, being a typical Japanese, it did not occur to him to make a fight and sell his life as dearly as possible. His idea of holding the Russians was not to resist them, but to make them delay in looking for him and thus give his comrades time to escape. But somehow the Russians did not act as he expected. Perhaps they did not understand Japanese tradition and custom. They moved forward carefully, as if they suspected some sort of trap. Their lines of advance, however, cut off Sasaki's retreat and the corporal concluded that his time had come.

A little distance to the right of the clump of bushes where he was hiding there was a Chinese house, with a stable in the compound. Sasaki dismounted, unslung his carbine from his shoulder, and walked toward the hut, leading his horse. Neither he nor the animal should fall into the hands of the enemy. He led the horse into the stable-yard, made a proper address of farewell to the beast that had carried him faithfully through Korea and thus far into Manchuria, and put a bullet through its head. As the horse fell, Corporal Sasaki turned and walked into the house. The Chinese owner of the place, attracted from his garden by the sound of the shot, ran up and followed the corporal. In the sleeping-room, beside the bed, stood a tall cabinet. In front of that Sasaki stopped. The astonished and trembling Chinaman saw him work a cartridge from the magazine into the chamber of his carbine. For an instant the soldier examined the gun as if making sure that it was in proper working order. Then he stood up straight and shouted, "Teikoku banzai!" The next second the muzzle of the short-barreled carbine was under his chin, and his finger pulled the trigger.

"Most honorable death of Japanese soldier," said my interpreter.

The frightened Chinaman hurriedly thrust the body of the dead corporal, with the carbine, into a drawer of the cabinet, and ran back to his garden and his work. The Russians, hearing the two shots and apparently taking them for signals, turned where they were and went back, seemingly suspecting the presence of a considerable force of Japanese.

"So horse and man escaped from the merciless enemy," said the interpreter, "even though they were gone forever."

An hour later Sublieutenant Nakumo, not hearing anything from his corporal, left the place to which he had retreated and cautiously searched back along the road to the spot where they had parted. The Chinaman at work in his garden saw the lieutenant and ran to him to tell what had happened. With a little stick he traced out in the dust the ideographs which told the lieutenant the story. Then he pointed out the dead horse in the stable-yard and the corporal's body in the cabinet drawer. With the help of the Chinese, Nakumo saw both decently buried, and then with the corporal's carbine and equipment he returned to camp.

"Corporal Koji Sasaki was a great hero," said my interpreter, as he finished the story, "to save six lives at the cost of his own, so dear to himself. He was not afraid to die in his country's cause. It was an act of heroism characteristic of Japanese cavalry on duty, showing the real spirit of Yamato Damashii to the end."

It seemed never to occur to the interpreter, or to any other of the Japanese whom I heard speak of the case, that if

Sasaki had fired his two shots at the Russians, or even in the air, the same result would have been attained as far as they were concerned, and that the life "so dear to himself" have been saved. The great point with them was that he preferred death even to the chance of being captured, and they regarded it as quite conclusive that this sacrifice, and this alone, saved the lives of Lieutenant Nakumo and the other five troopers. So, too, it was regarded in Tokio, where the usual posthumous honors due to such conspicuous gallantry were duly awarded and a pension fitting the circumstances was granted to Sasaki's relatives.

Such is Yamato Damashii. It is that which is responsible for the remarkable restraint shown by the Japanese in their time of victory, and the self-control exhibited in such hours of distress as followed the loss of their battle-ship *Hatsuse*, and the sinking of the transport *Hitachi Maru* with a thousand men who went down rather than surrender. One other phase of it is shown in the messages sent by the admirals and generals in reply to the commendation of the Emperor after victories. The Japanese to-day, even their most highly educated, believe profoundly in the divine descent and sacred powers of the Mikado.

"The officers and men who undertook the task" (first blocking attempt), said Admiral Togo, "returned safely by the unseen power of protection of your Illustrious Majesty."

When the Emperor praised the men who made the second attempt, Togo replied:

"Your message may also influence the patriotic manes of the departed heroes to hover long over the battle-field and give unseen protection to the imperial forces."

"The victory of our army," telegraphed General Kuroki after the battle of the Yalu, "was alone due to the illustrious virtue of your Majesty."

Dr. Nitobe is right. It is not all by guns and training. Much, very much, is due to "the spirit that quickeneth."

ART, THE PURSUER

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

I

IT is the Tidings speeds the bringer,
It is the Need that arms the doer,
It is the Song that finds the singer,—
Aye! Art, forever the Pursuer,
Leaves this, and that, behind,—
Seeks one among the few,
On whom its choice to bind . .
And what, if Art seek you?

II

Oh, then, as waits the string unsmitten,
As waits the marble without features,
As waits the true last word unwritten,—
As these to you are but your creatures,
So ye are unto Art;
Docile to be, or do,
Wait,—soul, and brain, and heart;
Ye cannot Art pursue!

TO THE BARBERINI BEES

BY

MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON

EMBLAZONED high upon the canopies
Above St. Peter's sanctified repose,
Hiving 'mid papal tombs in crested shows,
Swarming on pillar and on haughty frieze,
Cluster the proud old Barberini bees;
Who live on incense and forget the rose,
As they forget their brotherhood with those
Dear humble buzzy fellows overseas.
Oh, tell me, little toilers, do ye faint
Never for lowly beds of mignonette,
Or mountain paths with gipsy flowers set?
What honey lurks in porphyry and paint,
Or what content in summer days like these
For vain immortal Barberini bees?

MISS HARRIET'S "EXTRAVAGANCE"

BY FLORIDA PIER

"I'M glad we got dressed early. Now we can walk to church real slow."

"My sciatica 's awful bad, Harriet."

"Yes? I 'm right sorry. I don't see what 's to be done—"

"You 've got the nickel for the contribution-box, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, I ain't forgot it."

Miss Harriet, the elder, the one with the unexpected dimple, rustled down the walk, followed by her sister, Miss Lucy. They held their skirts in both hands in that marvelous fashion that gives even the meekest little lady the appearance of shooing all mankind off the face of the earth. As they reached the front gate there was a whirr, a great deal of dust, and Miss Harriet whispered in quite the way she would have spoken of a friend of the family who had taken to skirt-dancing:

"There 's that electric car."

"Thank Heaven, it 's empty; if folks would just refuse to ride in it the company would, most likely, take the thing away."

A little farther up the road Miss Lucy stopped.

"Harriet, I don't know but what it would be better to ride than to get so petered out walkin'. My limb 's just awful."

"I 'm really sorry, but we 've only got the nickel for the collection, and—"

"Oh, I suppose I can *stand* it; I 've been standin' most of my sorrows for the past thirty-three years."

"Why, Lucy, you did n't have sorrows when you were a child."

"Perhaps I did n't, but I did n't know that I did n't have 'em, so I can't see what good it did me."

Another car bumped by, and Miss Harriet looked guilty. Who was most deserving of that nickel, the minister or Lucy? Both asked, and to him who asketh— Oh, she did n't know. For the first ten minutes in church Miss Lucy tried every position known to a prim New England spinster, and then decided that no comfort was possible with a throbbing sciatic nerve and a pew much too narrow—a decision which she confided to Miss Harriet with a good deal of firmness at the beginning of the opening hymn.

Then came the prayer, and poor Miss Harriet's mind would do nothing but reproach her with, "Lucy is n't able to walk"; then again, "I never refused the collection before," until the nickel weighed so heavily upon her mind that at the end of the prayer, instead of murmuring, with the rest of the congregation, "Amen," she said quite loud and very plaintively, "It would n't be right."

The only thing that saved her from being considered a heretic by the entire village was a determined change of position on the part of Miss Lucy, with a resultant squeak from the pew, so loud that it even topped the "Amen."

At last came the sermon, a long one, that gave Miss Harriet much time to watch the fight between her habit of helping the heathen and her tender heart that pleaded so sturdily to help Miss Lucy. Under cover of the bustle that always comes with the advent of the contribution-box, Miss Lucy murmured resignedly, "My limb 's painin' terrible." Miss Harriet's hand that held the nickel crept nearer to her black silk bag; the contribution-box was only two pews away.

"Mrs. Falconer put in five cents more than she ever has before," came in an excited whisper from Miss Lucy, and,

thankful that her mind had been made up for her, Miss Harriet dropped the nickel into her bag and closed it firmly.

At the end of the service the heads of families, attended by all their respectable relatives, filed down the aisle. At the door Miss Harriet gasped with excitement as a man, a presentable and eligible man, spoke to Miss Lucy. A critical eye might have blinked at his necktie—a blue and yellow plaid tied in a cocky little bow with two long ends that had a vicious habit of flying into their wearer's eyes and quite depriving him of his sight for the moment. His clothes seemed to have been argued on, and though they had submitted to be worn, it was under protest. But after thirty-three years of waiting, Miss Lucy was not critical, and Miss Harriet was rapidly thinking, "Lucy will be the first person in this village to ride in the electric cars, and *he'll* see her do it. Mebbe it will stop right in front of the church door; that might look forward, though," and then, horror of horrors! her thoughts were pulled up short with, "Harriet, I 'm going to walk home with Mr. Crane," and off Miss Lucy started, smiling, or, to be quite truthful, giggling just exactly as if cars had never been invented.

While Miss Harriet was quieting her disappointment,—for it is a trying thing to have a sacrifice wasted,—a car was stopped directly in front of the door. Not to take any one on,—oh, dear, no; no villager had yet acquired sufficient courage for that,—but to let the numerous carryalls and wagons full of church-goers get themselves untangled.

And then, at that moment, with the eyes of the village upon her, Miss Harriet walked straight to the steps of the car and clambered up.

Quintius Curtius himself had not a prouder air nor a more awe-struck audience.

The joy of it, the beautiful slippery seats, the giving of her nickel to the very handsome man in the elegant uniform—oh, it was wonderful!

As Miss Harriet saw her house approaching, and knew it was n't yet time to have the car stopped, her excitement grew so great that when the car was opposite her gate she had quite lost her voice, only recovering it when the end of the village street was reached. Then it occurred to her that she had not seen her south field since Jim Falconer set it out in buckwheat. She really ought to go as far as that, and the walk back would be real pleasant. Before the shimmering buckwheat had loosed its hold upon her that wonderful man who always seemed to know just what bell to ring was asking her if she wanted a transfer.

"A transfer? I don't know. What would I do with it? What! clear to Green's Corner for that same nickel? Yes, I guess I may as well have a transfer." She was frightened, of course. Who is not at such vital moments? But she could n't go back yet: she must see more trees fly by; she must slide up and down on these shiny, slippery seats just a little longer. And oh, she must know what the machine with the bell and numbers was called.

When she had been safely piloted into the next car, the thought came to her that James had probably been in electric cars a number of times—James, who had brought fame to his sisters by giving the college yell at one of their sewing meetings, then making a Welsh rabbit, which Miss Harriet alone managed to eat. The ladies decided that this last performance was much nearer black art than cookery, but they respected him for it. James had lived in the city so long now that he almost ceased to be regarded as a near relative, but more as a halo to be worn gracefully. James wrote Miss Harriet could n't say just what; she had once started to read the only product of his pen that they had, a long column in a city newspaper, headed "Modern Tendencies," when Miss Lucy discovered her. It had been a disconcerting moment for Miss Harriet. Reading James's works implied that she thought she knew as much as James himself, but she had really never meant any such impertinence. The first line was recalled with fresh interest: "The happiness that is expressed by extravagance." Now she understood perfectly what the word meant: a fluttering of the heart together with a shortness of breath and a general happy feeling; that was it, of course—just her own symptoms, in fact; James's insight had always been remarkable.

After the first transfer she quite lost control, and went on and on, receiving in her mad career three more transfers, *all* different colors. But at last another man, in a uniform quite as elegant, but with a face not half so nice, demanded eight cents fare.

Miss Harriet felt just as Eve must have when she was told to leave the garden. There was no use objecting; she had had a very beautiful time: still, it *was* hard.

"No, I have n't any more money, and of course I 'll get off; but, please, will you tell me where I am, first?"

"Two miles out of Stocket," grunted the man.

"Stocket, Stocket. Why, Cousin Will Halpin lives at Stocket. Oh, stop the car right away, please."

And poor Miss Harriet, in the afternoon sun, with a stomach woefully empty, tramped the two miles back to Stocket. She was happy, though, oh! so happy, for she had had an adventure! With the restful assurance that Cousin Will had sent word to Lucy, she sighed and rested on her laurels. The next afternoon she walked proudly up her front walk, and in answer to Miss Lucy's cry of "Harriet, what *have* you been doing?" cried gaily, "Lucy, Lucy, I 've been extravagant!"

GOD SAVE THE STATE!

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

ASK of me not that in the loud acclaim
I join, to laud the day's victorious name,—
Whether your choice or mine,—though I am prone
To plead inexorably for my own,
And flout your creed as false, proclaim mine wise.
Yet not with man or cause the triumph lies,
For what has been established, what disproved?
In the November midnight I am moved
Less by exultant shouts that o'er the town
Herald the chief new-laureled for renown
Than by the thought that, safe from strife and hate,
August, serene, triumphant lives the State,
Immutable and steadfast like the hills!
Though over it a thousand warring wills
Storm fitfully, they only prove it strong.
And you and I, bemoaning error and wrong,
Hear many a challenge 'neath the citadel
While the calm sentry answers, "All is well,"
And starward lifts his eyes.
Man's faith in man
Remains the secret still of God's great plan,
Whereof He gave to us the golden key
That seals our covenant with Liberty,
And makes her holy ark for ay our own,
To hold for Man and not for men alone!
Your hand, my friend! The heavens decree our fate;
Who loses or who wins, God save the State!

TOPICS OF THE TIME

THOUGHTS DURING A NATIONAL CAMPAIGN

INCLUDING SUGGESTIONS IN ANOTHER DIRECTION

THE political stir of a Presidential campaign, the intense discussion of governmental principles and practices, have, as we lately remarked, highly salutary uses in a country of free institutions. In the present campaign great questions are debated; though with few exceptions the debate is not so much as to a principle of government but as to which party is the more zealous in the upholding of that principle. It is fortunate for the public peace of mind that the question of a safe and honest currency which perturbed the country in two preceding campaigns is at present in abeyance; so that the great quadrennial political debate may proceed with less heat and less menace.

The subjects discussed are surely of importance: the tariff; imperialism, so called, in its various manifestations; the trusts. The campaign brings about a revival of political conviction, on one side or the other; this is well, this is useful, this is necessary. But looking on at the notifications, the pronunciamentos, the rallies, the gigantic meetings, the enthusiasm, simulated or real, and at the same time looking at conditions as they exist in various parts or in all parts of the Union, the wish springs in the mind of those whose patriotism is most profound and thoughtful, Would that equal attention could be given, by the entire nation, to evils in our social and business and political life which politicians concern themselves with but little, yet which, uncorrected, would make wreck of our civilization!

Pity it is indeed that there may not sweep over the country an ethical revival which would tend to cure at one impulse all the evils which threaten our smaller and greater communities. For these crying evils all have the same source—namely, the hardened consciences of individuals.

What has made divorce in America a byword among the nations but a spirit of individual selfishness, a lack of self-control, a determination to live one's life not in the spirit of loyalty and sacrifice, but along lines of convenience and self-indulgence!

The mobs of so-called Christian people that without trial or decent procedure burn men at the stake and seize upon the ghastly remains as precious relics—where is conscience here, or among the complaisant and applauding onlookers, women as well as men?

The commercial crimes which extend from the adulteration of foods to the fraudulent and gigantic manipulation of securities by men who should be an example of honor and commercial integrity in the community,—crimes which, as we have lately been shown, are seldom adequately punished in our courts,—what are all these but the product of individual consciences which have taken their tone from a lax and indifferent public opinion?

The graft that shamelessly flourishes in so many of our municipalities—to what is it due save the lack of conscience, not in the gross offenders only, but among the voters who permit the evil to grow year by year?

The cruel and inhuman crimes of our misguided and infatuated laborers who deliberately bring financial ruin upon the innocent, or mutilate or murder their fellow-men—where is there conscience, justice, or ethics in such brutality?

What are we to say of the consciences of men of wealth who purchase, or attempt to purchase, high office? and what of the consciences of the American people who look upon such attempts and such successes not altogether without scorn and detestation, but with so little effective concern that the evil grows rather than diminishes year by year, and in the eyes of all men?

Would that a campaign for righteous-

ness could be carried on over the length and breadth of this country with something of the thoroughness of a national political canvass, with a moiety of the money spent by our great parties in these tremendous conflicts, and with the benefit of organized and pervasive agitation! A political campaign is not without its ethical uses, but in some of its activities and methods and effects such a campaign is far from ethical. Except on those occasions when some great moral issue seems to be paramount, it is a question whether a general political campaign leaves the country on a higher or a lower ethical plane. In one way, in fact, as we have already pointed out, the effect is actually lowering—on account of the prominence then given to certain politicians of reputations shading from mildly repulsive to notoriously infamous. The use to which money is often put in national elections, sometimes in the handy shape of two-dollar bills, tends also to demoralization.

If there can be no such endowed, organized, and definite national ethical campaign, all the more need is there for the teachers and preachers of our day to do their duty, in season and out of season, in quickening the consciences of men in their relations to the daily affairs of business and to social and political duties. Here and there, now and again, there are civic and ethical revivals. In this community and that, some peculiar outrage arouses a spirit of patriotic protest; our American over-confidence and self-conceit are shocked, and the rascals are driven out. All this shows that there is virtue in the republic; but we need a deeper and a wider and more permeating and more permanent ethical revival than is indicated by these separated efforts, no matter how sorely needed, how hope-inspiring these may be.

NOT A QUESTION OF DYING, BUT WORSE

A WELL-KNOWN American money-absorber has recently put forth his opinion as to the unfairness of vacations, with undocked salaries, on the part of clerks and employees; and as a proof of the unnecessity of vacations he has been fatuously led to quote the example of Gladstone, who found rest in change of occupation. The difference between the man of affairs who can command his own time and choose his own occupation, intellectual or physical, and the treadmill clerk, should be sufficiently plain to ordinary intelligence; and besides, there was the tree-chopping, and there were the Continental and other outings. The cases are not comparable.

The arguments against vacations on the part of the typical money-grabber—the man absorbed in the mere game—are, however, to be taken not as containing any serious value but rather as a contribution to national gaiety. We are reminded by them of certain similar arguments excusing the non-payment of salaries pending a summer outing of a few weeks on the part of the clerks of a certain establishment in a Northern city, some forty years ago. The fact that the aforesaid clerks were risking their lives in the service of their country in resisting an armed invasion which threatened to arrive at the very gates of the city, at a time when the alarm was so general that anxious ones were, it was said, burying their silver in their back yards—this fact did not count in the least in favor of the patriotic and salary-docked clerks.

The tendency toward shorter hours for both employers and employed, with due regard to the limitation of business necessity, is based not only upon humanitarian but upon scientific principles.

Continuous strain improves no instrument of labor, animate or inanimate. Every man has lessons in his own experience, and in that of his friends, which prove the absolute necessity of relief from the tension of affairs. When such lessons are unheeded there is nothing but disaster.

A physician was lately trying to induce a high-minded and strenuous young woman to forego some of her energetic altruisms. "Ah, doctor," she said, "how much rather would I die in the battle than live idly and healthily!" "But," said the wise physician, "this is no question of dying. That might be a merciful release. It is a question of either going slower, or going on as you have and ending in a long life of hopeless invalidism, a burden to yourself and to your friends." This was just the shock needed, appealing as it did to her best but most dangerous traits. The wisdom of the physician prevailed, and the young woman is saved for, doubtless, a long life of cheerful and admirable utility.

Physicians, as they themselves rely less upon medicinal cure and more and more upon sanitary conditions and observances, are increasingly friendly to rest and recreation. Said a specialist once to a young man perniciously inclined to do three men's work daily, and who had fallen into a deplorable "state of nerves": "My young friend, notwithstanding your present condition, I say to you that if you will learn never to do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow, you will live to be ninety, and accomplish all in life that you desire."

OUR TREASURE IN KEATS

THE interesting original draft of Keats's ode "To Autumn" and the finished text of the poem, which we reproduce in this number of THE CENTURY, together with Mr. Parrish's beautiful and sympathetic illustration, will touch with a thrill many a heart that holds, among all the poets, a special place for Keats. This distinction is due, no doubt, in part to his personal charm and the pathetic circumstances of his early death. Beloved in life, he has passed into the immortality of a secure place in the regard of all lovers of English poetry, to whom his grave has become a shrine. In the words of Shelley's princely elegy:

"He is made one with Nature. There is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird.
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone;
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own,
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above."

In rereading Keats one is struck with the wealth of his equipment, the solid qualities of his art: his soaring imagination, his rare sense of beauty, his range of emotional response, his rich resources of language, and, not the least noteworthy, his capability of growth in taste. To consider what a poet thus endowed might have given to the world had he lived to the age of Shakspere or Milton excites the mind almost to pain, so little short of miracle was his actual achievement. We believe there is no evidence that he wrote a line of verse after his twenty-fifth year, and he probably wrote little after his twenty-fourth, and yet what a glorious body of life and inspiration he has left! It is poetry of three dimensions—height, breadth, and solidity. And yet, withal, it has arrow-like intensity—a quality of which he himself said: "The excellence of every art is its intensity, capable of making all disagreeables evaporate from their being in close relationship with truth and beauty." His transcriptions of the classic into modern speech in "Hyperion" and "Lamia," the wonderful music and color of "The Eve of St. Agnes," the deft and eery handling of ballad themes in "La Belle Dame sans Merci" and "Isabella, or the Pot of Basil," the overflowing dreaminess of midsummer in the "Ode to a Nightingale," the depth and lyric directness of such lines as "In a Drear-nighted December," and a whole anthology of noble sonnets interpreting life and nature—these are but a moiety of the overflowing stream of his passionate imaginings, for in him the intellectual and the emotional were kindly mixed. In the face of such a record of good work, the faults of his earlier manner are not worth consideration.

While not lacking in width of popular appeal, Keats has always been the poets' poet, and always will be. He stands in a peculiar way for the poetic career. No poet of the present day but is his debtor. The generous glow and freedom of his mind, the full pulse of his song, the single-mindedness of his artistic purpose, mark him not so much as one who chose his art as one who was chosen by it. Writing from Winchester, August 25, 1819, he says:

I am convinced more and more, every day, that fine writing is, next to fine doing, the top thing in the world; the "Paradise Lost" becomes a greater wonder. The more I know what my diligence may in time probably effect, the more does my heart distend with pride and obstinacy. I feel it in my power to become a popular writer. I feel it in my power to refuse the poisonous suffrage of a publick. My own being, which I know to be, becomes of more consequence to me than the crowds of shadows in the shape of men and women that inherit a kingdom. The soul is a world of itself and has enough to do in its own home.

We hear much nowadays of the decline of poetry—often with a tone of lament, oftener with something like contempt. Whitman's theory that the future of America is to be a future not of great men but of a greater average seems for the moment to be true of English fiction and verse. But who can tell what a day may bring forth? Probably there was never a time when, short of greatness, there was a higher average of verse, or more writers engaged in producing it, than now. It would be strange if something noteworthy should not come out of all this activity. The times may be unpropitious for the larger inspirations, but we have not lost any of the highest exemplars of the poetic art, and it devolves upon ourselves and our schools, colleges, and universities to instil in the young respect and love for these. In a period of commercialism and realism we need the ideality and intellectual stimulus of great poets, and of few more than the young Englishman who, although on his death-bed "in the bitterness of his heart" he desired his epitaph to be "Here lies one whose name was writ in water," had already said, in true and confident prophecy, "I shall be among the English poets after my death."

OPEN LETTERS

Gilbert Stuart's Portraits of Men

STEPHEN JONES (SEE PAGE 72)

IN the collection of upward of one hundred portraits painted by Gilbert Stuart exhibited in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, in 1880 there was one that shone forth as a star of the first magnitude among the lesser lights and reduced their wonted brilliancy. It was a head of an old man, with very white hair and remarkably heavy white eyebrows and a fat face of vermilion redness. It was a portrait quite as commanding as a head as it was as a picture, and showed that when the master's hand willed, it had lost none of its cunning, for the portrait of Judge Stephen Jones is one of Stuart's later works. Jouett, the Kentucky painter, tells us that this canvas was one of Stuart's favorite heads, and adds: "Upon the whole the most remarkable face and painting that I have ever seen." That Stuart was particularly interested in the portrait is shown by the circumstances attending the painting of it. Stuart was painting the portrait of Judge Jones's daughter when the judge entered the room where the painter was at work. Struck with the noble and venerable presence, Stuart asked who he was, and insisted upon painting his portrait; but the old judge refused, and it was only after Stuart's repeated and earnest solicitations that the request was granted. The result is this living portrait, which for brilliant coloring, bold handling, firm modeling, natural pose, and strong individuality must forever stand unsurpassed.

It is, too, a noticeable example of Stuart's ability to produce desired results and effects by an unusual method of work. In this picture there is a much heavier use of pigments than we remember ever to have seen in any other of Stuart's works. The ruddy richness of the complexion; the fullness of the cheek; the transparency of the thin white hair; the firmness of the lips, compressed by the loss of their natural support, the teeth; the bushy, overhanging eyebrows; the keen, eager expression of the eyes, all apparently so simple that the great wonderment is that Stuart should stand so wholly alone in his unrivaled art. The massive head is enough, and yet the setting of that head cannot be missed. A black coat, with a dark sable fur collar, and a white neckerchief—that is all, but it is all-sufficient.

Stephen Jones, who lives to-day through the painter's art and gave to America's master painter a subject upon which to stake his enduring reputation, was a native of the town of Weston, Massachusetts. Early in life he removed to Machias, then in the province of Massachusetts, now in the State of Maine, and soon took a leading position in this already more than a century-old settlement, although only then recently occupied by the English, and his entire subsequent career is identified with this section. Upon the formation of a militia company, he was chosen to command it. When a town clerk was to be selected he was chosen. When a justice of the peace was needed, then a post of consideration, as there was no higher court within a radius of many

miles, he was appointed. When the dark days of the Revolutionary War overshadowed the land he, of course, sided with the colonists. When Machias became the county-seat of Washington County, in 1790, he was named chief justice of the court of common pleas, clerk of sessions, and judge of probate, all of which judicial offices he is said to have filled most creditably, notwithstanding his limited education and want of legal training. After the separation of Maine from Massachusetts, which he strenuously opposed, he removed to Boston, where he died in 1826, aged about ninety years. Judge Jones was a man of marked character and characteristics, noted for his strong intellect, sound judgment, sterling integrity, good common sense, and untiring benevolence, which gave him extraordinary influence in all civil, political, and social affairs of the community in which he lived. His hospitality was unbounded: rich and poor, stranger and friend, were all welcome, and he was, as his face emphatically indicates, a genial and generous host.

This masterpiece hangs in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, where it has been for many years through the consideration of its owner, Mrs. Francis G. Richards, the widow of a grandson of Judge Jones.

Charles Henry Hart.

Goya's "Washerwomen"

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD-ENGRAVINGS OF OLD SPANISH MASTERS: SEE PAGE 26)

THIS is one of a series of decorative paintings of scenes from Spanish life designed originally to serve as models for tapestries, and executed by Goya for the royal manufactory of tapestry at Madrid, about 1776, when the artist was thirty years old. They are collected at the Madrid gallery, in the lower halls dedicated to Goya's works, while the tapestries made from them decorate the walls of the Escurial palace, in the mountains to the north of the city.

The painting of these cartoons was procured for Goya by Raphael Mengs, the director of the manufactory, and painter to the king, Carlos IV, who was attracted by the originality and power of the young man, then just returned from his studies in Rome. This work was the first step in the artist's upward career, since it was an immense success, and he soon became the most popular painter in the city.

The figures of these canvases are all life-size. While a few of the cartoons possess great charm and brilliancy of tone, the majority are harsh and crude in coloring, owing possibly to the commercialism of the time, which may have demanded something gay and catching. Certain it is that in black and white they have greater dignity and simplicity. Knowing them only from reproductions in this medium, I could not help marveling, on seeing the originals, that the artist should have spoiled the nobility and repose of his works by staining them with hard and spotty colors. Their unnaturally bright hues are accounted for by the fact that they were done for copying in tapestry, as though it were the nature of the texture of tapestry to soften them. But in fact the reproductions, instead of ameliorating the tints of the originals, have accentuated their defects, and this so deplorably that they present a garish spectacle of pigments, ill suited to the quiet, unobtrusive flatness so becoming to the walls of an interior.

Nevertheless, these representations of the gay aspect of Spanish life undoubtedly reveal Goya's mind in its happiest and healthiest phase. The light and playful incidents of every-day existence are vividly depicted with a vigor and virility of drawing that is wanting in much of his later work, especially of that period of gloom that settled over his declining years.

In the example of the "Washerwomen," one of the best of the series, the two maids seated are playing a practical joke on their dozing companion. One has led a sheep up from behind and is pulling its ear in order to rub its nose against her face and make it bleat in her ear and thus to scare her into waking.

In the Madrid gallery may be seen the sad contrast between the artist's early and late productions. To turn from these cheerful scenes of frolicsome mirth—country dances, love episodes, picnics, games, and escapades, set in gay colors and brilliant tones—to the black and gruesome horrors of his later canvases, is like stepping from the joyous sunlight into gloom: all color is fled, and chaos reigns, peopled with hideous and unearthly shapes. One feels instinctively that the man must have gone mad.

T. Cole.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Adirondack Hare

IN April he dances, a north-wood clown,
In coat of motley, white and brown;
In summer he leaves the cedar swamp
And holds on the ridge his twilight romp,
Until the twilight fades so fast,
He knows that romping days are past—
Until the beech-boughs leafless toss,
And he hurries back to cedar and moss.

When into the cedar first snow sifts,
When moss is covered with the drifts,
Some flakes have touched the brown hare too,
And turned him white and chilled him
through;
Mournful, pale as a ghost, he goes,
Escaping silently, lost in the snows.

The gray grouse stare, so queer he 's grown;
Squirrels eye him and leave him alone;
He will not heed when snow-birds bring
Chirpings that try to tell him of spring.

Francis Sterne Palmer.

More Japanese Signboards[1]

ORDERS ATTENDED FOR EASTERN
PICTURESQUE SIGNBOARD

THIS sign, painted with much elaboration in the way of shading, fantastically shaped letters, and startling colors, hangs resplendent over one of the large paint-shops in Tokio. The painting of the sign looks so very professional that it almost makes one forget the rather amateurish wording thereof, and it has apparently impressed the Japanese, for in many of the more ambitious signs throughout the city it is easy to recognize the same bold hand.

PREFND CAKE
HUMEST SHERT

The latter has hung over a cake-shop for many years, and will doubtless hang there for years to come, for the Japanese possessor of an English sign is apparently so delighted with it that it never occurs to him to ask any foreigner whether the English is correct or not.

One day shortly before leaving Tokio I saw one of my pet signs torn down and another being put in its place. My heart sank for a moment, but great was my relief, on drawing near, to see that though the wood and paint were new, Mr. Ichimura's convictions were still the same. One has often heard of the self-made man who worshiped his creator. Mr. Ichimura is more modest. His sign reads:

T. ICHIMURA
MANUFACTURED BY BREAD
AND
A PIECE OF CAKE

Let us imagine a man living in Tokio, not at one of the two foreign hotels, but in a little Japanese house. He may occasionally go out for a meal, in which case he may try the

WESTEN-COUNRIES COOKEY
BEER-HALL

or the

RESTAURANT & FISH FRY

If he does not care to frequent the

WEINS SHOP

it may be some help to him to be told that

RAMUNE TANEKO SODA
SASUPARU SEISUWATA

presumably stands for lemonade, tonics, soda, sarsaparilla, and seltzer water. If he lives in Bancho his meat may come from the

COW SWIN-SHOP

if in Kanda at

ASHOP WHERE FWLS OF BIRDS

He can get bread from the

TOKIO BAKERY
OF
ALL KIND MADE
AND FLOWR FORSALE

Of course he will need milk, and will probably find it hard to decide between the various dairies. No one would want

[1] See also "In Lighter Vein" for September, 1900.

OONDENSED MILK

when he can have

FRESH BEST MILK

or

GREAMY MILK

But it is hard to choose between them and

BEST MILK BUTTE GYEAM

He might take

MODIFID MILK

from one man and arrange to have butter and cream left at his door by one of the little sky-blue hand-carts labeled

BATAKURI—MU
(BUTTER—CREAM)

There are grocers by the score, each with his different specialty:

SEVERAL PAPER AND GROCER

CANED PROVISIONS
WHOLESALE AND DETAIL

He can have his clothes washed by the

LAONDRY-MAN

or else at the

SHOP WASH

or the

WASH SHOPE

He can have them made at the

TAILOR SOAP

or, if he prefers, there are

TAILORS & READY MADE CLOTHES FOR SALE

For my own part, I should have the

TAILOR. NOBLE STYLE

There are not many barber-shops with English signs. Perhaps the most attractive to a foreigner is the

HYGIENE AND
ART SPECIAL BE-
LIEVE BARBER

A more modest barber contents himself with the words

NAIR SNEARS

At the first blush this does not suggest a barber-shop, but by putting an *h* in place of the *n* in both words the connection is more apparent.

If our imaginary foreigner wants any painting done about his house he can send for the

PANTER

the

FEINTORU

or the

HAWUSU PEINTA
(HOUSE PAINTER)

His furniture can be repaired at the

CATNET WORK SHOD

A soothing addition to his long dull evenings can be got of the

BOROK AND TOBACCO NIST

or of the man who sells

CIGAR TOBACK-LONG-CUT-CIGARETTER

If he keeps a horse he will probably need to visit

THE CARRIAGE, AND ALL OF HARNESS
AND HARNESS MAKER

And so on through all the trades; there seems to be no end to these ingenious perversions of the English tongue.

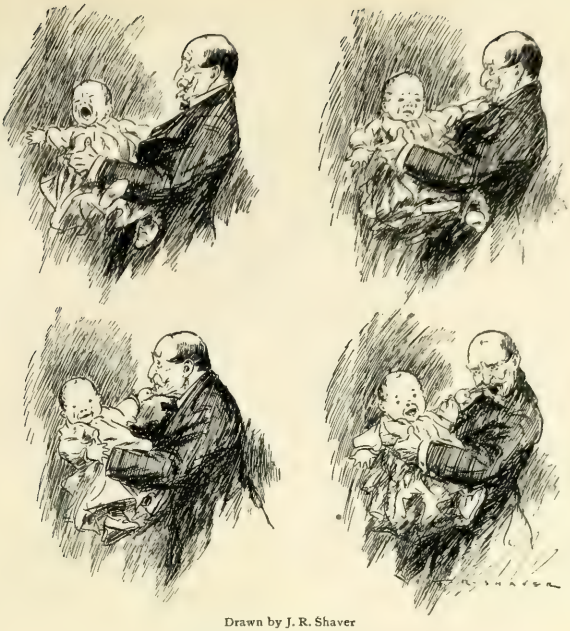
For my part, I would not have it otherwise; for they are a constant joy to the foreign resident, and also a great convenience in a land where it is impossible to read the names of the streets. To know that some one lives in the first street to the left past the

PATENT INVENT INK STORP

or that a certain bookseller in Kanda is two streets to the north of the

CUICK SOLE SMALI PROTIT

grocer places them at once in one's mind.

Margaret Perry.

Drawn by J. R. Shaver

"TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY"

Coals of Fire

(SEE "IN LIGHTER VEIN" FOR SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER)

WHIST, Peggy wumman! Pass these houses here
Bonny an' prood an' spry, wi' mickle cheer;
Look at me sae, an' smile intil my face—
Look lovin', if it be God gies ye grace;
Nar fear I wad your winsome passion check
If ye sho'd hing your airms abou' my neck!

(*Aside*)
Now let the hizzies peep as we gang by,
An' deil a cheek amang them will be dry!
I 'll spraid mysel' an' step wi' lairdly gait,
Stare cauld on Peggy, my unwarthy mate;
I 'll wark my shaulders an' bulge oot my chist,
That they may rue the braw mon they hae misst.

If ony o' them mark us, or their mithers,
'T winna be lang in gaein' tae the ithers—
How that the "h'isted Scawtsmon," in his pride,
Gaed past them wi' his ain rid-headed bride,
Which canna hellup but burn them tae the bane,
Na kennin' Peg 's a sister o' my ain.

John Charles McNeill.

Corporal Keefe

OH, have you heard of Corporal Keefe,
The soldier lad who done
Hot work, and was the bravest man
That fit with Washington?

The red coat of a Britisher
Was such to Corporal Keefe
That nothing short of butchery
Afforded him relief.

'T was in the fight at Monmouth town
That Corporal Keefe done deeds
Which makes the usual laurel wreath
Look like a bunch of weeds.

The wonders which he done that day
Have not been handed down
In all their glory, but there 's one
That 's chock-full of renown.

He fit from early morn till 3 P.M. that bloody day,
When General Washington rode out
And ordered him away.

The general, from his prancing steed,
Was looking at the fight,
And when he seen how Keefe let loose,
He said it was n't right.

He seen him chopping right and left
And shooting all around,
And piling up the helpless foe
In winrows on the ground.

He thought Keefe should be satisfied
With ordinary loss,
But when he seen him keep right on,
He put spurs to his hoss,

And riding closer to the scrap,
He dodged behind his shield
And yelled: "For heaven's sake, Keefe, restrain your impetuosity and do not make a slaughter-house
Of this here battle-field."

William J. Lampton.

More "English as She is Spelled"

THERE was a young person called Cholmondeley,
Who loved a fair maiden most colmondeley;
But as she never chose
To let him propose,
He only could worship her dolmondeley.

There was an old person of Gloucester,
Whose wife cut up rough if he croucester;
But once he did say
He would have his own way,
And the consequence was that he loucester.

A romantic young lady named Kerr
Said she wanted to shine like a sterr;
Said she, "Could I fly,
I would soar to the sky,
And shine on the world from aferr!

There was a young woman called Marjoribanks,
Who played her relations such arjoripranks,
They all said, "My dear,
Our duty is clear:
We must certainly give you some harjorispanks!"

A dashing young couple at Harwich
Went in for an up-to-date marwich;
They bought a balloon
For the sweet honeymoon,
And a motor instead of a carwich.

There was a young lady called Coke,
Who wrote a most immoral boke;
People said, "How improper!
We really must drop her!"
But she made a big pile, for it took.

An unfortunate person called Tweeddale
Once sat down in church on a needdale;
But they said, "My dear sir,
Pray don't make a stir;
We will have it removed by the beeddale."

There was an old girl called De Lisle,
Who had a most amiable smisle;
But, though she looked placid,
Her temper was acid—
To tell the whole truth, it was visle!

Beatrix Vere.

Drawn by E. Warde Blaisdell

THE COUNTY FAIR: A GOOD DAY FOR THE SIDE-SHOWS

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

Color drawing by Anna Whelan Betts

CHRISTMAS CALLERS

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXIX DECEMBER, 1904 NO. 2

A FLAMINGO CITY

RECORDING A RECENT EXPLORATION INTO A LITTLE-KNOWN FIELD OF ORNITHOLOGY

BY FRANK M. CHAPMAN

Associate Curator in the American Museum of Natural History

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR, THE FIRST TAKEN OF NESTING FLAMINGOS

THERE are larger birds than the flamingo, and birds with more brilliant plumage, but no other large bird is so brightly colored, and no other brightly colored bird is so large. In brief, size and beauty of plume united reach their maximum of development in this remarkable bird, while the open nature of its haunts and its gregariousness seem specially designed to display its marked characteristics of form and color to the most striking advantage.

When to these more superficial attractions is added the fact that little or nothing is known of the nesting habits of this singular bird, one may, in a measure, at least, realize the intense longing of the naturalist, not only to behold a flamingo city,—without question the most striking sight in the bird world,—but, at the same time, to lift the veil through which the flamingo's home life has been but dimly seen.

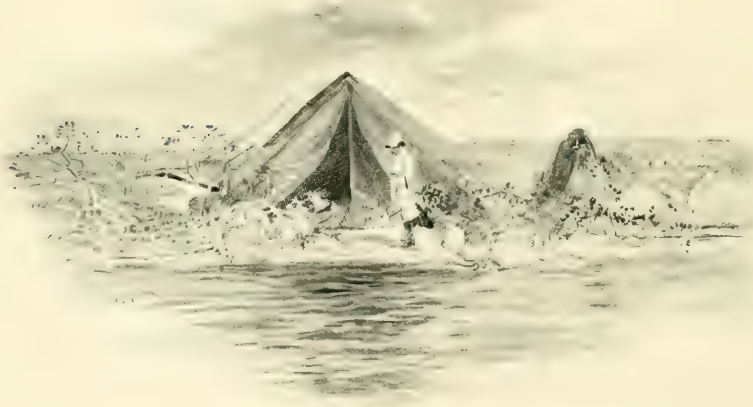
Flamingos are found in the warmer parts of both hemispheres. Two species exist in the Old World, four in the New. Of the latter the best-known and most widely distributed species is the American flamingo (*Phœnicopterus ruber*), ranging from the Bahamas and southern Florida to Brazil and the Galapagos. It is also more brightly colored than any of its congeners. It is probable that in no part of the area inhabited by this bird is it more abundant than in certain Bahama islands. Here the vast shallow lagoons and far-reaching "swashes" contain an inexhaustible store of the small spiral shell (*Cerithium*) upon which it appears to feed exclusively, and

Copyright, 1904, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

afford it a home where, in the absence of all other predaceous animals, man alone is its only enemy.

The Bahamas, therefore, are not only the best but the nearest ground in which the American naturalist may hope to study the flamingo during the season of reproduction. Indeed, it was in the Bahamas that C. J. Maynard, in 1884, and Sir Henry Blake, in 1887, first reported, from actual observation, the inaccuracy of the story that flamingos "straddle" their nests with their legs dangling on each side—a myth which, originating with Dampier, in 1699, had persisted for nearly two hundred years in default of more definite information. At about the same time Abel Chapman and Lord Lilford, through their explorations in Spain, relieved the European species from the awkward position it had held, in natural history literature, at least. None of these naturalists, however, appears to have established intimate relations with the flamingo. Their brief observations were made either from a distance or when the birds had been frightened from their nests. They were not so fortunate as to discover young flamingos, nor did they attempt to use the camera. To this day, therefore, our natural histories are either silent or inaccurate concerning the flamingos' domestic affairs.

It was in the spring of 1902 that I first went to the Bahamas in the interests of the American Museum of Natural History to form the acquaintance of flamingos. A plan long in mind then matured under exceptionally favorable circumstances. Joining forces with a former secretary of the governor of the islands, I was fortunately possessed of an ally whose position gave him unusual means of securing information and of reconnoitering such localities as seemed likely to yield the desired results. Nevertheless, our expedition, so far as our main purpose was concerned, was a failure. Flamingos we found in numbers, and even villages of the adobe nests that they had occupied only a year or two previously; but we did not discover an inhabited city. One of the deserted villages that we examined covered an area one hundred yards long by about thirty yards wide, and contained, approximately, two thousand of the little mud cones which the flamingo erects as a nest. The site selected was an exposed mud flat with virtually no vegetation nearer than four hundred yards. Seeing this frame, I knew I should never be content until I had also seen the picture it once held. Indeed, during the ensuing two years there was rarely a day when a vision of the glories of a flamingo city was not in more or less full possession of the field of



Drawn by Harry Fenn from a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE FLAMINGO CAMP

Drawn by Harry Fenn from a photograph. Half tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

REAR VIEW OF THE BLIND USED FOR PHOTOGRAPHING THE FLAMINGOS, THE FRONT COVERED WITH PALMETTO LEAVES

my fancy, and although it is somewhat in advance of my story, I may say at once that my most vivid dream was but a shadow of the reality.

The following year found me a willing captive to the charms of California bird life, but a negro scout, a member of our party of the preceding year, was despatched to report on the movements of the flamingos, with a view to facilitating work the ensuing season. He was unsuccessful, but means to advance my project were offered by a correspondent in Nassau who placed me in communication with one of the twelve white inhabitants of the flamingos' island.

This gentleman proved a friend indeed. On the approach of the following nesting season, under his directions, scouts were again sent out. One after the other they became physically or mentally exhausted, until "Peter" alone was left to continue the search. Owing to his perseverance the home of the flamingos was finally found.

At once word was sent to me in southern Florida, and in a schooner-yacht, lent for the work in view, I started for the scene of action.

Three days should have brought us to port and Peter, but it was May 8, 1904, when we left Florida, and not till May 17 that we anchored off our Bahama haven. Surely no impatient naturalist was ever confronted with nine days filled with more adverse conditions. Calms, squalls, head winds, contrary currents, shoals, reefs, and coral heads—all fell to our lot, while at one time the whole expedition seemed threatened with an untimely end when a negro pilot ran us hard and fast aground on a lee shore at high tide. It was only a slightly higher tide and endless kedging that inch by inch drew the *Gloria* into deeper water.

Four days later we reached our destination, but had scarcely lowered our sails when we were attacked by a furious cyclonic rain-storm, which would have landed us on a neighboring coral reef had it not been for the seamanship of our captain, effectively seconded by three anchors and by fathoms of stout cable. As it was, Peter, now the most important member of our party, was capsized offshore in a small boat; but, thanks to the low tide and a friendly shoal, was spared to lead us to the retreat of the flamingos.

"THE BIRDS WERE NOW ALL IN THE AIR"

A rainfall of six inches in two hours, however, aroused grave doubts for the safety of these inhabitants of the always semi-flooded swash, and we tried to believe that the storm had not reached their portion of the island.

The following morning our voyage was resumed. With Peter at the bow or in the rigging, we threaded narrow channels and crossed broad flats, when tide and wind

ist whose instinctive desires have been sharpened by years of longing and endeavor; neither without a true understanding of the situation could one measure the unfathomable depths of my disappointment when, peering cautiously through the vegetation, I saw only the dreary swash stretching birdless before me.

"You ain't see no birds, sir?" replied Peter to my inquiry for the rookery; and

"THE BIRDS ADVANCED WITH STATELY TREAD"

permitted, and at the end of three days took to our small boat to continue our journey in water too shallow for the schooner. Hours of rowing up endless, unmapped creeks, flowing through a depressing waste of marl and stubby mangroves, brought us at last so near the flamingos' home that we beached the boat and with lowered voices proceeded on foot through the mud and over the sharp coral rock.

The rookery lay just the other side of a "coppet" of bushes and low trees. I approached it with an almost painful feeling of expectation. Was it possible that within a minute or two the vision of years would become a reality? Should I actually see a thousand or more red-feathered forms closely massed in one glowing bed of color, building their nests, incubating their eggs, or even feeding their young?

One whose first knowledge of the glories of flamingo life is, perhaps, suggested by this article probably cannot fully appreciate the abnormal mental condition of the naturalhis surprise at the absence of the "wastly numerous hostes" which he had reported as occupying this place only a week before almost equaled my discouragement in the face of this overwhelming failure.

Our fears were realized. The deluge of four days before had played havoc with the birds' homes. Hundreds of nests were submerged or washed away, and eggs were stranded on mud bars, half buried in oozy marl, or still floating on the water. The birds had disappeared.

It was useless to attempt further search in this quarter, and in view of the probability that other colonies of flamingos, if such existed, had suffered a similar disaster, work for the present was abandoned, and we sailed for Nassau to meet additions to our party and to replenish our supplies.

In the meantime Peter was despatched to the region visited in 1902, and great indeed was our joy on returning, two weeks later, to learn that the flamingos were nesting at this place in unusually large

"AS NOON APPROACHED, . . . THE BIRDS DISPOSED THEMSELVES FOR SLEEP"

numbers. Being on slightly higher ground, they had apparently not been affected by the storm of May 17, since eggs were already hatching.

Wings could not now have borne us to the scene rapidly enough. Professor Wheeler and Dr. Dahlgren, my associates from the Museum, were landed at a settlement where they could pursue their studies of marine life, while Mrs. Chapman and I set sail in the *Gloria* for the flamingos' metropolis.

schooner's two boats, which two of the crew and Peter rowed or poled against the wind, and dragged over muddy shoals and coral bars hour after hour. It was a trying day's work, and when, late in the afternoon, Peter said we had reached our destination, we were fully fifteen miles from the schooner. We did not seem to have arrived anywhere. All day we had been following broad, shallow creeks, which, meeting other creeks, widened at intervals into lagoons, while on every side

PHOTOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE THAT THE SITTING FLAMINGO DOES NOT "STRADDLE" THE NEST

The birds in the background are fighting

For the first time since leaving Florida, wind and tide favored us. A distance which on a former voyage had consumed four days was now covered in one, and the next morning we reached the nearest point to which the schooner could approach the rookery. Peter's assurance that it was "not too berry far" to the flamingos convinced us, in the light of past experiences, that they were distant at least ten miles, possibly more. It was not practicable, therefore, to go and return the same day, and, notwithstanding the frequent heavy rains and tempestuous squalls, it was determined to camp near the birds.

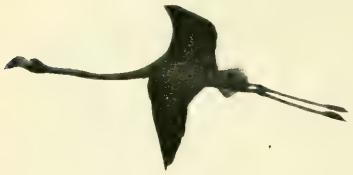
Without loss of time our outfit was embarked in the

the country spread away into the low, flat swash, neither land nor water, and utterly worthless for everything but flamingos. So when Peter announced that our journey was ended, we looked out over this hopeless country in search of a camp site, to find that the narrow, somewhat sandy shore of the creek was the only available place where one might pitch a tent. It is true that from each end of the tent a hand could be thrust into the water, but at least we had selected the highest available ground.

Even here it was discovered that the sand barely covered coral rock below. To drive a tent-pin effectively was out of the question, and our tent was

stayed to roots and bushes and to one of our boats, which was hauled out to windward as an anchor for both tent and fly. Incidentally, it proved a capital tank. The almost constant rains soon filled it, and we had an unlimited supply of fresh water during the eight days of our stay.

A camp was not made, however, until we had investigated the flamingo colony. This time, when asked for the whereabouts of the birds, Peter pointed to a thin, pink strip distant a mile or more across the swash! Flamingos, surely, but were they nesting? We lost no time in speculation, but started at once to investigate. Ten minutes' wading through shallow water brought us so near the now greatly enlarged pink band that with a glass the birds



could be seen unmistakably seated on their conical nests of mud, and with an utterly indescribable feeling of exultation we advanced rapidly to view at short range this wonder of wonders in bird life.

At a distance of about three hundred yards, the wind being from us toward the birds, we first heard the honking notes of alarm—a wave of deep sound. Soon the birds began to rise, standing on their nests, facing the wind, and waving their black-and-vermilion wings. As we came a little nearer, in stately fashion the birds began to move; uniformly, like a great body of troops, they stepped slowly forward, black pinions waving and trumpets sounding, and then, when we were still a hundred and fifty yards away, the leaders sprang into the air. File after file of the winged host followed. The very earth seemed to erupt birds, as flaming masses streamed heavenward. It was an appalling sight. One of the boatmen, with a gift for selecting graphic if inelegant terms, said it looked "like hell," and the description is apt enough to be set down without impropriety.

The birds were now all in the air. At the moment I should have said that there were at least four thousand of them, but a subsequent census of nests showed that this number should be halved. They flew only a short distance to windward, then, swinging, with set wings sailed over us, a rushing, fiery cloud. To my intense relief, they alighted in a lagoon bordering the western edge of the rookery.

Soon we were among an apparently innumerable lot of close-set mud nests, each with its single egg, or, rarely, newly hatched chick, doubtless the first young flamingo ever seen in its nest by a naturalist. While we were standing, half dazed by the whole experience, the army of birds which had gathered in the lagoon rose, and with harsh honkings bore down on us. The action was startling. The birds, in close array, came toward us without a waver, and for a moment one might well have believed they were about to attack; but, with a mighty roar of wings and clanging of horns, they passed overhead, turned, and on set wings shot back to the lagoon.

Fearing that birds ordinarily so shy might, in spite of the claims of parental instinct, desert their homes, we lost no time in preparing with branches a place near the border of the rookery in which my blind might be concealed the following day.

This blind, it should be explained, is composed of an umbrella which, opened within a long bag of light material, becomes, when attached by its handle to a rod driven in the ground, a circular tent affording perfect concealment for the bird-student and his camera. In conformance with Abbott Thayer's law of protective coloring, it has been dyed darkest at the top, whence it fades from leaf-green to a gray at the bottom, an arrangement which, compensating for the unequal distribution of skylight, brings top and bottom into a uniform tone, and makes the whole affair so inconspicuous that, when surrounded in part by branches, it is virtually invisible.

Into this blind I crawled the next morning. The birds had left their nests with the same orderly, impressive sequence of movements shown the preceding afternoon, and had gathered in close array in the lagoon bordering the egg-dotted rookery stretching out before me. Mrs. Chapman had gone back to camp.

The interesting question now was, Would the birds return to their nests, the nearest of which were about thirty feet from me, or would the blind arouse their

From a photograph by the author, colored under his direction by Bruce Horsfall

"THE BIRDS, LIKE A VAST CONGREGATION, WITH DIGNIFIED PRECISION OF MOVEMENT, GRAVELY AROSE"

"A DOZEN YELLOW-EYED BIRDS AT MY THRESHOLD"

suspicions? Twice they rose in a body and swept over the rookery, each time alighting again in the lagoon. It was a reconnaissance in force, with evidently satisfactory results. No signs of danger were detected in the rookery, and, in the absence of ability to count, the retreat of one figure across the swash was as reassuring as the approach of two figures had been alarming.

Without further delay, the birds returned to their homes. They came *on foot*, a great red cohort, marching steadily toward me. I felt like a spy in an enemy's camp. Might not at least one pair of the nearly four thousand eyes detect something unnatural in the newly grown bush almost within their city gates? No sign of alarm, however, was shown; without confusion, and as if trained to the evolution, the birds advanced with stately tread to their nests. There was a bowing of a forest of slender necks as each bird lightly touched its egg or nest with its bill; then, all talking loudly, they stood up on their nests; the black wings were waved for a moment, and bird after bird dropped forward upon its egg. After a vigorous, wriggling motion, designed evidently to bring the egg into close contact with the skin, the body was still, but the long neck and head were for a time in constant motion, preening, picking up material at the base of the nest, dabbling in a near-by puddle, or perhaps drinking from it, occasionally sparring with one of the three or four neighbors within reach, when, bill grasping bill, there ensued a brief and harmless test of strength.

In some instances a bird was seen adding to a nest in which an egg had already been deposited. Standing on the nest, it would drag up mud from the base with its bill, which was then used to press the fresh material into place. The feet were also of service in treading down the soft, marly clay.

"BLACK PINIONS WAVING AND TRUMPETS SOUNDING"

BROODING AND FEEDING A CHICK

The nests at this side of the rookery were below the average in size. Few of them reached a height of eight inches, while nests in the older part of this city of huts measured thirteen inches in height, with a diameter of fourteen inches at the top and twenty-two at the bottom. The depression forming the nest proper was never more than an inch in depth, and was without lining of any kind.

Apparently two factors enter into the flamingos' type of architecture: they must build where there is mud, and at the same time erect a structure high enough to protect its contents from any normal rise in the water due to tides or rainfall.

After watching a nesting colony of flamingos in the Bahamas for "nearly an hour," at a distance of one hundred and fifty yards, Sir Henry Blake stated that the females sat upon the nests while the males stood up together, evidently near by. My dissections, however, showed that both sexes incubate, while continued observation from the tent revealed the presence of only one bird of the pair in the rookery at the same time. The bird on the nest was relieved late in the afternoon and early in the morning. The one, therefore, which incubated during the day fed at night, and his or her place was taken by another which had been feeding during the day. Or, as Peter put it: "I do t'ink, sir, dat when de lady fillymingo leave de nest, den de gen'leman fillymingo take her place, sir; yes, sir."

A CHICK EATING ITS SHELL

Morning and evening, then, there was much activity in the rookery. Single birds, or files of as many as fifty, were almost constantly arriving and departing, coming from and radiating to every point of the compass.

Flamingos in flight resemble no other bird known to me. With legs and neck fully outstretched, and the comparatively small wings set half-way between bill and toes, they look as if they might fly backward or forward with equal ease. They progress more rapidly than a heron, and, when hurried, fly with a singular serpentine motion of the neck and body, as if they were crawling in the air.

As noon approached, one by one the birds disposed themselves for sleep. The long necks were arranged in sundry coils and curves, the heads tucked snugly beneath the feathers of the back, and, for the first time, there was silence in the red city. Suddenly—one could never tell whence it came—the honking alarm-note was given. Instantly, and with remarkable effect, the snake-like necks shot up all over the glowing

bed of color before me, transforming it into a writhing mass of flaming serpents; then, as the alarm-note continued and was taken up by a thousand throats, the birds, like a vast congregation, with dignified precision of movement, gravely arose, pressing their bills into the nests to assist themselves.

Under circumstances of this kind the birds rarely left their nests, and it was difficult to determine the cause of their alarm. Often, doubtless, it was baseless, but at times it was due to a circling turkey-buzzard, the gaunt ogre of flamingodom, which, in the absence of the parent birds, eats not only eggs but nestlings.

Possibly some slight sound from my tent, where, with ill-controlled excitement, I was making photograph after photograph, may have occasioned the deep-voiced, warning *huh-huh-huh*.

I had so often fruitlessly stalked these wary birds across the swash that I was tempted to step out from my blind and address a word of triumph to the assembled multitude; but so sudden an alarm might not only have caused the destruction of many eggs, but might have resulted in the birds deserting their homes. Consequently, several hours after entering the blind, Mrs. Chapman, by arrangement, returned, the birds retreated to the lagoon, and I left my hiding-place without their being the wiser.

Encouraged by this surprisingly successful attempt to study these wary birds at close range, I determined to enter the very heart of their city. Consequently, when, at our approach the following morning, the birds left their nests, the blind was hurriedly moved from its position at the border of the rookery to a point near its center, where a buttonwood-bush afforded it some concealment.

Nests were now within arm's-reach; the blind itself covered an abandoned one. It seemed wholly beyond the bounds of probability that the birds would take their places so near me; but, as before, the departure of my assistant was the signal to advance. The great red army, with clanging of horns, again approached, reached, and this time surrounded me. I was engulfed in color and clarionings. The wildest imagination could not have conceived of so thrilling an experience. Seated on the deserted nest, I myself seemed to have become a flamingo.

The blind, strange to say, aroused no suspicion. Without hesitation and with evident recognition of their home, the splendid creatures reoccupied their nests. For a time I feared detection. It was impossible to look from the blind in any direction without seeming to meet the glance of a dozen yellow-eyed birds at my threshold. Fortunately, the uproar of their united voices was so great that the various sounds made in the manipulation of my two cameras were barely audible even to my ears. With the wind in the right quarter, this honking chorus could be plainly heard at our camp. The adults utter three distinct calls, all goose-like in character. The usual note of the young bird is a whistling crow.

The birds of this portion of the rookery had evidently begun to nest at an earlier date than those in the section before visited. Many of the nests contained an egg from which the chick was emerging, and in others were young evidently several days old; while birds which had left the nest were running about with their parents.

On leaving the shell, and before the plumage was dry, some chicks had sufficient strength to respond to their evidently instinctive sense of fear. At my approach they crawled to the edge of the nest and dropped over to the ground or water below, though beyond this they could progress but little. Chicks a day old jumped nimbly from the nest and ran or swam rapidly away. On subsequent days it became necessary to enter my blind with caution, to avoid frightening the young in the near-by nests. At the best, some would leave their homes and scurry away, but they returned to the place of their birth apparently in response to a call uttered by the parent as it stood on or near the deserted nest. The little chick reached the top of the nest unaided by the parent bird, using its bill, feet, and wings in the effort. The thumb and index-finger are both provided with a somewhat recurved nail, which in this connection may be functional. The parents evidently recognized their own offspring, and when a youngster lost his way his nape was promptly pinched by every old bird within whose reach he came, a method which was effective in keeping him on the move until he found his own home.

The young stay in the nest until they are three or four days old. During this time they are brooded by the parents, one or the

From a photograph by the author, colored under his direction by Bruce Horsfall

"DROP BY DROP FROM THE TIP OF THE PARENT'S BILL"

other of which is always in attendance. With a bill as large as their nestling's body, it was of special interest to observe how the latter would be fed. The operation is clearly shown in an accompanying photograph. What in effect is regurgitated clam broth is taken drop by drop from the tip of the parent's bill. At times the bird, standing above its chick, leans over and feeds it, or, while brooding, a snowy head is pushed out from a vermilion wing, and with a swan-like movement the neck is gracefully curved as the food is administered.

This is the young bird's first meal. His next attempts at eating are of special interest. It will be observed that the bill in a newly hatched flamingo bears small resemblance to the singular, decurved organ of the adult. In the chick the bill is short and straight, with no hint of future curvature; and at this stage of its existence the bird feeds in a manner wholly unlike that employed by the old birds. It *picks up* its food. The second meal, then, consists of bits of the egg-shell whence the chick has lately emerged. This bone-forming matter evidently now takes the place of the *Cerithium* shells which the parents seem to find essential to their well-being.

When the bird is about three weeks old the bill first shows signs of convexity, and the bird now feeds after the singular manner of the adult, standing on its head, as it were, the maxilla, or upper half of the bill, being nearly parallel with the ground. Contrary to the rule among birds, the lower portion of the bill is immovable, but the upper portion, moving rapidly, forces little jets of water from each side of the base of the bill, washing out the sand and the mud through the strainers with which the sides of the bill are beset, and leaving the shells on which the bird subsists. Or, as Peter expressed it: "It seems to me, sir, when de fillymingo feed dat de upper lip do all de wuk, sir, when he *chomp*, *chomp*, *chomp*, and grabble in de mud."

Young flamingos taken from the rookery for further study subsequently gave an apparently instinctive exhibit of a characteristic habit of the adult bird when feeding. As I have said, the old birds live on a small spiral shell and its contents. This food is always obtained under water which may reach to the bird's body. When the shells are apparently embedded in the marl,

YOUNG FLAMINGOS FEEDING AFTER THE MANNER OF GROWN BIRDS

the feeding bird loosens them by a treading motion. It is the flamingos' one undignified action. Birds thus occupied seem to be engaged in some ridiculous kind of jig, which they dance with head and neck submerged.

Exactly the same performance was indulged in by the young birds, which, when given a pan of rice and water, soon danced the rice from off the bottom in order that it might be more readily secured.

The routine of camp life was now definitely established. The mornings were passed in the blind, the afternoons in the preparation of specimens, and the evenings were given to the interminable task of refilling plate-holders.

Daily squalls threatened to blow our poorly stayed tent into the creek, and continued rains rapidly decreased the extent of visible land about us. Nevertheless, we were not unduly inconvenienced by the weather.

YOUNG FLAMINGOS IN THE POSE OF GROWN BIRDS

The flamingos were less fortunate. The evidently excessive rainfall had flooded even the comparatively high ground on which their rookery was placed. Some nests were submerged (my own particular nest had already crumbled before the unaccustomed usage to which it had been subjected), and all were surrounded by water. The necessity of erecting a structure of some height was thus plainly demonstrated.

This second catastrophe to a nesting colony emphasized the adverse climatic conditions with which flamingos have to contend during the nesting season. Laying but one egg, it is probable that under favorable circumstances they can barely hold their own, and it is therefore to be deplored that man should be numbered among their enemies.

To my regret, our search for flamingos so widely advertised the location of the rookery among the negroes of the island that more than a dozen expeditions were planned to visit it for young birds.

Fresh meat is rarer than pink pearls in the outer Bahama islands. Young flamingos are excellent eating, and are, consequently, much sought after. As a result of this persecution on the nesting-ground, they are steadily diminishing in numbers, and the passage of a law designed to protect them is greatly to be desired.

Our camp site was now barely habitable, and it became obvious that if the rains continued we should soon be afloat. Confidence in the life-preserving qualities of our pneumatic mattresses permitted us to sleep undismayed by the *lap*, *lap* of waters at our threshold; but more valuable, almost, than life itself were our photographic plates and specimens, and it was therefore determined to break camp and return to the schooner. In spite of the disagreeable surroundings, the swash was left reluctantly. My work, however, was virtually ended. I had enjoyed an experience unparalleled in the annals of ornithology, had made twelve dozen photographs and pages of detailed notes, and had secured material adequate to represent the home life of flamingos in a group to be exhibited in the Museum which had intrusted me with this mission to a little-known country.

A BELATED CHRISTMAS

BY CARTER GOODLOE

WITH PICTURES BY HARRISON FISHER

"THAT 'S the ice-factory," said Weekes impressively to Miss Morgan. He waved his hand to where a corrugated iron roof, surmounting a whitewashed frame building, showed up distinctly, even at that distance, against the luxuriant green foliage about it.

"Ah!" said the girl, carelessly; and then she added enthusiastically, as she looked about her: "Oh, how tropical it all is! Look!—look! I think I saw a shark in the water!"

Weekes shook his head gloomily. "Oh, it 's tropical all right enough, and sharks are all very well in their way, but the important thing down here is the ice-factory."

The little *Tabasco* gave a few more sickening rolls, and then, sticking her nose in the water and making one final plunge, she shoved herself well over the bar and glided into smooth water and into full view of the little Isthmian town at the same time.

Carleton strolled up to where Weekes and Miss Morgan hung over the rail of the little steamer.

"That 's the ice-factory, Miss Morgan," he said genially, pointing with his stick to the now plainly visible whitewashed building.

"Yes," said the girl. "Are sharks—"

"Miss Morgan is more interested in sharks than in the ice-factory, Carleton," interrupted Weekes, sadly.

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Carleton, turning an incredulous look on the young lady, who was now by way of being openly amused.

"It is n't possible, my dear Miss Morgan! Why, do you know what that means to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec? It means that you can have pineapple-ice a hundred miles up the Coatzacoalcos; that Francis can have frozen custard on the Solo-Suchil; that Warren can—"

Stanwix popped his head out of the cabin.

"That 's our ice-factory, Miss Morgan," he called out blithely. "The white building over there with the iron roof—no, you are looking too far to the left!" He emerged hastily from the cabin and joined the group at the side of the rail. "Over there, near the railroad," he said, solicitously rolling up a newspaper and adjusting it carefully to his eye. "Now follow that line—" Miss Morgan gave a heartless peal of laughter.

"You 're too late, my boy," said Carleton, with dignity. "We have pointed out the pride of our city to Miss Morgan, and she fails to appreciate it."

Stanwix lowered his improvised telescope and gazed sadly at the young girl.

"By Jove! What!—Well, if you don't appreciate the seriousness of our ice-factory, perhaps you will appreciate the seriousness of the medical examination about to take place. Here comes the doctor aboard, and I advise you, Miss Morgan, to cease your unseemly hilarity; for your color is very much heightened, and he might think you had a fever and put the ship in quarantine. He 's such an awful ass, you know."

The little doctor was scrambling over the side of the boat. At the same instant a steward made his way forward with a tray and glasses.

"What 's he going to do—put a thermometer in my mouth and feel my pulse?" inquired Miss Morgan.

"Yes; but the most arduous part of his

Drawn by Harrison Fisher. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'THAT 'S THE ICE-FACTORY, MISS MORGAN'"

duties consists in taking a drink first with the captain."

"I should n't mind him and his visits so much if he did n't fly that beastly little yellow flag," complained Carleton. "A most unhealthy color, I call it. And, by the way, there are your friends, the Fieldses, waving to you, Miss Morgan. By Jove, Mrs. Fields is a beauty! Think of a woman dressing and looking like that in these parts!"

"I always feel as if I had taken a little trip to the States after a glimpse of her," chimed in Weekes. "She keeps up the standard for the women down here, I can tell you. She 's a regular institution—she ought to be subsidized," he went on enthusiastically.

Miss Morgan looked at the two figures on the little wharf.

"Yes—that 's Claire and Ned, the dears!" And she waved her handkerchief and smiled in response to the wavings and smiles of the two on shore, after the delightfully senseless fashion of people who are doomed to stand and look at one another for hours before being able to meet.

This amiable interchange of the sign-language was kept up at frequent intervals until the doctor had scrambled over the boat's side again. A few moments later the *Tabasco* had steamed up to the wharf, and Miss Morgan and Mrs. Fields were clasped in each other's embrace.

"I never really thought you would come, Helen; it 's almost too good to believe," exclaimed the latter, with a sigh of relief.

"And why not?" asked the girl, with a laugh. "Indeed, I could hardly wait to get here."

"Well, it must seem like the jumping-off place to you; and when your steamer was two days late, I told Ned I was sure you were not coming." Mrs. Fields looked at her husband, who was standing by, waiting for a chance to speak to Miss Morgan.

"Indeed, she did," said that gentleman, fervently; "and she seemed to hold me accountable for it; and when the *Tres Rios* went up the river yesterday without us, and when I told her I should have to go to Orizaba on business for a week, she was *sure* you were not coming. In some occult way those facts seemed to be connected in her mind with your arrival. I am glad you have got here to disprove part of her prophecy, anyway."

"But he *has* got to go up to Orizaba, and the *Tres Rios did* go off and leave us," objected Mrs. Fields, gloomily. "And if it were not for Mr. Francis, I don't know how we should ever get back to the hacienda. Where is Mr. Francis, Ned?"

A fair-haired, blue-eyed young man in khaki riding-clothes, who had been standing some distance off, talking to the purser of the *Tabasco*, came up.

"Here I am, Mrs. Fields," he said.

"Please don't go as far away again, Mr. Francis," said that lady, plaintively. "It makes me nervous for you to be out of my sight; and, besides, I want to introduce you to Miss Morgan. Helen, this is Mr. John Francis, who is going to save our lives by taking us back to the hacienda in his naphtha-launch. Ned cheerfully deserts us, and we have only Mr. Francis to look to."

"Good heavens, Claire! You 'll make Helen think I do it on purpose. Do you imagine I enjoy going to Orizaba after *mozos*, and spending Christmas in a Mexican hotel by myself?" demanded Mr. Fields, indignantly.

Miss Morgan laughed. "I 'm sure you don't, Ned," she said soothingly.

"I knew you would see how it is, Helen. You and Claire will be all right, for Francis here is in the deuce of a hurry to get back to his hacienda, and will take you up the river like a shot. He 's got the fastest naphtha-launch on the Isthmus—or at least he always says so."

"Then we may expect to get to the hacienda for Christmas?" queried Miss Morgan, politely.

As Mr. Francis looked at the young girl smiling tentatively at him, a sudden regret for the well-known speed of his launch filled his breast. It would be rather jolly to have to loiter a bit on the way. One did not see girls like this one every day on the Isthmus, or every year even.

"We ought to get there by to-morrow night," he admitted reluctantly.

"Of course you can," put in Mr. Fields, briskly. "You girls must be ready to start for Minatitlan this afternoon; you can get there to-night, and, leaving early in the morning, you will reach Bella Vista to-morrow night. And don't be late starting, for Jack is in the biggest kind of a hurry to get up to his hacienda."

"Oh, that 's all right, Ned," put in Francis, hurriedly.

"Now, Jack, if you are going to let the girls bully you into fooling around and losing time, I shall try to get them up the river some other way," began Ned, solemnly.

"There is n't any other way," said Mr. Francis, with sudden cheerfulness.

"You see, he 's got a hundred and fifty mozos waiting to be told what to do on his place, and his reports to send to the company, and—"

"Shut up, old man, will you?" growled Francis. "You'll make the ladies think I 'm conferring an everlasting favor on them, when it 's quite the other way around. You 'd much better be attending to your own affairs. You 're in great luck to get a steamer back to Vera Cruz this afternoon, you know."

"As usual, your words are pearls of wisdom, my boy. I 'll go and engage a cabin on the *Tabasco* this blessed minute."

At four o'clock, when the little steamer went bobbing out over the bar again, Mr. Fields hung over the stern and waved a melancholy adieu to his wife and Miss Morgan, who stood beside Francis on the wharf.

They were off themselves a few minutes later, the *Esmeralda* cutting through the water in quite a wonderful way. Francis was at the wheel, guiding the little craft skilfully through the waves which rolled in big from the gulf, while Chico, the Indian *maquinista*, bent over the throbbing naphtha-engine.

"It 's all wrong," murmured Miss Morgan from where she sat comfortably installed with her back against the partition separating the cabin from the engine-room. Her position enabled her to take in a full view of the luxurious little cabin, with its mahogany woodwork and velvet cushions, as well as of the broad river fringed on both sides by dense foliage and great trees. "It 's all wrong. You 've lured me here under false pretenses, Claire. I thought I was leaving New York for a wild country where Indians and Isthmian tigers abounded, and where there was no faster mode of locomotion than a dugout canoe. Why, we might be skimming about off Narragansett or Bar Harbor! Look at these curtains and mahogany seats!"

"Oh, mahogany is cheap down here, Miss Morgan," said Francis, calling Chico to the wheel and sitting down opposite the young girl. "Why, I know a chap up on the Solo-Suchil whose house is built of mahogany, and when he wants a new table or chair—he 's clever with tools—he rips off a board or two and makes it."

Miss Morgan smiled divinely on the young man.

"That 's perfectly delicious. Think of actually being in a country where mahogany *grows!*"

"A great many tropical things besides mahogany grow here, Miss Morgan. And there are monkeys and parrots and macaws in the forests, you know; and as for dugout canoes, they are often resorted to—naphtha-launches being uncertain quantities," he added darkly.

"But not the *Esmeralda*," interrupted Mrs. Fields, triumphantly. "She never gets cranky. I 've heard you say so a hundred times yourself, Mr. Francis."

"Oh, ass—ass that I am, to have bragged about this boat from one end of the Isthmus to the other!" murmured Francis to himself.

"Nevertheless, I insist that the *Esmeralda* ought to be a dugout canoe," said Helen, smiling again on the stricken Francis. "But it is nice to know that there really are monkeys and parrots growing wild, so to speak, down here. Claire, you must tell me about everything."

"I 'm awfully stupid, dear; you had much better get Mr. Francis to tell you about this country—how many kinds of palms there are, and how many skins a coffee-cherry has, and all that sort of thing."

"Good gracious! I thought all palms were pretty much alike, and I did n't know that coffee grew like cherries. I thought it grew in nice little pods, like peas, and popped out when it was ripe."

Francis was trying gallantly to control a wild fit of mirth, and even Mrs. Fields smiled in sympathy.

"I am afraid, Helen, you are as ignorant as I was when I first came down here; and, unfortunately, as Mr. Francis has to leave us to-morrow, he won't have time to do much toward your education."

Jack's hilarity suddenly ceased. "Oh, fool, bungler, impossible idiot!" he murmured to himself again.

"I shall have to wait until Ned gets back, then," said Miss Morgan, serenely.

"Poor Ned! To think of his having to spend Christmas in Orizaba all by himself!

It won't be any comfort to be back at the hacienda for Christmas without him. I don't much care where I am." And Mrs. Fields sighed disconsolately as she spoke.

Helen was gazing serenely out over the river, entranced by the beautiful view. The setting sun touched her rough, dark hair with a burnished brightness and brought a pink flush to the oval cheek. Francis was sitting so that her clear profile was turned to him, and he thought that he had never seen a more high-bred or lovely face. And to think that he had carefully arranged to separate himself from this exquisite creature in twenty-four hours! Why had he insanely announced his haste to be back on his hacienda? Only fools discussed their business affairs with any and every one, and braggarts on the subject of naphtha-launches deserved to be cast into the lowest limbo.

While he silently anathematized himself the sun sank with chromolithographic brilliancy behind a gigantic palm standing out with artistic effect in the foreground of the landscape, and the short tropical twilight gave place to a delicious fragrant darkness faintly dispelled by the light of a brand-new moon and the glowing evening star.

As the moon gradually withdrew herself, Francis reluctantly ordered Chico back to his engine and took his place again at the wheel, preferring to steer. The course was becoming difficult. The river made so many and such sharp turns that sometimes the evening star threw a long, glittering track of light directly before them, and sometimes it shone far over the stern. Once in a while the distant cry of some strange tropical bird came to them from the river-banks.

Miss Morgan leaned her head comfortably back, her face now pale and lovely in the semi-darkness. The young man stole a glance at her every now and then over his shoulder as he steered. Mrs. Fields was lying down, quietly sleeping, so that it seemed to him as if he and this beautiful girl were alone on the broad river in the fragrant night, and he wished with all his heart that the journey might continue indefinitely.

It was with a distinct shock of disappointment that he saw the lights and the landing at Minatitlan; and as they stumbled up the rough, dark street of the little town, and he felt Helen's hand holding tightly to his arm for safety, he could hardly find epithets sufficiently complimentary to apply to himself for having arranged to bring this journey together so quickly to an end.

He took the ladies to the only hotel—the one three-story building the town boasted of—and arranged with Donna Juana, the proprietress, for supper and rooms for the night. Both Mrs. Fields and Helen being tired, the repast was of the briefest, although Jack would have liked it prolonged indefinitely, and the *mole* and *platinos*, and chocolate highly flavored with vanilla, had never before appealed so strongly to his appetite. As they parted at the door, Mrs. Fields inquired when they should be ready to start in the morning.

"Don't be afraid to say any unearthly hour. You know we have promised Ned to be good and not keep you waiting."

"I never knew Ned to be so stupendously energetic before," said Francis, gloomily. "My affairs are not so pressing as that. And—and, in fact, Chico tells me that there is some necessary cleaning of the engine to be done before we start, so that it will be impossible to get away before ten or eleven. I advise you to get a good night's rest."

"Delightful! I feel as if I could sleep for at least twelve hours, which will bring our breakfast-hour to just eight-thirty! We shall see you then."

"You will," said Francis, emphatically, to himself; "and if, in the meantime, I have n't found—" and he shook his head thoughtfully as he strolled off into the darkness with a cigar.

He was up betimes next morning, and seven o'clock found him walking briskly down the rocky street to the river, where he found the *Esmeralda* tied up and Chico aboard waiting orders from the *patron*. He swung himself in at the stern and seated himself near the maquinista, who was rubbing up the engine.

"Chico," he said meditatively, "I want a few words with you."

"Si, señor."

The few words developed into a conversation, during the course of which Chico showed many symptoms of astonishment but imperfectly concealed. At the end of ten minutes Francis arose.

"You think you understand fully?"

"Como no, señor?" returned Chico,

with an unanswerable shrug. "God knows why the patron wishes so to act; but I understand what is required"; and he gazed with undiminished curiosity at Francis's back as far as he could see it retreating up the street.

Chico has been working on the engine, and —and there seems to be something wrong with her. I shall go down again after breakfast and see if I can't locate the trouble."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Fields, with a little cry of dismay.

Drawn by Harrison Fisher

"AN HOUR LATER FRANCIS MET THE LADIES IN THE LITTLE BREAKFAST-ROOM OF THE HOTEL"

An hour later Francis met the ladies in the little breakfast-room of the hotel with a troubled expression on his face.

"I am sorry to spoil your breakfast by bad news," he began at once; "but I have been down to see the boat this morning, and

"I thought the *Esmeralda* never got 'cranky,'" murmured Miss Morgan.

"'Pride goeth before a fall,' Miss Morgan; but I consider it distinctly unkind of you to twit me about the *Esmeralda's* unusual behavior," said Francis, sadly, as

he picked up his hat and started again for the river.

An hour or so later the ladies went down to see how matters were progressing with the *Esmeralda*. They stood on the bank, beneath their gay parasols, while they watched Francis work on the refractory engine. It was extremely warm, and he was an object of pity as he perspired and toiled over the evil-smelling, dirty naphtha-machine. Chico, near by, looked on with an expression of deepest disapproval.

"What a shame Ned is not here! He knows all about these naphtha-launches. Have n't we had three different makes ourselves? I am sure he could find out what is the matter with her."

"He doubtless could; but, you see, Ned is in Vera Cruz," said Francis, patiently. "That 's always the way—when you need a friend he 's generally not to be found."

"But there must be several men here who could help you. There 's Harry Arthur, or that Mr. Carpenter, or—"

"To tell you the truth, Mrs. Fields, I 'd rather not have any of those fellows fooling around the *Esmeralda's* engine," objected Francis, firmly. "I 'm sure they could n't discover her trouble, and I would just rather work the thing out myself. But you two must not stay down here out of pity for me. It 's much too hot. Do go up to the hotel, and I will join you as soon as possible."

In about fifteen minutes thereafter, the ladies having departed, Mr. John Francis carefully bathed his hands and his glowing face in the little toilet-room of the *Esmeralda*, and, lighting a cigar, stretched himself out on the cushions of the cabin in the shade of the awnings. At one o'clock he arose and, putting on his coat, sauntered up the street again. He found Mrs. Fields and Helen waiting for him on the corridor of the hotel.

"How goes it?" asked Mrs. Fields, anxiously, as he came up. "Shall we be able to start this afternoon?"

Francis shook his head mournfully. "I 'm afraid it 's a bad break, and I 'm awfully sorry if you are disappointed about not getting up to the hacienda for Christmas."

"Has she slipped an eccentric?" inquired Miss Morgan, sympathetically. "I don't know what that means; but a man once told me his steam-yacht had done that, and he seemed awfully worried over it."

"No; but it 's as bad. She 's broken two of her cylinder-rings, so that no explosion takes place in one of the cylinders. Chico will go to Coatzacoalcos this afternoon for new ones; but as this is a feast week, I fear that it will be at least four days before he can get them made and get back, and then it will take a day to adjust them. Are you really awfully disappointed not to reach the hacienda for Christmas?"

He looked so anxious and so abjectly troubled that Mrs. Fields hastened to reassure him.

"Without Ned, Christmas is the same as any other time to me. Besides, this town is quite picturesque, Helen; and if Mr. Francis will be your guide you may actually enjoy a week here."

"You are as good as you are beautiful, Mrs. Fields," said Francis, enthusiastically, bowing low; "and if you will only persuade Miss Morgan that your suggestion is a good one, I will be your devoted slave from this time forth."

"Miss Morgan is already persuaded," said that young lady, gazing interestedly at the little street, with its low, brilliantly colored houses, and out at the stretch of country visible beyond. "I want to see it all."

"You shall," said Mr. Francis. "We will begin this very afternoon."

And they did. He showed her every nook and corner of interest in the sleepy old Mexican town, every road and point of beauty near it; and on Christmas day, when the little place awoke to unwonted excitement and stir, from the first booming of cannon and ringing of church bells at five in the morning, to the fireworks and procession, headed by the municipal band playing the "Diana," in the afternoon, there was much to interest the newly arrived *gringo*. Francis himself interested her tremendously. It was a pleasurable surprise to find a college graduate and so good-looking a youth at the end of the world. She had never contemplated meeting a man like this—a man who knew some of her friends and who had led cotillions and played golf and umpired college baseball games—in that benighted land. And they had many opportunities for studying each other; for Mrs. Fields, having been to

Minatitlan frequently and not being athletically inclined, left them to go alone on most of their expeditions.

One of their favorite rambles was to a great grove of mangos that crowned a hill near the town. Here Francis would spread a *refajo* on the grass for Miss Morgan, and would read to her or tell her the ancient history of Minatitlan's mahogany-trade, which had once made it a most important place. Sometimes they were merely frivolous, and would pass whole afternoons in conversation, while Francis filled the girl's lap with great white gardenias or with the glossy leaves and fragrant buds of the orange-trees. In the evenings they would go to the Plaza to watch the dancing—the fandango to the monotonous thrumming of the *jaranas*, and the waltzes and *danzas*. The latter pleased the American girl tremendously.

"It is the poetry of motion. Just look at that olive-skinned Apollo waltzing around! Did you ever see any one dance more beautifully, Mr. Francis?"

"Humph!"

"And he is quite ravishingly beautiful, too."

"Great heavens! You cannot be serious." And he glared with extreme disapprobation after the lithe-limbed young Mexican circling gracefully around.

"What! Don't you like that dark type of good looks?" inquired Helen, sweetly. "I suppose your idea of a handsome man is—blond?" and she glanced casually at Francis's fair hair and blue eyes.

"Not at all," he answered hastily, and reddening perceptibly. "But—but I think these dark Mexicans are so deceitful-looking."

"Well, you know, 'all men are liars,'" said Miss Morgan, easily.

"That is true," said Francis, with sudden gloom; "even the best of us."

"And if a man is a liar, and therefore beneath contempt, what matters it whether he be blond or brunette?" went on Miss Morgan contemplatively and with stern impartiality.

"What matter, indeed?" echoed Francis, resignedly. "But I hope that my place in the category of the mendacious will not prevent your taking that horseback ride with me to-morrow."

The girl laughed. "I believe it has not yet been scientifically proved that the habit of untruthfulness affects one's horsemanship, and so I will go," she said.

It was on the return from this ride across a wonderful country in the fragrant dusk of early evening that the bolt fell which Francis had been dreading. Mrs. Fields met the riders as they dismounted at the steps of the corridor.

"I have just had a telegram from Ned," she said joyously. "He is leaving Vera Cruz and will be here to-morrow morning; and I am sure, Mr. Francis, he will be able to help you about the launch. Perhaps it was n't the rings, after all, and something else may be the matter. Whatever it is, I know Ned will be able to discover it."

Francis suppressed a groan. "Yes; Ned is very clever about naphtha-engines. I am sure he will know what is the matter with her."

"And perhaps he can help you fix it so we can start right up the river. But, after all, I shall be rather sorry to be off; we have had a pleasant-enough week, don't you think?" went on Mrs. Fields, regretfully.

Francis agreed with her, and would Miss Morgan go for a last stroll along the river-bank?

The young girl did not need much persuasion, and the two sauntered off together in the moonlight. In silence they went down the rocky little street to the river's edge, where the *Esmeralda* lay dark and still at her moorings. Helen looked at the little craft a moment.

"She 's the prettiest naphtha-launch I ever saw. And how strong and well built she looks! Who would believe that she could be so deceitful and cranky as to play us such a trick?" she said, with a sigh.

"Are you so sorry to have been kept here a week?" asked Francis in a low tone.

Miss Morgan turned her head and looked out over the river.

"I—I certainly have enjoyed being a prisoner at Minatitlan; but, just the same, the boat is a deceitful little wretch to go back on you in that way."

"Wait a minute, Miss Morgan! I feel doubly a villain now. The truth is, I have a confession to make to you—that is why I asked you to come out here with me. If it were not so wet I would get down on my knees to you," went on Francis, desperately.

"Is it so bad as that?" demanded Miss

Morgan, sternly. But something in his bowed head and contrite expression made a little smile come into the corners of her eyes. Francis, however, did not see this sign of grace, his gaze being bent humbly upon the ground.

"I think not."

The bowed head sank lower. "Not when it means everything to a poor sinner? Not when, by a little subterfuge, happiness and everything that goes to make life worth living can be secured?"

Drawn by Harrison Fisher

"ONE OF THEIR FAVORITE RAMBLES WAS TO A GREAT GROVE OF MANGOS"

"It is as bad as it can be," he said. "But 'all men are liars,' as you yourself remarked last night."

"That was a quotation, not my own personal opinion. Happily, I have known a great many truthful men."

"I wish I were one of them," said Francis, gloomily. "Unfortunately, I fear I am the greatest liar of your acquaintance. Miss Morgan, do you think a lie can ever be justified?"

Miss Morgan bit her lip and shot a tender, amused glance at the contrite youth before her. She could afford to do so, as his gaze was still fastened on his boots.

"Please explain yourself, Mr. Francis," she said haughtily.

"I might as well," said that young man, desperately; "for to-morrow Ned will be here, and deception will no longer be possible. Miss Morgan, what will you think

of me when I tell you that there is nothing the matter with the *Esmeralda?*"

"I don't understand. Do you mean that her cylinder-rings are not broken?"

"I do."

"And that Chico has not gone to Coatzacoalcos for new ones?"

"I do. I let him go to see his people in Jaltipam; and, luckily, he will be home to-night."

"And that you have kept us here, and prevented our having Christmas at the hacienda, simply for some purpose of your own?"

"I do. Can you forgive me?"

"I think not."

"But I have a good excuse—the best excuse a man can have for doing such a selfish, dishonorable, contemptible, insane thing. May I tell you what it is?"

Miss Morgan turned her back on the young man.

"How can I be sure that your excuse is a truthful one?"

"You have a right to be as severe as you wish," said Francis in a hollow voice; "but I swear on my honor that this is the truth, and nothing but the truth. I did it because I love you; because, before I had seen you, I had been such a stupendous idiot as to cut myself off from the possibility of being with you longer than twenty-four hours; and because, after I had once seen you, I determined to be with you longer if I had to resort to 'battle, murder, and sudden death.' I 'm not a bit ashamed of it. I 'm a hypocrite, among other things, pretending to be ashamed. I simply glory in having done it, and I would do it again, and a thousand times worse, to have the joy of these six days over again. I 'll make a clean breast of it to Ned to-morrow, and I will take you all up to Bella Vista as fast as the *Esmeralda* can make it, and I will give a Christmas present to every mozo on the hacienda, and we can have a belated Christmas ourselves, after all, if you will only say that you forgive me."

"But," objected Helen, faintly, "if I forgive you, that will be equivalent to saying that I accept your excuse."

Something in her voice made Francis look up. Not being able to see her face, he stepped around in front of her. He had expected to see wrath and contempt in that lovely countenance. Instead, he was met with a frightened little smile and a divine light in the dark eyes.

With an exclamation of delight, he took a step forward and gathered her impetuously in his arms.

"Won't you accept my excuse, Helen?"

"I—I suppose I shall have to, if you are sure it is the only one you have." She tried to look severe, but her voice trembled with happy laughter.

ART FOR THE SOUL'S SAKE

BY LEE WILSON DODD

NO cunning of mere craft can cozen long
In fresco, bust, or song.

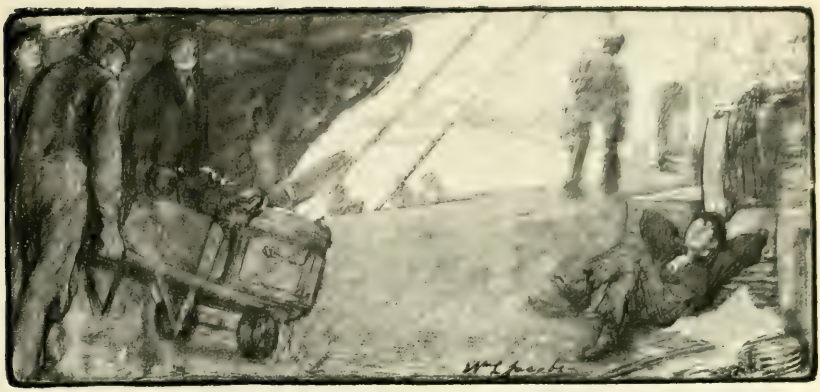
A world may praise; but when the rapture dies
May not the world despise?

Only the master workers shall endure,
Who wrought being sane and sure.

First the deep heart, the athlete mind—and then
The chisel, brush, and pen!

Color drawing by William L. Jacobs

'LOOKING UP, HE SAW A SLENDER LITTLE GIRL IN A LONG TAN COAT AND A WHITE TAM-O'-SHANTER"



SANDY

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lovey Mary"

WITH PICTURES BY W. L. JACOBS

I

THE STOWAWAY

AN English mist was rolling lazily inland from the sea. It half enveloped the two great ocean liners that lay tugging at their moorings in the bay, and settled over the wharf with a grim determination to check, as far as possible, the traffic of the morning.

But the activity of the wharf, while impeded, was in no wise stopped. The bustle, rattle, and shouting were, in fact, augmented by the temporary interference. Everybody seemed in a hurry, and everybody seemed out of temper, save a boy who lay at full length on the quay and earnestly studied a weather-vane that was lazily trying to make up its mind which way to point.

He was ragged and brawny and picturesque. His hands, bronzed by the tan of sixteen summers, were clasped under his head, and his legs were crossed, one soleless shoe on high vaunting its nakedness in the face of an indifferent world. A sailor's blouse, two sizes too large, was held together at the neck by a bit of red cambric, and his trousers were anchored to their mooring by a heavy piece of yellow twine. The indolence of his position, however, was not indicative of the state of his mind; for under his weather-beaten old cap, perched sidewise on a tousled head, was a commotion of dreams and schemes, ambitions and plans, whose activities would have put to shame the busiest wharf in the world.

"It 's up to ye, Sandy Kilday!" he said, half aloud, with a bit of a brogue that flavored his speech as the salt flavors the sea air. "You don't want to be a bloomin' old weather-vane, a-changin' your mind every time the wind blows. Is it go, or stay?"

The answer, instead of coming, got sidetracked by the train of thought that descended upon him when he was actually face to face with his decision. All sorts of memories came rushing pell-mell through his brain. The cold and hungry ones were the most insistent, but he brushed them aside.

The one he clung to longest was the earliest and most shadowy of the lot. It was of a little white house on an Irish heath, and inside was the biggest fireplace in the world, where crimson flames went roaring up the big, dark chimney, and where witches and fairies held high carnival. There was a big chair on each side the hearth, and between them a tiny red rocker with flowers painted on the arms of it. That was the clearest of all. There were persons in the large chairs, one a silent Scotchman who, instinct told him, must have been his father, and the other —oh, tricky memory that faltered when he wanted it to be so clear!—was the maddest, merriest little mother that ever came back to haunt a lad. By holding tight to the memory he could see that her eyes were blue like his own, but her hair was black. He could hear the ring of her laugh as she told him Irish stories, and the soft drone of her voice as she sang him old Irish songs. It was she who told him about the fairies and witches that lived up behind the peat-flames. He remembered holding her hand and putting his cheek against it when the goblins came too near. Then the picture would go out, like a picture in a magic-lantern show, and sometimes Sandy could make it come back, and sometimes he could not.

After that came a succession of memories, but none of them held the silent father and the merry mother and the little white house on the heath. They were of new faces and new places, of temporary homes with relatives in Ireland and Scotland, of various schools and unceasing work. Then came the day, two years ago, when, goaded by some injustice, real or imagined, he had run away to England and struck out alone and empty-handed to care for himself. It had been a rough experience, and there were days that he was glad to forget; but through it all the taste of freedom had been sweet in his mouth.

For three weeks he had been hanging about the docks, picking up jobs here and there, accommodating any one who wanted to be accommodated, making many friends and little money. He had had no thought of embarking until the big English liner *Great Britain* arrived in port after breaking all records on her homeward passage. She was to start on her second trip today, and an hour later her rival, the steamship *America*, was to take her departure. The relative merits of the two vessels had been the talk of the wharf for days.

Sandy had made it a rule in life to be on hand when anything was happening. He had viewed cricket-matches from tree-tops, had answered the call of fire at midnight, and tramped ten miles to see the finish of a great regatta. But something was about to take place which seemed entirely beyond his attainment. Two hours passed before he solved the problem.

"Takin' the rest-cure, kid?" asked a passing sailor as he shied a stick at Sandy's shins.

Sandy stretched himself and smiled up at the sailor. It was a smile that waited for an answer and usually got it—a smile so brimming over with good-fellowship and confidence that it made a lover of a friend and a friend of an enemy.

"It's a trip that I 'm thinkin' of takin'," he cried blithely as he jumped to his feet. "Here 's the shillin' I owe you, partner, and may the best luck ye 've had be the worst luck that 's comin'."

He tossed a coin to the sailor, and thrusting his hands in his pockets, executed a brief but brilliant *pas seul*, and then went whistling away down the wharf. He swung along right cheerily, his rags fluttering, his chin in the air, for the wind had settled in one direction, and the weather-vane and Sandy had both made up their minds.

The sailor looked after him fondly. "He 's a bloomin' good little chap," he said to a man near by. "Carries a civil tongue in his head for everybody."

The man grunted. "He 's too off and on," he said. "He 'll never come to naught."

Two days later, the *America*, cutting her way across the Atlantic, carried one more passenger than she registered. In the big life-boat swung above the hurricane-deck lay Sandy Kilday, snugly concealed by the heavy canvas covering.

He had managed to come aboard under cover of the friendly fog, and had boldly appropriated a life-boat and was doing light housekeeping. The apartment, to be sure, was rather small and dark, for the only light came through a tiny aperture where the canvas was tucked back. At this end Sandy attended to his domestic duties. Here were stored the fresh water and hardtack which the law requires every

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"HE SENT UP YELL AFTER YELL OF VICTORY FOR THE LAND OF HIS ADOPTION"

life-boat to carry in case of an emergency. Added to these was Sandy's private larder, consisting of several loaves of bread, a bag of apples, and some canned meat. The other end of the boat was utilized as a bedroom, a couple of life-preservers serving as the bed, and his own bundle of personal belongings doing duty as a pillow.

There were some drawbacks, naturally, especially to an energetic, restless youngster who had never been in one place so long before in his life. It was exceedingly inconvenient to have to lie down or crawl; but Sandy had been used to inconveniences all his life, and this was simply a difference in kind, not in degree. Besides, he could steal out at night and, by being very careful and still, manage to avoid the night watch.

The first night out a man and a girl had come up from the cabin deck and sat directly under his hiding-place. At first he was too much afraid of discovery to listen to what they were saying, but later his interest outweighed his fear. For they were evidently lovers, and Sandy was at that inflammable age when to hear mention of love is dangerous and to see a manifestation of it absolute contagion. When the great question came, his heart waited for the answer. Perhaps it was the added weight of his unspoken influence that turned the scale. She said yes. During the silence that followed, Sandy, unable to restrain his joy, threw his arms about a life-preserver and embraced it fervently.

When they were gone he crawled out to stretch his weary body. On the deck he found a book which they had left; it was a green book, and on the cover was a golden castle on a golden hill. All the rest of his life he loved a green book best, for

it was through this one that he found his way back again to that enchanted land that lay behind the peat-flames in the shadowy memory. Early in the morning he read it, with his head on the box of hardtack and his feet on the water-can. Twice he reluctantly tore himself from its pages and put it back where he had found it. No one came to claim it, and it lay there, with the golden castle shining in the sun. Sandy decided to take one more peep.

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"HE STEPPED UP ON A BOX AND BEGAN ELOQUENTLY TO ENUMERATE THE DIVERSE USES OF MICROSCOPES"

It was all about gallant knights and noble lords, of damsels passing fair, of tourneys and feasts and battles fierce and long. Story after story he devoured, until he came to the best one of all. It told of a beautiful damsel with a mantle richly furred, who was girt with a cumbrous sword which did her great sorrow; for she might not be delivered of it save by a knight who was of passing good name both of his lands and deeds. And after that all the great knights had striven in vain to draw the sword from its sheath, a poor knight, poorly arrayed, felt in his heart that he might essay it, but was abashed. At last, however, when the damsel was departing, he plucked up courage to ask if he might try; and when she hesitated he said: "Fair damsel, worthiness and good deeds are not only in arrayment, but manhood and worship are hid within man's person." Then the poor knight took the sword by the girdle and sheath and drew it out easily.

And it was not until then that Sandy knew that he had had no dinner, and that the sun had climbed over to the other side of the steamer, and that a continual cheering was coming up from the deck below. Cautiously he pulled back the canvas flap and emerged like the head of a turtle from his shell. The bright sunshine dazzled him for a moment, then he saw a sight that sent the dreams flying. There, just ahead, was

the *Great Britain* under full way, valiantly striving to hold her record against the oncoming steamer.

Sandy sat up and breathlessly watched the champion of the sea, her smoke-stacks black against the wide stretch of shining waters. The Union Jack was flying in insolent security from her flagstaff. There were many figures on deck, and her music was growing louder every minute. Inch by inch the *America* gained upon her, until they were bow and bow. The crowd below grew wilder, cheers went up from both steamers, the decks were white with the flutter of handkerchiefs.

Suddenly the band below struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner." Sandy gave one triumphant glance at the Stars and Stripes floating overhead, and in that moment became naturalized. He leaped to his feet in the boat, and tearing the blouse from his back, waved the tattered banner in the face of the vanquished *Great Britain*, as he sent up yell after yell of victory for the land of his adoption.

Then he was seized by the ankle and jerked roughly down upon the deck. Over him stood the deck steward.

"You 're a rum egg for that old boat to hatch out," he said. "I guess the cap'n will be wantin' to see you."

Sandy, thus peremptorily summoned from the height of patriotic frenzy, collapsed in terror. Had the deck steward not been familiar with stowaways, he doubtless would have been moved by the flood of eloquent persuasion which Sandy brought to bear.

As it was, he led him ruthlessly down the narrow steps, past the long line of curious passengers, then down again to the steerage deck, where he deposited him on a coil of rope and bade him stay there until he was sent for.

Here Sandy sat for the remainder of the afternoon, stared at from above and below, an object of lively curiosity. He bit his nails until the blood came, and struggled manfully to keep back the tears. He was cold, hungry, and disgraced, and his mind was full of sinister thoughts. Inch by inch he moved closer to the railing.

Suddenly something fell at his feet. It was an orange. Looking up, he saw a slender little girl in a long tan coat and a white tam-o'-shanter leaning over the railing. He only knew that her eyes were brown and that she was sorry for him, but it changed his world. He pulled off his cap, and sent her such an ardent smile of gratitude that she melted from the railing like a snowflake under the kiss of the sun.

Sandy ate the orange and took courage. Life had acquired a new interest.

II

ON SHIPBOARD

THE days that followed were not rose-strewn. Disgrace sat heavily upon the delinquent, and he did penance by foregoing the joys of society. Menial labor and the knowledge that he would not be allowed to land, but would be sent back by the first steamer, were made all the more unbearable by his first experience with illness. He had accepted his fate and prepared to die when the ship's surgeon found him.

The ship's surgeon was cruel enough to laugh, but he persuaded Sandy to come back to life. He was a small, white, round little man; and when he came rolling down the deck in his white linen suit, his face beaming from its white frame of close-cropped hair and beard, he was not unlike one of his own round white little pills, except that their sweetness stopped on the outside and his went clear through.

He discovered Sandy lying on his face in the passageway, his right hand still dutifully wielding the scrub-brush, but his spirit broken and his courage low.

"Hello!" he exclaimed briskly; "what 's your name?"

"Sandy Kilday."

"Scotch, eh?"

"Me name is. The rest of me 's Irish," groaned Sandy.

"Well, Sandy, my boy, that 's no way to scrub. Come out and get some air, and then go back and do it right."

He guided Sandy's dying footsteps to the deck and propped him against the railing. That was when he laughed.

"Not much of a sailor, eh?" he quizzed. "You 'll be all right soon; we have been getting the tail-end of a big nor'wester."

"A happy storm it must have been, sir, to wag its tail so gay," said Sandy, trying to smile.

The doctor clapped him on the back. "You 're better. Want something to eat?"

Sandy declined with violence. He explained his feelings with all the authority of a first experience, adding in conclusion: "It was Jonah I used to be after feelin' sorry for; it ain't now. It 's the whale."

The doctor prevailed upon him to drink some hot tea and eat a sandwich. It was a heroic effort, but Sandy would have done even more to prolong the friendly conversation.

"How many more days have we got, sir?"

"Five; but there 's the return trip for you."

Sandy's face flushed. "If they send me home, I 'll be comin' back!" he cried, clinging to the railing as the ship lurched forward. "I 'm goin' to be an American. I am goin'—" Further declarations as to his future policy were cut short.

From that time on the doctor took an interest in him. He even took up a collection of clothes for him among the officers. His professional services were no longer necessary, for Sandy enjoyed a speedy recovery from his maritime troubles.

"You are luckier than the rest," he said, one day, stopping on his rounds. "I never had so many steerage patients before."

The work was so heavy, in fact, that he obtained permission to get a boy to assist him. The happy duty devolved upon Sandy, who promptly embraced not only the opportunity, but the doctor and the profession as well. He entered into his new work with such energy and enthusiasm that by the end of the week he knew every man below the cabin deck. So expeditious did he become that he found many idle moments in which to cultivate acquaintances.

His chosen companion at these times was a boy in the steerage, selected not for congeniality, but for his unlimited knowledge of all things terrestrial, from the easiest way of making a fortune to the best way of spending it. He was a short, heavy-set fellow of some eighteen years. His hair grew straight up from an overhanging forehead, under which two small eyes seemed always to be furtively watching each other over the bridge of his flat snub nose. His lips met with difficulty across large, irregular teeth. Such was Ricks Wilson, the most unprepossessing soul on board the good ship *America*.

"You see, it 's this way," explained Ricks as the boys sat behind the smoke-stack and Sandy became initiated into the mysteries of a wonderful game called "craps." "I did n't have no more 'n you 've got. I lived down South, clean off the track of ever'thing. I puts my foot in my hand and went out and seen the world. I tramps up to New York, works my way over to England, tramps and peddles, and gits enough dough to pay my way back. Say, it 's bum slow over there. Why, they ain't even on to street-cars in London! I makes more in a week at home than I do in a month in England. Say, where you goin' at when we land?"

Sandy shook his head ruefully. "I got to go back," he said.

Ricks glanced around cautiously, then moved closer.

"You ain't that big a sucker, are you? Any feller that could n't hop the twig offen this old boat ain't much, that 's all I got to say."

"Oh, it 's not the gettin' away," said Sandy, more certain than ever, now that he was sure of an ally.

"Homesick?" asked Ricks, with a sneer.

Sandy gave a short laugh. "Home? Why, I ain't got any home. I 've just lived round since I was a young one. It 's a chance to get on that I 'm after."

"Well, what in thunder is takin' you back?"

"I don't know," said Sandy, "'cep'n' it ain't in me to give 'em the slip now I know 'em. Then there 's the doctor—"

"That old feather-bed? O Lord! He 's so good he gives me a pain. Goes round with his mouth hiked up in a smile, and I bet he 's as mean as the—"

Before Ricks could finish he found himself inextricably tangled in Sandy's arms and legs, while that irate youth sat upon him and pommeled him soundly.

"So it 's the good doctor ye 'd be after blasphemin' and abusin' and makin' game of! By the powers, ye 'll take it back! Speak one time more, and I 'll make you swaller the lyin' words, if I have to break every bone in your skin!"

There was an ugly look in Ricks's face as he threw the smaller boy off, but further trouble was prevented by the appearance of the second mate.

Sandy hurried away to his duties, but not without an anxious glance at the upper deck. He had never lost an oppor-

tunity, since that first day, of looking up; but this was the first time that he was glad she was not there. Only once had he caught sight of a white tam and a tan coat, and that was when they were being conducted hastily below by a sympathetic stewardess.

But Sandy needed no further food for his dreams than he already had. On sunny afternoons, when he had the time, he would seek a secluded corner of the deck, and stretching himself on the boards with the green book in his hand, would float in a sea of sentiment. The fact that he had decided to study medicine and become a ship's surgeon in no wise interfered with his fixed purpose of riding forth into the world on a cream-white charger in search of a damsel in distress.

So thrilled did he become with the vision that he fell to making rhymes, and was surprised to find that the same pair of eyes always rhymed with skies—and they were brown.

Sometimes, at night, a group would gather on the steerage deck and sing. A black-haired Italian, with shirt open at the throat, would strike a pose and fling out a wild serenade; or a fat, placid German would remove his pipe long enough to troll forth a mighty drinking-song. Whenever the air was a familiar one, the entire circle joined in the chorus. At such times Sandy was always on hand, singing with the loudest and telling his story with the best.

"Make de jolly little Irish one to sing by hisself!" called a woman one night from the edge of the crowd. The invitation was taken up and repeated on every side. Sandy, laughing and protesting, was pushed to the front. Being thus suddenly forced into prominence, he suffered an acute attack of stage fright.

"Chirp up there now and give us a tune!" cried some one behind him.

"Can't ye remember none?" asked another.

"Sure," said Sandy, laughing sheepishly; "but they all come wrong end first."

Some one had thrust an old guitar in his hands, and he stood nervously picking at the strings. He might have been standing there still had not the moon come to his rescue. It climbed slowly out of the sea and sent a shimmer of silver and gold over the water, across the deck, and into his eyes. He forgot himself and the crowd. The stream of mystical romance that flows through the veins of every true Irishman was never lacking in Sandy. His heart responded to the beautiful as surely as the echo answers the call.

He seized the guitar, and picking out the notes with clumsy, faltering fingers, began to sing:

"Ah! The moment was sad when my love and I parted,
Savourneen deelish, signan O!"

His boyish voice rang out clear and true, softening on the refrain to an indescribable tenderness that steeped the old song in the very essence of mystery and love.

"As I kiss'd off her tears, I was nigh broken-hearted!—
Savourneen deelish, signan O!"

He could remember his mother singing him to sleep by it, and the bright red of her lips as they framed the words:

"Wan was her cheek which hung on my shoulder;
Chill was her hand, no marble was colder;
I felt that again I should never behold her;
Savourneen deelish, signan O!"

As the song trembled to a close, a slight burst of applause came from the cabin deck. Sandy looked up, frowned, and bit his lip. He did not know why, but he was sorry he had sung.

The next morning the *America* sailed into New York harbor, band playing and flags flying. She was bringing home a record and a jubilant crew. On the upper decks passengers were making merry over what is probably the most joyful parting in the world. In the steerage all was bustle and confusion and anticipation of the disembarking.

Eagerly, wistfully watching it all, stood Sandy, as alert and distressed as a young hound restrained from the hunt. It is something to accept punishment gracefully, but to accept punishment when it can be avoided is nothing short of heroism. Sandy had to shut his eyes and grip the railing to keep from planning an escape. Spread before him in brave array across the water lay the promised land—and, like Moses, he was not to reach it.

"That 's the greatest city in America," said the ship's surgeon as he came up to

where he was standing. "What do you think of it?"

"I never seen one stand on end afore!" exclaimed Sandy, amazed.

"Would you like to go ashore long enough to look about?" asked the doctor, with a smile running around the fat folds of his cheeks.

"And would I?" asked Sandy, his eyes flying open. "It 's me word of honor I 'd give you that I 'd come back."

"The word of a stowaway, eh?" asked the doctor, still smiling.

In a moment Sandy's face was crimson. "Whatever I be, sir, I ain't a liar!"

The doctor pursed up his lips in comical dismay: "Not so hot, my man; not so hot! So you still want to be a doctor?"

Sandy cooled down sufficiently to say that it was the one ambition of his life.

"I know the physician in charge of the City Hospital here in New York. He 's a good fellow. He 'd put you through—give you work and put you in the way of going to the Medical School. You 'd like that?"

"But," cried Sandy, bewildered but hopeful, "I have to go back!"

The doctor shook his head. "No, you don't. I 've paid your passage."

Sandy waited a moment until the full import of the words was taken in, then he grabbed the stout little doctor and almost lifted him off his feet.

"Oh! But ain't you a brick!" he cried fervently, adding earnestly: "It ain't a present you 're makin' me, though! I 'll pay it back, so help me bob!"

At the pier the crowd of immigrants pushed and crowded impatiently as they waited for the cabin passengers to go ashore. Among them was Sandy, bareheaded and in motley garb, laughing and shoving with the best of them, hanging over the railing, and keeping up a fire of merriment at the expense of the crowd below. In his hand was a letter of recommendation to the physician in charge at the City Hospital, and in his inside pocket a ten-dollar bill was buttoned over a heart that had not a care in the world. In the great stream of life Sandy was one of the bubbles that are apt to come to the top.

"You better come down to Kentucky with me," urged Ricks Wilson, resuming an old argument. "I 'm goin' to peddle my way back home, then git a payin' job at the race-track."

"Was n't I tellin' ye that it was a doctor I 'm goin' to be?" asked Sandy, impatiently. Already Ricks's friendship was proving irksome.

On the gang-plank above him the passengers were leaving the ship. Some delay had arisen, and for a moment the procession halted. Suddenly Sandy caught his breath. There, just above him, stood "the damsel passing fair." Instead of the tam-o'-shanter she wore a big drooping hat of brown, which just matched the curls that were loosely tied at the back of her neck.

Sandy stood motionless and humbly adored her. He was a born lover, lavishing his affection, without distinction or calculation, upon whatever touched his heart. It surely was no harm just to stand aside and look. He liked the way she carried her head; he liked the way her eyes went up a little at the outer corners, and the round, soft curve of her chin. She was gazing steadfastly ahead of her down the gang-plank, so he ventured a step nearer and continued his observations. As he did so, he made a discovery. The soft white of her cheek was gradually becoming pinker and pinker; the color which began under her lace collar stole up and up until it reached her eyes, which still gazed determinedly before her.

Sandy admired it as a traveler admires a sunrise, and with as little idea of having caused it.

The line of passengers moved slowly forward, and his heart sank. Suddenly his eyes fell upon the little hand-bag which she carried. On one end, in small white letters, was: "Ruth Nelson, Kentucky, U. S. A." He watched her until she was lost to view, then he turned eagerly back into the crowd. Elbowing his way forward, he seized Ricks by the arm.

"Hi, there!" he cried; "I 've changed me mind. I 'm goin' with you to Kentucky!"

So this impetuous knight errant enlisted under the will-o'-the-wisp love, and started joyously forth upon his quest.

III

THE CURSE OF WEALTH

It is an oft-proved adage that for ten who can stand adversity there is but one who can stand prosperity. Sandy, alas! was no exception to any rule which went to prove

the frailty of human nature. The sudden acquisition of ten dollars cast him into a whirlpool of temptation from which he made little effort to escape.

"I ain't goin' on to-day," announced Ricks. "I 'm goin' to lay in my goods for peddlin'. I reckon you kin come along of me."

Sandy accepted a long and strong cigar, tilted his hat, and unconsciously caught Ricks's slouching gait as they went down the street. After all, it was rather pleasant to associate with sophistication.

"We 'll git on the outside of a little dinner," said Ricks; "and I 'll mosey round in the stores awhile, then I 'll take you to a show or two. It 's a mighty good thing for you that you got me along."

Sandy thought so too. He cheerfully stood treat for the rest of the day, and felt that it was small return for Ricks's condescension.

"How much you got left?" asked Ricks, that night, as they stopped under a street light to take stock.

Sandy held out a couple of dollars and a fifty-cent piece.

"Enough to put on the eyes of two and a half dead men," he said as he curiously eyed the strange money.

"One, two,—two and a half," counted Ricks.

"Shillings?" asked Sandy, amazed.

Ricks nodded.

"And have I blowed in all that to-day?"

"What of it?" asked Ricks. "I seen a bloke onct what lit his cigar with a bill like the one you had!"

"But the doctor said it was a two-pound note," insisted Sandy, incredulously. He did not realize the expense of a personally conducted tour of the Bowery.

"Well, it 's went," said Ricks, resignedly. "You can't count on settin' up biz with what 's left."

Sandy's brows clouded, and he shifted his position restlessly. "Now I ax yerself, Ricks, what 'u'd you do?" he said.

"Me? I don't give advice to nobody. But effen it was me I 'd know mighty quick what to do."

"What?" said Sandy, eagerly.

"Buy a dawg."

"A dog? I ain't goin' blind."

"Lor'! but you 're a softhorn," said Ricks, contemptuously. "I s'pose you 'd count on leadin' him round by a pink ribbon."

"Oh, you mean a fighter?"

"Sure. My last dawg could do ever'-thing in sight. She was so game she went after herself in a lookin'-glass and got kilt. Oh, they 's money in dawgs, and I knows how to make 'em win ever' time."

Sandy, tired as he was from the day's excitement, insisted upon going in search of one at once. He already had visions of becoming the proud owner of a canine champion who would put him immediately into the position of lighting his cigar with a two-pound note.

The first three weeks of their experience on the road went far to realize their expectations. The bulldog, which had been bought in partnership, proved a conquering hero. Through the long summer days the boys tramped over the country, peddling their wares, and by night they conducted sundry unlawful encounters wherever an opponent could be found.

Sandy enjoyed the peddling. It was astonishing what friendly sociability and confidential intimacy were established by the sale of blue suspenders and pink soap. He left a line of smiling testimonials in his wake.

But if the days were proving satisfactory, so much could not be said of the nights. Even the phenomenal luck that followed his dog failed to keep up his enthusiasm.

"You ain't a nachrul sport," complained Ricks. "That 's your trouble. When the last fight was on, you set on the fence and listened at a' ole idiot scrapin' a fiddle down in the valley."

Sandy made a feeble defense, but he knew in his soul it was so.

Affairs reached a climax one night in an old barn on the outskirts of a town. A fight was about to begin when Sandy discovered Ricks judiciously administering a sedative to the enemy's dog.

Then understanding dawned upon him, and his rage was elemental. With a valor that lacked the better part of discretion, he hurled himself through the crowd and fell upon Ricks.

An hour later, bruised, bloody, and vanquished, he stumbled along through the dreary night. Hot with rage and defeat, utterly ignorant of his whereabouts, his one friend turned foe, he was indeed in sorry plight.

He climbed over the fence and lay face downward in the long, cool grass, stretching his bruised and aching body along the ground. A gentle night wind rustled above him, and by and by a star peeped out, then another and another. Before he knew it, he was listening to the frogs and katydids, and wondering what they were talking about. He ceased to think about Ricks and his woes, and gave himself up to the delicious, drowsy peace that was all about him. For, child of nature that he was, he had turned to the only mother he knew.

IV

SIDE-TRACKED

THE next morning, at the nearest railroad-station, an irate cattleman was trying to hire some one to take charge of a car of live stock which was on its way to a great exposition in a neighboring city. The man he had counted on had not appeared, and the train was about due.

As he was turning away in desperation he felt a tug at his elbow. Looking around, he saw a queer figure with a countenance that resembled a first attempt at a charcoal sketch from life: one cheek was larger than the other, the mouth was sadly out of drawing, the eyes shone out from among the bruises like the sun from behind the clouds. But if the features were disfigured, the smile was none the less courageous.

Sandy had found a friendly sympathizer at a neighboring farm-house, had been given a good breakfast, had made his toilet, and was ready for the next round in the fight of life.

"I 'll be doin' yer job, sir, whatever it is," he said pleasantly.

The man eyed him with misgiving, but his need was urgent.

"All you have to do is to stay in the car and look after the cattle. My man will meet you when you reach the city. Do you think you can do it?"

"Just keep company with the cows?" cried Sandy. "Sure and I can!"

So the bargain was struck, and that night found him in the great city with a dollar in his pocket and a promise of work in the morning.

Tired and sore from the experiences of the night before, he sought a cheap lodging-house near by. A hook-nosed woman, carrying a smoking lamp, conducted him to a room under the eaves. It was small and suffocating. He involuntarily lifted his hands and touched the ceiling.

"It 's like a boilin' potato I feel," he said; "and the pot 's so little and the lid so tight!"

He went to the window, and taking out the nail that held down the sash, pushed it up. Below him lay the great, bustling city, cabs and cars in constant motion, long lines of blazing lights marking the thoroughfares, the thunder of trains in the big station, and above and below and through it all a dull monotonous roar, like the far-away unceasing cry of a hungry beast.

He sank on his knees by the window, and a restless, nervous look came into his eyes.

"It presses in, too," he thought. "It 's all crowdin' over me. I 'm just me by myself, all alone." A tear made a white course down his grimy cheek, then another and another. He brushed them impatiently away with the cap he still held in his hand.

Rising abruptly, he turned away from the window, and the hot air of the room again smote him. The smoking lamp had blackened the chimney, and as he bent to turn it down, he caught his reflection in a small mirror over the table. What the bruises and swelling had left undone the cheap mirror completed. He started back. Was that the boy he knew as himself? Was that Sandy Kilday who had come to America to seek his fortune? He stared in a sort of fascinated horror at that other boy in the mirror. Before he had been afraid to be by himself, now he was afraid of himself.

He seized his cap, and blowing out the lamp, plunged down four flights of steep narrow steps and out into the street. A number of people were crowding into a street-car marked "Exposition." Sandy, ever a straw in the current, joined them. Once more down among his fellow-men, he began to feel more comfortable. He cheerfully paid his entrance fee with one of the two silver coins in his pocket.

The first building he entered was the art gallery, and the first picture that caught his eye held him spellbound. He sat before it all the evening with fascinated eyes, devouring every detail and oblivious to the curious interest he was attracting; for the huge canvas represented the Knights of the Round Table, and he had at last found friends.

All the way back he thought about the picture; it was not until he reached his room that the former loneliness returned.

But even then it was not for long. A pair of yellow eyes peered around the window-sill, and a plaintive "meow" begged for admittance. It was plainly Providence that guided that thin and ill-treated kitten to Sandy's window. The welcome it received must have completely restored its shaken faith in human nature. Tired as he was, Sandy went out and bought some milk. He wanted to establish a firm friendship; for if he was to stay in this lonely city, he must have something to love, if only a prodigal kitten of doubtful pedigree.

During the long, hot days that followed Sandy worked faithfully at the depot. The regular hours and confinement seemed doubly irksome after the bohemian life on the road.

The Exposition was his salvation. No sacrifice seemed too great to enable him to get beyond that magic gate. For the "Knights of the Round Table" was but the beginning of miles and miles of wonderful pictures. He even bought a catalogue, and, prompted by a natural curiosity for anything that interested him, learned the names of the artists he liked best, and the bits of biography attached to each. He would recite these to the yellow kitten when he got back to his little hot-box of a room.

One night the art gallery was closed, and he went into another big building where a crowd of people were seated. At one end of it was a great pipe-organ, and after a while some one began to play. With his cap tightly grasped in both hands, he tip-toed down the center aisle and stood breathlessly drinking in the wonderful tones that seemed to be coming from his own heart.

"Get out of the way, boy," said an usher. "You are blocking the aisle."

A queer-appearing lady who looked like a man touched his elbow.

"Here 's a seat," she said in a deep voice.

"Thank you, sir," said Sandy, absently.

He scarcely knew whether he was sitting or standing. He only wanted to be let alone, so that he could listen to those strange, beautiful sounds that made a shiver of joy go down his back. Art had had her day; it was Music's turn.

When the last number had been played, he turned to the queer lady:

"Do they do it every night?"

She smiled at his enthusiasm: "Wednesdays and Saturdays."

"Say," said Sandy, confidentially, "if you come first do you save me a seat, and I 'll do the same by you."

From that time on he decided to be a musician, and he lived on two scanty meals a day in order to attend the concerts.

But this exalted scheme of high thinking and plain living soon became irksome. One day, when his loneliness weighed most heavily upon him, he was sent with a message out to the switch-station. As he tramped back along the track he spied a familiar figure ahead of him. There was no mistaking that short, slouching body with the peddler's pack strapped on its back. With a cry of joy, Sandy bounded after Ricks Wilson. He actually hugged him in his joy to be once more with some one he knew.

Ricks glanced uneasily at the scar above his eye.

Sandy clapped his hand over it and laughed. "It 's all right, Ricks; a miss is as good as a mile. I ain't mad any more. It 's straight home with me you are goin'; and if we can get the two feet of you into me bit of a room, we 'll have a dinner that 's fit for a king."

On the way they laid in a supply of provisions, Sandy even going to the expense of a bottle of beer for Ricks.

The yellow kitten arched her back and showed general signs of hostility when the stranger was introduced. But her unfriendly demonstrations were ignored. Ricks was the honored guest, and Sandy extended to him the full hospitality of the establishment.

"Put your pack on the floor and yerself in the chair, and I 'll get ye filled up in the blink of an eyelash. Don't be mindin' the cat, Ricks. She 's just lettin' on she don't take to you. She give me the wink on the sly."

Ricks, expanding under the influence of food and drink, became eloquent. He recounted courageous adventures of the past, and outlined marvelous schemes for the future, by which he was going to make a short cut to fame and glory.

When it was time for him to go, Sandy heaved a sigh of regret. For two hours he had been beguiled by Ricks's romances, and now he had to go back to the hum-

drum duties at the depot, and receive a sound rating for his belated appearance.

"Which way might you be goin', Ricks?" he asked wistfully.

"Same place I started fer," said Ricks. "Kentucky."

The will-o'-the-wisp, which had been hiding his light, suddenly swung it full in the eyes of Sandy. Once more he saw the little maid of his dreams, and once more he threw discretion to the winds and followed the vision.

Hastily collecting his few possessions, he rolled them into a bundle, and slipping the surprised kitten into his pocket, he gladly followed Ricks once more out into the broad green meadows, along the white and shining roads that lead over the hills to Kentucky.

V

SANDY RETIRES FROM BUSINESS

"THIS here is too blame slow fer me," said Ricks, one chilly night in late September, as he and Sandy huddled against a haystack and settled up their weekly accounts.

"Fifty-five cents! Now ain't that a' o'nery dab? Here 's a quarter fer you and thirty cents fer me; that 's as even as you kin split it."

"It 's the microscopes that 'll be sellin'," said Sandy, hopefully, as he pulled his coat collar about his ears and shivered. "The man as sold 'em to me said they was a great bargain entirely. He thought there was money in 'em."

"For him," said Ricks, contemptuously. "It 's like the man what gulled us on the penknives. I lay to git even with him, all right."

"But he give us the night's lodgin' and some breakfast," said Sandy.

Ricks took a long drink from a short bottle, then holding it before him, he said impressively: "A feller could do me ninety-nine good turns, and if he done me one bad one it would wipe 'em all out. I got to git even with anybody what does me dirty, if it takes me all my life."

"But don't you forget to remember?"

"Not me. I ain't that kind."

Sandy leaned wearily against the haystack and tried to shelter himself from the wind. A continued diet of bread and water had made him sensitive to the changes in the weather.

"This here grub is kinder hard on yer head-rails," said Ricks, trying to bite through a piece of stale bread. A baker had let them have three loaves for a dime because they were old and hard.

Sandy cast a longing look at Ricks's short bottle. It seemed to remedy so many ills, heat or cold, thirst or hunger. But the strict principles applied during his tender years made him hesitate.

"I wish we had n't lost the kitten," he said, feeling the need of a more cheerful companion.

"I 'm a-goin' to git another dawg," announced Ricks. "I 'm sick of this here doin's."

"Ain't we goin' to be turfmen?" asked Sandy, who had listened by the hour to thrilling accounts of life on the track, and had accepted Ricks's ambition as his own.

"Not on twenty cents per week," growled Ricks.

Sandy's heart sank; he knew what a new dog meant. He burrowed in the hay and tried to sleep, but there was a queer pain that seemed to catch hold of his breath whenever he breathed down deep.

It rained the next day, and they tramped disconsolately through village after village.

They had oil-cloth covers for their baskets, but their own backs were soaked to the skin.

Toward evening they came to the top of a hill, from which they could look directly down upon a large town lying comfortably in the crook of a river's elbow. The rain had stopped, and the belated sun, struggling through the clouds, made up for lost time by reflecting itself in every curve of the winding stream, in every puddle along the road, and in every pane of glass that faced the west.

"That 's a nobby hoss," said Ricks, pointing down the hill. "What 's the matter with the feller?"

A slight, delicate-looking young man was lying in the road, between the horse and the fence. As the boys came up he stirred and tried to rise.

"He 's off his nut," said Ricks, starting to pass on; but Sandy stopped.

"Get a fall?" he asked.

The strange boy shook his head. "I guess I fainted. I must have ridden too hard. I 'll be all right in a minute." He leaned his head against a tree and closed his eyes.

Sandy eyed him curiously, taking in all

the details of his riding-costume down to the short whip with the silver mounting.

"I say, Ricks," he called to his companion, who was inspecting the horse, "can't we do somethin' for him?"

Ricks reluctantly produced the short bottle.

"I 'm all right," insisted the boy, "if you 'll just give me a lift to the saddle." But his eager eyes followed the bottle, and before Ricks had returned it to his pocket he held out his hand. "I believe I will take a drink if you don't mind." He drained the contents and then handed a coin to Ricks.

"Now, if you 'll help me," continued the stranger. "There! Thank you very much."

"Say, what town is this, anyway?" asked Ricks.

"Clayton," said the boy, trying to keep his horse from backing.

"Looks like somethin' was doin'," said Ricks.

"Circus, I believe."

"Then I don't blame your nag for wantin' to go back!" cried Sandy. "Come on, Ricks; let 's take in the show!"

Half-way down the hill he turned. "Have n't we seen that fellow before, Ricks?"

"Not as I knows of. He looked kinder pale and shaky, but you bet yer life he knowed how to hit the bottle."

"He was sick," urged Sandy.

"An' thirsty," added Ricks, with a smile of superior wisdom.

The circus seemed such a timely opportunity to do business that they decided to rent a stand that night and sell their wares on the street corner. Ricks went on into town to arrange matters, while Sandy stopped in a grocery to buy their supper. His interest in the show had been of short duration. He felt listless and tired, something seemed to be buzzing continually in his head, and he shivered in his damp clothes. In the grocery he sat on a barrel and leaned his head against the wall.

"What you shivering about?" asked the fat woman behind the counter, as she tied up his small package.

"I feel like me skeleton was doin' a jig inside of me," said Sandy through chattering teeth.

"Looks to me like you got a chill," said the fat woman. "You wait here, and I 'll go git you some hot coffee."

She disappeared in the rear of the store, and soon returned with a small coffee-pot and a cup and saucer. Sandy drank two cups and a half, then he asked the price.

"Price?" repeated the woman, indignantly. "I reckon you don't know which side of the Ohio River you 're on!"

Sandy made up in gratitude what she declined in cash, and started on his way. At the corner of Main street and the bridge he found Ricks, who had rented a stand and was already arranging his wares. Sandy knelt on the sidewalk and unpacked his basket.

"Only three bars of soap and seventy-five microscopes!" he exclaimed ruefully. "Let 's be layin' fine stress on the microscopes, Ricks."

"You do the jawin', Sandy. I ain't much on givin' 'em the talk," said Ricks. "Chuck a jolly at 'em and keep 'em hangin' round."

As dark came on, trade began. The three bars of soap were sold, and a purple necktie. Sandy saw that public taste must be guided in the proper direction. He stepped up on a box and began eloquently to enumerate the diverse uses of microscopes.

At each end of the stand a flaring torch lighted up the scene. The light fell on the careless, laughing faces in front, on Ricks Wilson, black-browed and suspicious, in the rear, and it fell full on Sandy, who stood on high and harangued the crowd. It fell on his broad, straight shoulders and on his shining tumbled hair; but it was not the light of the torch that gave the brightness to his eyes and the flush to his cheek. His head was throbbing, but he felt a curious sense of elation. He felt that he could stand there and talk the rest of his life. He made the crowd listen, he made it laugh, he made it buy. He told stories and sang songs, he coaxed and persuaded, until only a few microscopes were left and the old cigar-box was heavy with silver.

"Step right up and take a look at a fly's leg! Every one ought to have a microscope in his home. When you get hard up it will make a dime look like a dollar, and a dollar like a five-dollar gold piece. Step right up! I ain't kiddin' you. Five cents for two looks, and fifteen for the microscope."

Suddenly he faltered. At the edge of the crowd he had recognized two faces. They were sensitive slender faces, strangely alike in feature and unlike in expression.

The young horseman of the afternoon was impatiently pushing his way through the crowd, while close behind him was a dainty girl with brown eyes slightly lifted at the outer corners, who held back in laughing wonder to watch the scene.

"Ricks," said Sandy, lowering his voice unsteadily, "is this Kentucky?"

"Yep; we crossed the line to-day."

"I can't talk no more," said Sandy. "You 'll have to be doin' it. I 'm sick."

It was not only the fever that was burning in his veins, and making him bury his hot head in his hands and wish he had never been born. It was shame and humiliation, and all because of the look on the face of the girl at the edge of the crowd. He sat in the shadow of the big box and fought his fight. The coffee and the excitement no longer kept him up; he was faint, and his breath came short. Above him he heard Ricks's rasping voice still talking to the few customers who were left. He knew, without glancing up, just how Ricks looked when he said the words; he knew how his teeth pushed his lips back, and how his restless little eyes watched everything at once. A sudden fierce repulsion swept over him for peddling, for Ricks, for himself.

"And to think," he whispered, with a sob in his throat, "that I can't ever speak to a girl like that!"

Ricks, jubilant over the success of the evening, decided to follow the circus, which was to be in the next town on the following day.

"It ain't fur," he said. "We kin push on to-night and be ready to open early in the morning."

Sandy, miserable in body and spirit, mechanically obeyed instructions. His head was getting queerer all the time, and he could not remember whether it was day or night. About a mile from Clayton he sank down by the road.

"Say, Ricks," he said abruptly; "I 'm after quittin' peddlin'."

"What you goin' to do?"

"I 'm goin' to school."

If Sandy had announced his intention of putting on baby clothes and being wheeled in a perambulator, Ricks could not have been more astonished.

"What fer?" he asked in genuine doubt.

"'Cause I want to be the right sort," burst out Sandy, passionately. "This ain't the way you get to be the right sort."

Ricks surveyed him contemptuously. "Look-a here, are you comin' along of me or not?"

"I can't," said Sandy, weakly.

Ricks shifted his pack, and with never a parting word or a backward look he left his business partner of three months lying by the roadside, and tramped away in the darkness.

Sandy started up to follow him; he tried to call, but he had no strength. He lay with his face on the road and talked. He knew there was nobody to listen, but still he kept on, softly talking about microscopes and pink soap, crying out again and again that he could n't ever speak to a girl like that.

After a long while somebody came. At first he thought he must have gone back to the land behind the peat-flames, for it was a great black witch who bent over him, and he instinctively felt about in the grass for the tender, soft hand which he used to press against his cheek. He found instead the hand of the witch herself, and he drew back in terror.

"Fer de Lawd sake, honey, what 's de matter wif you?" asked a kindly voice. Sandy opened his eyes. A tall old negro woman bent over him, her head tied up in a turban, and a shawl about her shoulders.

"Did you git runned over?" she asked, peering down at him anxiously.

Sandy tried to explain, but it was all the old mixture of soap and microscopes and never being able to speak to her. He knew he was talking at random, but he could not say the things he thought.

"Where 'd you come from, boy?"

"Curragh Chase, Limerick," murmured Sandy.

"'Fore de Lawd, he 's done been cunjered!" cried the old woman, aghast. "I 'll git it outen of you, chile. You jus' come home wif yer Aunt Melvy; she 'll take keer of you. Put yer arm on my shoulder; dat 's right. Don't you mind where you gwine at. I got yer bundle. It ain't fur. Hit 's dat little house a-hangin' on de side of de hill. Dey calls it 'Who 'd 'a' Thought It,' 'ca'se you nebber would 'a' thought of puttin' a house dere. Dat 's right; lean on yer mammy. I 'll git dem old cunjers outen you."

Thus encouraged and supported, Sandy

stumbled on through the dark, up a hillside that seemed never to end, across a bridge, then into a tiny log cabin, where he dropped exhausted.

Off and on during the night he knew that there was a fire in the room, and that strange things were happening to him. But it was all so queer and unnatural that he did not know where the dreams left off and the real began. He was vaguely conscious of his left foot being tied to the right bedpost, of a lock of his hair being cut off and burned on the hearth, and of a low monotonous chant that seemed to rise and fall with the flicker of the flames. And when he cried out with the pain in his sleep, a kindly black face bent over him, and the chant changed into a soothing murmur:

"Nebber you min', sonny; Aunt Melvy gwine git dem cunjers out. She gwine stay by you. You hol' on to her han', an' go to sleep; she 'll git dem old cunjers out."

(To be continued)

THE NEW METHOD OF PURIFYING WATER

BY GILBERT H. GROSVENOR

MAN would seem to have at last discovered an effective weapon against typhoid fever, Asiatic cholera, and similar merciless scourges which invade our intestinal and digestive organs through polluted water. It is yet too soon to declare positively that we shall exterminate these dread diseases, but we have good reason to believe that we shall be able to drive them out of cities and towns, and camps and prisons, and wherever men are living herded close together. The weapon is not of steel or iron, but copper, the most convenient form being the common compound of copper and sulphur known as blue vitriol, copper sulphate. Every school laboratory contains some beautiful blue crystals of copper sulphate. Every schoolboy for generations has dabbled with these blue crystals, or has watched his teacher use them for ordinary class-room experiments. And yet who would have imagined that a pinch of these crystals dissolved in the water-tank in the attic, or in the cistern or well, would kill any typhoid germs that might be lurking there; that its use would insure healthful drinking-water in a crowded military camp; that it would exterminate malaria- and yellow-fever-carrying mosquitos in stagnant pools and swamps by destroying the vegetable organisms on which the mosquito larvæ feed; that it would, in a few hours, make the water of an evil-smelling and foul-looking city reservoir, containing billions of gallons of water, clean and sweet; and that the amount of copper that accomplishes all this is so small that while it kills the bacteria in the water it does not make the drinking-water poisonous or injurious to the human system?

It has been known for a long time that copper destroys bacteria, but the metal has not been much used heretofore for the purpose, because scientists have generally believed that the dose required to kill the bacteria must be very concentrated—so concentrated, in fact, that it would poison the water. Dr. George T. Moore has now announced, with the authority of the United States government behind him,[1] that he has discovered how to get the good effect of copper without any dangerous result; that he has a way of using copper so diluted that it cannot hurt a baby, and yet so active that it will destroy virulent cholera and typhoid bacilli in four or five hours.

Few announcements in recent years have been more important and will bring greater health and happiness to mankind. At least half the population of civilized

[1] Bulletin No. 64, Bureau of Plant Industry; B. T. Galloway, chief; Albert F. Woods, chief pathologist and physiologist.

countries depends on stored water. The suffering and disease that are inevitable when our city water-supplies become contaminated are only too well known. We remember all too vividly the horrors of the Ithaca and Butler epidemics of typhoid. A remedy against the repetition of such ghastly experiences will be one of the greatest blessings science can bestow.

Dr. Moore was graduated at Harvard in 1895. For several years past he has been a member of the brilliant scientific corps of the Department of Agriculture, being the director of the Laboratory of Plant Physiology in the office of the chief pathologist and physiologist, Bureau of Plant Industry. He is the same man who perfected a means of inoculating sterile ground and making it bring forth fruit in abundance.[1]

One of the most difficult problems with which our cities and towns have to contend is how to keep the water in the reservoirs pure and sweet. With the water in a new reservoir there is, of course, little trouble, but when the reservoir becomes several years old, the battle begins. However vigilant and careful the water-engineer may have been to keep out all impurities, the water begins to smell, and soon stinks and tastes horribly. The horses refuse it in the watering-troughs; the people not only cannot drink it, but cannot even wash in it. The smell varies with the season and locality. It may be of the dried-fish, pig-pen, rotten-eggs, cucumber, geranium, or crushed-violet variety. There is not a section of the United States which does not, at some time of the year, have trouble with its water. At times the odor has been so bad that the authorities have dragged the bottom for a dead body, or they have been obliged to shut off the water for months at a time. I quote the following accounts at random from among the hundreds of complaints sent to the Department of Agriculture by city officials.

From Massachusetts: "The odor was so bad that it would be almost impossible to take it as far as the mouth to taste it. Horses refused it at the street watering-troughs, and dogs fled from it."

From New York: "Strong, fishy odor and taste, also odor of smartweed. Popular complaint was dead fish in water-mains. Very rank. Water smelled bad, particularly when warmed. Tasted bad, but not injurious to health. Looked better than tasted or smelled."

From New Jersey: "Have seen *Uroglena* so abundant that an odor could be plainly detected one third of a mile away."

From Indiana: "The growth increased to such an extent that we were compelled to cement the bottom and five feet up the sides. It was as dense as a field of clover in June.

"Taste was said by the people to be woody or fishy, like rotten wood or decayed fish. At one time the report got out that the body of a missing man had been found in the reservoir."

From Kentucky: "The odor was so strong that we had to discontinue sprinkling the streets and lawns."

From Montana: "We have spent $1,000,000 during the last five years in trying to keep our reservoir clean, but, nevertheless, the water is so bad that we have had to shut off the supply each year from June to December."

Naturally the public become indignant and much alarmed for their health, and a great hue and cry is raised about the bad management of their officers; whereas, as a matter of fact, the engineers are not to blame. The smell is caused by vegetable matter in the water (algæ), which enters in some inexplicable way and thrives in quiescent water. Hundreds of water-supply systems in the United States have been rendered unfit for use by this cause alone.

The Department of Agriculture and State and municipal authorities have tried many different expedients to get rid of the algæ. Sometimes the authorities have spent thousands of dollars building a roof over the reservoir, as the algæ will not grow in the dark; but in the case of very large reservoirs the enormous cost prohibits a roof. They have pumped air into the reservoir; they have tried to filter out the algæ, to take them out by skimming, to precipitate them with alum; or they have emptied the reservoir, cleaned it, and put in a cement bottom,—all of no avail. One city employed a man to spend his whole time in skimming its reservoir, but the fishy smell grew worse all the time. One city in New England asked permission of its State legislature to abandon its $2,750,000 reservoir and to build another costing about $4,000,-

[1] See THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for October, 1904, page 831.

000, in an attempt to keep out algæ. Another spent millions of dollars in the removal of earth and the substitution of gravel at the bottom of an immense new reservoir.

These facts will give the reader some idea of the great nuisance, discomfort, and expense caused by algæ in water-supply systems in the United States. European cities have similar experiences. Recently Dr. Moore determined to attack the problem from a new standpoint,—from a physiological aspect,—and to try to discover a substance which, because of its extreme toxic effect upon the algæ, would absolutely prevent their growth in the reservoirs.

WHAT ARE ALGÆ?

Probably few people know what algæ are. They must not be confused with the eel-grass, pickerel-weed, water-plantains, etc., which are commonly found in reservoirs and are most apt to attract attention. Unlike algæ, these plants have a definite stem, with roots and leaves, and usually produce flowers. Then there is the duck-meat, or *Lemna*, often seen floating on the surface. But these are not algæ, and are not responsible for the bad odors and taste of water.

Algæ are flowerless plants, or cryptogams. Though almost invariably found in water or in very damp places, they have been little studied, because they have no economic value, but it is among these aquatic forms that botanists locate the ancestors of the entire vegetable kingdom. Here we find the largest plants known in nature, at least so far as length is concerned, a Pacific coast form being unquestionably from seven hundred to eight hundred feet in length, while others have been reported from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred feet long. The algæ also include the largest single-celled plants at present recognized, some of the tubular forms often extending for several feet without a distinct cross-wall, while others (those of isodiametric shape) are as large as a golf-ball. Familiar salt-water algæ are the brown kelps and wracks so common along the northern coast, as well as the smaller, more delicate red forms which have been so popular in the adornment of Christmas cards, calendars, etc.

There are hundreds of species of fresh-water algæ, but only about a dozen varieties which give trouble in our water-supply reservoirs. The thick, spongy layer that gathers on stagnant pools and is popularly called frog-spawn or pond-scum is one kind of algæ, but, as a rule, the algæ which cause the bad taste and smell of water-supply systems are the minute and almost invisible forms of which perhaps the best known are the blue-green algæ. Though the individual plants are invisible to the naked eye, there are so many thousands of them in each cubic centimeter of water in a polluted reservoir (as many as 50,000 to the cubic centimeter have been counted) that the water has a greenish, slimy look and gives everything a disagreeable green stain. Each tiny organism secretes a bit of sharp and penetrating oil; when this oil is liberated by the death and decay of the cell, or the breaking of the oil-sacs, the stench begins. The usual color of the algæ is blue-green, but it may be olive, yellow, and brown, chocolate or purplish red. Algæ are of very simple structure and of many designs, varying from a wheel to a glass marble or a necklace. Some of the designs are beautiful when magnified three hundred or five hundred times.

For instance, a *Uroglena* colony, the most common and troublesome form of algæ found in New England and in the North Atlantic States, when magnified, looks like a colorless glass marble with a lot of small greenish dots scattered over it. Each green dot is an individual cell; each has a pair of whiskers of unequal length sticking out from the surface. These whiskers are constantly lashing about and thus keep the ball revolving and swimming through the water. If the water is absolutely quiet, the *Uroglena* colonies are not offensive; but as soon as the water becomes disturbed by pumping or by being drawn off, the tiny sacs of oil are broken and the foul smell begins.

The rapidity with which the algæ multiply under favorable conditions is marvelous. Most of them consist of a single cell, and multiply by merely dividing into two cells like the parent.

Dr. Moore obtained specimens of algæ from all parts of the country and in his laboratory tried the effects of different substances on them. His aim was to discover a substance that would poison the algæ and yet that would not harm the water and that would be cheap. Free

chlorin and sulphur dioxid at dilutions of 1 to 1000 or 10,000 destroy many forms of algæ, but both substances are very injurious to animal life. Silver is exceedingly effective, but its cost is prohibitive. Mercury and lead are, of course, out of the question, and zinc requires too high a concentration to be practicable. It is not necessary to describe in detail the many substances tried and found wanting. Suffice it to say that Dr. Moore found that copper sulphate, familiarly known as blue vitriol, possessed exactly the virtues he required. Tests showed that a very little of this substance will destroy all algæ organisms in a small tank in a few hours and absolutely prevent their recurrence; it dissolves so easily and thoroughly in water that every bit of the copper which does the poisoning is freed to act immediately. This compound proved, in fact, such a willing and facile distributer of the copper, as weak solutions as 1 part copper to 10,000,000 or 50,000,000 parts of water being powerful enough to kill most of the algæ forms, that Dr. Moore thought it might be used to relieve the farmers of Virginia and other Southern States who were complaining that their beds of water-cress were being smothered by a species of algæ. The cress sells in winter for from $10 to $20 a barrel, and formerly had been a profitable crop. By dissolving small quantities of the copper sulphate among the cress-beds,—1 part copper to 50,000,000 parts water,—he poisoned the algæ weeds and brought about their complete disappearance. But the cress was unharmed. By one of the mysterious conditions of nature, the copper, spreading through the water, attacked and destroyed one vegetable organism, the algæ, but was powerless to affect another vegetable organism, the cress.

At this time there came to Chief Pathologist Woods's notice the trouble of a small town in Kentucky. At much expense, several years before, the town had built an elaborate water-supply system, but it had continual difficulty with the water. Dr. Moore visited the reservoir and found the water packed with anabæna organisms, as many as 7000 filaments to the cubic centimeter. A colony of anabæna when enlarged several hundred times look like a bracelet of small green stones with larger yellow stones set in at intervals. The water smelled like a pig-pen, and tasted to match, and was of a slimy, greenish color. The reservoir was not a large one, being of about 25,000,000 gallons capacity—just what was wanted for the first test. As the algæ were so dense, he decided to give the rather strong dose of 1 to 4,000,000. The experiment was made in July, 1903.

The only apparatus required was some coarse sacks and a rowboat. About 200 pounds of the blue vitriol were placed in the sacks and hung from the stern of the boat. Then the boat was rowed up and down, backward and forward across the reservoir for several hours, covering every part of the surface in order that the copper should be evenly distributed. The crystals were soon dissolved, and the party returned to the shore. Dr. Moore knew that the small amount of copper used was so thoroughly distributed that it could not make the water dangerous to drink; but would it be strong enough to destroy the foul-smelling plants in the water? At first the smell grew worse, but he was not particularly alarmed, as he had expected that the commotion made in the water would break up many of the tiny oil-sacs and liberate the oil. At the end of twenty-four hours the greenish color began to disappear; at the end of forty-eight hours the green was entirely gone and the surface was clear, but the water had a light-brown tinge due to the dead organisms held in suspension. At the end of the third day the water was clear, sweet, and completely cured of the disagreeable smell and taste. Tests showed that there was not an anabæna left. To make sure that the copper had not poisoned the water, Dr. Moore tested it a few hours after the dose was applied and found no trace of the copper remaining.

It cost $12.50 to purify the reservoir, the only item of expense being the blue vitriol, which costs about six or seven cents a pound. The town, which had been spending thousands of dollars each year ineffectually, has had no further trouble.

After this successful experiment Dr. Moore attacked larger reservoirs, with equal success. In the fall of 1903 he sterilized a basin of 600,000,000 gallons in Massachusetts, formerly a part of the water-supply system of Boston. At that time the water contained 10,000 organisms to the cubic centimeter. After the treatment he could not discover a single organism. This year only from 30 to 60 to the centimeter

were found, and a very slight dose has killed these. The largest reservoirs in the world can be treated in the same way. When a very large surface has to be covered, it is better to use several boats, or perhaps a small launch, in order that every part of the reservoir may be evenly treated. The treatment costs from 50 to 60 cents per million gallons. July is the best month to kill algæ: the organisms are then, so to speak, most relaxed, as they have not yet formed their spores and hardened themselves for the winter. All algæ are not equally sensitive to the solution, so that the strength of the dose varies with the different species.

Of course some people will object to this method of purifying their drinking-water. They do not like copper in their drinking-water, and they do not like to think of the dead algæ remaining in it. I wonder if these objectors know that one can of peas contains more copper than 330 gallons of water that have been sterilized by the 1 to 1,000,000 solution, the strongest dose ever used to get rid of algæ. As a matter of fact, the copper goes out of solution very quickly. Part of it is absorbed by the algæ; part of it unites with the carbonate or hydrate in the water, also forming an insoluble precipitate. Sometimes it is advisable, when the water is in constant use and people are exceptionally timid, or if there is an excessive amount of organic acid in the water, to add lime to help precipitate the copper; this precaution is, however, rarely necessary, as almost all water is able to absorb instantly the minute amount of copper in the dose. Those who do not like the idea of the dead algæ remaining in the reservoir should consider that most of the dead organisms by combining with the copper become insoluble and sink to the bottom, where they are as harmless as the sands on the river-bottom; or they form scum on the surface, which may be skimmed off. Even without treatment the dead organisms would be there, and many more of them at the end of the season.

The most common evil afflicting the towns had thus been cured, but another remained, not so prevalent, but far more dangerous and dreaded. The water may gush from the tap with sparkling purity and of delicious softness of taste and yet be saturated with insidious microscopic germs dealing disease and death broadcast. Somebody living in the watershed which feeds the reservoir has typhoid fever. He contaminates the spring on his farm; the spring carries the germs down the stream and into the city reservoir; soon millions of colonies of typhoid bacilli are thriving apace in the reservoir, waiting to be forwarded in the water-pipes to every family in the town. Such has been the origin of nearly all great urban epidemics of typhoid.

The sensitiveness of the little algæ organisms to the faintest trace of copper had been so repeatedly demonstrated that it occurred to Dr. Moore that possibly the same treatment might destroy disease bacteria—typhoid, cholera—in our city water-supplies. All bacteria are vegetable organisms. They are closely related to algæ, but are much more minute and simpler than the algæ which cause offense in reservoirs.

A magnified typhoid bacillus looks like a colorless little rod with a lot of hairs sticking out all over it. The hairs act as fins and propel it about. A typhoid bacillus in twenty-four hours will multiply into millions of bacilli. It can exist for months in a cake of ice, and then when the ice melts becomes active and dangerous again.

The germs were subjected to copper-sulphate solutions of varying concentrations, under varying temperatures and for varying lengths of time. Tests made in test-tubes and in large tanks proved that the most virulent colonies of typhoid and cholera germs can be exterminated in four or five hours at room temperature, which is about the temperature of a reservoir in summer, by using a solution of 1 part copper to 100,000 parts of water. The solution is tasteless, colorless, and harmless. But this was not conclusive. In test-tubes and tanks we make our own conditions: we have definite and known equations which we are not apt to meet in a large reservoir holding millions of gallons.

It was therefore with considerable uncertainty that Dr. Moore attempted, in answer to the appeal of a city in the Middle West whose water had become infected with typhoid, to sterilize its reservoir with the copper sulphate. But the dose—1 part copper to 100,000 parts water—proved as effective as in his tanks and checked the threatened epidemic. Though so extraor-

dinarily fatal to the germs, the amount of copper used was so little that when dissolved in the reservoir it was colorless and could not be discerned by the most sensitive taster. Other large reservoirs have been cleared of typhoid germs in the same way, so that *we can assert positively that hereafter people living in towns and cities can be protected from the scourge of disease-infected water by the copper treatment.* The cost of the treatment is ridiculously small, ranging from fifty cents to three dollars per million gallons. Usually a much weaker dose than 1 to 100,000 is effective.

The public must not make the mistake of imagining that the copper treatment for destroying disease bacteria in water-supply systems is designed to replace or supersede slow-sand and other efficient means of filtration now employed. It is intended to supplement these methods. Filtration is usually effective, but many times cannot be used. The method is so expensive that the vast majority of towns are obliged to do without it. Again, there are many times when the polluted water of a reservoir must be purified at once. An epidemic is at hand, and there is no time for slow filtration. Then it is that Dr. Moore's discovery helps us. By his method, in a few hours we can thoroughly sterilize the water, destroying every dangerous germ in it, and the process is so cheap that every small town can afford to adopt it. Heretofore no satisfactory and yet harmless method has been known that would be effective in the course of a very few hours and the cost of which was within the reach of every community. Boiling the water will, of course, always be the most thorough means of killing bacteria, but not one family in one hundred will take this trouble.

After we have once sterilized a typhoid-infected reservoir, how can we prevent the water from being invaded by more germs coming down the stream whence the first came? is the natural question of the reader at this point. We might repeat our dose every few hours, or, better yet, we might suspend large sheets of copper at the intake of the reservoir. The toxic action of the copper sheets would be strong enough to prevent any live typhoid germs from getting in. Of course the sheets would have to be kept clean: any slimy coating on their surface would interfere with the toxic action of the metal.

This leads up to a most interesting problem, the possibility of safely sterilizing water by keeping it in copper vessels. Dr. Moore has found that water, after standing from six to eight hours at room temperature in a clean copper vessel, becomes safe to drink even though it may have contained cholera and typhoid germs. It remains to be seen whether the application of these facts to conditions in the tropics, where cholera is abundant, will be of any value. It would seem that the construction of canteens and other water-vessels from copper might serve as an additional safeguard, if not an actual preventive of this disease, and would prove of considerable value where distillation or efficient filtration apparatus is not at hand.

How much copper a man can take into his system without injury is a disputed question. Some physicians, notably Dr. Kobert, have concluded after elaborate and careful experiments that a man of average weight can consume 1 gram of copper daily without injurious effect. Others have said half a gram daily. This seems to Dr. Moore much too high an estimate, and to be on the safe side he has assumed in his experiments that a grown person can take into his system without hurt two hundredths (.02) of a gram daily. This estimate is universally recognized as conservative. Physicians when prescribing copper frequently give much more than this in a day.

A man would have to drink two gallons, or fifty table-glasses, of water treated to kill typhoid or cholera germs, in order to take into his system two hundredths of a gram of copper, which all admit every one could take daily without the slightest harm. This supposes that the person drinks the water the very minute after the copper is applied. If he waited an hour or more he would have to drink much more than this, for the copper disappears very rapidly, and in a few days has entirely vanished. To get an ordinary physician's dose he would have to drink perhaps fifty gallons of water treated for typhoid or cholera germs. A Japanese, who is the greatest water-drinker of the world, drinks about one gallon of water a day, but this is much more than the average Westerner drinks.

Copper is commonly believed a virulent poison, and there is a deep-rooted popular prejudice against using it in any way by

which it could get into our bodies; and yet how many people, I wonder, know that their daily food contains considerable quantities of the metal? They may be shocked to learn that canned goods, which are so popular, and fish, meat, vegetables, fruits, contain many times more copper than a gallon of water treated for typhoid germs; that even a loaf of bread or a cake of chocolate contains more copper than a gallon of water so treated. But who ever hears of children being poisoned by copper in their bread or chocolate?

One of the most common means by which typhoid fever is spread, typhoid-laden milk, can be almost entirely prevented by using copper sulphate. Milk is usually infected by being kept in pans or glasses which have been washed in infected water, or by being diluted with infected water. If the water used for these purposes is first sterilized by copper sulphate, there is very little probability of the milk being contaminated. But while we can probably prevent typhoid bacteria from getting into milk, we cannot hope to destroy the bacteria by the copper solution if they once get in. The albuminous matter and the fat in the milk prevent the free solution of the copper and fetters its toxicity. A very strong dose of copper, 1 to 300 or 500, must be used to kill typhoid germs in milk, and so much copper makes the milk unpalatable.

Drawn by William Oberhardt. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE OLD METHOD OF CLEANING A RESERVOIR

Since the announcement by the Department of Agriculture of the copper cure many curious cases from the past have come to light tending to confirm this discovery. A physician in Indianapolis has told how, when the last cholera epidemic invaded that city many years ago, the authorities unexpectedly quenched it by using blue vitriol. All the disinfectants which they then believed effective had been exhausted in fighting the cholera, and they were at their wits' end what to do. Some one suggested that they might try the piles of copper sulphate on the dumping-ground.

Drawn by William Oberhardt. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

NEW METHOD—DISSOLVING THE BLUE VITRIOL

To appease the clamors of the public by appearing to do something, they seized upon the waste heaps and washed the streets, houses, and everything with solutions of the copper. The disease disappeared inexplicably, and they had been unable to give a satisfactory explanation until now. The chairman of the State Board of Health of Massachusetts has recalled the fact that during the last visitation of cholera in Massachusetts all the employees of the Revere Copper Works seemed immune. Friends and relatives were constantly falling, but not a single employee of the copper works fell sick. Living in and breathing a copper atmosphere appeared to render the workmen invulnerable to the epidemic. In fact, coppersmiths generally believe themselves immune from disease. A Georgia physician has asserted that appendicitis and other diseases which our fathers never heard of are, in reality, germ diseases, and that they have become so prevalent of late because of the passing away of the old-time copper tea-kettle. This last seems a little far-fetched, however. A traveler from China reports that he has always wondered till now why certain Chinese villages are not swept away by the cholera epidemics; he now knows that they are saved by the copper vessels in which the villagers keep their drinking-water and with which nothing can make them part. He had often tried to purchase some of these copper vessels, but no price would induce a villager to sell his. The Chinaman had a superstition that his prosperity and life depended on his keeping the pot.

The Health Board of New York has reported its experiments to ascertain how currency spreads disease. Microscopic examination of coins and paper showed that almost every silver and gold coin and paper bill carries from hand to hand swarms of germs, *but not a single disease germ was found on any copper coin.* The freedom of the copper coins from germs seemed so remarkable, particularly since we should expect them to be the dirtiest, as they are apt to pass through the dirtiest hands, that the board smeared diphtheria cultures over some of the copper cents and watched the effect. In a few hours the germs were dead, proving that the copper cents possessed some inherent quality which made them shed germs as ducks shed water. Cases have also been reported of typhoid patients who have been cured when all else failed by rectal injections of copper solution.

Inexperienced persons are warned not to use the copper treatment. Like medicine, it is beneficial when properly used, but if applied by some one who does not know the exact conditions of the water, the result may be disastrous. A microscopic analysis is always necessary in order to learn

the number and character of the organisms in the water, and whether the water is hard or soft, etc., so that the dose may be calculated to meet the necessities of the case.

The Department of Agriculture gladly furnishes proper authorities with information and assistance. Under its direction the copper treatment has been used in about fifty different places throughout the country, in each case with invariable success. Among the cities that have already profited by the discovery are Elmira and Cambridge, New York; Butte, Montana; Baltimore, Maryland; and Winchester, Kentucky.

So great, however, is the popular prejudice against copper that many of the towns do not wish their names mentioned, realizing the tempest that would arise among the people were it known that copper had been used to purify the water. "I 'd rather take my chances with typhoid-infected water than with water purified by putting copper into it," is the common cry. This present wide-spread dread of copper is due to the conviction that the least trace of copper poisons the human system. And yet our grandfathers used copper dishes and copper kettles, and they not only appear not to have been poisoned by such use, but to have been more free from intestinal troubles than are the present generation. We have fallen out of the habit of using copper vessels largely because enamel ware has come into the market and is so much cheaper. But all this is not to the point, for the copper put into the water to destroy the algæ or to kill the typhoid germs disappears long before the water reaches the mouths of the people.

In the earlier part of this article I quoted from some of the complaints sent to the Department of Agriculture by cities having trouble with water. Among those who have tried the new discovery, the water-engineer of Baltimore reported in August last on the treatment of part of the water-supply of that city as follows:

> I am glad to say that the result has been an unqualified success. . . . As for any deleterious effect from the use of the sulphate, the city chemist reported to me that an analysis of 500 cubic centimeters of the water one hundred and twenty hours after treatment showed no trace of copper. A close observation was made by a keeper at the lake, and so far as observed up to to-day, eleven days after treatment, the only fish killed by the sulphate have been 5 small catfish, 2 small mullets, and 1 small carp.

The superintendent of the Water Company of Butte, Montana, which for nearly ten years had been obliged every year to cut out of service its largest reservoir from June to December, wrote in July of this year:

> The trouble from vegetable organisms in our reservoirs dates back to 1890, and we have gone to enormous expense trying to eradicate the evil. You can well imagine we feel very grateful to the department for doing in two weeks, at an expense of less than $200, what we have been trying to do for the past fourteen years at a cost of many thousands of dollars. . . . On Sunday, July 24 [1904], the water in the reservoir being absolutely pure for the first time in the month of July, it was turned on to the city mains . . . The copper practically disappeared from the water after twenty-four hours, and no traces were found after forty-eight hours.

The Department of Agriculture has in its service many men who, like Dr. Moore, are striving to solve problems which will contribute to the welfare and happiness of mankind. Beyond a meager salary and the gratitude of the people, they receive nothing in return for their discoveries made in the public laboratories, at the public expense.

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

DRAWN BY ALFONS MUCHA

TO A LITTLE CHILD

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

Come, let us kiss you, Newly Seven,
Seven times and once to grow on,
For the new year may not go on
Till the lucky kiss be given,
Child of Heaven, newly seven.

Your eyes, so confidently blue,
They were the mother's eyes before you,
And the gay spirit looking through,
It was the mother's soul that bore you;
Therefore, Seven, we adore you.

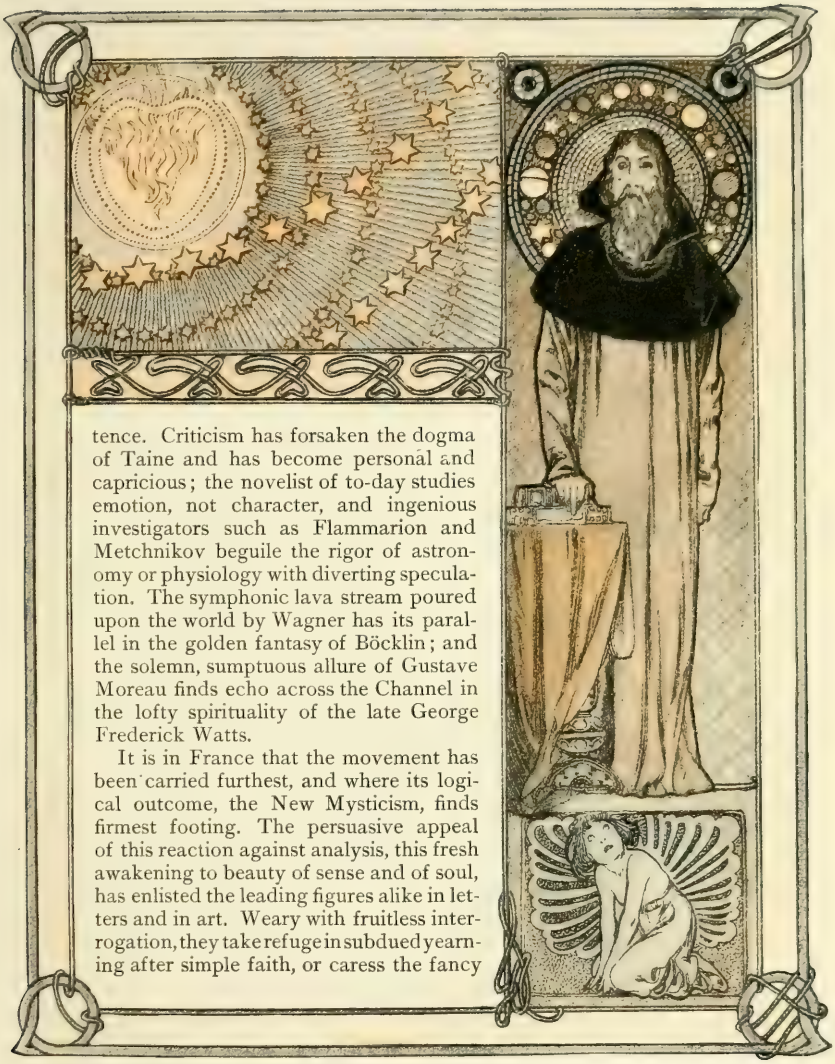
Her beauty was the gift of Heaven,
And yours, child, too, is godly-given,
For it doth seem to me that even
Thus Jesus looked when he was seven.

ALFONS MUCHA AND THE NEW MYSTICISM

BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

NOTHING is more characteristic of the modern spirit than its complete surrender to the claims of what is vaguely called idealism. The ironic outbursts of Nietzsche, the fervid sensualism of d'Annunzio, the rhetoric of Rostand, and the eager soul-questioning of Maeterlinck, are all protests against the encroachments of science and the increasing materialism of contemporary exis-

Lithograph by Mucha from "Ilsée, Princesse de Tripoli" (H. Piazza & Cie., Paris). Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson



tence. Criticism has forsaken the dogma of Taine and has become personal and capricious; the novelist of to-day studies emotion, not character, and ingenious investigators such as Flammarion and Metchnikov beguile the rigor of astronomy or physiology with diverting speculation. The symphonic lava stream poured upon the world by Wagner has its parallel in the golden fantasy of Böcklin; and the solemn, sumptuous allure of Gustave Moreau finds echo across the Channel in the lofty spirituality of the late George Frederick Watts.

It is in France that the movement has been carried furthest, and where its logical outcome, the New Mysticism, finds firmest footing. The persuasive appeal of this reaction against analysis, this fresh awakening to beauty of sense and of soul, has enlisted the leading figures alike in letters and in art. Weary with fruitless interrogation, they take refuge in subdued yearning after simple faith, or caress the fancy

Lithograph by Mucha from "Ilsée, Princesse de Tripoli" (H. Piazza & Cie., Paris). Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

Composition by Mucha from "Le Pater" (H. Piazza & Cie., Paris). Half tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"HALLOWED BE THY NAME"

Composition by Mucha from "Le Pater" (H. Piazza & Cie., Paris). Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"THY KINGDOM COME"

with tender, beseeching evocations. Huysmans lives in the shadow of the cloister, Bourget preaches the gospel of human suffering, and Brunetière and Coppée profess ardent neo-Catholicism. A notable group of painters, at the head of which stand René Ménard and Lévy-Dhurmer, bathe their canvases not in the crude, broken colors of the impressionist, but in the blue and gold of an evasive, vaporous ideality. To escape the slavery of modern costume and setting, Sarah Bernhardt sweeps across the stage of the Renaissance Theater in the shimmering guise of "Izeyl," "Médée," or "Lorenzaccio." To escape the tyranny of fact, Charcot at La Salpetrière and Professor Flournoy of the University of Geneva dabble in phenomena of hypnotism and suggestion. One and all, they are apostles of the New Mysticism, which is, in effect, but the old idealism, the eternal hunger

Lithograph by Mucha from "Ilsée, Princesse de Tripoli" (H. Piazza & Cie., Paris). Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

after that which is not, and which may never be.

The esthetic aspect of the movement seems typified in the person of Alfons Mucha. First through his posters and later through his religious paintings, Mucha allied himself with the prevailing tendency, and became, finally, one of its chief exponents. His rightful home is Byzantium, not Paris, nor even Prague. He is less himself in the Luxembourg and the Tuileries than in the gardens of Semiramis or the palace of Scheherazade. The supple flow of his line, his profuse use of ornament, and his passionate lyricism, all coincided with current taste. Like novelist and playwright, he harked back to Italy and to Greece for themes heroic or amorous. Like them, he, too, was a lover of Princesses Lointaines. From the hour his "Gismonda" was paneled on the walls of Paris, Mucha enjoyed undiminished vogue, and for ten years has steadily increased his claim to consideration.

This gifted spirit, who is by turns painter, poet, and musician, is a Tsech, having been born in 1860, at Ivancica, in Moravia. Some beneficent Valkyrie surely blessed him with the flame of art, for his earliest impressions were of form and of color. Before he could speak or walk, he remembers lying in a huge cradle and gazing at the glittering lights of the family Christmas tree. He grew up a bright-eyed, curly-haired youngster possessed of irrepressible vivacity and a pronounced taste for drawing. The child was frequently left in charge of his grandmother Maly, who delighted in his work and often rewarded his efforts with judicious gifts of sweetmeats. His mother, however, wished him to become a priest, so he was sent at the age of ten to Brünn, the capital, where for a time he was a choir-boy in the Metropolitan Cathedral. Yet he clung despairingly to the idea of being a painter, and sixteen saw him at the College of Brünn, caring more for his drawing-lessons than for all the other classes combined. He shared his room with a student poorer even than himself, and from about the middle of each month, when their pockets were empty, they were often in sorry straits for food. Practically all they had was a huge round loaf of black bread and a can of pork grease which the room-mate's peasant family was in the habit of sending. Mucha, being the draftsman, would scientifically mark off with chalk in advance the exact amount of bread to be eaten each day, and the pork grease served as butter.

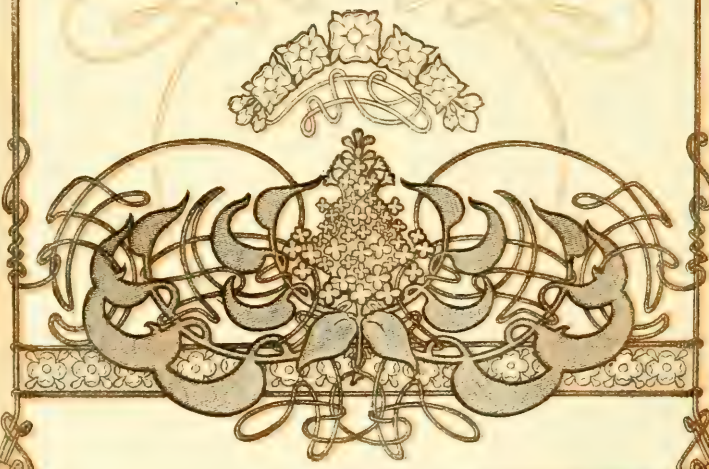
The youth's love for art was so persistent, and his ability so exceptional, that his master, Zeleny, a kindly, bearded old man, who always arrayed himself in a long cloak and high boots, advised sending certain of his sketches to the Academy of Fine Arts at Prague. Lhota, the Director of the Academy, proved, however, an incorrigible pessimist, and admonished the aspirant to renounce art and become a government clerk. Doubting, but not disheartened, Mucha now set out for Vienna, where he worked some months on the decorations for the new Ring Theater, and finally drifted, penniless, to Nikolsburg. Here he remained a year or more, executing portrait sketches of the townsfolk for five florins each; and here he made the acquaintance of Count Khuen of Emmahof, who became his patron and enabled him to complete his studies in Munich and in Paris.

In order to maintain social prestige, he stopped at "The Lion," Nikolsburg's leading inn. Being both witty and musical, he was invited about considerably, despite the fact that his wardrobe was perilously shabby. At one period his single pair of trousers was in such a hazardous condition that his only expedient was to wear his topcoat throughout the evening, on the plea of suffering from chills. After several public appearances under these conditions, he was surprised one morning to receive a visit from the leading tailor of the town, who took his measure for a pair of trousers and politely but firmly declined any suggestion of payment. Mucha subsequently appeared in the trousers, and was complimented on their color, cut, etc. It was not until nearly twenty years later, when he had become a famous artist, that the sequel came in the form of a letter from Berger, one of the townsmen, asking whether he recalled the incident, and adding that the trousers had been a spontaneous gift from the young ladies of Nikolsburg.

Though knowing almost nothing of mural painting, he resided for several months at Grussbach, decorating Count Khuen's new château. It is true that he afterward studied for a time with Herterichs in Munich, and with Boulanger, Lefebvre, and Lau-

rens in Paris; but none of these experiences offered him anything of lasting consequence. He has always been what he is to-day, a sensitive, instinctive creator of beauty. He studies nature only, and adds to nature a gracious, inventive fancy and a caressing ideality wholly his own.

The two years in Munich, where he was a joyous, irresponsible leader among the Tsech colony, which included Vacha, Brozik, and Marolda, were followed by a sharper contact with reality and by the sting of bitterness and poverty. Shortly after he arrived in Paris, Count Khuen withdrew his patronage, and Mucha, pen-



Lithograph by Mucha from "Ilsée, Princesse de Tripoli" (H. Piazza & Cie., Paris). Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

niless and knowing French but imperfectly, was thrown on his own resources. He lived for a while in the Avenue du Maine, and later in the Rue de la Grande Chaumière, dreaming resplendent dreams and glad to do anything he could in the way of illustration. Vacha was his companion during this struggle, which was not over until Colin commissioned him to illustrate Seignobos's "Histoire d'Allemagne" in collaboration with Rochegrosse. His position was definitely conquered when Bernhardt inspired him to execute "Camille," "La Samaritaine," and a score or more posters incomparable for their suavity of line and their rich, subdued coloration. Yet it is not these hieratic creatures, crowned with the jewels of Theodora and exhaling the perfume of languorous enchantment, that best reflect Mucha's art or best embody his message. His glimpses into the realm of legend and into the mystery of the spirit-world reveal a deeper insight and a surer technical mastery. In only one poster, "Médée," did he offer a hint of that tense dramatic force and that dignity of treatment which characterize the pathetic abandon of "Ivo and Anitza" and the haunting power of his "Pater Noster."

A profound student of history, and familiar from childhood with the myths of southeastern Europe, it is natural that Mucha's decorations for the pavilion of Bosnia and Herzegovina at the Paris Exposition should have been executed more as a labor of love than in a perfunctory, official manner. In order to refresh his memory of costume and of forms floral or architectural, he made an extended tour of the country; but the charm of these compositions lay not in their actuality, but in their flowing scenic grace and their inevitable grouping and arrangement. Two books which Mucha has since illustrated, "Ilsée, Princesse de Tripoli," by Robert de Flers, and "Cloches de Noël et de Pâques," by the new Academician, Émile Gebhardt, rank among his best work, but they both give place to "Le Pater," which, thus far, represents his highest attainment.

The youthful acolyte in the cathedral at Brünn has remained a fervent Catholic, and his art as well as his religion reflect that colorful Christianity which Cyril and Methodius brought long since from Constantinople and Thessalonica. There are echoes of the Slavonic ritual, of the dim beauty of *ikoni*, in his compositions whether sacred or secular, and this element, coupled with an active interest in the occult, gives a sacerdotal, Asiatic tinge to panel, poster, or painting. It had been Mucha's dream for many years to combine these tendencies into a form both esthetic and devotional, and this he was finally able to accomplish in "Le Pater." For obvious reasons he chose the "Lord's Prayer" as being typical in character and universal in appeal. The work is simply a textual and pictorial paraphrase of each successive apostrophe, and rises, particularly in its visual imagery, to an exalted plane of achievement. God is here no longer the benign or wrathful Father, but a mysterious Being whose shadow fills the earth. Nature is personified as a luminous, adolescent giant, and Love descends from heaven in the guise of woman. So long had Mucha dwelt on the general plan of this work, and so vivid and insistent were his conceptions, that the seven principal panels were all executed in the course of a single summer spent at Bréry, in the Juras, not far from Geneva. And yet the zealous austerity of this phase of Mucha's art has not been attended with any loss in simple directness of expression, as proved by the delicately spiritual beauty and charm of the child's head shown on page 216.

In his studio at 6 Rue du Val-de-Grâce, which with its tapestries and swinging censer suggests a secular sanctuary, Alfons Mucha is now working on a series of decorations for the Assumptionist Church of the Virgin in Jerusalem, and also on certain compositions depicting symbolically "The Seven Deadly Sins." He has renounced the poster, and is devoting his maturer powers to subjects possessing more enduring significance. The roses and clematis which lead toward the studio door, and the blossoms clustering in jars about the room itself, show his abiding love for flowers. The cartoons for the church in Jerusalem typify his perpetual theme—the glorification of woman. His art is a sumptuous art, floral, astral, feminine; it reflects with tender nonchalance the fluid beauty of form and the delicately veiled secrets of the soul. It personifies in its every accent the New Mysticism. It has flashed out of a rich, sensuous past, and it beckons toward a dim, enigmatic future.

A MISFIT CHRISTMAS

A MONOLOGUE: SPOKEN BY SONNY'S FATHER

BY RUTH McENERY STUART

Author of "Napoleon Jackson," "The River's Children," etc.

WELL, well, well! Ef there ain't the doctor! At the steps befo' I discovered him! That 's what I get for standin' on step-ladders at my time o' life. Ef you 'd 'a' been a brigand you 'd 'a' had me, doc—both hands up.

I was tempted o' the heathen by these big Japanese persimmons. Here, lay these on the banister-rail for me, doc—an' look out! Don't taste 'em, 'lessen you want yo' mouth fixed to whistle. That puckerin' trick runs in the family.

Yas, they 're handsome, but gimme the little ol' woods persimmon, seedy an' wrinkled an' sugared by the frost, char*ac*-ter lines all over its face—same as a good ol' Christian.

Merry Christmas, old friend!—ef it is three days after.

This first shake is for "Merry Christmas," an' this is for thanks for yo' Christmas gif'. It did seem to be about the only one thet amounted—no, I won't say that, neither. They was all well-meant an' kind, an' I 've been o' the edge of cryin' all day, thess to think—although—

But come along into my room an' see the things. Oh, yas; I reckon it was a sort of "ovation" to celebrate my seventy-fifth Christmas this-a-way an' to make it a surprise party, at that.

It seems thet Mary Elizabeth, Sonny's wife, give out along in the summer thet this was to be my seventy-fifth Christmas, an' invited accordin'ly—all the village an' country-side. She jest give it out promiscuous, tellin' everybody thet the only person thet *was n't* to know about it was me *—on pain of not havin' it.* That was what you might call a stroke of ingeniousness. They ain't a person in the county thet would miss havin' an unusual thing like that, an' so the secret was pretty safe-t.

She never wrote no invitations. She 'd thess tell every person she met to instruct the next one. So nobody's feelin's was hurted. She declares she never hinted about presents; but it must 've been in her voice an' her intimations unbeknownst to herself, for not a mother's son or daughter come empty-handed. 'Sh-h-h! I notice the sewin'-machine has stopped an' she might— But I tell you here—'sh!—I say, I tell you, doc, *I can't turn around in my own room.* An' sech ridic— I tell you, *I never was so miserable in my life.*

Oh, of course, they 's exceptions. There 's yo' present, f'r instance. Sech a pocket-knife as that—why, it 's a heredity! I 've got it down in my will a'ready—that is to say, I 've got it codiciled to my namesake. What you say? Oh, no; I would n't have no child named Deuteronomy, the way Sonny an' I was. He an' Mary Elizabeth, why, they offered it through excess of devotional feelin'. I see you recall the circumstance now. He 's named after a certain auburn-haired doctor—an' yet, as I say, he 's my namesake—named something else, for my sake. We jes call 'im doc for short.

Yas, he 'll get that knife, though I hope to season it a little an' get the blades wore down some before he receives it.

It was real white in you to send sech a thing as that. A person might 'a' supposed thet you 'd 'a' sent a fresh box o' porous plasters, or maybe a bottle o' lithia tab—

Why, no; of co'se I did n't fear it. How could I—an' be surprised? But ef I had

been anticipatin' the party, I 'd 'a' thought o' the drug-sto' show-case, an' they ain't never anything appetizin' in it to me. You cert'n'y deserve credit not even to select sech a thing as a hammock or a head-rest, although ef you had, I 'd never 'a' questioned it.

Yes, I got a few head-rests, some stuffed with hops an' some with balsam, an' one poor neck-roll perfumed with something turrible—asafetida, I reckon. I 've laid that out to sun. Mary Elizabeth says they 're good to ward off whoopin'-cough, an' I told her I 'd rather have the whoopin'-cough than it.

Oh, yas; the party was fine, an', as I said, they was a lump in my throat from the arrival of the first visitor, although it was Moreland Howe, an' you know I never hankered after Moreland. I reckon the reason my throat lumped up so at him comin' was the thought thet *even* Moreland had come to wish me joy. You see, he give my *e*motions a back lick—an' it 's thess like 'im.

He brought me that ridic'lous thing hangin' from the swingin' lamp over my readin'-table in the hall here. What you say? "What is it?" God knows, doctor, an' he ain't told me. I suspicion it 's thess a sort o' *eye-ketcher*,—to be looked at,—although I 'd ruther look at almost anything I know. It 's a thing thet, ef a person was anyways nervous, would either help him or hender him. He might find ease in tryin' to count the red an' purple worsted tassels, or the flies thet light on 'em; but ef he did, seem to me he would come to realize thet there was holes in the perforated paper thet could n't be counted, an'—well, I don't like to discuss it. It 's the kind o' thing *she* or *I* never liked—not thet I 've ever seen its exact match.

The only use *she* ever had for perforated paper was to make crosses for pulpit book-marks—an' I 've made 'em myself whilst she 'd be darnin', thess startin' with one row o' between-holes an' cuttin' each one bigger until the desired size was reached, an' then pastin' 'em one on top o' the other, accordin' to size, so 's the middle would rise up like sculpture. Then they 're fastened on to the ends of ribbins to hang out in view o' the congregation. Now, there 's a useful thing—an' suitable.

You know, Moreland was engaged to be married once-t, an' I suspicion thet this dangle is one of his engagement presents thet he 's had laid away. I 've got a conspiracy in my mind thet 'll rid me of it—in time. I 'm goin' to tech it over keerfully with the attraction off o' fly-paper, quick as spring opens, an' when Moreland sees how they 've ruined it, why, I 'll drop it in the stove—*with regrets*.

He 's dropped in twice-t a'ready sence it 's hung there, thess to enjoy it, although he ain't crossed this threshold before but once-t in three year.

I tell you, doctor, they 's nothin' thet stimulates friendship like givin'. Receivin' is cheap compared to it, as the Bible declares—in other words, of course.

Yes, but we were mighty sorry you could n't come to the party, doctor; an' ef it had been anything but another birthday occasion thet kep' you away, we 'd 'a' made a row about it. Of course the babies, bless their hearts! they must have all the attention thet they can't demand.

I tell you, things are a heap more equalized in this world than short-sighted mortals can discern.

You ain't seen the bulk o' the things yet, doctor. Wait a minute tel I have time to put on my hypocritical smile an' I 'll take you in. We 'll be ap' to meet Mary Elizabeth, an' I owe it to her particularly to be as deceitful an' act as cheerful as I can over it; in fact, I owe it to all them thet took part in it.

I would n't mind it so much ef I could shet my room door an' get into bed an' see the interior landscape thet I 'm used to, but—

'Sh-h-h! I hear her slippers. She 's heared you an' she 's comin' out. Here 's doc, daughter. An' I 'm thess takin' 'im in to view my purties.

So now, I s'pose my popularity is in a manner proved, as you say, an' it 's all mighty fine an' gratifyin'. But after I 've lived with my constituency for a while, so to speak, I 'm goin' to get you to separate 'em, Mary Elizabeth, an' let the whole house feel it. No, don't say a word! It 's got to be done. Do you think I 'm that selfish thet I 'd appropriate all the combined popularity of daughter an' son *an'* gran'children!

The truth is, doc, this has got to be a turrible popular house sence Sonny has been elected school director an' little Marthy is old enough to have a choice o'

hair-ribbins. An' Mary Elizabeth she always was popular. An' I see she 's lookin' at her watch: we 're keepin' 'er too long. I s'pose a watch gets looked in the face the first week of its ownership often enough to lose countenance forever except it knew it would have plenty of retirement, later on. Most ladies' watches lead lives of leisure.

Yas, I give it to her. I think every lady should have a good gold watch an' chain, ef for nothin' else on account o' the children rememberin' "ma with her watch an' chain." An' the various daguerreotypes looks well with 'em. It 's a part o' gentility, a lady's watch is, whether it 's kep' wound up or not.

An' in case o' breakin' up a home, a watch looks well on the inventory. Little Marthy—her grandma's namesake—of course she 's got *hers*, an' it ain't no mean timepiece, neither. It 's got a live purple amethyst on one side, an' the chain goes around twice-t—an' ef the day comes when she wants to take my old picture out o' the case an' put in a younger man's, I 'll be that much better pleased to know thet joy stays with us, along with time.

I wonder ef that ain't a purty fair joke, doctor, for a seventy-fiver—settin' among his troubles, too.

I 'm glad she slipped away. She 's sech a modest little thing—went thess as soon as I referred to her popularity. I would n't 'a' wanted her to stay an' look over my presents with you. It 'd 'a' made me tongue-tied. Come along, doc. That 's right. You lif' *that* an' I 'll pull *this* back whilst I shet the door with my foot.

I tried to open that door yesterday from my bed the way I 've always done, but by the time I 'd got the things out o' the way they was n't anything left to use but my teeth, an' ruther than resk my plate on that glass door-knob I got up an' h'isted a few things on to the bed—an' the rebellion thet came into my heart I 'd like to forget. I 've doubted the doctrine of total depravity all my life, as you know, but maybe it 's so, after all—in my case, at least. I reckon, like as not, all doctrines is true, more or less, in some lights, or else so many people would n't see their ways to believin' 'em.

The way I 've sinned over these presents has filled me with regretful remorse.

Look out! Don't step! Wait a minute! Some o' the children has wound it up. I hear it whir. Here it comes from under the bed. We must 've shook the floor. What do you think o' that, now? Sir? Why, it 's said to be a seed-counter. Jim Bowers brought it. He says thet when it travels that-a-way it 's prowlin' for food an' it craves peas an' beans to count.

What 's that you say? "Did I give it any?" No, I did n't. Not a one. I was too nettled to give Jim that satisfaction. I know it 's some dod-blasted patent thet he 's been took in with, an' he thought thet bein' as I was in my second childhood, I 'd be tickled over it—an' I got contrary.

I really would n't care so much ef the thing was n't so all-fired big. It takes up as much floor-room as a chair, an' I 'm compelled to keep it in sight for a while. Who in thunder wants seeds counted, even ef the fool thing could do it? It 's more like a toe-snatcher, to me; an' I intend to have it chained to the table-leg, a safe-t distance from my bed. I never did like the idee of havin' my bare feet nabbed in the dark.

Our littlest he 's mighty mischievious, an' no doubt he heared me an' you start to come in, an' he 's sneaked in an' wound up— Look out there! I say he 's been in here an' wound up things. That ain't nothin' but a mechanical rooster, but you don't want to step on it. See him stretch his neck an'—did you ever hear anything so ridic'lous! I s'pose I must ac' mighty childish for people to fetch me sech presents. An' yet, I ruther like that rooster. It tickles me to see the way he exerts hisself.

Hold on, doc! That 's on the bureau an' it can't do you no harm. Yas, he 's wound 'em all up, the little scamp, an' like as not he 's watchin' us from somewheres.

Thess to think, doc, thet we was boys once-t. It 's the fullest-to-the-brim of happiness of all the cups of life, boyhood is, I do believe.

Don't start! Thet 's thess a donkey savin's-bank, an' it 'll "yee-haw!" that-a-way now tel a nickel 's dropped in its slotted ear. He 's the family favoryte of all the presents, an' he 's heavy with money a'ready. What 's that you say? "He 'll bray tel he runs down"? But he don't never run down—not within the limit of human endurance.

They say they 're the best money-savers on the market. They 're so ridic'lous, 'most anybody 'll spend a little change to

see 'em perform. The feller showed his genius in makin' the deposit go to hushin' 'em. He knew thet once-t he got started, a man would give his last cent to silence him. Did you ever hear so much sound out of sech a little— An' his last bray is as loud as his first.

Here, drop this in his ear, for gracious' sakes, so we can talk.

Oh, them? They 're picture-frames constructed out o' chicken-bones.

I s'pose maybe they 's jestice in this museum, but they don't seem to be mercy.

It seems thet a lady down in Ozan has been givin' lessons in makin' 'em. Yas, chicken-bones steeped in diamond dyes; an' they say they 's seven kinds o' flowers an' four fruits represented. I ain't studied 'em out yet, but I can see they 've used drumsticks for buds, mostly. An' the neck-j'ints, unj'inted, they 're wide-open perrarer-flowers.

The heads is seed-pods, an' so is the popes'-noses; an' I have an idee thet the chrysanthe'ums an' asters is constructed mainly of ribs. Of course it 'd take a number, but on a farm—

Why, yas; I s'pose it is purty—uncommon purty—considerin'; but in things of beauty I don't like to have to consider, an' the thing don't appetize me worth a cent.

Them gum-ball frames, now, an' the sycamores an' pine-cones do very well. But when it comes to framin' my relations, I sort o' like to put my hand in my pocket an' do 'em store-jestice. An' these nature-frames they ketch dust an' harbor spiders considerable.

Between you an' me, I don't intend to give them graveyard chicken-frames house room more 'n thess so long, an' the only real use I can think to put 'em to is a raffle; so I 'll donate 'em to the next county fair to be raffled for expenses. You see, they 'd be suitable for the flower, fruit, *an'* fowl departments, an' they pleg me, thess knowin' they 're here.

Mary Elizabeth she ain't give no opinion of 'em yet, an' she may consider 'em suitable to frame a couple o' stuffed birds she 's got; an' ef she does, why, she 's welcome. She 'd likely gild hers to match the pine-cone frame round her mother. She 's got it trimmed with a piece of her ma's favoryte silk dress, fastened in one corner by a little pin she used to wear. She considers suitableness in everything, Mary Elizabeth does.

These slippers I 've got on was her present. She worked the initials, an' they 're lined with a scrap o' one o' wife's old wool dresses, an' I like to know it.

That new readin'-lamp? Why, Sonny he give me that. The old one was good enough a-plenty, but it seems thet these new ones have special organdy burners—or no, I reckon it was the old one thet had the organdy burner, an' this one is to wear a mantle, he says. Either one reminds me of *her*,—either the organdy or the mantle,—an', of course, I need the best light now for my night chapter o' the gospel. The little feller—why, he made the stand it sets on, an' the mats was crocheted by the girls. Oh, I got lots of nice suitable things, an' I appreciate everything, nice or not, exceptin' that seed-counter, an' I never will be reconciled to bein' made cheap of. I hate a fool, even when it 's inanimate.

Yas, that 's a map o' the world. Henry Burgess brought that. Yas, it does seem a nice thing, an' I said so, too, an' I 'm glad I did befo' I saw the date on it. After that, I 'd 'a' been compelled either to pervaricate or to fail in politeness, an' it 's always easier to fall on a piller than into a brier-patch.

I 've looked for places I know on it, but it 's either non-committal or I 'm not observant enough. They don't seem to be no Philippine Islands on it whatsoever, but like as not they was n't thought much of then an' they 're secreted somewhere.

I always did like the look of a wall-map,—when I go into an office or court-house,—but I doubt whether I 'll ever fully relish this on my own wall. A clock thet won't keep truthful time always plegs me, an' this threatens me the same way.

Oh, no; that ain't to say a toy, exac'ly—that nigger doll on the mantel. It 's a pincushion; an' the heathen Chinee, why, he 's a holder of shavin'-paper; an' the stuffed cat it 's a foot-rest. I notice it 's mouse-e't at the corners, so the con*no*'ziers ain't deceived.

I see somethin' has stole the hickory-nut head o' the toothpick lady a'ready, an' I suspect it 's the flyin'-squirrel I caught sniffin' at her yesterday.

An' that pile o' ribbins? Oh, they 've come off o' all the things. That was the first thing I done, rippin' them off. They 'd

ketch in my hands so an' gimme gooseskin the len'th o' my spine.

I 've passed them over to Mary Elizabeth, an' she 'll likely work 'em into crazy-patches or hair-ribbins for the girls.

That? Excuse me whistlin'. That 's *whisky*, doctor. An' who do you reckon sent it? Who but Miss Sophia Falena Simpkins, the twin—an' they both teetotalers! Shows their confidence in me. "How old is it?" Well, she allowed it was as old as they are, an' of co'se that stopped my inquiry, but it 's old enough to be treated with respect an' not abuse. Yas, that four-in-hand necktie it was tied on its neck—from the other twin. Yas, it 's the reverend stuff, an' that thimble-sized, hat-shaped glass over the cork seems to stand for their maidenly consciences, an' I won't never violate the hint.

That shoe-an'-slipper holder with all the nests in it was sent in by our chapter of the King's Daughters, each daughter contributin' one nest, as I understand it; an' it 's ornamental on the wall, although my one contribution looks middlin' lonesome in it. Of co'se I always have on either my slippers or my boots, an' when I get into bed it 's unhandy to cross the room thess to put my boots up in style.

The first night it hung there the children all come an' put in their shoes for the night, but that was awkward. They 'd have to come an' go bare-feeted. Yas, the motter is suitable enough. "Rest for tired soles" is about as inoffensive as a motter could well be. An' so is this, on one o' the umbrella-holders, "Wait tel the clouds roll by," although it seems a sort o' misfit for an umbrella. "When it rains it pours" would be more to my mind. Yas, I 've got three. "Little drops of water," this one seems to have on it; an' this one says—I never can read them German-tex' letters. What 's that you say? "Expansion for protection only"? It 's well to be highly educated like you, doctor. I would n't 'a' made that out in a week. But do you know it sounds sort o' deep-seated, like as ef more was meant than you see at first? I wonder ef it could refer to politics, some way. "Expansion for protection only." It cert'n'y sounds political.

Yas, they did fetch a ridic'lous lot o' pen-wipers, for a person o' my sedate habits. I never did fly to the pen much. You see, when a present is more or less obligatory, why, a pen-wiper is an easy way out. Almost any shape repeated an' tacked in the middle with some sort o' centerpiece, like an odd button, rises into prominence with the look of a present.

Of co'se I *have* written letters, from time to time, in days past. I was countin', only last Sunday, the letters I 've written in my life, an', includin' my proposal-letter, which I wrote an' handed to her personal, on account o' the paralysis of my tongue—I say, countin' that, I 've wrote seven letters all told; an' I regret to say, one of the seven was writ in anger, an' two in apology for it, so thet they 's only four real creditable letters to my credit, an' one o' the four was n't to say extry friendly, although it sounded well.

That was the one I wrote to Sally Ann, time her first husband, Teddy Brooks, died. Poor Teddy could easy 'a' been kep' livin' along a few years more, ef not permanent, ef he 'd been looked after an' excused from so much motherly cradle service. Of co'se I knew Sally Ann, an' thet she was nachelly a public performer, an' would be readin' 'er letters of consolation out loud to whoever dropped in, an' I composed it accordin'. An' so she did, for she wrote me thet my note of condolence was the most eloquent of all she got—"so everybody said."

I don't suppose Sally Ann ever took a moment's comfort in seclusion in her life, no more 'n a weather-vane. Poor Sally!

But talkin' about this excessive circulation of presents thet 's come into fashion these last years, I don't approve of it, doctor; an' you know it ain't thet I 'm stingy about doin' my part. I 'll give a present, ef need be, an' I 'll even command the grace to take one,—I seem to 've proved that,—but it 's the principle of the thing thet troubles my mind.

Some of our best-raised girls has got flighty that-a-way after goin' to boa'din'-school, where they learn a heap more 'n Latin verbs an' finishin' behavior. Not thet I don't appreciate what they do acquire. It seems to lift 'em into a higher region of ladyhood, I know, an' it 's a thing you can't locate. Wife had a year at Hilltop Academy, an' I always thought she showed it, even in the way she 'd gether eggs in 'er apron, or keep still tel another person quit speakin'. But of co'se they 's boa'din'-schools *an'* boa'din'-schools, an'

them thet fosters idle hands I don't approve of; an' the fact that a parent may be able to pay for it ain't got nothin' to do with the divine responsibility as I see it. The idee of an earthly parent bein' willin' to put up big money to have his own flesh an' blood incapacited for misfortune!

Oh, yas; they give me considerable books. They 've complimented my education to that extent. This "pronouncin'-Testament," for instance, I seized with delight, hopin' to get the real patriarchal pronunciations. I wanted to see if sech jokes as "Milk-easy-Dick" an' "Knee-high-miah" and "Build-dad-the-shoe-height" was legitimate frivolity, but I ain't had no luck so far. I sort o' wonder what kind of a man would aspire to write a Bible-pronouncer. You know sence Sonny 's taken to writin' books, an' we 've had an author's readin' here, I always seem to discern a person behind every volume.

Yas; they 're usin' several of Sonny's nature-books in the schools, now, an' he has mo' orders 'n he can fill, but he won't never hurry. You know he never did. He 'll study over a thing tel he 's satisfied with it, before any temptation would induce him to write about it. That 's why he gets sech high prices for what he does. It don't have to be contradicted, an' no pleasure of the imagination will make him lead a dumb beast into behavior thet 's too diplomatic or complicated.

He 's done some jocular experimentin', —set eggs under inappropriate beasts an' sech as that,—but he ain't had no luck. All our beasts-of-a-hair seem to flock together same as birds of a feather. He 'lows thet he 's often seen expressions on our dog's face thet looked as ef he might be capable of intrigue or religious exaltation, but Sonny ain't felt justifiable in ascribin' motives thess on his facial indications—not even when it 's backed by the expression of his tail.

You ain't goin'? Well, I know how it is, an' I 'm a friend to all the sick, so I won't keep you. Yo' visit has done me good, doctor. I always did love to hear you talk. We agree an' disagree thess enough for sugar an' spice. Oh, yas; it 's been a merry Christmas; no doubt about that. An' the fun ain't fully over, either. I 'll amuse myself with the presents thet 's been adjudged suitable to my mind, when time hangs too heavy. I thought last night thet some time I 'd empty that bottle o' iron-pills I never took—I 'd empty 'em into the seed-counter when it was on some of its travels; an' ef it knew the difference an' spurned to count 'em, I 'd try to have some respect for its intellect.

Good-by, doc, an' a merry Christmas!

Surely, say it again: "Merry Christmas!" That lasts here tel we can say "Happy New Year!" They say our Christmas laughter was heared clair acrost Chinquepin Creek, an' ol' Mis' Gibbs, settin' there paralyzed in her chair, she laughed with us whilst she enjoyed the basket-dinner Mary Elizabeth sent her.

Yas, them are her cardin'-combs. She could n't come to the surprise party, so she sent them to me. Her hands refuse to hold 'em any longer, an' she allowed no doubt thet I might while away my last moments that-a-way. But of co'se she did n't know me. I may be old an' childish, but even ef I was to turn baby again, I 'd be a boy-baby. Yas, I know I could use 'em, but I won't. It 's true I made Bible book-marks, but they was for a man to preach by, an' a housewifey woman set beside me, sewin' whilst I made 'em. That was enough to difference me. Why, ef I was to get so sedated down thet I could set up here an' do feminyne work, I 'd be belittled, an' no man can stand that.

Well, good-by, ef you must. Here, ol' friend, gimme yo' hand an' lemme hold it still thess a minute. So much of our earthly hand-shakin' is thess touch an' go—an' I like to realize a friend's hand once-t in a while.

An' now I 've got it, I want to keep it whilst I say somethin'. Settin' here these long hours sence this blessed Christmas day, which, after all my jocular analyzin', has moved me to tears, I 've had a *thought* —a thought which has give me comfort, an' I 'm goin' to pass it on to you.

Settin' here, amongst my misfit presents, yesterday, mad one minute an' chokin' with laughter an' throat-lumps the next, I suddenly seemed to hear a line o' the old hymn, "My Christmas will last all the year," an' then I was thankful thet my 'Piscopal experience had furnished me a ready answer to that: "Good Lord, deliver us!"

An' then, with my funny-bone fairly trimblin' an' my risible eye on the fly-

catcher, the sweetest thought come to me —like a white bird out of a wind-storm.

Harassed as I was with all these presents, I could n't seem to contemplate a continuous Christmas of peace, noways, when suddenly I seemed to see the words befo' me, differently spelled. Instid of "e-n-t-s" I saw "e-n-c-e," an' right befo' my speritual vision I saw, like sky-writin', "The Christmas Presence"—thess so.

Maybe it won't strike you, but it was a great thought to me, doctor, an' "Christmas all the year" had a new sound to my ears.

Think of that, doctor—of livin' along in the azurine blue, beholdin' the face of the Little One of the manger by the near light of the Bethlehem star! Or maybe seein' the Beloved leanin' on a piller of clouds, illuminin' our listenin' faces with the gleam of his countenance whilst he 'd maybe repeat the Sermon on the Mount from the book of his eternal memory. Think of what an author's readin' that would be—an' what an audience!

An' it 's this Christmas Presence thet inspires all our lovin' thoughts here below, whether we discern it or not.

An' what we 'll get on the other side 'll be *realization*—a clair vision with all the mists of doubt dissolved.

This is the thought thet come to me yesterday, doctor, out o' the cyclone of playful good will thet got me so rattled. An' it 's come to stay.

An' with it, how sweet it will be to set an' wait, with a smile to welcome the endurin' Christmas thet 'll last "all the year" an' forever.

LIEBEREICH'S CHRISTMAS

BY JOHN LUTHER LONG

Author of "Madame Butterfly," etc.

THE HOUSE THAT HE AND EMMY BUILT

"HE 'D be better off," said Mrs. Schwalm, referring to the possible death of old Liebereich.

"You don't mean you 'd be?" grinned Hermann Schlimm.

He had drifted into Mrs. Krantz's kitchen, among the women, after the funeral. No one gave him any attention.

Old Liebereich's wife had just been buried, and they were met to pay Mrs. Krantz their respects. She had been the "next-door neighbor" through Mrs. Liebereich's illness.

There was some strawberry preserve presently, and some "field tea."

Then Mrs. Krantz said to Mrs. Schwalm:

"You had better go now."

Mrs. Schwalm was "next door" on the other side. She would now housekeep for old Liebereich for a week. Then Mrs. Engwein, who lived next to Mrs. Krantz, would take her turn, and so on while old Liebereich lived—which it was thought would not be long. For no one ever went to "the poorhouse" or "the home" from this German vicinage.

These things were so well understood that they were not even discussed at this gathering. But there was a well-defined understanding that the brief management of old Liebereich would be difficult. Mrs. Schwalm rose to go.

"He won't fold his breeches unless you make him," warned Mrs. Krantz.

"And I 've heared," said another, "that he never hangs 'em on the back of a cheer if he kin put 'em on the floor."

Old Liebereich had an odious reputation for this sort of thing.

"You know Emmy she spoiled him."

"If *he* did n't do things *she* done 'em."

"That 's a good way to spoil 'em!"

Mrs. Krantz warned again:

"You got to keep the clock on him all the time, or it 's no use. At six he 's got to eat his supper. You 'll have to push him right in his cheer, and see that he gits things in his mouth. If you don't, you 'll have to clean 'em off the floor. Seven, to bed with him. Yisterday he says to me, says he: 'I ain't no dog-gone baby! Lemme alone! I kin git to bed myself.' But I had him asleep by that time."

Mrs. Schwalm sighed. It was plain that she was going to a house of trouble. But it was her duty, and she would do it, as they all would.

I do not know at what point, precisely, along the pike, east and west from old Liebereich, the "next-door neighbor" obligation ceased. It was very far. Nevertheless, before the year which succeeded the death of his wife had passed, its courtesies had been exhausted. Each neighbor had served two turns, and each had murmured dismally at the prospect of a third. Finally, they all joined in discussing out-and-out rebellion against custom and Liebereich.

Indeed, one morning the doctor, whose business it was to keep the people up to their duties, found an interregnum. He brought Mrs. Krantz from her house to old Liebereich's as one does a detected criminal.

"I 've had three turns a'ready," she defended.

"The man has had no breakfast," said the doctor. "He must eat while he lives!"

"Well, he 'd be better off, and so would we, if he was—"

The doctor stopped her with a solemn uplifted finger:

"'Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

She thought it made no difference that she gave grudgingly. But old Liebereich felt the touch of impatience. And he saw that she swept the dirt into a corner, stood the broom where it did not belong, and left the stale water in his pitcher.

"You git out!" he quavered senilely. "I kin housekeep for myself!"

"Git your other leg in your breeches, or I 'll—"

He did it so suddenly, in his fright, that Mrs. Krantz's humor returned, and she laughed. She was dressing him. He broke out afresh at this evidence of safety:

"I built this here house before I was twenty-one or you was born—I did. My mother she says, says she: 'Bill, soon it will be a man in the house. Don't you think you 'd better git the house? You and Emmy 's mighty thick.' I took the hint. And, on the morning I got twenty-one, here I was! And, begosh, there"—he pointed to the other side of the fireplace—"was Emmy! She and me done it all—together. She drawed the plan. You see them bricks that ain't the right color? Emmy laid 'em! Yessir! With her little hands—and a trowel—and mortar! They are all right except the color. I says, says I, 'Take 'em right out!' But she threw the mortar on me, and it went in my hair and eyes, and she had to wash it out—that 's why they was never changed. And I 'm glad they was n't. Whenever I look at 'em—one of 'em 's a little loose—I kin see my Emmy laying 'em! Well, you never seen nothing as nice, I 'll bet you, as Emmy laying bricks! Old Gaertner made the bricks—out there where the boys swim now. That was all clay once. None of the ground clods like you git in bricks nowadays! It 's too long for you to remember, I expect. You not more 'n sixty-five or so." Then his mind flew back to the cause of his rebellion, and he was all the more angry that he had forgotten it in thinking of Emmy. "And now you want to boss me! I won't stand it. Git out! You 're just a spring chicken."

"You shut up!" cried Mrs. Krantz.

At this anathema he gasped in fresh fear.

"Betsy," he said humbly when he could speak, "you 're too young to talk to me like that!"

"I 'm going on seventy!" snapped Mrs. Krantz; which boast was untrue.

"So?"

Old Liebereich caught the insincerity and turned to inspect her.

"'T ain't so!" he said, with old-fashioned passion against a lie. "You think you kin shut me up that-a-way and I 'll go to bed easy! You git right out!"

"If you don't take keer I will!" cried the exasperated housekeeper. "Let 's see what the Lord says!"

She closed her eyes and put a finger on a text of the Bible which lay open there, meaning, if it were favorable, to take him at his word and leave the consequences to heaven.

But what she read was:

"Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

II

EMMY AND HE WERE NEVER APART

WHEN seven o'clock came, old Liebereich, unrebuked, still reviled her and her housekeeping. For the Scriptures had spoken and the woman knew her duty. She did it. And not a word delayed or hastened by an instant old Liebereich's relentless progress to bed.

Even when he was there he said:

"You can't keep no house! My Emmy kin beat you all! Look at that!"

It was an andiron which had become dull.

"When my Emmy gits back you kin go to grass!"

But the last word was mumbled in the delicious sleep Mrs. Krantz had brought him.

Then Mrs. Krantz humbly polished the dulled andiron, cleaned the dirt out of the corners, restored the broom to its rightful corner, folded old Liebereich's trousers and hung them over the back of a chair, lighted the lamp, shaded it, looked again at that scriptural text, as if to ask whether every cross had been borne, then went out, to return at five in the morning. For old Liebereich was permitted to sleep late. He was no trouble when he slept.

Now, while old Liebereich sleeps, I shall tell you some things you ought to know. In the idiom of the vicinage he was considered "funny," which means only queer. Happiness had made him so, they said. His most constant and odious boast was that he had loved his wife for eighty years. It began, he said, when he was four and she was born.

And old Liebereich did not know that she was dead. Something had dulled his faculties when they told him she would die, and now he believed (as they told him, so that he would not "bother" them) that she was at her sister's in Maryland to get well, and would be home soon. So the curious jerk of his head toward the door by the fireplace meant only that he was vigilant for his wife's return. The neighbors thought it part of his aberration.

But even the little intelligence he retained made out this return to have been logically too long delayed. It was no longer "very soon," as they had at first told him; it was scarcely "soon," as they had at last told him.

And Christmas was coming!

"Do you think she will be here for Christmas?" he asked each one of them.

They assured him of this.

"Then I 'll hang up the old stockings and su'prise her!"

Here, again, I must explain that they had always cherished the element of surprise in their Christmas giving.

You will have seen that old Liebereich was living too long for his neighbors. I must be careful how I put their sentiments into words, so that no injustice be done them. I think I had better say that it began to seem to them like effrontery for him to live on. They said oftener now and with greater unction that he would be better off. And they answered Hermann Schlimm's query (in the second paragraph of this story), when he repeated it, with accumulating anger now.

But you are not to suppose that old Liebereich was made unhappy by the least knowledge of this. On the contrary, nothing of it reached him. He found another reason for their brusqueness. They were simply *women*—and unlike Emmy.

One day, Mrs. Schwalm, wearily responding to his questions about his wife, asked him why he did not write to her. This at least, she thought cunningly, would consume time and give death added opportunity.

Now, in all his thoughts there had never been that one.

"Why, you see," he said, "Emmy and me was never apart for a day. It was no need to write. And," he went on, "I ain't no scholar. But—say—you got any ink?"

The letter was a secret office which he attended to himself. It took many days. But he was very happy afterward, and delivered it to Mrs. Schwalm and Mrs. Krantz, who were to get a stamp and mail it.

"What we going to do with it?" whispered Mrs. Schwalm. "Burn it?"

"No. Open it."

However, Mrs. Schwalm, who was known to be sentimental, opposed this.

"But it 's got to be answered."

This was so. Mrs. Krantz cumulated her arguments.

"He 'll ask for the answer a dozen times a day till you 're crazy!"

"Well, anyhow, let 's wait a little. He may die any day," was the way Mrs. Schwalm temporized.

"You 're interfering with the Lord's business!" chided the curious Mrs. Krantz finally.

III

"VERGISSNICHTMEIN"

So, while they went away with his letter which was never to be mailed, old Liebereich sat by the fire in the fireplace which he had built, and rocked gently, and sang old German songs, and would not go to bed, but fell asleep there. And even in his sleep he was found singing:

"Blau ist ein Blümlein
Das heiszt Vergissnichtmein—"

None of us will ever agree with those old German wives, I think. How could old Liebereich ever be better off — how could any one—than singing old German songs by the fire and waiting for the coming of his wife—and Christmas?

And he got an answer to his letter. It told him very briefly not to worry, that she would be home at Christmas. It was signed "Emmy."

For the wives had said among themselves that God would understand. Just as if they understood God! If He should take him, all would be well. If not, He would find a way.

It was because they thought God would understand that they had opened that pitiful letter of old Liebereich's. He spoke of his loneliness; how he had waited for her without complaint; how, now, he could wait no longer. At the end he told her, with the imperiousness of a husband, that she *must* come home. They read this; they saw the childish blots; they knew where his half-palsied hands had missed the line, then recovered it; finally they read the boyish signature—with dry eyes.

Then they wrote that reply.

I hope that neither you nor I could have done this with dry eyes.

But the night before Christmas arrived, and old Liebereich's wife had not come. Nevertheless, he had no doubt. No one had ever lied to him except Mrs. Krantz. And he had never lied. And here was her letter. There was her name!

They came in and found him reading the letter.

"My Emmy never fooled me yit," he told them exultingly. "She 'll come. Only she 's late a little."

He put the letter in their eyes.

"Don't it say she 'll be home *at* Christmas?"

And I hope that neither you nor I have ever had that happen to us—such a letter thrust into our eyes!

When they whispered among themselves he grew cunning and pretended to sing while he listened. What he heard made him think that she was already come, but was in hiding to surprise him. Something was to happen the moment he went to sleep. And he fancied that they meant to bring her in at that moment. Well, he liked that. No surprise he had ever planned himself was quite so fine. *Emmy* was to be his Christmas gift!

But what they had spoken about was the paleness of his old face, and how he had recently "failed." For he could not sleep now, or eat, for watching and waiting.

And old Liebereich carried his cunning on to a desperate end. He pretended to be prodigiously sleepy. Yet when they would have hustled him off to bed he suddenly and savagely rebelled, stamped his feet, and put them out of the house in a specious fury they could not withstand.

"I kin put myself to bed," he cried happily after them. "I ain't no dog-gone baby. I won't be bossed in my own house!"

But the moment he had closed the door upon them he laughed.

And when he pulled down the blinds he did not know that he shut out their peeping eyes.

But it had made him tired.

IV

THE NIGHT-SHIRT WITH THE FEATHER-STITCHING OF BLUE

He unlocked the door by the fireplace, presently, and lighted two new candles. Then he got from the bottom drawer the night-shirt with the blue feather-stitching about the collar, and put it on. His trousers lay on the floor.

"Now," he laughed defiantly, "what will Mrs. Schwalm say! Let her say it!"

For you must know that such things as this adorned night-shirt had been banished to the bottom drawer, since his commandeering, as far too frivolous for his years. You will also observe that old Liebereich expected Mrs. Schwalm to see him in this garment and to rebuke him. But it was about this that he was so very reckless. For at the moment of its discovery his wife would have arrived, and then, in his own words, they might all go to grass!

But this obliges me to speak of old Liebereich's cunning plan, or, which perhaps is better, to let him tell it for you as he now told it to himself in the kitchen of the house he and Emmy had built.

"They 'll bring her in that door by the fireplace, all dressed for Christmas. And they 'll all be crowding in behind her to see what I 'll do. Well, they 'll see! Oh, they 'll see! I wish it would be early morning and the sun come through the door. I expect I kin wait that much longer. And mebby the bells 'll ring. They 'll sneak her right up to my bed, and then they 'll holler: 'Merry Christmas, Liebereich! Wake up!'

"But I 'll fool 'em. I 'll hug Emmy right afore 'em all, and let 'em know that I 've fooled 'em! And I 'll laugh at Mrs. Schwalm. So will Emmy. And after that—" Now what *could* there be after that! "After that we 'll just be happy. That 's all."

Meanwhile he tidied the room as it had never been tidied before, and then fixed his thick white hair about his face in the fashion which Emmy liked.

At last he held up both candles and looked at himself in the mirror, and there were pink spots on his cheek-bones, and the bit of blue about his neck went very well with his faded eyes. Old Liebereich wagged his head with the satisfaction of a dandy at what he saw.

Suddenly he started away from the mirror, then back to it. Then he laughed.

"I thought it was you, Emmy. And you looked like that first day when you saw your face in it. Sixteen. I would n't like you to come back looking sixteen, and me eighty-four. No, I ain't quite ready for you yit, Emmy; I must get clean sheets. But we ain't far apart now no more!"

He went close to the mirror to whisper this. He still was not sure that he did not see her there.

And I hope that you and I have "seen things" in the mirror, though, perhaps, we are not eighty-four and have no Emmy.

Then he went on getting ready for her till he was very tired—more tired, he thought, than he had ever been.

Outside Mrs. Schwalm was whispering to Mrs. Krantz:

"No, they ain't far apart! He 's mighty funny to-night. He is seeing things."

At last he was ready to hang up their stockings on the brass nails which had been put into the mantel for this purpose when the house was built.

And, for something to surprise her, he took from behind that loose brick a gold coin. It had the date of 1825 on it. There was a hole in it, and through the hole a narrow blue ribbon.

But now he stopped and his heart heaved.

"It was to cut the baby's teeth on."

After a while:

"We was going to call him Billy if he was a boy—Emmy if she was a girl."

Again:

"But there never was no baby."

And then, at last:

"But there never was no baby."

He put the coin in the toe of Emmy's stocking and went to bed and closed his eyes—to watch. And his last words were:

"Tired—tired—tired—Emmy!"

He dozed and made himself wake so often, and nothing had happened, that he grew afraid and much more tired. And the red went out of his cheeks, and he could feel his face becoming very cold.

He dozed a long time, at last without waking.

Then they outside, seeing this, came in, all those neighbors, stealthily, whispering and going toward his bed. Some one brought a candle and held it so close to his eyes that it scorched and tortured him. But he did not quiver. He woke; he was tremendously terrified by their stealth, but he did not understand at all—he who had never had such thoughts as theirs.

"He is better off," said one of them.

"He died easy," said another.

Then, suddenly, old Liebereich understood. Still he did not quiver. But his heart was bursting.

"I don't know about that," said a wary one.

Some one took Liebereich's hand from under the covers.

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"EVERYTHING WAS QUITE AS HE HAD FANCIED IT"

"'Sh! He 's only asleep," the voice whispered.

Another sighed a disappointment.

"Touch his feet," said one.

This was done, and the same verdict reached. He was not yet dead.

"He still thinks she 'll come!"

There was a laugh somewhere.

"Look at the night-shirt!"

"How long is she dead now?"

They left him then, and he could breathe a moment. They put into his stocking some things they had brought—simple things—at the last a spiral of pink-and-white candy.

But there was no laughter—only silence. Once more they were doing their duty. And once more—for only the second time in his long life—old Liebereich understood.

"It ain't much," said a pitying one.

"It 's enough," said another, crossly.

The last one said—to comfort both:

"He 'll never know no better."

Then they came and looked at him again.

"Yes—only asleep."

Another voice said:

"In the morning, I expect. Often they sleep away."

A doubting young woman said:

"Mebby it just happened now and he ain't cold yet."

But her elders, who had seen death often, only frowned.

Then they went out.

Old Liebereich lay very still. He was icy cold. The feet and hands they had touched would not get warm. He felt yet their cold hands. Two tears stole down his cheeks. His heart was still filled to bursting. Yet he lay quite still. Presently something like content came and stayed, and smoothed the sorrow from his face, and made it beautiful.

V

THE SECOND OPENING OF THE DOOR

THEN, without the least warning, the door opened again, directly in his eyes, and everything was quite as he had fancied it. Like a picture in its frame, there stood his wife dressed for Christmas. And she was well and happy—by the smiles on her face. And the morning had come, as he had wished; for, as the door opened, the sun behind her smote away the darkness, and it seemed as if she had come down to him on those sheaves of glittering javelins. And yes, closely crowding behind her came the very people he knew would come, filling all the door and making a background for his picture. Such a background! He forgave them all at once. For he must have dreamed those other things. And, more,—and better still,—the bells of the little town were jangling out their Christmas madrigal. (You know how dear the bells are to Germans!)

And old Liebereich, too, did everything just as he had planned it. He lay quietly in his bed until they shouted, "Merry Christmas, Liebereich! Wake up!" Then he rose and took his wife in his arms and laughed at them,—in the very faces of them all!—and told them how cunningly he had fooled them. Precisely as he had planned.

And he had two recollections of the moment. One was that Mrs. Schwalm *smiled* when she saw the blue feather-stitched night-shirt; the other was that his wife was the prettiest of them all. After that came the vast happiness—all as he had planned.

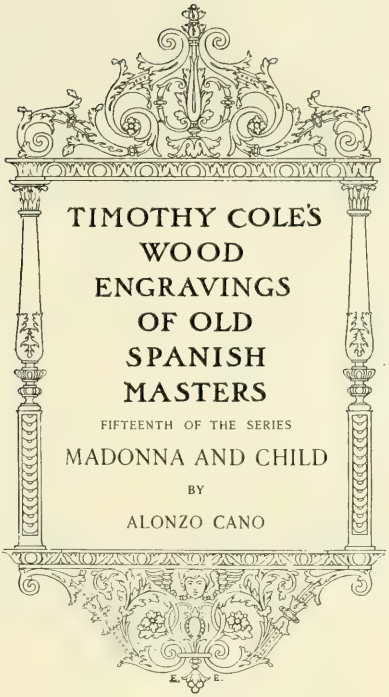
For all of this, from the second opening of that door, old Liebereich had only dreamed. But, quite as they had said, he would never know better, for he never woke.

And when the neighbors indeed came through that door again in the morning, with guilt upon them, with stealth, wondering whether he were dead, while it was yet dark, holding candles once more to his eyes, old Liebereich met them with such a beautiful, smiling face that, one and all, they dropped to their knees. And their eyes were not dry.

And I am no longer sure of that philosophy, a few pages past, where we agreed that nothing could be better than to wait for old Liebereich's wife—and Christmas.

Or maybe the German wives are right, and he is better off?

For perhaps he hears sweeter music than the Christmas bells; perhaps there is a more glorious light than the morning sun in that doorway; perhaps the background of his picture is crowded with fairer faces than those of his former neighbors. God knows! Perhaps immortal youth has, in truth, come. Perhaps he does, indeed, embrace his wife. Else what is the use of heaven? God knows!


TIMOTHY COLE'S
WOOD
ENGRAVINGS
OF OLD
SPANISH
MASTERS
FIFTEENTH OF THE SERIES
MADONNA AND CHILD
BY
ALONZO CANO

From the original painting in the Cathedral of Seville. See "Open Letters"

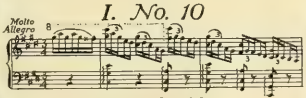
MADONNA AND CHILD. BY ALONZO CANO

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF
OLD SPANISH MASTERS: FIFTEENTH OF THE SERIES)

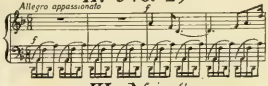
Three Preludes of Chopin

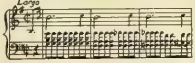
Interpreted by
Sigismond Ivanowski

I. No. 10



II. No. 29



III. No. 4

F. C. GORDON

Drawn by Sigismond Ivanowski. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

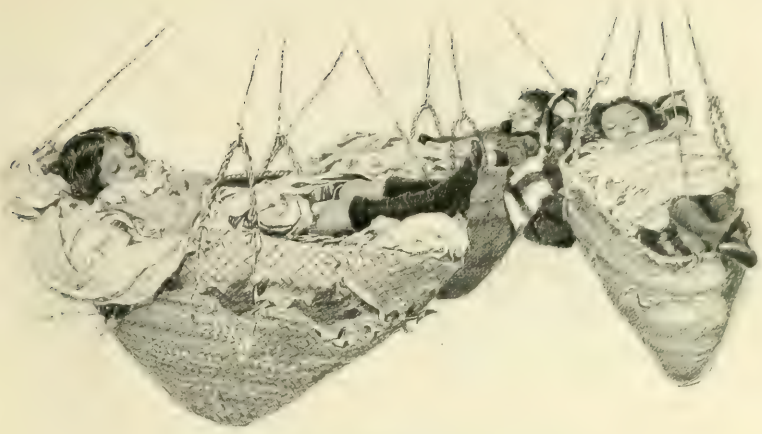
MOLTO ALLEGRO

Drawn by Sigismond Ivanowski. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ALLEGRO APPASSIONATO

Drawn by Sigismond Ivanowski. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

LARGO



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THE CAMEL OF JESUS"

A CHRISTMAS STORY OF THE EGYPTIAN COLONY IN NEW YORK

BY MARGHERITA ARLINA HAMM

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE

SITTING cross-legged on a low divan in their home, a warehouse loft, Raq' and his wife Layala discussed their melancholy prospects. It was a cold morning in mid-December. They had been living on ever shorter rations for the last few weeks, and were secure only in the possession of a shelter in this chill, dark place piled with merchandise. Three children, black-eyed midgets, were just now happily asleep, each occupying an embroidered coffee-bag hung from the rafters with spice-ropes. Like birdlings in a nest they lay, lulled by the gentle motion to and fro and the subdued creak of the ropes.

This corner of the loft was tented by a large rug over several beams, keeping the cold air from the precious-laden burlap sacks, that were decorated with symbols of trade or animal figures in crimson, greens, and gold.

Raq' rose from the divan, folded his muscular lean arms, and stared through the cobwebbed window at the snowflakes in Washington street. His wife rose also and placed her hand on his shoulder with speechless affection. As finely erect and wide-backed as he, she had big girlish eyes and tender lips that gave the effect of sympathetic converse when their owner was most silent.

"It is not ourselves, beloved," he said at length; "but I have long desired that our fledglings should be christened. That is it. They have borne long enough the names bestowed by the French explorer while we were digging near Karnak."

"Yes, and the festivities promised for Christmas day. But we shall certainly be

better off next year. Hast thou asked for work at the café?"

"I go all through the colony. There is nothing. The compatriots give me fair words. Can I cook? Can I embroider or weave shawls? Wallah! I am a digger by profession. I have my certificate from the French explorer. It is no use."

"I have heard there are toil bureaus," murmured Layala, patting his shoulder.

"Those I have tried also, and found they were conducted by robbers. I have answered the little sayings for 'Men Wanted' in the newspapers. They do not understand my speech, nor I theirs. I show them the certificate from the explorer. They swear. I swear."

"Ah," she sighed. "It is a country and a season when the white rain comes down and the northern khamsin bites the ears."

"Do not lose heart, my beloved," he exclaimed, kissing her smooth, rounded neck. "I am not discouraged, either. There are big deserts here also, I know,—hot and beautiful deserts not far off. Likewise there must be buried cities where work is plenty. Dost not remember the American explorer who said this land was even more ancient than Egypt,—exaggerating, it is true,—and there were olden cities sunk in mounds and cliffs?"

"It may be so, and yet it is hard to discover their whereabouts."

"I am determined to find them! The compass has but four points. I will ask the scribe, our friend Hanno."

"He may enlighten us, being wise and venerable," she assented.

Hanno at this moment chanced to enter. He was stoop-shouldered from his writing labor, but had a patriarchal air imparted by his bushy white beard that reached to his girdle. A poor man himself, he was the only friend of the family, and had long been nominated as godfather in the christening of the children. His friendship had procured them this home in the warehouse loft, nominally as caretakers.

There was a long confab with the old man, who doubted that any buried cities existed within two thousand miles of New York. Something in that line might be found in Mexico, or perhaps Arizona; but the explorers did not care much for them.

"Wallah-el-Azeem—by the Most Excellent God!" cried Raq', doggedly, "I have heard there are deep holes in the ground quite near."

"These are mines for the hard charcoal," replied Hanno, smoothing his beard. "The Americans dig much in the earth. Not to excavate works of art and inscriptions. They dig only for the useful."

"So! Then what has become of the past inhabitants of the land? Tell me, O scribe, what has become of their pyramids and temples? They are not above the earth. They must be under it."

"Does he not reason beautifully?" exclaimed Layala, with a sparkle in her girlish eyes, dusky hazel of hue.

"Truth and reason are not always bedfellows," quoth the old man. "The ancient inhabitants dwelt in tents, leaving naught to posterity but a few stone implements. They were a trifling red people; they did not build for eternity."

"Oh," said Layala, nonplussed. She reflected briefly. "The Americans are ever tearing up the streets. They are piercing the city with tunnels. Why is that?"

"It is, as I said, something useful."

"Bes! No more argument," interrupted Raq', picking up his woolen cloak, that had been modified from a second-hand ulster. "I know there is a buried city not far away. It is across the water, and a man told me about it, though darkly. I shall go there to-day and ask for work, showing the French explorer's certificate."

"If thy mind is settled, may God prosper thee," said Hanno, after a moment's silence. "And I will gladly translate the certificate into two languages so that it may avail with foreigners."

"Two languages!" exclaimed Layala, clapping her hands.

Raq' was eager to set off. While the scribe made a speedy translation into elegant Arabic and halting English, he smoked a few whiffs of the chibouk and told his wife to guard well the fledglings and not to be alarmed if he should not return for three days. She embraced him and stealthily put a handful of piroks, hot from the oven, in the pocket of his cloak.

The talisman with which Raq' departed on his quest, being translated in other than the scribe's version, read as follows:

Karnak, 1318th year of the Hejira.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: I certify that the bearer, Raq', has been in my employ ten

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"POSTURES OF WOE"

moons, and has proved himself honest, modest, diligent, and virtuous. He is more than a digger —he has the soul of an artist, lavishing a lover's tenderness upon the desiccated relics of his ancestors. His pickax has never broken a jar or pierced a papyrus. He is an anatomical expert, knowing how to match the toe-nails of the mummy of a princess. I recommend also his wife, Layala, who carries baskets of earth on her head with perfect grace, and the offspring, whom I have taken the liberty of naming Babette, Olivette, and Chemisette.

When Layala was left alone, she sighed deeply and began to take stock of the family provisions. Since she had smuggled three piroks into her husband's cloak, there remained an equal number for the children and herself. She felt thankful that the loft was warm—almost, and that plenty of water flowed from the faucet: water as excellent as ever refreshed desperate traveler at an oasis. What else to be thankful for? A thimbleful of tobacco remained in the bowl of the narghile. Although fond of smoking herself, she scraped it out and put it away against her husband's return.

"Is breakfast ready?" piped the fluent voice of Babette from the largest coffee-bag, the one embroidered with a flight of doves.

"Bekus ready—mama—baby!" cried three-year-old Olivette in her incoherent fashion.

"Ooow! Ooow!" gurgled Chemisette, thrusting her tiny toes through the criss-cross of pink sashes that bound her to her bag

The mother chirruped and cooed in response, and took the children out of their nests. Babette only needed the hand being spry as a little monkey. After brief toilet arrangements, the elder children fell to upon the piroks, and the baby sought nourishment in the place where it was to be found.

"I don't like this food," suddenly exclaimed Babette. "Where is my father?"

"Don't like foo-food," echoed Olivette, brandishing her chubby fists.

"Bad ones!" reproved the mother. "The afrits will get you. Keep away, Olivette,—the babe has not enough. . . . These are the days to fast before Christmas. Now go and play."

Ordinarily the children found endless pleasure in rummaging through the mer-

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'AND THE NAME IS PA-EL-SAIDE'"

chandise of the loft. They crawled through dark tunnels of bales, and found their way inside large boxes redolent of camphor or ginger. They climbed mountains of rugs and carpets that touched the rafters, and they dipped their fingers in the bung-hole of a barrel of oil-kept olives and licked them. They twitched the strings of dusty lutes and played doll with gods of jade or ivory. But this morning, between hunger and longing for their father, they did not care for these sports. They began to whimper. Even the baby became fretful and quit her breakfast before the possibilities were exhausted.

"Where is my father gone?" demanded Babette, peremptorily. "I want him—I want him."

"My beloved ones," said Layala, gently, "why should I deceive you? This is a house of mourning. We have but God to depend upon. Your father has gone to find the buried cities—and if he does not find them soon, I do not know what will become of us. . . . We have made Jesus sad, and it is fitting that we should mourn. Yes, He is sad with us."

Awed by these remarks, though scarcely understanding them, the children became silent and permitted themselves to be placed in postures of woe. Layala arranged everything according to the ancient custom. She sat at the head of the divan with downcast brow and gloomy eyes and hands vertically lax; next to her Babette drooped likewise; Olivette imitated less successfully; and the sprawling Chemisette played her part by mere silence and gravity. Thus they remained for a long time, immovable as statues, without a line of expression in their faces. A foreign spectator would have been startled by these frozen attitudes which would seem to indicate mortal disease; or, noting the jet eyes of the children

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'TELL ME MORE ABOUT THE HAGHIN OF JESUS'"

so keenly fixed, he would be reminded of a brood of little wild animals warned of danger by their dam.

Whether the period of mourning lasted half an hour or all day none of the participants could tell. Outside, the dreary snow kept coming down, and the subdued murmur of the city did not cease. At length Layala arose. The elder children jumped up with squeals of gleeful relief.

"Mother," cried Babette, "when is the camel of Jesus coming? Has father gone to bring it for Christmas?"

"Now, now!" Layala took the little girl in her arms. "You know the camel of Jesus comes only at Easter. It is true thy father thought of having it at Christmas, too; but we cannot tell. There are things to consider, such as fasting for nine days before. Art thou willing to fast and be very pious?"

"Yes, yes," replied Babette, stoutly.

"Ess, ess!" aped Olivette, smirking.

"You see, darlings, the camel of Jesus comes only to good households. If you are evil, he leaves a black mark on your wrist"—the children looked horrified; "but if you are good, there is a beautiful bracelet, and coins in your hair, and many presents. On Christmas morning the door is left ajar, and you hear his hoof-steps coming, trip-trap, far to near, and the sacred one enters."

"Does the camel walk right out of heaven?" asked Babette.

"Na'am—verily. He comes down the Great White Way to visit the little children of the desert. He 's fleeter than the wind—yes, and more lovely than the gazel. A long, long time ago, when the sacred Jesus rose from the tomb, the camel leaped to heaven with him; and wherever his hoofs touched, the earth became white. Wherever he passed, the flowers grew wings like the angels. And now when he comes to earth these angel flowers sing."

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"A SNOWY FIGURE, ARMS LADEN WITH BUNDLES"

Layala's voice was soft as a song, and her large maiden eyes seemed to witness what she told, far away.

"I want him to bring me a doll out of bulrushes with black hair," said the little girl. "And a bracelet, a warm red coat, a temple—and something good to eat."

"I want dwess and lots to eat," echoed Olivette.

"My darlings!" cried the mother, suddenly weeping. "We had plenty to eat in the desert, and now we are in a cold, inhospitable land and near starving to death." She embraced them, bursting into sobs and lamentations. The little girls wept loudly, and the baby howled until she was red in the face.

So they spent three days in alternations of stoical calm and wild outbreakings of sorrow.

Late the third night Raq' came home, travel-stained and weary. His haggard face was inscrutable. Layala guessed that he had had little more to eat than the piroks with which he had set forth. Commanding her forebodings, she quickly placed before him a plate of soup and a piece of bread, obtained in some mysterious

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"THE CHILDREN WERE CHRISTENED WITH IMPOSING CEREMONIAL."

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"THE DOOR BEING LEFT PROPERLY AJAR"

manner, and charged the narghile with the thimbleful of tobacco which she had saved. The children were asleep in their bags. After he had taken a few soothing whiffs, Raq' spoke:

"If God wills, my beloved, we shall have the featherlings christened on the eve before Christmas."

"What dost thou say?" she asked, alarmed.

"I have found the buried cities. I have been working. The pay comes at the end of next week."

"Rogue of a husband!" shrieked Layala, and fell into his arms with tears and laughter.

They exchanged endearments. Arm in arm, they visited the nestlings, and he touched lips and made the sign of the cross over each little sleepy head. She pointed out to him the marvelous growth of the children while he had been away.

"Now I will tell of the journey I made," he said as they were seated together on the divan, wrapped in one quilt.

"Didst thou find the desert, and warm?" she interrupted eagerly.

"Nay. It is more like the mountains of the Upper Nile or the quarry where the obelisk lies half cut out. The climate is inclement as here. I took ship to go there."

"What direction and how many leagues is the buried city?"

"It is toward the setting sun, but northerly, and lies on the bank of this same great river, El-Hudson, that flows past our street. I travel a long journey on the stilt railway, probably equal to ten days by caravan. I pass through populous towns and cities with streets numbered so-and-so-many hundreds, meaning miles from the sea. Then I embark on a ship that looks like a scarab and moves by the power of wheel wings on each side. We sail fast and far. At length we arrive. Again there is a long march to the buried city, and the name is Pa-el-Saide."

"Is it the same work we did at Karnak?

Didst thou haply find a mummy or a precious jar?"

"The work is somewhat different. There are no children and no basket-carrying on the head; neither are there women toiling. Only a number of dark-skinned laborers—not as handsome as we Egyptians—whom the red-headed chief excavator calls the dago, with many curses."

"Is the red-headed chief of the same race?"

"Nay. He smokes a short pipe. I know not what he is. I exhibit the letter of the French explorer, and he curses me and speedily puts a pickax in my hand. He gives me hand sandals to protect from the biting of the iron. Afterward I push a wagon on one wheel—thou remember'st the kind that we in Karnak deprived of the wheel and used as baskets. Soon after this there is a signal to run, and a jinn with a voice like thunder blows out the face of the mountain, and I fall upon my forehead praying to God. . . ."

"It is wonderful, wonderful!" said Layala, in a tone of awe. "Lucky thou didst have a piece of the true cross sewn into thy flesh."

"That was my salvation," he replied, and rolling up the sleeve over his right forearm, touched reverently the protuberant skin where a splinter of wood lay embedded.

"Didst thou find any precious jewels?"

"Not yet. In my opinion, the wall we are working on is the side of a pyramid, and there will be rich tombs within. These ignorant toilers will soon find they cannot achieve the delicate tasks which I am accustomed to. Now they laugh because I feel of the rock-shelves and wield the tools gently, lest they injure some papyrus or image. Even the red-headed chief, mistaking my care, shouted at me."

"Ah, thou art a great man! I remember how thou didst find the chip that made the missing letter of stone for the fourteenth dynasty."

Hanno came in at this juncture, and as he heard the tale of the buried city he pulled his white beard in wonderment. He admitted that Raq's story was full of verisimilitude: all might be true, as far as his knowledge went; but he wished to settle doubts by consulting a learned fellow-scholar of the colony. Raq' begged him not to do it. If the news went through the colony, there would be a stampede toward Pa-el-Saide, and there might not be work enough for everybody. As soon as he had secured his position, however, said Raq', apologetically, he would inform his compatriots and let them share in the benefits of the enterprise.

Meanwhile he asked Hanno to act as godfather at the christening of the children next week.

"Oh, and we have promised them the camel of Jesus at Christmas," exclaimed Layala.

"My dear friends, I will gladly perform that rôle also," said Hanno, with a twinkle in his eye. "When I was a boy of seven I remember first seeing the camel of Jesus."

The old man went off in long reminiscences which delighted his hearers no less than himself.

They discussed the costume for the heavenly messenger, and Hanno said he knew a butcher in Washington Market who had a yellow calfskin that would serve the purpose. The camel mask and hoofs could be had from a Damascan store. Shaking with glee, the old man kissed the sleeping children in turn, and his beard tickled their faces so that they half awoke and threw their little arms upward.

The next day the family went to church, and afterward Raq' had a romp around the loft with Babette and Olivette and a game of hide-and-seek among the bales. Both children and parents had convinced themselves that it was piety rather than necessity that confined them to one scanty meal that day. All indeed were elate with the thought of a joyous Christmas. Raq' had not been so happy in months. He took down the "Book of Martyrs"—the only book the family possessed—and looked at the pictures of disemboweled saints, poignarded bishops, and crucified apostles. He believed that these pictures all represented one person, the humble Galilean, enduring endless torments; and the tears ran down little bronze furrows in his cheeks as he murmured:

"How could they treat thee so! Ahk, how could they do it!"

When her husband had gone back to the buried city, Layala was confronted with the task of feeding four mouths for six days on nothing more substantial than Christmas legend. Secretly desperate, she looked forward to the week's end with the

stoical hope of a Bedouin traveler who pushes across the wastes of sand. The first day they were absolutely without food; only Chemisette found partial nourishment. The little girls whimpered and crawled through the tunnels, smelling the bags of dates, Lebanon confections and pastes, licking their fingers thrust into the bung-hole of the olive-barrel—not for mere amusement, as before. It pierced the mother's heart when she heard them wake in the night, crying for food; she was tempted and tormented by a dream about the woman of Fayum who opened her veins to satisfy her offspring. The next morning Hanno brought a temporary alleviation, a handful of sugared figs, and was astonished at the ravenous way the children fell upon them.

Layala apologized for their appetite, saying the nine days' fast was a little too much for them. The old man asked a searching question, which she evaded; but when he had gone away she went to the café and begged the cook for a pailful of scraps for animal pets.

"I am keeping two little dogs—they are homeless," said the mother to the cook, doubly shamefaced.

This made an excellent dinner for the family.

"Tell me more about the *haghin* of Jesus," demanded Babette as she cuddled, one of three, in the maternal arms that evening.

"Dost thou remember the white flowers that sing near where thou wast born?"

"F'owers with ears!" exclaimed Olivette.

"No, little ant," denied Babette, loftily. "Those are angel flowers. I know the story, and they have wings."

"Babette is right," said the mother. "Now we will sing how it happened. You may clap your hands at the end of each line for make-believe cymbals.

"When the holy haghin fle-e-w up to paradise,
All the little flowers that bloomed in Galilee
And in the desert pla-a-ces knew their Lord was nigh,
And, jubilantly singing, white angel wings they grew."

"That does n't tell anything about the zemzemeek," remarked Babette, scanning her reddened palms.

"Tell that! Tell that!" lisped Olivette.

"Now listen. The zemzemeek was the water-bottle of the camel, and it was little when the Saviour started on his heavenly journey; it grew larger and larger and larger, until, when it reached the top, it covered all the sky, and there came out of it a perfumed rain that refreshed the earth. So now in the desert, when good Christians pray, the zemzemeek is tipped and showers fall."

The next morning, while Layala was reciting more histories, Babette interjected mournfully:

"I wonder if the haghin knows we 're hungry."

"Oh, my darlings, if you will close your eyes you can see him starting on his journey from heaven down the White Way, loaded with everything."

"I see him," announced Olivette, after an interval of closed eyes. "He tripped his foots on a star. I smells piroks on him."

"Groo-woo!" crowed Chemisette, kicking Layala in the face.

After this, to pass time and conserve energy, the mother had them repeat the manœuver of going into mourning. But now the postures of grief were more realistic. The mother was gaunt, the children exhausted. During the afternoon Layala again visited the café and obtained food scraps for the little dogs. The cook, noticing her ill looks, asked what was wrong, and she replied in the appropriate formula, meaning nothing and all:

"Jesus is sad at our hearth."

While at the restaurant she met compatriots who had heard somehow of Raq's finding the buried cities. They cast doubts upon the story, and said that in any event he might be cheated out of his wages. How could he be excavating a buried city at this time of year? What justice would he receive from unknown employers, a poor Egyptian unable to speak American? It would have been better if he had stayed in the colony and done odd days' work at the water-front.

These things filled Layala with cruel alarm. She did not mind so much her husband being cheated out of wages—though that would be bad enough—as she apprehended danger in the enchanted labor he was at. She thought with terror of the jinns that tore out the mountain-side with

a loud noise. She recollected the unnatural circumstance of a red-headed chief with a short pipe and a gang of swarthy men not Egyptians. Something was much out of the way. She would have fled instantly to her husband's rescue, only she had not the least idea how to find Pa-el-Saide. Judging from Raq's description of his journey, it might be farther than the Blue Nile.

The weather grew very cold, although it did not snow. For the sake of warmth, Babette and Olivette slept together in one coffee-bag; the mother and Chemisette occupied the divan under a vast covering of rugs. The last three days went by in a delirium. Most of the time they slept or dozed away in a lethargy of exhaustion. The little girls did not seem to be very hungry now, but they cried for their father.

Saturday night found the family huddled together on the divan, half asleep in the attitude of woe. A dreary, cold wind whistled around the corner of the building; occasionally there was borne in an echo of gay chatter or the laughter of compatriots elately bent on Christmas shopping. A mouse with beady eyes ran out from a shelter of matting and standing on his hind legs, surveyed the desolate group of humanity. Emboldened by the silence, he ran forward and began a vain forage for crumbs. He sniffed Chemisette's shoes and departed unmolested.

At intervals strange noises, like those made by the afrits in a rock tomb, came from the dismal recesses of the warehouse: inexplicable sighs, creakings, whisperings, and again silence.

Suddenly a snowy figure, arms laden with bundles, dashed into the tented room.

Layala did not even turn her head, so sunk was she in apathy and convinced that nothing could avert the fated evil. Babette, however, rose with a shriek and cast herself into her father's arms. After that there were enough tears and smiles and outpourings of emotion to make up for a month of stoical repression.

"My husband, my husband!" wept Layala. "I feared we should never meet again on the shores of life."

"Beloved, there was no cause of fear. Thy love and this sacred wood in my arm kept me."

"I feared lest the jinns of the loud voice, or perchance—"

"Eat now. Do not speak," said Raq', tearful, observing the little girls clawing at the packages.

And for the next fifteen minutes the family was kept busy munching cabobs, which is the spicy apotheosis of roast meat, and swallowing curds bathed in golden honey. Even Chemisette, though but half weaned, zealously helped herself.

"They told me," said Layala at length, caressing her husband's knees, "thou wouldst be cheated and deprived of thy wages."

"Open thy lap, woman!"

The little girls shrieked with glee as they saw a shower of greenbacks, silver, and copper descend into their mother's lap.

"It is as much in ten days," he added carelessly, "as I made at Karnak in a month."

"Arise, my children," said Layala in a solemn voice, as she deposited the wealth in her girdle. "This is no longer the house of mourning. It is the house of rejoicing. We should have known it before. Jesus smiles."

All stood and crossed themselves; even the babe, who, in performing the sacred act, clutching mother's skirt, smudged her little nose with the date in her hand. Then arose the fellaheen cry of joy—a sighing sound that begins adagio at the bottom of the chest and ascends to a quick piercing treble.

"Now hear what the red-headed chief declared to me," quoth Raq', gesturing like a professional story-teller. "He spake thus to me: 'Worthy Egyptian, I salute you. Never have I had such an artist-digger at Pa-el-Saide. I am convinced thou hast stolen neither scarab nor bracelet, and all thy rock shelves have been carefully cleared of their treasures. Thou understand'st the seriousness of this work, and dost not talk back. Therefore receive this opulent bakshish toward the Christmas celebration with thy family. Return unto me the first day of the new moon, and I will keep thee steadily employed. Al Allah.'"

Thus did Raq' enrich the arid speech of Dolan, foreman at the Palisades quarry, which was as follows:

"Ye Aythiopian nigger, here 's yer tin days' wages. I came near firin' ye the firsht day for feelin' the rocks like ye was daft, an' fallin' on yer stomach wid fright

whin the blast went off. But I see ye got the makin's of a wurrkman. Ye don't steal an' ye don't drink an' talk back like thim Guinnys. Go home now, me boy, an' get rousin' full. Reporth to the quarry next wake—New Year's."

The next day, at the Maronite church, a loft furnished with rickety wooden benches and priceless rugs, the children were christened with imposing ceremonial. They were decked in cherry satin, lace, and gorgeous shoes, hair frizzed and curled. Several neighbors had lent ornaments and articles of dress from wardrobes combining the modes of West and East. Hanno, as godfather, held in turn each child in his arms at the threshold of the church, while the Chor-bishop administered a small spoonful of salt—the salt of life. Then at the altar, between gigantic candles, the child was asked whether it hated the devil and believed in the resurrection of Christ: to which questions the venerable sponsor gave a strong affirmative. Moreover, there was baptism with a few drops of water, and each child was anointed with holy oil on the back of the neck.

Esther, Mary, and Martha were substituted for the names lightly bestowed by the French explorer. A delirious odor of incense mingled with the scent of lotus flowers and lilies placed under the lithographs of the saints. The Chor-bishop faced the altar, turning to the congregation his massive back clad in a brocaded amber robe with the Maltese cross in the center. On either side of him a male choir chanted in alternation the ritual, with accompaniment of cymbal and guitar. Their voices rose and fell in fervid rhythm, now a wailing burst and again a smooth, droning passage like the sand-eddying breeze.

On Christmas morning Esther, Mary, and Martha awoke to find themselves marvelously fortunate. There were no black marks on their wrists, not a speck, but instead most beautiful bracelets, and each lock of hair was hung with a coin—new pennies that shone like gold.

"It is because you kept the nine days' fast so well, my darlings," said Layala, kissing them.

"How did the camel of Jesus know which coffee-bag I slept in?" asked Esther, strutting up and down in great pride.

"You can ask him," said Raq'. "He will be here soon."

The door being left properly ajar and a white wing nailed upon it, there was heard the sound of hoofs on the stairs and a gentle tapping at the threshold. The little girls were terrified and ran to hide themselves; but when the sacred beast ambled in, and they caught a glimpse of his magnificent burden, they lost most of their fear. The camel was about three feet high, caparisoned with a fine rug, and with two dom-palms in the saddle-bags hung with candy and varicolored glass balls. He twisted his neck and pouted his lips in a lifelike manner; only his gait was a trifle constrained, as if the joints had a touch of rheumatism, and he sneezed, either like a camel or an old man. Raq' and Layala were almost as entranced as the children, though they could see the deficiencies of calfskin, mask, and hoofs, and knew how difficult it was to comb a white beard to resemble the wool under the haghin's neck.

When the camel of Jesus was unloaded, he departed, saying that he had many other houses to visit, east and west. Esther either forgot or did not dare to ask how he distinguished the coffee-bags. Soon after Hanno came in and romped with the children, praised their gifts, and was a guest at the feast that lasted all day. It was a feast indeed—roast kid, pomegranate jelly, rice with pine-nuts, rosewater sauce, dew candy, and a mince-pie with miniature stars-and-stripes stuck in the center, supposedly the religious Christmas dish of the adopted country.

"What remains we shall give to the poor," said Layala, glancing fondly at her sticky-handed brood.

"It is proper," replied the husband, sighing. His eye had fallen on the "Book of Martyrs."

"My friend," said the scribe to Raq', as they smoked the narghile from twin stems, "God has blessed thee abundantly."

"Yea, He is merciful. There is no end to His goodness. . . . Layala, my soul, in the spring we shall all encamp at the site of the buried city, Pa-el-Saide, and perchance the featherlings may learn to carry the small jars and baskets of earth on the head, making the form beautiful; and so the family be united."

From an oil painting by George Inness, owned by William Macbeth

SUNSET AT MONTCLAIR

THE PRINCESS AND THE BOY

BY KATE WHITING PATCH

I

"He found me first when yet a little maid;
. . . . . .
And spake sweet words, and comforted my heart,
And dried my tears, being a child with me."

IT was a very beautiful garden, the most beautiful garden in the principality.

A flight of wide stone steps led down to it from the terrace above, ancient trees made a pleasant shade, royal roses filled the air with fragrance, and in the midst of a marble pool inhabited by goldfish a fountain played unceasingly.

It was a beautiful garden, but the little princess often wearied of it. Sometimes she wandered to the high iron gate which looked out on the dusty highway, and envied the cottage children who could run there at will. If they saw the princess at the gate, the little peasants stared or ran off, so she never could talk with them. When she turned away, they sometimes stole to their side of the iron gate and gazed wistfully in at the beautiful garden and envied the little princess.

One day the little princess sat down on the edge of the marble fountain and sighed so deeply that her nurse looked up.

"Is your highness ill?" she asked.

The little princess nodded. "I am sick of being a princess," she declared; "I wish I were a little peasant child and could run and play with other children and do whatever I chose."

"Fie, fie!" cried the nurse. "The princess is ungrateful for all that a good Providence has bestowed upon her."

But the princess only pouted. "When I grow up I shall be a peasant and live in a stone hut," she persisted.

"Nay, nay; when your highness is grown, your highness will make a great marriage," replied the nurse. "A handsome prince will come and carry your highness away to rule over some other kingdom. That is what happens to little princesses when they are grown."

"I shall not marry a prince," said the little princess, stoutly; "I am tired of palaces and gardens. I shall marry a road-mender, or a man who drives a cunning little donkey-wagon and sells green things and red strawberries, and I shall do what I please all the rest of my life."

"Tut, tut!" cried the troubled nurse. "Come, your highness; do not sit there any longer. Run and gather roses for your lady mother."

The little princess took up her basket and walked slowly away to the rose-trees. She pulled a few blossoms, and then she threw them down and wandered off to a sheltered spot amid the shrubbery, which she called her bower. Moss grew thick underfoot, and a clambering vine had so twined itself among the low-growing rose-trees as to make a shelter worthy of a princess.

But the princess did not enter her bower to-day, for she found it occupied. Stretched upon the moss, his chin resting in his hands, lay a boy not much older than herself.

As the princess paused in her surprise, he saw her and sprang up, pulling off his round cap most gallantly.

"Are you the princess?" he asked politely.

The little princess was too surprised to reply at once. She stood there, looking at him in silence, until he repeated the question.

"Yes, I am the princess," she said at last,

rather slowly; for although she often talked English with one of her tutors and with guests at the palace, it seemed a strange tongue to her.

"Why, you look just like any other little girl," replied her visitor, frankly.

The princess appeared pleased.

"Are you a prince?" she asked curiously.

"No," said the boy, promptly. "No, indeed."

The princess looked puzzled. "You are not a peasant child," she said at last. "What are you?"

"Oh, I 'm just a plain boy," was the happy reply. "We don't have princes, or peasants either, in my country."

"What is your country?" asked the princess.

The boy took from his pocket a small silken flag and spread it out before her.

"Now you know," he said proudly; but she still looked puzzled.

"I am not sure," she said. "You speak English, but you say there are no princes—"

The boy looked at her in amazement. "You do not know the American flag?" he cried.

The cheeks of the little princess grew hot with mortification. The boy saw it, and his manner of superiority vanished.

"I 'm sorry I said that," he declared apologetically. "Perhaps I do not know your flag, you know."

"How did you get in here?" asked the princess, ignoring the flag question. "No one is allowed in this garden."

"I climbed," said the boy, exultingly. "I heard them say nobody could get in, so I decided I would."

The princess gazed at him admiringly. "I wish I dared climb out," she said.

The boy looked at her in surprise. "Is n't it good fun being a princess?" he asked.

"I have n't any one to play with," returned the princess. "The prince, my brother, is already grown, and I am tired of the garden."

"I 'll play with you," volunteered the uninvited guest. "Let 's play ball. Do you have golden balls to play with, like the princesses in the fairy-stories?"

"No," was the reply, with a shake of the head. "I have read those stories. They are not true."

"Oh, I did n't suppose a frog brought the ball to you every time you dropped it in the fountain," said the boy; "but I thought it might be true about the gold. Do you have a fountain?"

"Yes, I have a fountain," replied the princess, indifferently.

"You don't wear your crown when you are out playing, do you?" he asked next, with a glance at her sunny tresses.

"I have n't any crown," replied the princess. "Or if I have, I never saw it. I told you those stories were n't true."

"Well, I should think a crown would be an uncomfortable thing to wear," said the boy; "but I wish I could have seen you with it on. Perhaps princesses don't wear crowns till they are grown up."

"Perhaps not," said this little princess.

"What 's your name?" he inquired.

"Hildegarde; what is yours?"

"Bernard—Bernard Milton. Do you go to school?"

"I have a governess; she has read me things about your country."

"I go to a big school," said the boy. "It 's vacation now, so we are traveling—my family, I mean. I told the fellows I should see a princess before I got back; and I have, have n't I?"

"What 'll you tell them about me?" asked the Princess Hildegarde, coming a step nearer.

"Why, I 'll tell them that you were like any other little girl, only jollier, 'cause you were n't afraid to talk," replied her guest, a bit embarrassed.

"And will you tell them that I don't wear any crown nor have gold playthings nor glass slippers nor a silver bed? Will you tell them those stories are n't true?"

"Why, I—I suppose so," the boy said, a little doubtfully.

"Oh, please, please do!" pleaded the little princess. "I don't want to be different; I want to be just a plain child, and play with other children. I am not different from you, am I? Oh, please say I am not?"

"'Course you 're not," said the boy, obligingly.

"I wish you would come and see me every day," she went on; but his face fell.

"I can't," he said. "We are going away from this place to-night. I can't ever come again."

The blue eyes of the little princess filled with tears. "Oh, dear," she sighed. "You 're the first plain boy I ever talked

with, and now the garden will be lonelier than ever."

The boy was very sorry for her. It was astonishing to know that a princess could be sad.

"Say, look here," he began at last; "do you ever dream?"

The princess looked up surprised. "Why, when I 'm asleep of course I dream," she said.

"I don't mean that," replied the boy. "Don't you ever shut your eyes in the daytime and dream you are somewhere else, and see the other place just as plain?"

The princess shook her head.

"Try it," urged the boy. "Shut your eyes now, and I 'll tell you what to see. It 's a big white house with green blinds and a piazza all round it. There are vines over the piazza, and stone steps leading down to the garden, and a wide gravel path goes all the way to the gate. That 's our house. My room is right over the side door, and that great hickory-tree grows so near I can climb into it from the piazza roof. Do you see it all?"

"Ye-es," replied the princess. "Oh, yes; I can. Tell me more."

"Well, the stable is back of the house —'way back at the foot of the garden; and my dog Jack lives in the little bit of a house close beside it. That big apple-tree next it is a dandy one to climb. I have a platform built up in the boughs. It was up there I read the princess story about the golden balls."

"Could I climb up there?" asked the princess, eagerly.

"'Course you could; it 's easy as anything."

"Oh, I wish I could go home with you," sighed the princess again.

"That 's just what I was going to tell you," went on the boy. "Now, I can't come here again; but I know you and I know your garden, and when I want to see you I can shut my eyes and dream about it."

"Oh, yes," cried the princess, joyfully; "and I can go and play with you the same way. I need n't stay in the garden all the time—I can go to your garden whenever I please and climb trees with you."

"Won't it be jolly!" said the boy. "A real princess will be better fun than reading about princesses that are n't true."

"But," — and the little Hildegarde looked wistful again,—"sha'n't I ever see you again, really?"

"I don't know," said the boy, doubtfully. "It 's a long ways to come, and I don't believe I shall travel any more till I 'm through school."

"Can't you come then?" pleaded the princess.

The boy's face suddenly brightened.

"Do you know what ten years from to-day will be?" he asked. "It will be my twenty-first birthday. I shall be a man then, and can do whatever I please; and I shall please to come and see you."

"Really!" cried the princess; "do you promise?"

"Yes, I promise," repeated the boy. "Ten years from to-day I will meet you again in the garden here."

"It 's a very long time to wait," said the little princess.

"Never mind," replied the boy, cheerfully; "we can play together when we dream, you know; and that will make the time go faster."

But the face of the little princess suddenly clouded.

"You won't be a little boy then," she faltered. "You won't care to play with me in the garden then."

"Why, you won't be a little girl, either," laughed the boy. "You won't care to play with me. We 'll like to tell each other about the dreams, though; and if we do want to play—why, we just can, you know."

The princess nodded. "I think we shall want to," she said. Then a new thought came to trouble her.

"Will I be grown then?" she asked. "They say that when I am grown a prince will come to carry me away and marry me."

The boy stared. "That sounds more like the stories," he said.

"I don't want to marry a prince," pouted the little princess. Then her face brightened. "Why, *you* can marry me," she cried; "then I won't have to."

"Very well," said the boy, obligingly. "But I should think you would much rather have the prince."

The princess shook her head.

"I would n't," she said.

"P'r'aps you 'll change your mind," he suggested; "but, anyway, you must n't let him carry you away before I come; for I

should be disappointed not to find you in the garden."

"No, I won't let him," she promised solemnly.

"Princess Hildegarde! Princess Hildegarde!"

It was the voice of the nurse calling.

"Yes, yes; I come," replied the little princess, quickly, in her own tongue. Then she turned to the boy. "You must go now," she said.

He arose reluctantly. "Would you like my flag to keep?" he asked, taking it out of his pocket.

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed the little princess. "I 'll give you something, too. "Would you like—this finger-ring? It 's too small, though."

"I can wear it on my little finger," he assured her. "I 'm very much obliged. Well, good-by."

"Good-by. You won't forget to come?"

"'Course I won't," declared the boy. "My birthday will come every year to help me remember."

"Princess Hildegarde!" called the nurse once more.

The little princess stepped nearer and lifted her face for a kiss.

"Good-by," she said again.

The boy stooped to bestow the kiss. "Good-by," he said. "You be sure and be in the garden when I come."

"Yes, I 'll be here," she replied.

The boy turned away with a gay little nod of the head and disappeared in the shrubbery, and the little princess took up her basket of roses and went slowly back to her nurse.

II

"Across the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day
The happy princess follow'd him."

THE little princess was no longer a sad little princess, she was no longer lonely in her beautiful garden. Imagination, which lies latent in the mind of every child, like the slumbering Beauty in the old nursery tale, had been touched to life at last by the sympathy of another child.

The boy had invaded the garden for one brief hour of a summer day. The little princess was never alone now. He came every day to play with her in the garden, and she wandered about, showing him her favorite haunts and telling him her secrets.

"Boy, what will you play to-day?" she always began.

Sometimes they kept house in the bower; sometimes he taught her to climb trees, if the nurse was not by.

When they wearied of the garden, or if he did not come, she would go to see him. It was very simple—only to lie down on the soft turf in her bower and close her deep-fringed eyes. Then she was hurrying up the gravel walk to the white house, and the boy always ran to meet her, and they would play and play and play.

The happy days passed swiftly and the years waxed and waned, each bringing one memorable day in midsummer when the little princess would steal down the stone staircase to her garden and whisper joyously to every happy bird and flower or dear familiar tree: "nine years," "eight years," "seven," "six," and at last, "in five years he will come!"

And although the princess grew and grew like one of her own little rose-trees, and although her dresses were made longer and her yellow hair caught back in yellow braids, she always thought of him as just her boy—a plain boy who, somewhere away across the wide ocean, lived in the big white house with the gravel walk and the stable and the apple-tree which was so grand to climb or to read in.

But there came a day at last which made a difference—a day when they told her that she was no longer a child, that she was almost a young lady, quite old enough to attend fêtes and to peep in for a brief time at gay entertainments given by the prince, her brother.

The little princess wandered down the stone stairway to her garden and looked upon it with new eyes. So she was no longer a child. She was to be admitted to the gay world which she had viewed only from a distance. She was almost a young lady.

"And what are you?" she suddenly asked the boy. She shut her eyes and tried hard to think. "You must be almost grown, too," she said. "Ye-es, I see you. You are tall,—taller than I am,—but your face won't look old one bit. I wonder if you are done with school, or are you going to a university? I must read about your universities."

Color drawing by Maxfield Parrish

"'I AM SICK OF BEING A PRINCESS'"

The little princess was introduced to the gold and glitter of the world, and, being young, she liked it.

She was a fair little princess to gaze upon, and people made much of her. She came to know other young princesses, and wondered if they had beautiful garden secrets like hers. She met gallant young noblemen, and when they bowed before her and made pretty speeches, she thought of her plain boy away across the seas, and wondered how he compared with them.

She never forgot the boy. In the midst of the gayest throng she would sometimes shut her eyes for an instant and ask him a question. And if she grew weary of her companions, she would seek a quiet corner and run away to the white house, or read with him in the apple-tree.

Whenever she felt like being a little girl again, he was always the little boy who had found her in the garden on that midsummer day. It was easier to find him so. To try and see him the youth he must be was always a little difficult. That he might not care to come to her garden now never once occurred to her until one unhappy summer day.

It was *the* day of the whole summer, and the little princess had run down to her garden and whispered gaily to the roses, "Only two years, my blossoms; two years only from this day, and my boy will come!"

She could not have the roses all to herself upon this day. There was to be a fête in the garden.

The afternoon brought fair ladies, who fluttered like brilliant butterflies among the shrubbery; happy young men followed them hither and thither, like eager entomologists; and placid dowagers and their lords rested beneath the old trees or sat in the gay pavilions which had been erected near the fountain.

The Princess Hildegarde, being only sixteen, was still regarded as something of an onlooker upon such occasions; but there was more than one young nobleman who enjoyed watching the shy droop of her eyes and her pretty confusion when he paid her a compliment.

The princess was standing apart near the rose-trees when she saw one of these young men approaching. She did not wish to be disturbed by any admirers upon this day, and as he paused on his way, to speak to the prince, her brother, the Princess Hildegarde glided off among the trees and hid at last in the old bower of her childhood. It was quite overgrown now, and she laughed softly as she sank down on the grass.

"He can't find me here," she said. "Oh, boy, how much more fun it would be to talk with you! *You* will know where to find me this day two years from now."

Suddenly she heard voices approaching.

"And she expected him to remember a promise made years before?"

It was the laughing voice of a young English duchess.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the man who accompanied her. "And why not, pray?"

"You, a man, ask me that question?" cried the duchess. "Does a man ever remember a promise so long as that? No!

> "'Men were deceivers ever;
> One foot in sea and one on shore,
> To one thing constant never.'"

The bantering voices drifted away again, but a white and startled little princess sat up very straight on the grass and clasped her hands together.

It was some moments before she realized that the passers-by had not been speaking of her and of her boy. When she did realize it, however, she was no less miserable. The taunting words of the young duchess still echoed in her heart.

Were men deceivers ever? Did they always forget promises? Well, boys did not forget, she was sure; her boy would not forget. And yet he had told her that he, too, would be a man then.

The little princess was a sadder little princess from that hour; she was paying the price demanded for that wisdom which must come to all maidens, whether they be princesses or no.

She no longer visited her garden with thoughtless joy singing at her heart. When she entered the happy dream-world in which she and the boy lived together she told herself that it was just dreaming. She watched the young men she knew, and saw them smile first upon one girl and then upon another; she read books which told her the same sad story. The boy must have seen a great many little girls since that summer day when he had found her in the garden. Perhaps he had forgotten.

Yet the years had taught her one other thing; they had taught her that a little

princess is not quite like other little girls, no matter how much she may want to be. It was possible, then, that the boy might remember his promise to a princess when he would forget a promise to a plain girl. And while it might be all a dream, it was a dream that had made her childhood very sweet, and she was not going to let it go altogether until the fateful day had come and gone, leaving the promise unfulfilled.

So the Princess Hildegarde continued to grow like the rose-trees, and her fresh beauty unfolded slowly and gently, like the petals of the rose.

The world of gold and glitter claimed her and bowed before her more and more, but the world of her own thoughts remained as pure and sweet as the thought-world of the little child princess in the garden.

She did not forget the boy, although she often smiled at herself for remembering. When the next anniversary came she went to the green bower in the garden and said as of old, "One year from this day, only one year, and he will come." But this time she added with a sad little smile, "perhaps."

And on this day something happened.

The princess returned to her own apartments, and while she was bending over a favorite book she was startled by the voice of the prince, her brother.

"My sister, I would have a word with you," he said.

The princess closed her book and dismissed the little maid in waiting. "Well," she said.

Her brother smiled into the upturned face. "Do you know how old you are?" he asked.

"Not yet eighteen," replied the princess, returning the smile.

"A child no longer," he went on. "Nay, quite a woman."

The princess glanced into the long mirror opposite.

"Well?" she said again.

The prince hesitated a moment; then, "Do you realize that you are quite old enough to be thinking of marriage, my dear?" he asked.

"Marriage!" The little princess sprang up, startled. She remembered suddenly the old tale of her nurse—the tale of the grand prince who would come and carry her away to his kingdom. She looked anxiously over her brother's shoulder, as though she feared to see the royal suitor standing there.

"I have no wish to marry," she declared wilfully.

"Ah, that is a pity," remarked her brother, lifting his eyebrows, "since there are those who would wish to marry you. Be serious, my sister; for I have come to you as ambassador of no less a person than that worthy prince whose principality adjoins our own. He has done us the honor to request your hand in marriage."

The Princess Hildegarde turned frightened eyes upon her brother.

"That old man!" she gasped.

"He is not so old," replied the prince.

"He is very ugly," returned the princess; "and he looks very wicked. I do not desire to marry him."

"Tut, tut!" cried the prince. "It would be a wise and advantageous marriage. My sister must not be hasty in her decisions. A princess has to regard the good of the state when she marries."

The little princess turned her wretched eyes to the casement. "O that I had never been born a princess!" she cried bitterly.

"But you were born a princess," said her brother, firmly. "The Princess Hildegarde shall never have an unwelcome marriage forced upon her, but she will do well to regard the pleasure of her people."

The little princess looked down into her garden, and a wave of heartsick despair swept over her. Suddenly she remembered the day. Before her rose a vision of the boy, and he was a boy no longer.

She faced her brother resolutely. "Your highness," she began, "it is an unwelcome marriage; any marriage would be unwelcome. I am too young; I will not give myself even to please my people. I crave of you one great boon—that you will not speak to me on this subject, or any akin to it, for a whole year."

"And is this the answer that I am to carry to the prince?"

"It will do very well," she said.

Her brother laughed scornfully. "And you think that the worthy prince will wait a whole year for you to make up your mind?"

"I do not desire him to wait," replied the little princess. "Until one year from this day I will say no more."

She turned back to her contemplation

of the garden, and, for all his annoyance, the prince could not but admire the firm little chin and the erect head.

"She is little, but she is mighty," he murmured. Then, "The lady mother tells me that the Princess Hildegarde reads too many English books; that she has opinions and a will of her own. My sister, I fear me she is right."

"Yes, I fear me she is right," returned the little princess.

III

"He travels far from other skies—
. . . . . .
He comes, scarce knowing what he seeks:
He breaks the hedge: he enters there:
The color flies into his cheeks:
He trusts to light on something fair;
For all his life the charm did talk
About his path, and hover near
With words of promise in his walk,
And whisper'd voices at his ear."

It was the day for which she had been waiting the ten longest years of her life—for the years of childhood and early youth are always long. The Princess Hildegarde stood at her casement window, and her heart beat fast as she looked down into the garden.

"My last day of freedom," she whispered. "For this one day I will dream the old dream and be happy. To-morrow—" she shuddered and turned to her maiden in waiting.

"Janet," she said, "you may go to the housekeeper and bid her put up a luncheon in a basket—a dainty luncheon for a picnic. I am going on a little holiday all by myself. Tell her to be quick, please."

The surprised maiden turned away to do her bidding, but the princess spoke again. The maid could not see her face, for she was gazing from the casement.

"Let it be a generous luncheon, Janet," she said; "I am likely to be hungry."

When the basket was brought in, the princess took it in her own hand. She had tied on a broad-brimmed sun-hat over her yellow hair, and stood waiting when the maid returned.

"I will take it myself," she said in answer to the questioning in Janet's eyes. "I desire to go alone. If any one inquires, you may say that I am spending the day in my garden and do not wish to be disturbed."

So saying, she took up a book, and with the little basket on her arm went slowly down the stone stairway to the garden. Her heart was beating furiously, and she pressed her hand against it.

"You little fool! you little fool!" she kept repeating, but the words were a hollow mockery. In the depths of that fluttering heart she believed as firmly that he would come as she had ever believed it.

And because of this unadmitted belief her heart trembled with fear also—fear for what his coming would mean; fear for his personal safety. It was no light thing for a stranger to enter by stealth the garden of the prince. Ah, if he were seen and taken before he reached her, and she should never know—never be able to help him! Or suppose he did come and they should be discovered! She had dared give no further orders, lest suspicion be aroused in her brother's breast.

And what if he came and they were not discovered? What could it mean, this meeting? Would he be still the boy of her long dream, or only a disappointment? And if he were the boy? She smiled pitifully as she thought of the childish troth so carelessly plighted. No one knew better than she the impossibility of its fulfilment. Yet she went resolutely on to keep the tryst.

"I wish I knew when he would come," she murmured to herself. "It was in the morning before, but it may not be in the morning now. Oh, I wish I knew!"

She reached the rose bower and set her basket down. Then she sank on the grass herself and opened her book, but she could not read. Her eyes were constantly wandering to that spot in the shrubbery where the boy had disappeared ten years before.

An hour passed, and another, when she sprang to her feet at last, startled by breaking twigs.

The forester stood before her, hat in hand. "A thousand pardons, your highness," he began, "I fear that I alarmed you. I am in search of a young doe that has strayed from the park. Your highness has not seen her?"

"No, no," returned the princess, a little quickly. "But you did startle me. Please search in some other quarter of the grounds. The doe is not about here."

The man bowed low and retreated, and the princess sank back upon her grassy seat.

"Little fool! little fool!" she murmured aloud, and then she lifted her eyes and saw him.

"It is the Princess Hildegarde?" he said, and he stepped out from the shadow of the trees.

But the tongue of the little princess refused to move. The color faded from her cheeks and then rushed back again, and her frightened eyes scanned his face.

He stepped nearer and bent over her. "Have you forgotten?" he said.

The eyes she met were frank, fearless eyes —the eyes of the boy. Indeed, his face was singularly boylike still, as in her vague dream-vision. He had outgrown knickerbockers and round collars, that was all.

"You are—you are my boy," she whispered faintly. "You did come."

"Of course I came," he replied cheerfully. "I said I would, you know. Did n't you expect me?"

"I did not know," she faltered; then she looked up courageously. "I knew you would," she said.

"Of course," he replied. "I had a scramble to do it, though. Sailed right after graduation. I thought at first I should have to cut that, but there was no way of explaining it, you see. When I reached this side of the water, I had a merry chase to reach here on time. Only arrived an hour ago. Well, do you want to play? Are the golden balls ready?"

He laughed gaily, and the last bit of frightened shyness passed away from the little princess.

"Oh," she sighed happily, "you *are* the boy!"

"Did you doubt it?" he asked. "Well, I suppose I have changed a bit." And he glanced down at his long legs. "I have something to identify myself, however." And dropping lightly on the grass beside her, he pointed to a little circlet of turquoise which hung upon his watch-chain.

"My ring!" she cried. "And you kept it all this time?"

He smiled into her eyes.

"Do you think a fellow values so lightly the gift of a princess?" he asked.

"Do you remember what you gave me?" she said. "See, I brought it in my pocket to show you." And she spread out on the grass between them the small silk flag.

He touched it gently. "And you have kept it all this time?"

"One does not value lightly the gift of a plain boy," she said. And then they both laughed happily.

She looked at him a little wistfully at last. "It 's so real, your being here," she said; "too real to be true. It is like one of the dreams."

"Ah, the dreaming?" he asked eagerly. "We were to talk of the dreams, were n't we, if we did n't care to play?"

"How much you remember!" she said admiringly. "They said—I thought men always forgot such things."

"What about the dreams?" he asked again.

She looked down at him as he lay there at her feet, and smiled happily. "I suppose it seems so natural because of them," she said; "for of course you 've been here every day, or I 've been there."

"At my place? Good!" he cried. "I was afraid it had not been the same with you."

"Then you dreamed, too?" She waited breathless for his confirmation.

"Did n't I tell you how?" he cried. "Of course I dreamed."

"It is strange," she said solemnly. "Are you real? Is n't this a dream, after all? Oh, hush!" And she sprang up, her finger on her lips, and peered through the bushes.

"I thought that meddlesome forester was coming this way again," she said at last, the alarm fading from her eyes.

"I had to dodge him," said her guest, with no trace of uneasiness. "It was lucky he had no dog. I had been standing behind that tree for some time, watching you. I wanted to be sure that you were you before I came out, you see."

"Oh, suppose he had seen you!" gasped the princess.

"What then? Should I have been bound in chains and cast into a dungeon cell? That sort of thing is rather out of date, is n't it?"

"I hope so," said the princess; but she did not smile. "I do not know just what would happen, but I am sure it would not be well for you. Oh, I suppose it is dreadful of me to be meeting you so. I suppose it is—not a proper thing."

The boy looked at her, surprised.

"Is not the Princess Hildegarde at liberty to receive whom she pleases?" he asked.

She shook her head. "And this is hardly

'receiving,' is it?" she said. "Is it not what one would call a clandestine meeting?"

"Perhaps so," he laughed; "but does n't that make it more fun? I came this way because I promised to meet you here. Should I have gone to the front door and pulled the bell, or have knocked at the portal, or whatever you call it, and presented my card?"

"No, no," she cried. "Oh, that would never do, but—". She hung her head shyly.

The smile died from her visitor's lips. "Princess," he said, "ten years ago we promised each other this little meeting. Is it wrong to fulfil a promise? Why not enjoy our little adventure as long as we are here? You are a princess, to be sure; but I hope that I am a gentleman—and anything is forgiven an American! Shall we play together, or would you rather I went away? I will go this minute if my presence here is likely to cause you embarrassment."

She looked up with sudden courage in her eyes. "You are right," she said. "I will not be afraid any more. It is my last happy day, and I shall spend it as I choose."

"Your last happy day?" he repeated questioningly.

"Oh, never mind that little—figure of speech, do you call it? See, the sun is quite overhead. Is it not time for luncheon?" And she opened the little basket and spread a snowy napkin between them on the grass.

"How jolly!" he declared, as she set forth the dainty repast and ordered him to begin.

> "'Underneath a bough,
> A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou
> Beside me.'"

"Was n't I thoughtful?" she said, showing her dimples. "Was it not good of me, even on this day, to remember that boys are always hungry?"

"Do you know," he said, smiling contentedly, "I am afraid I am horribly disrespectful, but I can't seem to make myself feel awed in your presence. A fellow should use a different sort of language, should n't he, in addressing royalty?"

"Oh, please don't," cried the princess, dismayed. "It is because you have always treated me like a plain girl that I like you so well. I am so very tired of hearing 'your highness' this, and 'your highness' that. You—oh, you must n't, you know!"

He laughed. "I 'm immensely relieved," he said; "for really I 'm not at all familiar with the code. In our country we have no kings and princes, except those of oil and sugar, and we do not address them with proper reverence."

The princess looked puzzled.

"That was nonsense," he explained; "but really I suppose I might be in awe of you if I had not been your playmate every day for ten years."

Her face lighted up. "Oh, let us talk of that," she cried, and began to ply him with eager questions.

"And you did go to the university?" she said at length.

"Yes, it is the regulation thing in our family: Harvard; three months abroad; then business or a profession. It will be business in my case."

"Oh, then you will follow a trade?" she asked.

"If you like," he smiled. "My trade will be banking."

"Are there—are there many girls in America?" she asked next.

"Well, a few." And the corners of his mouth twitched.

"I suppose you know very many?"

"Very many, but—"

"But?"

"But there is no princess among them."

"No, you have told me before that there are no princesses in America."

"Pardon me," he said; "there is a princess for every man—when he finds her."

"Oh," she said, "you have not met her, then."

"Yes," he replied; "but not in America."

The princess took up a rose that he had pulled and dropped in her lap. "You talk puzzles," she said; but her eyes met his shyly for an instant. "Am I—am I so much changed from the little girl?" she asked impulsively.

He scanned her face with his clear, fearless eyes.

"No," he said at last. "I knew you from the first glance; but then I have your picture, you know."

"My picture!" she exclaimed.

He opened his watch and showed her a little engraved head cut from some illustrated paper.

"Ah, I forgot," she sighed. "A princess

is public property. The people may steal her pictures; they may even steal herself; when she is all unused to the world they say: 'Come, you are no more a child. You must marry to please us. We have a suitable alliance all prepared for you.'"

The boy sat up, and the merriment faded from his eyes.

"So he has come?" he said in a very still voice.

The princess met his questioning glance. "You mean—" she began.

"The mighty prince who was to come and carry you away. He has come, you say?"

His tone alarmed her a little.

"He came a year ago," she said, with an effort to smile; "but I would not let him carry me away until I had kept my promise to you."

His eyes fell and he plucked a handful of grass and scattered it to the winds.

"Is he the valiant and handsome prince of the old stories?" he asked.

The princess laughed bitterly. "Oh, so handsome!" she said. "He is old and ugly and wicked and unvaliant, and—and I loathe him!"

The boy turned suddenly, and his clear eyes held hers.

"Princess," he said in that same low, tense voice, "do you remember?"

The color swept her face, but she did not look down.

"I remember," she said, "I proposed marriage to you. I begged you to—to save me from the prince." And she smiled again.

"Yes, and I—"

"Why, you were a gentleman," she interrupted him quickly; "you agreed to the request of a lady. You were a most obliging boy."

The mocking laugh died from its own artificiality and a tear trembled on the long lashes.

The young man saw it, and his hand instinctively closed over hers.

"My princess," he said, with boyish impetuosity, "I stand ready to fulfil the promise."

They looked into each other's eyes, half frightened at the words; then the princess drew away her hand with a pitiful shake of the head.

"You are very generous," she faltered. "I thank you, boy."

"I suppose I am a fool," he blurted out; "but I 've got to tell you. Do you think I came all this distance just for a bit of childish nonsense? Do you suppose I ran into open danger for a mere foolhardy adventure? I came to tell you that you are my princess; that you have been mine ever since that day when I first saw you here; that I 've carried your face in my heart, and always shall carry it there, even though I never see you again. The thought of you has kept me from caring a rap for the prettiest girls that ever came my way. I 'm a romantic donkey, no doubt; I am aware that it is all hopeless and unheard of, but it can't hurt even a princess to know that a fellow has given her the whole honest love of his heart."

"Oh, but it does hurt!" whispered the little princess. "Oh, but it does hurt!"

He looked up in her eyes.

"Why?" he demanded.

"It hurts—it hurts, because—because I *am* a princess," she faltered, "and because you are—my boy, and because I hate the prince."

He sprang up and moved restlessly back and forth.

"You will marry him?" he asked.

"I do not know," she said miserably. "It is my brother's wish."

"But," he remonstrated, "surely he will not force such a man upon you."

"No," she said, "he will not insist; but what difference will it make? I should hate the next one just the same."

She arose and leaned wearily against the trunk of a great tree.

"It is horrible!" he cried, pausing before her. "You are a girl as well as a princess. Do you—do you not think it wicked to marry so?"

Her poor wet eyes met his hopelessly, and gave him courage to take her hands in his.

"Dear—what is the use?" he whispered.

They stood there so, looking into each other's unhappy face like helpless children. Then suddenly the princess snatched away her hands and turned from him.

"Oh, I am wicked now," she cried—"so very, very wicked! But you are the only one who has ever understood. I could n't help it; and I do thank you. You must not be miserable for me. I shall always remember you. It is a happy thing to know one person that did not mind my being a

princess. But you must go away. I can never see you any more."

His young face was very white. "I cannot go," he said.

"You must," she insisted; but he did not move. Suddenly he threw his head back boldly.

"Why should I go?" he cried.

The little princess trembled.

"You are only a girl, after all. We love each other. What right has any one to come between us? 'What God hath joined together let not man—'"

"Hush! hush!" she whispered.

He shook himself and laughed a little hollow laugh.

"Forgive me," he said. "I am a presumptuous kid. Good-by, my princess."

"Good-by," she said gently. But he turned as suddenly.

"I will see you once more," he exclaimed. "This day cannot end so. It must last me forever, don't you see? And I 'm so horribly young. I shall be here again to-night."

"No, no," she said. "You must not. There are to be guests at the palace to-night." And she shuddered.

"I shall come," he said, "and so will you." But she shook her head.

"It is good-by now," she said sadly. "Good-by forever."

She held out her hands to him, and he lifted them to his lips.

"I want to ask one thing"—she smiled, though her eyes were wet—"one foolish question. Are you sure you—cared—just for *me?* Were n't you a little bit romantic because—because I *was* a princess?"

He nodded. "Yes, because you were *my* princess," he said. "But—if you were just you and a peasant girl, you would be my princess just the same, you know."

"Good-by," she said.

"I shall come to-night," he replied.

"I shall not come," she said. "Oh, boy, good-by!"

IV

"I said to the rose, 'The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine,' so I sware to the rose,
'For ever and ever, mine.'"

The little princess stood before a long mirror and glanced indifferently at the picture she saw there—the vision of a slender girl in flowing robes of pale blue, with pearls on her snowy neck, pearls in her yellow hair, and the misery of youth in her eyes. She tried to smile as she turned away and passed slowly down the staircase to the saloon. Her brother was entertaining that worthy prince who had renewed his offer for the hand of the Princess Hildegarde, and the Princess Hildegarde had agreed to meet him.

Her brother regarded her with anxiety as she entered, and when, later, he beheld the cold greeting which she bestowed upon her noble suitor an angry light burned in his eyes.

She indeed consented to open the dance with him, but no flush of maidenly pleasure lighted her face. She was a little princess of snow.

The princely lover pressed her hand gently and smiled to himself. "She is shy—afraid," he thought. Could he have read the terror in the poor young heart, he might in pity have gone quietly away—who knows? But he did not read it. He dwelt with pleasure on her pretty face, her lithe young figure. It was well to have one's consort good to look upon.

The hours dragged miserably on. People talked to her, and she heard herself replying as though she were some one else. She dared not look ahead; she tried not to look back; the music sounded as music in a dream, the men and women about her seemed like painted figures. Was all her life to be such a numb, fleeting show; the only reality, that unceasing ache at her heart?

Ah, but there was another reality to-night, the knowledge which chained every thought even while she seemed to live in the gaiety about her—the knowledge that out there beneath the stars, amid the roses, some one waited—some one with a young heart filled like her own with tempestuous longings, some one whom she could never meet again.

Almost faint with the weariness of suffering, she at length sought seclusion in a quiet corner behind a screen of flowers, and leaned her poor little head against the marble balustrade.

She thought she was alone, but very soon the consciousness of another presence grew upon her, and lifting her eyes fearfully, she met the ardent gaze of the prince her suitor.

There was something in his eyes that filled the unlearned heart of the little princess with womanly revolt. The color rushed to her face, and she sprang up, her hand to her heart.

The prince bowed low. "A thousand pardons!" he smiled. "I startled her highness. Will the princess forgive?"

But her highness did not smile.

"I was startled," she said coldly; and, despite her youth, there was a dignity in her face that dismissed him.

He turned away, angered, baffled; and the little princess stood there, very white and still. She could see nothing but the look with which he had regarded her, and her eyes fell in maidenly shame before the memory of it. Was she to sacrifice her womanhood to a man who could look at her with such evil pleasure in his glance? Did a kingdom hold the right to ask it? No, a thousand times no! her pure young heart made answer.

What should she do? She thought. Where could she turn? She was only a little child, after all; a little child who was afraid of the dark.

Shuddering, she moved near the open window and leaned faintly against the casement. The cool night fragrance of the garden was there to greet her; the breath of the dewy roses was waiting to comfort her.

Suddenly she lifted her head, her eyes aglow, her lips parted breathlessly. She gave one startled glance about her, and slipped from the room.

Down in the old garden the boy waited in the rose bower. He sat and thought of her: of her yellow hair; her shy blue eyes, so happy, so miserable; her soft, cool hands; her smile; her words; her gown—what did he not think of? He thought of the love he had seen in her glance, and as he thought of it his eyes burned with the hot tears of youth.

She would come—he knew she would come; but it was weary waiting. The splashing of her fountain fell upon his ear, and he made bold to go to it. He had been still so long, a desire for action overcame caution.

He moved to the edge of the fountain and looked down in its depths. There were the goldfish that received bounty at her hand. He glanced up at the lights of the palace, and strains of dance-music were wafted down to the garden.

"She will come," his boyish heart exulted. "They cannot keep her much longer. She will come to me—Jove, she is coming now!"

Yes, she was coming. He saw her hurrying along the terrace and down the stone staircase. The moonlight touched her now and then, revealing the golden hair, the snowy neck, the white face. He waited, his heart thumping wildly as she hurried over the smooth grass. Her beauty, her splendor, dazzled him, but as she stepped into the moonlight near him he saw the trouble in her face.

"Princess!" he whispered, and with a glad little cry she sprang toward him.

"Boy!" she cried. "Oh, boy, you *are* here?"

"Of course I am here," he replied. "I told you I would come."

She moved nearer, lifting an appealing face to his. "And you will save me?" she whispered.

"Save you?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, from that man—you promised, you know. You will keep your promise?"

He looked down at her, anxious, amazed.

"You mean—" he gasped.

"To marry me!" she faltered. "You said you would. Oh, you must, boy."

She looked so miserable, so little, so unprotected! His boyish face grew suddenly manly with strength and tender resolve, but he did not touch her.

"Princess," he said, "do you—do you love me, you know?"

She hesitated an instant. Then she met his eyes bravely. "Yes," she whispered; "always, always!"

Time stood still in the old garden for a brief space. Then the little princess started.

"We must go," she whispered.

"Go?" he said. "No, no! A fellow can't let you off yet, you know."

She lifted startled eyes to his. "It is n't safe to wait," she said. "You must take me now—the way you came. We can find a priest—a pastor—can we not?" and her glance fell.

"You—you want to go now?" he said.

"Yes," she said. "I am prepared. See, I brought a little bundle. People always carry things in a pocket-handkerchief, don't they, when they run away?" She laughed softly and held up a package tied in a silken kerchief.

The boy smiled, too, as he gently touched her snowy shoulder.

"Yes, and on the stage they always run away in ball-gowns. You have dressed well for the part, my princess."

She looked down at her silken robe, for the first time aware of it.

"You like it?" she asked, with girlish anxiety for his approval. "I am told that blue is my color. Do you—do you think it becomes me?"

"It is perfect," he declared. "You are a dream, a queen—and yet I dare—"

But she stirred uneasily again. "Come, boy, we must—you know."

"Did you mean to go now—just like this, without telling your people, or anything?" he asked, troubled.

She lifted amazed eyes to his.

"Telling!" she cried. "Of course I cannot tell. Do you think they would let me go? Oh, boy, hurry, hurry, or they will make me marry that man."

"Never!" he said between set teeth; but he did not move.

"I am sorry I wore this gown," she whispered. "I should have changed it, but I did not think; I did not dare to wait; I—was afraid; I wanted—you."

His young arms closed about her protectingly, but the boyish face that bent over the yellow hair was full of trouble. The boy was changing to the man very rapidly.

"Princess," he cried at last, "I don't like it."

She lifted her face, frightened. "You mean you will not keep your promise?" she gasped.

"I will keep my promise," he declared; "but I cannot keep it so. I love you too well for that."

"And you will not take me away to-night?"

He drew in his breath, and then he said firmly, "No—I cannot."

"Oh!" she cried, and tried to turn from him; but he would not let her go. She did not struggle, but she became very cold and still in his arms.

"Of course, if you do not want to," she said. "It is not a promise that—"

"I *do* want to!" he cried hotly.

"Then, why?" She lifted a cold glance to his.

"Because it would not be right," he said.

The color rushed over her face, and she hid it in her hands as she leaned away from him.

"I see," she murmured. "Forgive me and let me go! I have been unmaidenly so to trust your love for me—your courage. I was a foolish little child, but I have grown wise again. The Princess Hildegarde, in terror at a royal marriage, turned mad and forgot her duty, her self-respect. Will you let me go, sir?"

"Sweetheart," he cried, wincing, "don't say such things! You know they are not true." And hearing the hurt in his voice, the little princess was just a common girl again, weeping her grief out on her lover's breast.

"Don't you see how it would be?" he said miserably. "You could not escape unnoticed as you are; and you are known far and wide throughout your kingdom. We could find no man who would marry us; we should be detected, and you would be carried home again. Don't you see? And there would be mean things said, and I—I should lose you for always. I could n't do that. I could n't make you the talk of a world that sees things crooked, and disgrace my own people, too."

"And what do you mean to do?" she asked.

"I mean to do what a gentleman should," he declared stoutly. "We love each other; we can't give it up—can we, dear? And so we ought to be married and live happily ever after. That is what I shall tell your brother; and if he loves you, he can't be unreasonable long."

"You are going to the prince, my brother?"

"Of course," he said.

She gave a little hopeless laugh. "And do you know what will happen?" she asked.

"I suppose there will be considerable of a row at first, but I guess I can manage him."

"Oh, you American!" she cried sadly; "there *will* be a 'row,' and you will be banished, and I shall be disgraced, and we shall indeed lose each other for always."

His arms tightened about her. "No," he said, "never that. If he will not listen, if he is unreasonable, we must take our own way, for then he would be in the wrong, you know; but we must try the right thing first."

She wept silently for a little space, and then she said softly: "Boy, you are good. Oh, I am so glad you are good!"

He kissed her. "It is you," he said. "A fellow would have to be good when he was with you."

"But I—I was so foolish," she faltered.

"No," he said; "you just did n't think. A man knows the world better. That 's all right."

"And you don't think I was wicked?"

"You!"

"What must I do now?" she asked, turning humbly to him for direction.

"You must go back," he sighed, "before they miss you. I will stay here and wait until the morning. It will not seem long. I must think, you know."

"And in the morning?"

"You will come and take me to your brother, when it is time."

"Oh!" she faltered faintly.

"Come, be plucky," he said. "I am not at all afraid. How can I be when I think of what you have given me?"

Then he kissed her again and sent her in.

V

"How very wise these roses seem
Who think they know, and only dream!"

THE prince was pacing his apartments in considerable vexation of spirit. The entertainment of the evening before had been decidedly disappointing in its results. Was ever a lovely princess more blind to her own interests than the Princess Hildegarde?

The door opened and the Princess Hildegarde stood before him.

The prince paused in surprise. "What!" he exclaimed. "My sister awake? After last evening's gaiety we fancied she would still be slumbering. You are pale, princess; you would have done well to have prolonged your beauty sleep."

The little princess stood before him, very pale and still.

"Your highness," she began at length, "I crave a favor. There is one waiting who desires audience with your highness. It is my wish that you should grant it. May I bring him in?"

The prince smiled. "How very formal we are!" he said. "Has the forester's son broken a law again? Is your favorite, the old gardener, in difficulties? I am in no mood to grant favors; but since I am here, I cannot well refuse."

"It is neither the forester's son nor the old gardener," replied the princess, faintly; "it is a gentleman who desires to speak with your highness, a gentleman who is my friend—my dear friend."

She drew back the curtain to the entrance-hall as she spoke, and the prince glanced up in astonishment to meet the frank gray eyes of a perfect stranger. This stranger came forward with a bow which was neither cringing nor defiant; such a salute as any young gentleman might bestow upon one somewhat his elder.

"I am pleased to meet your highness," he said, with cordial good will in his young voice; and he held out his hand, which the prince in his surprise touched slightly.

The little princess retired trembling to the window, and her brother turned to her questioningly.

"Will the Princess Hildegarde inform us what this young gentleman desires?" he asked.

"There is no reason why the princess should be troubled," interrupted the young man. "I am very willing to state my own errand, and will do so at once, with your permission."

His highness nodded, frowning.

"It will doubtless surprise you," began the boy, and his eyes did not swerve. "Since you were not aware of my existence, you would naturally be surprised; but, to cut the matter short, I love your sister, sir, and—well, she loves me; and since you are her guardian, I have come to ask your consent to our marriage."

The prince sank back in his chair, amazement, incredulity, and growing anger making his face dark.

"Hildegarde!" he commanded, "will you explain this piece of impertinence?"

The little princess turned frightened eyes toward her lover, and he smiled reassuringly.

"No need to trouble the princess," he said again. "I will tell you briefly of our meeting. Ten years ago I was traveling with my parents, and we stopped here. One morning, in a spirit of childish adventure, I found my way into the old garden and discovered the little princess. We played together for an hour or so, and when we said good-by I promised to come

again in ten years and meet her in the same spot. Well, I came yesterday, and when it was time for parting again, why—we both knew. I can't just explain it, but if you have ever loved any one yourself, you will understand how it is; if you have n't, I can't tell you; but time does not count for much when you meet the right one. We know we care, and so we want to be married some day, of course."

The prince had been very angry, but there was in his nature a strong sense of humor, and humor turned back the rising anger now.

"Might I inquire," he began, with amused sarcasm, "the young gentleman's claims and titles to an alliance with the Princess Hildegarde?"

The youth drew himself up proudly. "I have the claim of an American gentleman, the son of an American gentleman. My title to the alliance is that I love her and that she loves me."

The simple, manly words touched the prince in spite of his mingled emotions. Perhaps they reached some hidden chamber of his own heart. He turned and silently regarded the little figure in the window, and the princess came forward.

"Yes, my brother; I love him," she faltered.

The prince drew her toward him with an unwonted display of affection. "You poor babes!" he smiled. "Do you not know that a little princess may not always wed where she chooses?"

"A princess is a woman first of all," declared the boy, stoutly. "It would be wicked to marry without love."

"It might be possible for a princess to be wicked, as you call it, in marrying where she most loved," replied the prince as stoutly.

"You have never loved, or you would know that is untrue," returned the young man, fearlessly.

The face of the prince went crimson and then very pale.

"The Princess Hildegarde should warn her young friend that he is not in America," he said in a voice made unsteady by sudden passion.

"I beg your pardon," said the boy, manfully. "I meant no offense. I did forget for a moment that I was not in a land where freedom of speech is a man's birthright. But I meant every word, sir."

"Do you love this country of yours, young man?" asked the prince, a new calmness possessing him.

"Of course I love it," was the surprised reply.

"Would you not make all sacrifices for it—lay down your life, if need be?"

"Yes, sir; gladly."

The prince turned to his sister. "You hear this young man speak," he said. "Is your royal heart less valiant, princess? Do you not love your kingdom?"

"I love it—yes," she faltered.

"And can you hesitate to sacrifice your life—yourself for the good of your kingdom?"

The little princess dropped her eyes, but she did not reply, for the boy stepped to her side and took her hand in his.

"Your highness," he said, "there is one thing which I would not sacrifice to my country."

The prince stood baffled before them. He was astounded most of all at his own tolerance. Why did he permit himself to argue with this unknown youngster? Why did he not order him from his presence? There was something in the very fearlessness and honesty of the lad that compelled respect, that withheld anger.

"You are very young," he said, smiling pityingly. "This will seem like a pretty dream to you in a few months. Then you will thank your protecting angels that the brother of a princess was so tolerant when he declined your suit."

The boy stood pale but resolute.

"Then I am to understand that you withhold your sanction?"

"Most certainly; I can do nothing else."

A little cry escaped the princess: "Ah, boy, I told you so!"

The prince turned toward her, smiling. "I thought the Princess Hildegarde considered herself too young to marry. I quite agree with her."

"You did not agree when you wished me to marry that bad man," cried the little princess, angrily.

"Ah, that was quite another thing," returned her brother. "The prince is old enough to care for you, and he is not bad, my dear."

"He is odious," repeated the princess, "and I will never marry him. Did any happiness ever come of such a marriage? Was our mother happy? Are you happy?"

Again the prince looked stern. "I would bring this interview to a close," he said. "Indeed, I do not know why I have suffered it to continue so long, except that it has afforded me novel entertainment. But my patience is exhausted, and I am ashamed of my sister, the princess. I must dismiss the subject."

The face of the young man before him was hot with indignation. "I ask your pardon," he began. "I came to you as one gentleman to another; but I have only to say in taking leave—"

He was stopped by the lifted hand of the princess.

"My brother," she said gently, "when I was a very little girl I once saw a lovely young woman—a young woman who was not a princess. I heard you call her Emilie."

The prince started, and his face worked with suppressed emotion.

"My sister, what would you have of me?" he asked, at length, in a voice which was surprisingly gentle after its recent sternness.

"I would have you show to me the kindness which you denied her," said the Princess Hildegarde, quietly.

The prince arose and paced to and fro for some minutes. Then he turned to the silent young people before him.

"You are babes," he said; "but you think you know all things now. Listen, then: this lad must go away—home to his own people, and he must stay away for five years. He must not communicate with the Princess Hildegarde during that time, nor she with him; but if at its expiration he still cares to return and finds her free, I will no longer refuse my sanction, provided she still desires it. Do you accept the condition?"

The young people turned to each other with joy in their eyes. What were five years?

The prince smiled pityingly again. "You think it will be the same; but five years is a long time when one is young," he said.

"It will be the same," declared the boy. "We accept your condition, sir."

"Hold! Let me finish," went on the prince. "It is only fair for me to add that I shall exert every influence in my power to cause my sister to forget this folly. No unwelcome marriage shall be forced upon her, but I shall strive to make her see her duty and regret this step."

The boy smiled into her true blue eyes. "I am not afraid," he said.

"I would add, also," went on the prince, "that I have not the smallest notion that you will ever come to claim my promise. You are a very young man, and there are other lovely ladies in the world. I have been told that there are many in your own land."

The boy flushed indignantly. "It is well for you to understand that I shall return," he said. "Is your promise a serious one? You have agreed, when I come here five years from to-day,—no, from yesterday,—to consent to my marriage with your sister, the Princess Hildegarde, provided she still desires it. Do you give me your hand on this promise?"

The prince smiled in amusement.

"Yes, since that seems to be the custom of your country, I give you my hand. Do you wish to bind me further?"

"No, your highness; I trust we are both gentlemen."

He took from his pocket a small russia case.

"Here is my card," he said. "I will add the address. You might wish to communicate with me, you know."

"Thank you," observed the prince, amused. "I think we shall hardly have occasion. The public press will inform—Mr. Milton in the event of the Princess Hildegarde's marriage. I can think of nothing else we might wish to say which could possibly be of interest to Mr. Milton."

The young man bowed. "I thank you for your courtesy," he said; "and I wish you good day."

Then he stepped quickly to the side of the little princess. He had been talking to the prince in his own tongue, but now the more ready English sprang to his lips.

"Good-by, sweetheart," he said in a voice that was not very steady.

She gave her hands to him, and her blue eyes met his bravely.

"Not good-by," she said; "not good-by—auf Wiedersehen."

"That is better," he smiled; "auf Wiedersehen until that day. I will meet you in the garden, dear."

"Yes, I know," she said. "I will be there."

"I shall go back now," he said. "I must

get to work, you know. I must make a little home for my princess."

"It is only five years," she smiled; "we had to wait ten before."

"Only five," he repeated.

"And there are the dreams," she said.

"And the memories," he added; "and we can dream of our own little home now."

Then he put his arms about her and kissed her on the mouth while her brother stood by.

"Auf Wiedersehen, my sweetheart."

"Auf Wiedersehen, my boy!"

He bowed again to the prince, and walked swiftly from the room without once looking back.

The prince stood silent, a gentle memory softening his stern eyes.

"Poor babes!" he murmured half aloud. "Ah, well, it is good to be young!"

But the Princess Hildegarde did not heed him. She had moved to the open casement, and stood there watching a lithe young figure swinging resolutely away beneath the tall trees of the avenue.

There were no tears on her lashes; there was only peace at her heart. She knew her boy. He would not forget.

BALLAD OF TWO SAINTS

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

THERE are two saints in paradise
Who spake of little earth,
And wonderful they are and wise,
And know their wisdom's worth,
Though the years they lived are cold and blown
Like ashes from a hearth.

And one: "Within a market-place
I spake a certain word,
And hatred shone on every face,
And they reviled who heard;
Yet spake I but on earth to-day,
How earth were thrilled and stirred!"

And one: "Unto a crownèd king
I spake a word of fear,
And I was broken for this thing—
Yea, scourged with scorn and jeer;
Yet spake I upon earth to-day,
How men would weep to hear!"

There are two saints in paradise—
Now if they came again
To walk before the careless eyes
And listless heed of men,
I wonder if myself would go
To kneel before them then.

1802

1803

1804

CHILDREN'S COSTUMES IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

(FROM 1800 TO 1870)

BY ROGER BOUTET DE MONVEL

WITH DRAWINGS BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL

TO speak with precision, children's costumes do not begin before the closing years of the eighteenth century. Up to that time it was thought sufficient to dress the little folk, according to sex, in garments reproducing exactly those of the father and mother. Such clothes must, assuredly, have been very uncomfortable for creatures whose movements call for ease, and whose turbulence does not well accord with the stiffness of the eighteenth-century ruff, or the majestic amplitude of those perukes whose solemnity appears to overshadow the intimate life of our progenitors. It is to be observed in this connection that wherever, in our day, ancient costumes have survived the invasion of the railroad and of what we are generally agreed to call progress, this manner of dressing children still continues. Anywhere in Brittany, in Holland, or in certain remote parts of Switzerland and the Tyrol, one may meet boys and girls from five to six years old promenading

1801 1802

1803

1806

1807

1810

gravely in the habiliments of grown-up persons. And one perceives that such a fashion springs from an undeveloped conception of early youth, a conception which does not measure properly all the distance that separates the man from the child.

As a matter of fact, the child, before the nineteenth century, counted for nothing in society. People did not think about children, and, if they thought about them, it was to judge them severely. La Bruyère sums up their case very cavalierly. "They are curious," he tells us, "turbulent, indiscreet, changeable, untruthful, uncleanly, meddlesome, destructive." And La Fontaine, usually so kindly, is scarcely more indulgent. Hence one sees them relegated to the servants' quarters, under the eaves, or to the porter's lodge, as in the case of the little Duc de Beauvilliers. Louis XIV himself, future King of France, spends all his childhood in the kitchens of Saint Germain, and sleeps at night in worn-out sheets: his valet finds him, "his legs through the holes, lying on the bare mattress."

Moreover, there is no transition between the child and the man. As soon as the boy is thought to be able to understand, he is prepared for action. He is to make himself useful as quickly as possible, at an age when our own unfortunate collegians, riveted to their benches, are fairly started upon the insipid round of their examinations. Jean de Gassion goes to the wars at the age of sixteen and is made maréchal of France at thirty-four. La Rochefoucauld begins his military career at fifteen with the rank of "maistre de camp." Condé wins the battle of Rocroi, a general-in-chief at twenty-two. We find the same thing in the bourgeoisie. Omer Talon, avocat-général to the Parliament of Paris, began pleading cases at eighteen, and was immediately celebrated. The young Arnauld d'Andilly, finishing his studies (and what complete and solid studies they were!) at sixteen, was intrusted with a public mission, received at court, and very soon permitted to stand behind the king's chair in financial councils, where he might hear weighty opinions and form his mind for great affairs.

1805

1806

1808

It is easy to see that there was no time at such a period to assign a special uniform to little boys and girls. Most commonly they were attired, as convenience might have it, in any of their parents' cast-off clothes, cut over, well or ill, to fit their size. Later, when the moment had come to exhibit them, the great object being to train all these small persons to bow, to courtesy, not to trip over their sword, and to turn a compliment gracefully, the quickest method to attain these ends appeared to be to dress them like men and women.

What strikes one most forcibly in this mode of education—we insist upon a point which touches our theme rather closely—is the

1809

absolute absence of parental tenderness. Fathers and mothers concern themselves only in the smallest degree about their offspring. If there are examples which tend to prove the contrary, such as that of Pascal's father, who was an admirable educator, or of the father of Montaigne, who carried solicitude to the point of having his son awakened every morning by the sound of harmonious instruments, they are very exceptional instances. The father of the family faces his son like a military commander, and the latter never addresses him except as "monsieur." As for the daughter, the most that she is authorized to do is every morning to kiss her mother under the chin, that she may not derange the paint of which the ladies of the time were so lavish. Madame de Maintenon remembered being kissed by her parents only two or three times.

It took the tirades of a phrase-maker—who, however, did not hesitate to put his own children in the hospital whenever it suited him—to rouse the dormant sense of paternity. Rousseau stimulated a new interest in all this question of education. All these great personages suddenly discovered the charm and naïveté of childhood, and the pleasure that they were systematically depriving themselves of by keeping their sons and daughters at a distance. Princesses and marchionesses, seized with aspirations toward the old-time maternal servitudes, rejected mercenary aid and became the nurses of their own infants. Children's faces crowded into novels, pictures, and family portraits; and when Madame Vigée Lebrun went to the Trianon to paint Marie Antoinette, the Dauphin, the Duc de Normandie, and Madame Royale, she posed them all in a tender group, mother and children together, after the fashion of her own portrait of herself and her daughter. For the first time we see a dauphin of France dressed in light stuffs, with a frill cut away from the neck, and loose trousers. There is nothing to indicate his birth and rank but the ribbon and order of the Saint Esprit. And how comfortable is this style of dress when one reflects upon what his father and grandfather wore at the same age: embroidered coat, short breeches, peruke, sword on thigh, and high-heeled shoes! To be sure, that was a charming costume, and its factitious elegance pleases the eye; but how very inappropriate, in truth, for a child's limbs, with all their need of freedom! All these kings' sons, all these little princesses, have in their portraits the constrained and sullen mien of youngsters who are being punished, and the smiling naturalness of childhood returns only with Madame Vigée Lebrun. Probably Marie Antoinette, who, in spite of the coarse and puerile inventions of republican partizans, was a most tender mother, did more than any one else to put an end to the reign of ceremonial in the juvenile world. Her own education at the homelike court of Maria Theresa led her to introduce a more intimate note in the bringing up of her children, and to dress them more sensibly.

1811

With the end of the eighteenth century, then, the costumes of children, while they still followed the fashions of the day, became lighter and simpler and more and more adapted to the needs of youth. During the Directory, people did not have the leisure to give much attention to the dressing of little people. But as soon as the salons began to open again, and, with the coming of summer, society began to live more out of doors, every mother was again seized with the desire to dress up her little family with coquetry. These years of the Consulate and the Empire were happy ones for those who had the means to satisfy their fantasies. Behold now the reign, the triumph, of lingerie: a veritable debauch of lawn, gauze, organdie, and percale! The little women are in gowns of thin light stuffs, in muslins, batistes, Holland linen, "toile de Jouy," made in *fourreaux* which cling to the body, and are trimmed with plaitings, ruffles, and laces. And yet those that were the least trimmed seemed to be the most charming. Even in cold weather there was an avoidance of all those heavy materials that were kept for

1813

Color drawing by Maurice Boutet de Monvel

IN THE TIME OF THE RESTORATION

1814

the street; outdoor garments were redingotes, or *douillettes*, lined with fur for the winter. Given a lowering of the temperature indoors, a fichu was thrown over the child's shoulders, or a spencer, a species of shirred body which, when without sleeves, went by the name of *canezou*.

But though the costume was simple in its ensemble, the head-gear was to take on, for many years, the most intricate and unexpected forms. To describe these forms would be impossible; a few sketches will give a more exact idea of some of the fashions in hats at the beginning of the century. What funny bonnets and caps, round and pointed and with barbs, or tied under the chin; what delightful beguins and what an infinite variety of round toques made of lace or of tulle; and how many English pokes in percale, or faille, or bazin; and how many collarets with triple or quadruple rows of plaitings or ruchings! And imagine all this running and playing about in the alleys of the Tuileries, then called the National Garden; or in the Parc Monceau, which at that time still possessed the marvelous decorative effects of its temples, ruins, colonnades, and statues; or under the trees of the Palais Royal, then called the Palais Égalité; or along the Champs-Élysées, where the crowds poured down in the dust from the Longchamps races, even as they do to-day.

The costume of the boys was not very elaborate. In the first years they wore a sort of body with sleeves, to which was buttoned an ample pair of breeches reaching to the calf of the leg. Later this body became a jacket. To it was even added a waistcoat, cut very short, as was the mode with the dandies of the epoch —the *merveilleux*, the *incroyables*, whose waistband came under the armpits, whose muslin cravats were tied under their chins, and who, every night, exhibited their airs and graces, at the public balls of the Hôtel de Longueville, or at Frascati's, the favorite confectioner. The warlike tastes of the approaching Empire also had their effect, and many boys wore the military uniform: there were Polish lancers, and hussars of the guard, in red jackets with yellow froggings; and youthful voltigeurs with white breeches, high gaiters, and a policeman's hat on the ear. Little guards of honor were to come, further on. But this last costume belongs to the years of the imperial reverses, and is a sign of the end of the Napoleonic era.

1816

Presently the Bourbons returned, and with them a crowd of émigrés. After twenty years of exile in Germany or in Austria, they had kept all their habits and all their whilom modes of dress. Louis XVIII had no sooner become installed in the Tuileries than he was assailed by this crowd of devoted servitors, all without resources; during the summer of 1814 the approaches to the palace bore the aspect of a carnival. The astonished and mocking Parisians looked on a motley collection of "ancien régime" garments. Here were marquises of the last century, in pigeon-

1822 1824 1825 1826

1830

1831 1832

wing powdered wigs, rapier at side; they were dressed in three-cornered hats and satin waistcoats. At the fall of the Bastille they had joined the young Comte d'Artois at Koblenz. There were other phantoms of the armies of Condé, in sky-blue uniforms, with orange revers and silver galloons; they had fought for the king at the battle of Valmy. And then again there were long-haired Bretons with embroidered jackets and loose breeches, who had been among the Chouans of Cathelineau and Charette.

Still, the majority of the nobles were returning from England, where their tastes had undergone some alterations. The *merveilleux* had become "fashionables," and everywhere throughout Paris, on the Boulevard des Italiens and along the Palais Royal, there were quantities of English hats and coats to be seen, and plaid scarfs and turbans. The Parisian ladies began to wear plumes on their heads, and the charming lingerie of the Empire to take on ornamentations of a dubious taste. Even the pretty *cornettes* assumed insensibly the aspect of invalids' caps.

All these changes affected juvenile dressing. This is the time when pantalets began to be worn by women; and though the fashion was resisted not a little by the ladies, it was welcomed with enthusiasm for small girls. We now see them muffled in these long white pantaloons, which impeded their movements, and which, embroidered, belaced, and befrilled, continued to hang about their feet until the first years of the Second Empire. At that period the pantalets were gradually shortened until they reached the length of the short skirt itself. Under the Restoration the tight-fitting skirts spread into a greater fullness. In 1819 the line of the waist, which had

1833

1834

1836

reached well up under the arms, slipped a little lower. Transparent tissues were supplanted by heavy fabrics covered with various patterns, and white, the favorite color of the Empress Josephine, gave place to more somber hues. The curls of the period disappeared at the same time under hats that became every day more voluminous.

In boys' fashions there was no great change to be noted until the leg-o'-mutton sleeve—that famous sleeve, broad at the top and narrow at the bottom, that held its own with various modifications for a dozen years. The little short jackets now had added to them a skirt plaited all about the waist and reaching to the knees. The broad collaret gave way frequently to a small ruff framing the cheeks and surmounted by a cravat-bow. Finally, the stovepipe hat was introduced, and appeared in straw in summer, as we may yet see it in Miss Kate Greenaway's illustrations, and in beaver in winter, as it is still worn by French mail-coach drivers. A most curious sight they must have been, these lads behind their hoops, and with their tops and balloons, never separated from their inexplicable and monstrous head-gear! The same fashion still persists to-day in a certain number of English colleges.

To return again to the leg-o'-mutton, if it took the place of a tight sleeve with the lads, it did so still more quickly with the lassies. Now, indeed, the feminine outlines, such as the fashions of the beginning of the century had conceived them, disappeared absolutely to make room for a totally new

1837

1838

1840

ideal of the human form. The extraordinary exaggeration of the sleeves added to the breadth of the shoulders, and the cape, with rigid points on each side, emphasized the effect. From year to year these changes became more marked in the dress of the women, and therefore of the little girls also. Designs and colors were created and made fashionable by celebrated tailors and modistes. In 1820 Paris was inundated by such hues as "mahogany," "London smoke," and "Spanish tobacco"; in 1823 there appeared two consecrated colors, "amorous toad" and "frightened mouse." In 1825 little girls began to wear pretty pinafores, either of embroidered linen or of silk, with some form of trimming. In its ensemble the feminine silhouette as it then existed remained stationary for fifteen years. It did not change to any noticeable extent until about 1838, and it was not the capture of the Tuileries, nor the abdication of Charles X, nor the vapid declamations of the two Chambers which brought about the alterations in skirts and hats. Little did fashion reck of political questions just then. Orleanist France wore the leg-o'-mutton of Legitimist France with all the good grace in the world. There is only one detail to be noted, and that is that the fullness of the sleeves dropped forward toward the elbow, thus lengthening the line of the shoulders—a detail, by the way, for which the *élégantes* of the day had every reason to be thankful.

There was nothing new to speak of in the costume of the boys, except that, after the age of ten, there was a return of the short English jacket with waistcoat; but it was worn longer than under the First Empire. The head-gear was still a curious thing. Contemporary hatters appear to have given their imagination the widest license. There was one cap very much in vogue at the time, the shape of which suggests that of the present Russian *kepi*, but with a fuller crown, a longer vizor, and a big tassel topping the whole and dangling on one side.

1842

Prévet, Place de la Bourse, had no equal in his inventions in hats for the small boy whose clothes came from Humann or Scorcury, both of whom had shops in the rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs. For girls the fashionable modistes were Madame Lepetit, rue Grange Batelière, and Madame Rome, passage Choiseul; while Madame Carcher, rue Vivienne, Madame Hippolyte, rue Louis-le-Grand, and Madame Romain Delanoue, rue Sainte Anne, were

1844 1845 1840

1849 1851

generally conceded to be the cleverest dressmakers. All these tradespeople were grouped around that somewhat narrow quarter which formed the center of the fashionable Paris of the day, between the Bourse, the Palais Royal, the Boulevard des Italiens, and the rue Louis-le-Grand. The center has moved more and more toward the west in recent times, and especially under the Second Empire, until now its pivot is the rue de la Paix.

There is a persistent tendency toward the fantastical in the dressing of children at the period we speak of. If we take up the "Magasin des Demoiselles," the "Theory of the Tailors' Art," and other fashion papers, toward the year 1840 we find many examples of this exaggeration. The second half of the reign of Louis Philippe was marked by an increase in the width of the skirts, and this went on until 1850, when two, three, and four rows of flounces, plain or pinked out, were built up on them. Just then the pantalets of the little girls were creeping up. In a few years they barely showed below the skirt. The head-gear was almost uniformly the poke, which framed the face, hid the profile, and was worn with flat bandeaux and English curls over the ears.

We now reach the Second Empire. Louis Napoleon was proclaimed Emperor of the French December 2, 1852, and the following year he married Mademoiselle de Montijo, Comtesse de Teba. It was she who from that moment on was to direct all fashions, and, by her dazzling beauty and her marvelous instinct for what was decorative, to become the authority in all matters of elegance. Paris gave up its parliamentary discussions, its barricades, and its riots, and made great show of its equipages, lackeys, and toilets. The fashionable world had money in plenty, and wishing to react against the slightly bourgeois and parsimonious habits of the preceding reign, it proceeded to display majestic materials, heavy cashmere shawls, pelisses, and becoming mantles. What would one not have done to look even a little like the young and incomparable sovereign! Thus when she appeared the first time in a crinoline, all Paris adopted the notion; and this innovation, which strikes us as so extraordinary to-day, was embraced for little girls as well as for their elders, and pronounced in the last degree *chic*. (This word, by the way, dates from the Empire.) The Louis Philippe poke continued to hold its own, though slightly reduced in size, freeing the forehead, and tied by long strings under the chin. But by and by all the ladies began to wear the Pamela hat, perfectly simple, perfectly flat, with the broad soft straw brim tipping negligently behind. The whole taste of the day leaned toward breadth and majestic curves, toward quantity in both height and width. But, while the skirts were growing, sleeves were putting on puffings and widening at the wrist, which was just the opposite of the famous leg-o'-mutton of the Restoration. The singular thing was that the larger the crinoline became, the greater also became the glory and power of the French Empire. That was the day of the Crimean and Italian campaigns, of the triumphal return to Paris of the victorious armies, the time when, in the language of the newspapers of the period, "France presided

1853 1854

1856

1858 1859 1861

over the destinies of Europe." There came an hour, however, when the popularity of the Empire waned, when opposition awakened in the Chamber, when the external situation grew complicated, and together with this political movement we see the subsidence and decadence of the crinoline. A few Parisians of the fashionable world, chief among them the Princess Metternich, had already attempted to turn the tide in 1866; still the crinoline was not definitely abandoned until the following summer, when the Empress, surrounded by foreign sovereigns who had come to visit the Exposition, appeared at Longchamps in a "peplum," which was a short corselet with a square basque attached before and behind, and very long on the sides.

Immediately imitating their mamas, we see the little girls in tight skirts, very short, made of light materials, uncovering the leg, and showing small Polish boots with tassels. Nor did they hesitate to adopt those tiny toques surnamed "toquets mon colonel," or those "saucer hats" which it was considered good form to wear far down on the forehead, with two long ribbons floating behind—ribbons so funnily called "follow-me-young-man." Under the toque the hair was confined in a silk net, tied on the top of the head with ribbons of the same color. This is the time when all young girls wore the zouave jacket and the bolero cut short above the waist, and showing a bit of the white chemisette; and also the time of the Garibaldi blouse, made of foulard, or of white, red, blue, or Havana brown taffeta, for colors varied infinitely just then, and ranged from the solferino, marengo, and ox-blood reds to the golden yellows, the "jaunes aventurins," the "beetle-back browns," and the peculiar Bismarck shade, a reddish tint much in vogue and which created a furor in Paris, particularly during the year of the Exposition.

As for the small boys, during the few years before the Empire they had been buttoned up in short jackets pinched in at the waist and frequently trimmed with frogs; a cap completed the outfit. Before 1855 a stovepipe took the place of the cap. But that was to be its last appearance. It seemed decided that this sort of headgear was really too impracticable and inconvenient for boys. Moreover, there was a tendency toward greater and greater simplicity. From the age of four to six the boys generally wore the zouave jacket like the little girls, and with the same puffed-out chemisette, the little turnover collar, and the plaid skirt. When they were a little older that skirt became a little pair of breeches, and that, in time, became a pair of pantaloons. It is easy to follow these successive changes in the different photographs of the Prince Imperial, when he does not wear his voltigeur uniform or the uniform of a grenadier of the guard. One photograph in particular, which dates from the year 1867, shows him in knickerbockers, long stockings, jacket, and vest, very like the youths of our own day. Often, too, a simple blouse, drawn in at the waist by a sash, and with a turnover collar and cuffs of lace, was worn instead of the jacket. In short, every effort was made to dress children easily; and from now on the

styles are never far removed from the sailor suit, which tends to absorb all other styles at present, and which, be it said in passing, is by no means a style to be deplored. Only the unfortunate collegians (and heaven knows they were numerous at that period) kept their erstwhile uniform intact, and thus they continued to do for many years, whether they were six years old or eighteen; it was always that same tunic which their fathers had worn, that same frock-coat with its rows of buttons, plaited in at the waist, padded out like a mattress, and as stiff as cardboard. They were also compelled to keep to the straight military collar, when even the fashionables of the Empire, the *cocodès*, wore the neck free and moved about comfortably in their long, floating top-coats with "pagoda" sleeves.

The war of 1870 put an end to all the somewhat extravagant fashions of the Second Empire, and the first reverses, soon followed by the invasion and the siege of Paris, proved an abrupt and painful awakening for the youth of France. For many long months there were more serious things to be thought of than the creation of new costumes; and while great ladies and their little daughters wore their last year's gowns, the cocodès had only time to strap on their knapsacks, and to don the glorious but by no means becoming uniform of the Gardes Mobiles.

1863 1864 1866 1868 1870

THE UNCROWNED KING

BY CLINTON DANGERFIELD

OR God or Mammon, as he serves
Straight to his goal he cuts his way.
Perhaps on some vast continent
His hand was closed but yesterday.

"Aye, yesterday," you say. "But Death—"
Because one died is all life done?
The uncrowned monarch never dies.
The sun hath set—there springs the sun!

Nor shall his power be the less
If in his childhood's bygone peace
The gutter cradled him, nor may
A statelier birth his strength increase.

He is. For good or ill, he is;
And woe to those who blindly cling
Unseeing to the ancient thrones,
And reck not of the Uncrowned King!

KERRIGAN'S CHRISTMAS SERMON

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

WITH PICTURES BY MARTIN JUSTICE

KNOCKING gently on the slide of the companionway, Kerrigan, at the sharp call of the captain, descended slowly into the cabin, with his cap in his hand.

"Seeun' 's the b'ys is goun' ashore, sir," he began in his caressing Irish speech, "I thought I 'd like to tak' the run mesilf, sir. Me shoes is thot bad, me toes is blushun' from the shame av their barefaced immodesthy." He held up a huge foot, disclosing a shoe near to dissolution. "So, sir—"

"All right, all right," grunted the captain. "How much do you want?"

"Only a thrifle, sir," Kerrigan answered, "for me shoes, an' a shirt or two, an' some socks, seeun' 's these is kapun' company wid me shoes in exposun' me fate. Tin dollars will do, sir, ef ye plaze, an' thank ye kindly."

It was half-past six and a December evening, and only a few lights were flickering along the water-front of the Southern city. The bark lay off in the stream, tugging at her chain. She had reached her anchorage too late that afternoon to haul into her berth, and the eyes of every man aboard were circled with dusky rims from their hard, sleepless battle with a three days' gale outside.

"It beats me why you boys want to go ashore to-night," the captain grumbled good-naturedly, as he leaned far back to take his wallet from his trousers pocket. "Have n't slept much or any for two nights, have you? Have n't scarcely been dry for a week, either; and now you want to go carousing about town all night! Huh!"

Kerrigan shook his head in gentle sympathy, putting himself outside the captain's depreciation.

"Ut 's the trut' ye 're sayun', cap'n—God's trut'; but ut 's the young blood av thim, sir, thot 's cryun' for the fale av the land, an' will not let thim rist. But I 'll kape an eye on thim, sir, an' hustle thim aboard in the airly avenun'. I 've no mind to stand battun' me eyes on the strates, waitun' for a lot av callow b'ys, while me bunk is a-callun' me. Thrust to me to bring thim back airly an' sober, sir."

He took the money the captain gave him, and backing deferentially away, went slowly up to the deck and over the side of the vessel into the yawl, where his three companions on shore-leave waited impatiently for him. Two of the crew who were to bring the yawl back sat listlessly on the thwarts, yawning sleepily.

As he sank to his place in the stern, he took his pipe from his pocket and proceeded to fill it.

"Now pull, ye divils, pull!" he said genially, as the boat splashed away toward shore. "Ut 's me thot the ol' mon 's putt over ye, to kape ye out av harrm's way an' fetch ye off airly. 'Tom,' says he, 'get

thim b'ys aboard as soon as they do be gettun' the kinks out av their legs. Ut 's young an' tinder they are, an' I 'm thrustun' to yer discretion.' ''T is a sacred thrust, sir,' says I. 'Ut 's faather an' mither an' all I 'll be to thim, sir—the dirthy sons av say-cooks.'"

Frithjof, the big-shouldered, silent Swede, looked over his shoulder and grinned, while the eyes of Nicolao, the Cape Verd islander, sparkled as he murmured: "Missa Kerrigan, nussa-maid for lit' child'en; bes' o' ref'ence." But Sam, the young New-Englander, scoffed back:

"Father and mother! And what do you know of that, you bog-trottin', back-door Moses, found on the steps of a windy mornin'?"

"A Moses, is ut?" answered Kerrigan. "'T is the thrue worrd; for ut 's me that will be l'adun' ye out av the Agypt yon." The yawl bumped against the landing-stairs, and he began to cough—a pumped-up sort of spasm that would not have deceived a child. "An' the dust av ut!" he groaned, as he climbed to the wharf. "Holy Mither! the Agypt dust av ut, an' not an *oa*sus in sight!"

The oases were found later in satisfying number. The swinging doors that opened to them had swung so often before their joyous progress that as the clocks of the city were striking nine they came, in the pride of their strength, to the glittering front of one for the third time, only to have the doors slammed and locked in their faces.

The four looked at one another in grieved, incredulous surprise. Then Kerrigan's brown, good-natured countenance flattened itself against the glass of the door, and he tapped gently on the pane with his huge, tar-stained fingers.

"Whisht, me sons," he said to the grinning attendants inside; "the joke 's on yez. 'T is over-airly for the closun'. Ye 're thot cross-eyed ye do be seeun' the clock over yer shouldhers an' r'adun' ut backwards. 'T is nine o'clock, an' ye think ut a quarther past twilve. Turn yer backs to ut, an' pretind ye 're comun' whin ye 're goun'; 't will be aisier for ye." He shook the door

Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"'I 'M TRAVELUN' INCOG-*NA*-THO'"

with a touch of impatience. "Open, I say! Are ye—"

An important-looking, round little man came strutting up, and jerked down the shades, stopping Kerrigan's speech like a blow in the face. He looked at the door blankly and then at his companions.

"Ye 're not wantud, lads," he said harshly. "'T is for yer betthers. 'T is mistook ye are for naygurs an' little yellow min."

Now a sailor's mind is trained to the meeting of sudden emergencies with incredible swiftness, and with a unanimity that would have been impossible in landsmen, the four seamen, without parleying, met the obstacle in their path.

Two doors below, a row of new buildings was going up, with lumber piled at the edge of the sidewalk. Hot with the insult, as they thought it, they hurried thither, seized a floor-beam, and swung back to the closed door. The next moment it fell inward before their battering-ram, with a jingling of glass and splintering of wood.

Out of the uproar of the room the little round man came, furious to confront the four. Kerrigan gave the sign to his shipmates, and the beam dropped to the floor with a crash that sent the man into the air with a leap that he probably had not equaled for years.

"Me card," said Kerrigan, smiling sweetly and pointing to the beam; "putt ut in yer card-resaver. I 'm the descindant av kings in me own right, but not too proud to know ye."

Choking with rage, the little man turned to his waiters, crying: "Call the police! Do you hear? Call the police!"

"The polace!" echoed Kerrigan. "'T is nadeless an' too great an honor. I 'm travelun' incog*na*tho, as we say,—which is our custhom among infariors,—an' shunnun' the pomps an' thrappun's av coorts. Let the polace be; they do be overworrked an' too dom extraneous."

Two white-aproned waiters slipped past him, making for the door; but Frithjof blocked the opening, with Sam and Nicolao at his shoulders. All the Swede's normal good-nature was gone. Flushed with anger at what he considered an insult, his face had an ugly look. Nicolao was smiling, but he stood like a cat ready to spring, and the New-Englander's eyes were dancing with the joy of battle. Behind them, the watching crowd in the street momentarily increased, and it shouted with the ecstasy of joyous expectation when two policemen pushed through the door, shouldering the huge Swede from their path.

Now Frithjof was not a man to be shouldered when in a rage, and discretion was not his foible. Like the arms of a windmill, his great paws swung wide and crashed down upon the heads of the guardians of the peace, smashing their helmets over their eyes.

Kerrigan, turning, saw it all, and the faces of the officers before they went into eclipse.

"Naygurs!" he roared, with a beautiful simulation of horror. "They 're naygurs! The shame av ut!" Then he rushed joyfully into an entangling alliance with his friends.

It was an unequal struggle, and the officers were already down when some excited creature turned out the lights. In the sudden darkness Kerrigan kept his head.

"'T is the fa*nal*ly," he whispered hoarsely to his shipmates. "Kape togither, but run!"

As they dashed out into the street the crowd broke and scattered. It was a lighthearted assembly, and its interest was the interest of pleasure, not correction. Laughingly it cheered the fugitives on, and saw them passing unobstructed into outer darkness at the edge of the city market, and was turning away when Kerrigan fell. He had been lumbering on behind his comrades, and had almost gained a refuge under the dark corridors of the market, when his foot slipped. For an instant he lay stunned; then, before he could rise, two policemen pounced upon him from out the shadow of the dark wall, and the crowd's interest had revived and was sending them hot-foot to view his downfall.

Kerrigan was still blinking from the shock when he was led back over the road he had come, the two policemen pertinaciously demanding an explanation of his haste.

"I was lookun' for yez," said Kerrigan.

"Ye found us," answered one of them, laconically. Kerrigan looked up sharply.

"Ye 're an Irishman," he declared.

"Ye 're no liar," replied the other—"for wance."

Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'COME BACK, YEZ! AIN'T YEZ GOUN' TO GIVE THE CHILDER THEIR PRISINTS?'"

"I tak' shame for ye consortun' wid naygurs," said Kerrigan, sadly. "I came to tell ye so."

"I 'm consortun' wid worse this minut'," said his captor.

"Ye know yer mates," Kerrigan replied genially, looking at his other guard. "I 've small likun' for Dootchmin mesilf. Do they call the foorce the mixed pickles?"

He received no answer, and, the pleasure of the social instinct gone, through half-closed eye he looked about him discontentedly. They were rapidly approaching the wrecked saloon, a tail of idlers at their heels. On their left, protected only by planks laid over barrels, yawned the dark abyss of the cellar under the unfinished row of buildings. Kerrigan glanced down, saw nothing but black void, and felt anew the thrill of life.

"What 's ut?" he asked, jerking his head toward the unfinished row, and was answered that his captors neither knew nor cared.

"'T is shameless ignorance," declared Kerrigan; "we 'll investhigate," and wheeling suddenly, freeing himself, he leaped into the black pit, carrying the barriers with him.

There was a crash below of falling barrels and timber, and then an awe-inspiring silence; but, ten minutes later two sad guardians of the peace crawled out of the abyss, extinguished their lanterns, and went preyless back to their beat.

At the same time, in a narrow street on the other side of the market, his leaderless companions, making their way down to the water-front, came upon Kerrigan, sitting sadly on the curb, communing with the past. They hailed him with joy, but he only shook his head sadly at sight of them.

"Here 's me wages unspint," he mourned, "an' ivery rasort av pleasure closed to us by the folly av min! 'T is shameful!" Then he began to sing dolorously:

"'The harp that wance through Tara's halls
The sowl of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if thot sowl were fled.'

"Oh, the harps av the ould counthry," he murmured; "an' the eyes av sloe, an' the mists on the hills av a marnun'! Ut all comes back to me so swate, so swate! An' niver a dhrop to dhrown me sorrow!" From his lowly seat he waved his hands to his comrades in farewell. "L'ave me wid me dead, b'ys! L'ave me!"

Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"'LASTHLY AND FINALLY'"

The three looked at one another in doubt, then Frithjof growled:

"Ay tank you big dom fool!" Stooping suddenly, he seized Kerrigan by the shoulders and lifted him to his feet, adding: "Coom on, now!"

"All right, Swaden," said the sad Kerrigan; "I go, but me heart 's bruk."

It was not so completely shattered as to leave him wholly oblivious of the shell, when, as they turned into a lighter street, two girls came laughingly along the path. He twisted his mustache and gazed at them sadly.

"Eyes av sloe, eyes av sloe," he murmured—"ut all comes back to me so swate—so swate!"

He shook his head mournfully at the retort discourteous that he received, but Sam and Nicolao giggled. He gazed at them reprovingly.

"'T is a harrd worrld," he declared, "whin me—" He stopped short, for they had come to the lighted front of a theater-like building, and from within there floated the sound of singing, and then the applause at its close.

"Heh!" cried Nicolao, excitedly. "Behol' de theayter! Coma 'long een!" Without a moment's hesitation, he entered the vestibule, followed by the others, and, opening an inner door, passed into a darkened room.

Out of the gloom by the entrance an usher stepped softly, and touching Nicolao on the arm, led the way up the aisle, followed by the sailormen. Into a side seat at the very front of the hall he swept them with an elaborate bow, and tiptoed away as an unseen orchestra played the opening strains and a full choir of voices broke softly into the hymn:

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around."

As the words of the last line swelled into a rich crescendo of sound, veiled lights began to glimmer above the stage, and with a creaking of a tackle and fall there slowly descended into view a white-clad figure with shining wings, holding a green palmetto-leaf aloft.

The living picture stepped lightly to the stage from the little platform on which she had stood, and, with a profound bow, lowered the palmetto-leaf as the lights of the hall blazed out, and the audience broke into wildly excited applause.

"Holy Mither!" cried Kerrigan, under his breath, "'t is a naygur!"

He glanced swiftly at the audience, now for the first time revealed: every shining face of delight in the hall except their own was that of a negro.

In a sort of wonder, he turned to his companions. Nicolao was wildly applauding, Frithjof was staring stolidly at the stage, and Sam's face was down in his hands, his body shaking with a violent coughing fit.

He looked up at length with a grave face, and caught Kerrigan's eye.

"What is ut?" asked the Irishman.

His shipmate nodded toward a pine-tree at the back of the stage, decked with candles and gifts.

"Christmas eve and a Christmas tree," he replied. "It 's a darky church."

"I was beginnun' to have me suspicions thot ut was a Dootch ball," said Kerrigan, with biting sarcasm. He looked about him. "I tak' ut," he went on, as the result of his observation, "thot we hold the sates of honor."

"Yes," answered his mate.

"Then ut 's a dacent lot of haythen they are," he declared emphatically, "barrun' the shlight invidjusness av a coffee-colored angel. So let the prosadun's prosade." He began to applaud with all the vigor of his mighty hands.

Kerrigan grew more and more enthusiastic as the exercises went on, and his loudly spoken comments, if frank, were for the most part satisfactorily laudatory. Not till near the close did a momentary cloud appear.

They were lighting the tree, and a file of small children had lined up in front of it to repeat Bible verses. They stood, a twisting line, looking over their shoulders at the gathering glory behind them, impatient for their gifts, and repeating parrot-like the rapid words that were to set them free. Near the middle of the line one stumbled over a long quotation, but came smoothly to a close with the words, "but the scriptions must be 'filled." The speaker's small finger went swiftly to her mouth, and she dropped demure eyes. The next child was cannier.

"Now we see th'oo er glass dark'y," he lisped, and looked triumphantly at his next neighbor, who said in a high voice:

"An' Ab'am said, I wull sw'ar."

An audible stir ran through the audience, and a wrinkled little man near the stage rose quickly to his feet and held up a warning hand.

"Mistah Sup'inten'ent," he cried excitedly, "Ah rise foh ter appoint an ordeh."

The superintendent bowed affably, after a momentary hesitation.

"'Scuse me," said the interrupter, "but Ah 'm 'bleeged foh ter ask whar yo' go'n' fin' dem wuds. Dey don' soun' lak da wuds of ouah Lohd and Mahsteh—er lak da Bible."

The superintendent turned to the young woman who had marshaled the children upon the stage.

"Miss Pickney," he said, "are dem wuds f'om de Holy Book? Dey soun' familious, but Ah cayn't say right offhan' whar dey come f'om. Are dey?"

"Yesseh," she snapped; "dey 's co'ect.

Ab'aham said 'em, lak he *said* he said 'em." She glanced scornfully at the doubter. He was not to be crushed so easily, however.

"Den all Ah kin say," he went on excitedly, "is dat den dat chile ain' said enough. He ain' 'splain da 'casion. An' dat ain't all; an' heah 's da p'int,"—he held up a polemic finger, and faced the audience,—"Ab'am he done lib unner da ol' dispinsatioms, an' some of ol' man Adam was een 'im yit."

He paused so long in his triumph that the next child in line, thinking the incident closed, began to repeat:

"Consider the lilies—"

Unheeding, the voice of the man went on:

"So Ab'am say he w'u'd sw'ar. Mebbe some things done gone wrong with 'im, er he had some er Job's troubles; but he ain' done right, an', lit' chillen, dem ain' no advices foh yo'—no, ma Lohd!"

He was in full swing now, his voice rising, his arms swinging wildly about his head. Kerrigan, looking from him to the stage, saw the sorrowful, uneasy line of little children turning back toward the tree, now fully lighted, and guessed their dismay at the interruption. He turned to the exhorter once more, and leaped into the fray.

"Let the little naygur g'wan!" he called roughly.

A sea of angry eyes flashed upon him, but he heeded it not.

"G'wan, little tiger-lily!" he roared. "G'wan wid yer worrds!" And with the instinct of implicit obedience to the voice of a white man, the child ran glibly through her quotation, and the line filed from the stage.

Marching off, with his eyes upon the tree, a heedless boy ran into the frail upright supporting an elaborate arch of paper roses, which, falling on the candles, ignited, and then dropped in a serpent of fire among the children and flamed up toward the roof along the uprights still standing.

Instantly the house was in a wild panic, sweeping toward the door and windows; but Kerrigan saw only the child that he had bidden speak. The last of the line, the blazing wreaths inwrapped her and fired her flimsy white dress. He leaped to his feet, but was borne backward by the maddened rush of screaming creatures making toward the windows behind him.

It was only for an instant. Catching at the back of a seat and bracing himself, he lowered his head, and with a roar like that of an angry bull plowed his way through the frenzied mob and fell sprawling across the stage. The next moment he sprang through the blazing streamers, caught up the child, and holding her face against his breast, smothered the flames or beat them out with his hands.

Another blazing streamer fell across his own shoulders before he had extinguished the burning dress of the child, firing his coat and scorching his cheek; but not until the child was safe did he fling it off impatiently, pull down the remaining uprights, and stamp out the flames. Then blackened with soot, and scorched, still holding the sobbing child against his breast, he turned and roared:

"Come back! Come back, yez! Ain't yez goun' to give the childer their prisints?"

They crept into their seats presently, excited and hysterical; and not till then did Kerrigan leave the stage with the child, sobbing with fright, but little hurt. Going down to his shipmates, he stood the child before them:

"'T is Christmas ave, an' a little child in throuble," he said; "hand out yer ducuts!"

Smiling, they did as they were bidden, while the audience crowded about them, watching. Kerrigan took their bills with a dissatisfied frown.

"Iv'ry cint, ye thavun' sailormin! Is ut av yersilves ye 'd be thinkun' whin a little child 's in throuble? Empty yer pockuts, as I 've done mesilf," he ordered.

When he was certain that not a cent was left to the four, he tied the collection in his neckerchief and put it in the hand of the bewildered child.

"'T is for a new dhress, an' a dolly, an' pink ice-crame, an' whativer," he told her; "an' a merry Christmas to ye!"

Then he turned to the wildly applauding audience with a deprecatory wave of the hand.

"G'wan wid ye!" he said good-naturedly, and with the first touch of diffidence mortal had ever seen on his face. "Don't ye know the childer is a-waitun' for their prisints?"

The tree was stripped, the last song sung, a prayer of thanksgiving and grati-

tude to Kerrigan spoken by the pastor, and the audience was making ready to depart, when the superintendent stepped upon the platform, lifted his hand, and said:

"Befoh we depaht, we desiah to signify our appreciatioms of the splendid cou'age of our visitant among us to-night, an' the gen'rosity dis gemman and da balumps of 'em have individualized." He bowed, and a male quartet marched solemnly upon the stage, sang "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," and then, as an encore, bowing to Kerrigan, with spirit sang "The Wearing of the Green."

Kerrigan had nodded through the stripping of the tree, but he was thoroughly awake now. His head and foot kept time to the song, and as the last strain ceased he sprang to his feet.

"I niver made a spache in me life, b'ys, —an' the l'ave av yez,—barrun' some incidenthial remarks I might have inthrojuced into a coort av justus the marnun' after, by raison av lookun' upon the wine whin ut was red, which is a fagure av spache, me dhrink beun' whisky, which some av ye may know is a horse av anither color, and not bad for the hilth, though betther lit alone, owun' to the carelissniss av min in the use av high explosives; but I wan' to tell ye, in wan worrd, that I tak' ut kindly—yer singun' a song in me honor, an' yer reciption, an' the holy ruction ye gave us, whereby I worrked off me sadness av heart by raison av beun' in an inhospithable counthry. Now I wan' to say, we hope we 're not inthrudun'. We tho't ut was a show whin we perambulathed in amongst ye, which ut was av a kind, an' as amusun' as a baskut av kittuns an' lively as a counthry fair in me ancesthral kingdom, though not what we ixpicted.

"Now we 've heard yer songs an' yer spaches, an' sane yer angel descind, which was marvelous, an' we 've listhened to yer advice, which ut was as good as anny I 've iver had to contind wid—an', by the same token, as harrd to follow. For thot 's the quare thing about advice: the betther ut is, the laste likely we are to hade ut, an' thim as nades ut laste hades ut most, an vicy versy, which is Frinch for the road 's no longer wan way than t' ither way about.

"Likewise, ut 's the nature av the good to be too good an' the bad to be worse nor they nade be, the which I learned by lookun' in me own heart an' makun' philosophical faces at mesilf in me conthrition. So wan thing I 've learned—niver to putt more sthrain upon me stren'th than ut will bear wid dacency.

"Lasthly an' finally, as the pr'achers say, I like yer singun' betther nor yer courage, which ye have n't anny; but in discretion ye 're great. An' thot 's uts good points, too, for ut lades away from throuble, an' throuble 's a bad neighbor. But ye sing marvelous, an' I say, Sing all ye can, for ut makes the road short an' the worrk aisy; an' ye niver can absthract a hin from uts roost whin a song 's on yer lips, which is wan snare the less for the legs av thim thot walk in darkness, if the trut' 's been tould av ye. An' thot 's allegory.

"An' ye, little childer, alwiys honor yer faathers an' yer mithers, for thot the Good Book tills ye; likewise, ut 's common sinse; an' lasthly, tin to wan ye 'll be lathered if ye don't, an' thot hurts."

He ended abruptly, and turned away from the laughing, good-natured throng, already on its slow march to the door. An alarm had been turned in at the first call of fire, but the firemen had come and gone without entering, and the police had come no farther than the door. It was a glimpse of their helmets at the rear of the hall that had brought Kerrigan to a sudden close. Now he turned to the superintendent.

"Docthor," he whispered, "have yez a back dure? There was a little fri'ndly ruction on the strate a little while pravious, in which me fri'n's here participathed, an' me fri'n's the polace are yon. Ut 's a harrd lot they have, an' I 'd spar' thim throuble willun'. If we shlipped out unbeknownst—" He winked, and the superintendent bowed.

Back of them extended a little side addition, and into this the man led them, opening a window.

"It 's no door," he began, but Kerrigan caught him up.

"Ut 's all wan," he said, as he thrust a long leg through the opening; "dure or windy, ut 's a hole for daliv'rance. I was niver wan to scorn the shmall neck av a bottle whin the bung was not contaguous."

A moment later the four were swiftly following the directions of their adviser over a fence and across an open lot to a quiet street.

They traveled fast for a space, and then,

easy in mind, went on more slowly toward the water-front by roundabout ways.

The New-Englander, as was befitting one with an inherited conscience, was the first to speak.

"'T was good advice," he said.

"The which?" asked Kerrigan.

Then another inherited tendency in the Yankee awoke—a sense of the humor of things.

"Any of it," he answered, grinning. "That whisky was good for a man, but better let alone; that it was n't worth while being too good, or just as well not to be bad. Oh, you had a crumb of comfort for every one, Kerrigan."

"An' why not—on Christmas ave, ye carpun' Yankee?" demanded Kerrigan. "Is ut a time for missions an' pinances?"

"Or for the fast?" asked Nicolao, nudging the New-Englander.

For once Kerrigan was silent, remembering his thirsty but penniless state. Then suddenly he smiled, recalling his triumphant oratory.

"Thomas Kerrigan," he said to himself, "if I 'd 'a' caught ye airly, ut 's a man I 'd 'a' made av ye—barrun' the thirst, which is a dethriment."

Then in silence he went on through the echoing streets, under the quiet stars, with his equally silent shipmates.

A CHRISTMAS FOLK-SONG

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

DE win' is blowin' wahmah,
An' hit 's blowin' f'om de bay;
Dey 's a so't o' mist a-risin'
All erlong de meddah way;
Dey ain't a hint o' frostin'
On de groun' ner in de sky,
An' dey ain't no use in hopin'
Dat de snow 'll 'mence to fly.
It 's goin' to be a green Christmas,
An' sad de day fu' me.
I wish dis was de las' one
Dat evah I should see.

Dey 's dancin' in de cabin,
Dey 's spahkin' by de tree;
But dancin' times and spahkin'
Are all done pas' fu' me.
Dey 's feastin' in de big house,
Wid all de windahs wide—
Is dat de way fu' people
To meet de Christmas-tide?
It 's goin' to be a green Christmas,
No mattah what you say.
Dey 's us dat will remembah
An' grieve de comin' day.

Dey 's des a bref o' dampness
A-clingin' to my cheek;
De aih 's been dahk an' heavy
An' threatenin' fu' a week,
But not wid signs o' wintah,
Dough wintah 'd seem so deah—
De wintah 's out o' season,
An' Christmas eve is heah.
It 's goin' to be a green Christmas,
An' oh, how sad de day!
Go ax de hongry chu'chya'd,
An' see what hit will say.

Dey 's Allen on de hillside,
An' Marfy in de plain;
Fu' Christmas was like springtime,
An' come wid sun an' rain.
Dey 's Ca'line, John, an' Susie,
Wid only dis one lef';
An' now de curse is comin'
Wid murder in hits bref.
It 's goin' to be a green Christmas—
Des hyeah my words an' see:
Befo' de summah beckons
Dey 's many 'll weep wid me.

From a water-color by Winslow Homer

ON THE HOMOSASSA RIVER, FLORIDA

CHAPTERS FROM MY DIPLOMATIC LIFE

EMBASSY AT BERLIN (1897–1902): I

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

ON the 1st of April, 1897, President McKinley nominated me ambassador to Berlin; and, the appointment having been confirmed by the Senate, I visited Washington to obtain instructions and make preparations. The Secretary of State at this time was Mr. John Sherman. I had known him somewhat during his career as senator and Secretary of the Treasury, and had for his character, abilities, and services the most profound respect. I now saw him often. He had become somewhat infirm, but his mind seemed still clear.

An important part of my business during this visit was to confer with the proper persons at Washington, including the German ambassador, Baron von Thielmann, regarding sundry troublesome questions between the United States and Germany. The addition to the American tariff of a duty against the sugar imports from every other country, equivalent to the sugar bounty allowed manufacturers in that country, had led to special difficulties. There were also looming up several other questions no less difficult, those relating to the exportation of American products to Germany and the troubles already brewing in Samoa being especially prominent, so that it was with anything but an easy feeling that on the 29th of May I sailed from New York.

PRESENTATION AT COURT

ON the 12th of June I presented the President's letter of credence to the Emperor William II. The more important of my new relations to the sovereign had given me no misgivings, for during my stay in Berlin as minister, eighteen years before, I had found him very courteous, he being then the heir apparent; but with the ceremonial part it was otherwise, and to that I looked forward almost with dismay.

For since my stay in Berlin the legation had been raised to an embassy. It had been justly thought by various patriotic members of Congress that it was incompatible either with the dignity or the interests of so great a nation as ours to be represented simply by a minister plenipotentiary, who, when calling at the Foreign Office to transact business, might be obliged to wait for hours and even until the next day, while representatives from much less important countries, who ranked as ambassadors, went in at once. The change was good; but in making it Congress took no thought of some things for which provision should have been made. As regards the presentation, the trying feature to me was that there was a great difference between this and any ceremonial which I had previously experienced. At the presentation of a minister plenipotentiary, he goes in his own carriage to the palace at the time appointed, is ushered into the presence of the sovereign, delivers to him, with some simple speech, the autograph letter from the President, and then, after a kindly answer, all is finished. But an ambassador does not escape so easily. Under a fiction of international law he is regarded as the direct representative of the sovereign power of his country, and is treated as such.

Therefore it was that, at the time appointed, a high personage of the court, in full uniform, appeared at my hotel, accom-

panied by various other functionaries, with three court carriages, attendants, and outriders, deputed to conduct me to the palace. Having been escorted to the first of these coaches, myself in plain citizen's dress on the back seat, my escort in gorgeous uniform facing me, and my secretaries and attachés in the other carriages, we took up our march in solemn procession, carriages, outriders, and all, through the Wilhelm Strasse and Unter den Linden. On either side was a gaping crowd; at the various *corps de garde*, bodies of troops came out and presented arms; and on our arrival at the palace there was a presentation of arms and beating of drums, which for the moment somewhat abashed me. It was an ordeal more picturesque than agreeable.

The reception by the Emperor was simple, courteous, and kindly. Neither of us made any set speech, but we discussed various questions, making reference to our former meeting and the changes which had occurred since. Among these changes I referred to the great improvement in Berlin, whereupon he said that he could not think the enormous growth of modern cities an advantage. My answer was that my reference was to the happy change in the architecture of Berlin rather than to its growth in population; that during my first stay in the city, over forty years before, nearly all the main buildings were of brick and stucco, whereas there had now been a remarkable change from stucco to stone and to a much nobler style of architecture. We also discussed the standing of Germans in America and their relations to the United States.

On my remarking that it was just eighteen years and one day since the first Emperor William had received me as minister in that same palace, he spoke of various things in the history of the intervening years, and then ensued an episode such as I had hardly expected. For just before leaving New York my old friend Frederick William Holls, after a dinner at his house on the Hudson, had given his guests examples of music written by Frederick the Great, and one piece had especially interested us. It was a duet in which Mr. Holls played one part upon the organ and his wife another upon the piano, and all of us were greatly impressed by its dignity and beauty. It had been brought to light and published by the present Emperor; and after the performance some one of the party remarked in a jocose way, "You should express our thanks to his Majesty, when you meet him, for the pleasure which this music has given us." I thought nothing more of the matter until, just at the close of the conversation above referred to, it came into my mind, and on my mentioning it, the Emperor showed at once a special interest, discussing the music from various points of view, and dwelling upon the musical debt of Frederick the Great to Bach, and the special influences of Bach upon him. This conversation recurred to me later when the Emperor, in erecting the statue to Frederick the Great on the Avenue of Victory, placed on one side of it the bust of Marshal Schwerin and on the other that of John Sebastian Bach, thus honoring the two men whom he considered most important during Frederick's reign.

After presenting my embassy secretaries and attachés military and naval, I was conducted with them into the presence of the Empress, who won all our hearts by her kindly, unaffected greeting. On my recalling her entrance into Berlin as a bride, in her great glass coach, seventeen years before, on one of the coldest days I ever saw, she gave amusing details of her stately progress down the Linden on that occasion; and in response to my congratulations upon her six fine boys and her really charming little daughter it was pleasant to see how

> One touch of nature makes the whole world kin—

her eyes lighting up with pride and joy, and her conversation gladly turning to the children.

It may be added here that the present Empress seems to have broken the unfortunate spell which for about half a century has hung over the queens and empresses of the house of Hohenzollern. I remember well that, among the Germans whom I knew in my Berlin University days, all the sins of the period, political and religious, seemed to be traced to the influence of Queen Elizabeth, the consort of the reigning King Frederick William IV; and that during my first official stay in the same capital, as minister, a similar feeling was shown toward the Empress Augusta, in spite of her most kindly qualities and her

devotion to every sort of charitable work; and that the crown princess, afterward the Empress Frederick, despite all her endowments of head and heart, was apparently more unpopular than either of her two predecessors. But the present Empress seems to have changed all this, doubtless mainly by her devotion to her husband and her children, which apparently excludes from her mind all care for the great problems of the universe outside her family. So strong is this feeling of kindness toward her that it was comical to see, at one period during my stay, when she had been brought perilously near a most unpopular course of action, that everybody turned at once upon her agent in the matter, saying nothing about her, but belaboring him unmercifully, though he was one of the most kindly and attractive of men.

These presentations being finished, our return to the Kaiserhof Hotel was made with the same ceremony as that by which we had come to the palace, and happy was I when all was over.

Of the other official visits at this time, foremost in importance was that to the Chancellor of the Empire, Prince Hohenlohe. Although he was then nearly eighty years old, and bent with age, his mind in discussing public matters was entirely clear. Various later conversations with him also come back to me—one, especially, at a dinner he gave at the Chancellor's palace to ex-President Harrison. On my recalling the fact that we were in the room where I had first dined with Bismarck, Prince Hohenlohe gave a series of reminiscences of his great predecessor, some of them throwing a strong light upon his ideas and methods. On one occasion, at my own table, he spoke very thoughtfully on German characteristics, and one of his remarks surprised me: it was that the besetting sin of Germans is envy (*Neid*), which struck me as a curious confirmation of Tacitus. He seemed, at times, rather melancholy; but he had a way of saying pungent things very effectively, and one of these attributed to him became widely known. He was publicly advocating an important canal bill, when an opponent said: "You will find a solid rock in the way of this measure." To which the Chancellor answered instantly: "We will then do with the rock as Moses did: we will smite it and get water for our canal."

THE NEW CHANCELLOR, VON BÜLOW

As to the next visit of importance, I was especially glad to find at the Foreign Office the newly appointed minister, Baron (now Count) von Bülow. During the first part of my former stay as minister, I had done business at the Foreign Office with his father, and found him in every respect a most satisfactory representative of the German government. It now appeared that father and son were amazingly like each other, not only in personal manner, but in their modes of dealing with public affairs. With the multitude of trying questions which, as I write, have been pressing upon me as ambassador during nearly six years, it hardly seems possible that I should be still alive were it not for the genial, hearty, kindly intercourse at the Foreign Office and elsewhere with Count von Bülow. Sundry German papers indeed attacked him for yielding too much to me, and sundry American papers attacked me for yielding too much to him; but both of us exerted ourselves to do the best possible, each for his own country, and at the same time to preserve peace and increase good will.

Interesting was it to me, from my first to my last days in Berlin, to watch him in the discharge of his great duties, especially in his dealings with hostile forces in Parliament. No contrast could be more marked than that between his manner and that of his great predecessor, the Iron Chancellor. To begin with, no personalities could be more unlike. In place of an old man, big, rumbling, heavy, fiery, minatory, objurgatory, there now stood a young man, quiet, self-possessed, easy in speech, friendly in manner, "sweet reasonableness" apparently his main characteristic, bubbling at times with humor, quick to turn a laugh on a hostile bungler, but never cruel; prompt in returning a serious thrust, but never venomous. Many of his speeches were masterpieces in their way of handling opponents. An attack which Bismarck would have met with a bludgeon, Bülow parried with lighter, but in some cases really more effective, weapons.

Interesting especially was an occasion when the old charge of "Byzantinism" was flung at the present régime, to which he replied, not by a historical excursus or political disquisition, but by humorously

deprecating a comparison of the good, kindly, steady-going, hard-working old privy councilors and other state officials of Berlin with the fanatics, conspirators, and assassins who played leading parts at Constantinople during the decline of the Eastern Empire. In the most stormy discussions I never saw him other than serene; under real provocation he remained kindly; more than one bitter opponent he disarmed with a retort, but there were no poisoned wounds. The German Parliament left to itself can hardly be a peaceful body; the lines of cleavage between parties are many, and some of them are old chasms of racial dislike and abysses of religious and social hate; but the appearance of the young Chancellor at his desk seemed, even on the darkest days, to bring something of geniality and sunshine.

Occasionally during my walks in the Thiergarten I met him on his way to Parliament, and no matter how pressing public business might be, he found time to extend his walk and prolong our discussions. On one of these walks I alluded to a hot debate of the day before and to his suavity under provocation, when he answered: "Old ——, many years ago, gave me two pieces of counsel, and I have always tried to mind them; these were: 'Never worry; never lose your temper.'"

A pet phrase among his critics is that he is a diplomatist and not a statesman. Like so many antitheses, this is misleading. It may be just to say that his methods are, in general, those of a diplomatist rather than of a parliamentarian, but certain it is that in various debates of my time he showed thoroughly statesmanlike qualities, and notably at the beginning of the war with China and in sundry later contests with the Agrarians and Socialists. Even his much-criticized remark during the imbroglio between Turkey and Greece, picturing Germany as laying down her flute and retiring from the "European Concert," which to many seemed mere persiflage, was the humorous presentation of a policy dictated by statesmanship. Nor were all his addresses merely light and humorous; at times, when some deep sentiment had been stirred, he was eloquent, rising to the heights and taking broad views.

No one claims that he is a Richelieu, a William Pitt, or a Cavour, but the work of such men is not what the German Empire just now requires. The man needed at present is the one who can keep things *going*, who can minimize differences, resist extremists, turn aside marplots, soothe doctrinaires, and thus give the good germs in the empire a chance to grow. For this work it would be hard to imagine a better man than the present Chancellor; his selection and retention by the Emperor prove that the present monarch has inherited one of the best qualities of his illustrious grandfather: skill in recognizing the right man and firmness in standing by him.

TRIALS OF A HOMELESS AMBASSADOR

The next thing which an ambassador is expected to do after visiting the great representatives of the empire is to become acquainted with the official world in general.

But he must make acquaintance with these under his own roof. On his arrival he is expected to visit the Emperor and the princes of his family, the Imperial Chancellor and Minister of Foreign Affairs; but all others are expected to visit *him*. Hence the most pressing duty on my arrival was to secure a house, and, during several weeks following, all the time that I could possibly spare, and much that I ought not to have spared, was given to excursions into all parts of the city to find it. No house, no ambassador. A minister plenipotentiary can live during his first year in a hotel or in a very modest apartment; an ambassador cannot. He must have a spacious house fully furnished before he can really begin his duties, for, as above stated, one of the first of these duties is to make the acquaintance of the official world—the ministers of the crown, the diplomatic corps, the members of the Imperial Parliament, the members of the Prussian legislature, the foremost men in the army and navy, and the leaders in public life generally; and to this end he must give three very large receptions, at which all those personages visit him. This is a matter of which the court itself takes charge so far as inviting and presenting the guests is concerned, high court officials being sent to stand by the side of the ambassador and ambassadress and make the introductions to them. But, as preliminary to all this, the first thing is to secure a residence fit for such receptions,

and for entertainments in connection with them.

Under the rules of European nations generally, these receptions must be held at the ambassador's permanent residence; but, unfortunately, such a thing as a large furnished apartment suitable for a foreign representative is rarely to be found in Berlin. In London and Paris such apartments are frequently offered, in Berlin hardly ever. Every other nation which sends an ambassador to Berlin—and the same is true as regards the other large capitals of Europe—owns a suitable house, or at least holds a long lease of a commodious apartment; but although President Cleveland especially recommended provision for such residence in one of his messages, nothing has yet been done by the American Congress, and one consequence of this is that every ambassador has to lose a great amount of valuable time, effort, and money in securing proper quarters, while his country loses much in its proper prestige and dignity by constant changes in the location of its embassy and by the fact that the American representative is not infrequently obliged to take up his residence in unfit apartments and in an unsuitable part of the town.

After looking at dozens of houses the choice was narrowed down to two; but as one was nearly three miles from the center of the city, the selection was made of the large apartment occupied by me during nearly four years, and which was bought from under my feet by one of the smallest governments in Europe as a residence for its minister. Immediately after my lease was signed there began a new series of troubles. Everything must be ready for the three receptions by the eighth day of January, and, being at the mercy of my landlord, I was at a great disadvantage. Though paying large rent for the apartment, I was obliged at my own expense to put it thoroughly in order. The vexations and difficulties seemed unending, but, at last, carpenters, paper-hangers, electric-light men, furniture men, carpet-layers, upholsterers, and the like were driven from the house just five minutes before the Chancellor of the Empire arrived to open the first of these three official receptions! Happily they all went off well, and thereby began my acquaintance with the leaders in various departments of official life.

AN EMBITTERED FEELING AGAINST AMERICA

On settling down into the business of the embassy, it appeared that the changes in public sentiment since my former stay as minister, eighteen years before, were great indeed. At that time German feeling was decidedly friendly to the United States. The Germans had sided with us in our Civil War, and we had come out victorious; we had sided with them in their wars of 1866 and 1871, and they had come out victorious. But all this was now changed. German feeling against us had become generally adverse and, in some parts of the empire, bitterly hostile. The main cause of this was, doubtless, our protective policy. Our McKinley tariff, which was considered almost ruinous to German manufactures, had been succeeded by the Dingley tariff, which went still further; and as Germany in the last forty years had developed an amazing growth of manufactures, much bitterness resulted.

Besides this, our country was enabled by its vast extent of arable land, as well as by its cheap conveyance and skilful handling of freights, to sweep into the German markets agricultural products of various sorts, especially meats, and to undersell the native German producers. This naturally vexed the landed proprietors, so that we finally had against us two of the great influential classes in the empire, the landowners and the manufacturers.

But this was not all. These real difficulties were greatly increased by fictitious causes of ill feeling. Sensational articles, letters, telegrams, caricatures, and the like, sent from America to Germany and from Germany to America, had become more and more exasperating, until, at the time of my arrival, there were in all Germany but two newspapers of real importance friendly to the United States.

One of the main charges constantly made was that in America there was a *Deutschen Hetze*. Very many German papers had really persuaded themselves, and apparently had convinced a large part of the German people, that throughout our country there existed a hate, deep and acrid, of everything German, and especially of German-Americans. The ingenuity of some German papers in supporting this thesis was wonderful. On one occasion a

petty squabble in a Roman Catholic theological school in the United States between the more liberal element and a reactionary German priest, in which the latter came to grief, was displayed as an evidence that the American people were determined to drive out German professors and to abjure German science. The doings of every scapegrace in an American university, of every silly woman in Chicago, of every blackguard in New York, of every snob at Newport, of every desperado in the Rocky Mountains, of every club-loafer anywhere, were served up as typical examples of American life. The municipal governments of our country, and especially that of New York, were an exhaustless quarry from which specimens of every kind of scoundrelism were drawn and used in building up an ideal structure of American life, corruption, lawlessness, and barbarism being its most salient features.

Nor was this confined to the more ignorant. Men who stood high in the universities, men of the greatest amiability, who in former days had been the warmest friends of America, had now become our bitter opponents, and some of their expressions seemed to point to eventual war.

Yet I doubt whether we have any right to complain of such attacks and misrepresentations. As a matter of fact, no nation washes so much of its dirty linen in the face of the whole world as does our own, and, what is worse, there is washed in our country, with much noise and perversity, a great deal of linen which is not dirty. Many demagogues and some "reformers" are always doing this. There is in America a large class of excellent people who see nothing but the scum on the surface of the pot—nothing but the worst things thrown to the surface in the ebullition of American life. Or they may be compared to people who, with a Persian carpet before them, persist in looking at its seamy side and see nothing but odds and ends, imperfect joints, unsatisfactory combinations of color, the real pattern entirely escaping them. The shrill utterances of such men rise above the low hum of steady good work and are taken in Germany as exact statements of the main facts in our national life.

Shortly after my arrival at my post, letters and newspaper articles began coming, deploring the conduct of the Germans toward me, expressing deep sympathy with me, exhorting me to "stand firm," declaring that the American people were behind me, etc., all of which puzzled me greatly until I found that some correspondent had sent over a telegram to the effect that the feeling against America had become so bitter that the Emperor himself had been obliged to intervene and command the officials of his empire to present themselves at my official reception; and with this statement was coupled a declaration that I had made the most earnest remonstrance to the imperial government against such treatment. The simple fact was that the notice was in the stereotyped form always used when an ambassador arrives. On every such occasion the proper authorities notify all the persons concerned, giving the time of his receptions, and this was simply what was done in my case.

THE OPEN DOOR IN CHINA

During the early days of my embassy, Russia had, in one way and another, secured an entrance into China for her Trans-Siberian Railway, and seemed to have taken permanent possession of the vast region extending from her own territory to the Pacific at Port Arthur. Germany followed this example and, in avenging the murder of certain missionaries, took possession of the harbor of Kiao-chau. Thereby other nations were stirred to do likewise, England, France, and Italy beginning to move for extensions of territory or commercial advantages, until it looked much as if they were to parcel out the Celestial Empire among the greater European powers, or at least hold it in commercial subjection, to the exclusion of those nations which had shown more deference to international law.

Seeing this danger, our government instructed its representatives at the courts of the great powers to request them to join in a declaration in favor of an "open-door policy" in China, thus establishing virtually an international agreement that none of the powers obtaining concessions or controlling "spheres of influence" in that country should assert privileges infringing upon the equality of all nations in competing for Chinese trade. This policy was pushed with vigor by the Washington cabinet, and I was instructed to secure, if possible, the

assent of the German government, which, after various conferences at the Foreign Office and communications with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, some more, some less satisfactory, I was at last able to do. The assent was given very guardedly, but not the less effectively. Its terms were that Germany, having been from the first in favor of equal rights to all nations in the trade of China, would gladly acquiesce in the proposed declaration if the other powers concerned would do so.

The Emperor William himself was even more open and direct than his minister. At his dinner to the ambassadors in the spring of 1900, he spoke to me very fully on the subject, and, in a conversation which I have referred to elsewhere, assured me of his complete and hearty concurrence in the American policy, declaring, "We must stand together for the open door."

Finally, on the 9th of April, 1900, I had the satisfaction of sending to the Foreign Office the proofs that all the other powers concerned, including Japan, had joined in the American declaration, and that the government of the United States considered this acquiescence to be full and final.

It was really a great service rendered to the world by President McKinley and Secretary Hay; their action was far-seeing, prompt, bold, and successful.

THE SPANISH WAR

As the war with Spain drew on, animosities, so far as the press on both sides of the water was concerned, grew worse. Various newspapers in Germany charged our government with a wonderful assortment of high crimes and misdemeanors, but happily, in their eagerness to cover us with obloquy, they frequently refuted each other. Against President McKinley every sort of iniquity was charged. One day he was an idiot, another day the most cunning of intriguers; at one moment an overbearing tyrant anxious to push on war, at another a coward fearing war. It must be confessed that all this was drawn mainly from the American partizan press, but it was, none the less, vexatious.

In the meantime President McKinley, his cabinet, and the American diplomatic corps in Europe did everything in their power to prevent the war. Just as long as possible the President clearly considered that his main claim on posterity would be in maintaining peace against pressure and clamor. Under orders from the State Department, I met at Paris my old friend General Woodford, who was on his way to Spain as minister of the United States, and General Porter, the American ambassador to France, our instructions being to confer regarding the best means of maintaining peace, and we agreed in recommending that everything possible be done to allay the excitement in Spain; that no claims of a special sort, whether pecuniary or otherwise, should be urged until after the tension ceased; that every concession possible should be made to Spanish pride, and that, just as far as possible, everything should be avoided which could complicate the general issue with personal considerations. All of us knew that the greatest wish of the administration was to prevent the war, and if that proved impossible, to delay it.

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S OPINION OF THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "MAINE"

But there came the destruction of the *Maine* in the harbor of Havana, and thenceforward war was certain. The news was brought to me at a gala representation of the opera at Berlin, when, on invitation from the Emperor, the ambassadors were occupying a large box opposite his own. Hardly had the telegram announcing the catastrophe been placed in my hands when the Emperor entered, and, on his addressing me, I informed him of it. He was evidently shocked, and expressed, as I fully believe, a regret which was sincere. He instantly asked, with a piercing look, "Was the explosion from the outside?" My answer was that I hoped and believed that it was not, that it was probably an interior explosion. To my great regret, I was afterward obliged to change my mind on the subject; but I still feel that no Spanish officer or true Spaniard was concerned in the matter. It has been my good fortune to know many Spanish officers, and it is impossible for me to conceive one of their kind as having taken part in so frightful a piece of treachery; it has always seemed to be more likely that it was done by a party of wild local fanatics, the refuse of a West Indian seaport.

The Emperor remained firm in his first impression that the explosion was caused

from the outside. Even before this was established by the official investigation he had settled into that conclusion. On one occasion, when a large number of leading officers of the North Sea squadron were dining with him, he asked their opinion on this subject, and although the great majority—indeed, almost all present—then believed that the catastrophe had resulted from an interior explosion, he adhered to his belief that it was from an exterior attack.

RELATIONS WITH THE SPANISH AMBASSADOR

On various occasions before that time I had met my colleague the Spanish ambassador, Señor Mendez y Vigo, and my relations with him had been exceedingly pleasant. Each of us had tried to keep up the hopes of the other that peace might be preserved, and down to the last moment I took every pains to convince him of what I knew to be the truth: that the policy of President McKinley was to prevent war. But I took no less pains to show him that Spain must aid the President by concessions to public opinion. My personal sympathies, too, were aroused in behalf of my colleague. He had passed the allotted threescore years and ten, was evidently in infirm health, had five sons in the Spanish army, and his son-in-law had recently been appointed minister to Washington.

Notice of the declaration of war came to me under circumstances somewhat embarrassing. On the 21st of April, 1898, began the festivities at Dresden on the seventieth birthday of King Albert of Saxony, which was also the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession, and in view of the high character of the King and of the affection for him throughout Germany, and indeed throughout Europe, nearly every civilized power had sent its representatives to present its congratulations. In these the United States joined. Throughout our country are large numbers of Saxons who, while thoroughly loyal to our republic, cherish a kindly and even affectionate feeling toward their former King and Queen. Moreover, there was a special reason. For many years Dresden had been a center in which very many American families congregated for the purpose of educating their children, especially in the German language and literature, in music and in the fine arts; no court in Europe had been so courteous to Americans properly introduced, and in various ways the sovereigns had personally shown their good feeling toward our countrymen.

It was in view of this that the Secretary of State instructed me to present an autograph letter of congratulation from the President to the King, and on the 20th of April I proceeded to Dresden, with the embassy secretaries and attachés, for this purpose. About midnight, between the 20th and 21st, there came a loud and persistent knocking at my door in the hotel, and there soon entered a telegraph messenger with an enormously long despatch in cipher. Hardly had I set the embassy secretaries at work upon it than other telegrams began to come, and a large part of the night was given to deciphering them. They announced the declaration of war, and instructed me to convey to the various quarters interested the usual notices regarding war measures, blockade prohibitions, exemptions, regulations, and the like.

At eleven o'clock the next morning, court carriages having taken us over to the palace, we were going up the grand staircase in full force, when who should appear at the top, on his way down, but the Spanish ambassador with his suite! Both of us were of course embarrassed. No doubt he felt, as I did, that it would have been more agreeable, just then, to meet the representative of any other power than of that with which war had just been declared; but I put out my hand and addressed him, if not so cordially as usual, at least in a kindly way; he reciprocated the greeting, and our embarrassment was at least lessened. Of course during the continuation of the war our relations lacked their former cordiality, but we remained personally friendly.

THE BUSINESS OF BEING A MONARCH

On the third day of the festivities came a great review, and a sight comparatively rare. To greet the King there were present the Emperor of Germany, the Emperor of Austria, and various minor German sovereigns, each of whom had in the Saxon army a regiment nominally his own, which he led past the Saxon monarch, saluting him as he reviewed it. The two emperors certainly discharged this duty in a very handsome, chivalric sort of way. Thomas

Jefferson's famous letter to Governor Langdon describing royal personages as he knew them while minister to France before the French Revolution no longer applies. The events which followed the Revolution taught the crowned heads of Europe that they could no longer indulge in the good old Bourbon, Hapsburg, and Braganza idleness and stupidity. Modern European sovereigns, almost without exception, work for their living, and work hard. Few business men go through a more severe training or a longer and harder day of steady work. Republican as I am, this acknowledgment must be made. The historical lessons of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and the pressure of democracy are obliging the monarchs of Europe to fit themselves for their duties wisely and to discharge them intelligently. But this is true only of sundry ruling houses. There seems to be a survival of the fittest. At numerous periods in my life I have also had occasion to observe with some care various pretenders to European thrones, among them the husband of Queen Isabella of Spain; Prince Napoleon Victor, the heir to the Napoleonic throne; the Duke of Orleans; Don Carlos, the representative of the Spanish Bourbons; with sundry others; and it would be hard to conceive creatures more utterly unfit or futile.

DIFFICULTIES DURING THE SPANISH WAR

As to the conduct of Germany during our war with Spain, while the press, with two or three exceptions, was anything but friendly, and while a large majority of the people were hostile to us on account of the natural sympathy for a small power battling against a larger one, the course of the imperial government, especially of the Foreign Office under Count von Bülow and Baron von Richthofen, was all that could be desired; indeed, they went so far on one occasion as almost to alarm us. The American consul at Hamburg having notified me by telephone that a Spanish vessel, supposed to be loaded with arms for use against us in Cuba, was about to leave that port, I hastened to the Foreign Office and urged that vigorous steps be taken; with the result that the vessel, which in the meantime had left Hamburg, was overhauled and searched at the mouth of the Elbe. The German government might easily have pleaded, in answer to my request, that the American government had generally shown itself opposed to any such interference with the shipments of small arms to belligerents and had contended that it was not obliged to search vessels to find such contraband of war, but that this duty was incumbent upon the belligerent nation concerned. This evidence of the fairness of Germany I took pains to make known, and in my address on the following Fourth of July, at Leipsic, declared my belief that the hostility of the German people and press at large was only temporary and that the old good relations would be restored. Knowing that my speech would be widely quoted in the German press, I took even more pains to show the reasons why we could bide our time and trust to the magnanimity of the German people. Of one thing I then and always reminded my hearers—namely, that during our Civil War, when our national existence was trembling in the balance, and our foreign friends were few, the German press and people were steadily on our side.

The occasion was indeed peculiar. On the morning of the Fourth, when we had all assembled, bad news came. Certain German presses had been very prompt to patch together all sorts of accounts of American defeats and to present them in the most unpleasant way possible; but while we were seated at table in the evening came a despatch announcing the annihilation of the Spanish fleet in Cuban waters, and this put us all in good humor.

One circumstance may serve to show the bitterness at heart among Americans at this period. On entering the dining-hall with our consul, I noticed two things: first, that it was profusely decorated in a way I had never seen before and had never expected to see—namely, by intertwined American and British flags; and secondly, that there was not a German flag in the room. I immediately sent for the proprietor and told him that I would not sit down to dinner until a German flag was brought in. He at first thought it impossible to supply the want, but at last remembered the flag floating over his house. This was speedily given a place of honor among the interior decorations of our hall, and all then went on satisfactorily.

As the war with Spain progressed, various causes of difficulty arose between Ger-

many and the United States, but I feel bound to say that the German government continued to act toward us with justice. The sensational press indeed continued its work on both sides of the Atlantic. On our side it took pains to secure and publish stories of insults by the German admiral Diederichs to the American admiral Dewey, and to develop various legends regarding these two commanders. As a matter of fact, each of the two admirals, when their relations first began in Manila, was doubtless on his guard against the other; but this feeling soon yielded to different sentiments.

The ineffably foolish utterances of various individuals spread by sundry American papers were heartily echoed in the German press, the most noted among these being an alleged after-dinner speech by an American officer at a New York club, and a congressional speech in which the creature who made it declared that "the United States, having whipped Spain, ought now to whip Germany." Still the thinking men intrusted with the relations between the two countries labored on, though at times there must have come to all of us a sense of the divine inspiration of Schiller's words, "Against stupidity even the gods fight in vain."

PROTECTING THE NATURALIZED AMERICAN CITIZEN

Of course the task of the embassy in protecting American citizens abroad was especially increased in those times of commotion. At such periods the number of ways in which American citizens, native or naturalized, can get into trouble seems infinite; and here, too, even from the first moment of my arrival in Berlin as ambassador, I saw evidences of the same evil which had struck me during my previous missions in Berlin and St. Petersburg—namely, the constant and ingenious efforts to prostitute American citizenship. Among the manifold duties of an ambassador is the granting of passports. The great majority of those who ask for them are entitled to them; but there are always a considerable number of persons who, having left Europe just in time to escape military service, have stayed in America just long enough to acquire American citizenship, and then, having returned to their native country, seek to enjoy the advantages of both countries and to discharge the duties of neither. Even worse were the cases of the children of such so-called Americans, most of them born in Europe and not able even to speak the English language; worst of all were the cases of sundry Russians—sometimes stigmatized as "predatory Hebrews"—who, having left Russia and gone to America, had stayed just long enough to acquire citizenship and then returned and settled in the eastern part of Germany, as near the Russian frontier as possible. These were naturally regarded as fraudulent interlopers by both the German and the Russian authorities, and much trouble resulted. Some of them led a life hardly outside the limits of criminality, but they never hesitated, on this account, to insist on their claims to American protection. When they were reminded that American citizenship was conferred upon them not that they might shirk its duties and misuse its advantages in the land of their birth, but that they might enjoy it and discharge its duties in the land of their adoption, they scouted the idea and insisted on their right, as American citizens, to live where they pleased. Their communications to the embassy were, almost without exception, in German, Russian, or Polish; very few of them wrote or even spoke English, and very many of them could neither read nor write in any language. For the hard-working immigrant, whether Jew or Gentile, who comes to our country and casts in his lot with us, to take his share not only of privilege but of duty, I have the fullest respect and sympathy, and I have always been glad to intervene in his favor; but intervention in behalf of those fraudulent pretenders I always felt to be a galling burden.

Fortunately the rules of the State Department have been of late years strengthened to meet this evil, and it has finally become our practice to inform such people that if they return to America they can receive a passport for that purpose, but that unless they show a clear intention of returning they cannot. Very many of them persist in their applications in spite of this, and one case became famous both at the State Department and at the embassy. Three Russians of the class above referred to had emigrated, with their families, to America, had, after the usual manner, stayed just long enough to acquire citizen-

ship, and had then returned to Germany. One of them committed a crime and disappeared; the two others went to the extreme eastern frontier of Prussia and settled there. Again and again the Prussian government notified us that under the right exercised by every nation, and especially by our own, these "undesirable intruders" must leave Prussian territory or be expelled. Finally we discovered that a secret arrangement had been made between Germany and Russia which obliged each to return the undesirable emigrants of the other. This seemed to put the two families in great danger of being returned to Russia, and sooner than risk a new international trouble, a proposal was made to them, through the embassy, to pay their expenses back to America; but they utterly refused to leave, and continued to burrow in the wretched suburbs of one of the German cities nearest the Russian border. Reams of correspondence ensued—all to no purpose; a special messenger was sent to influence them—all in vain: they persisted in living just as near Russia as possible, and in calling themselves American, though not one of them spoke English.

From time to time attacks appeared, in our own country, against the various American embassies and legations abroad for not protecting such American citizens, and a very common feature of these articles was an unfavorable comparison between the United States and England, it being claimed that Great Britain protects her citizens everywhere, while the United States does not. This statement is most misleading. Great Britain, while she is renowned for protecting her subjects throughout the world, bringing the resources of her fleet, if need be, to aid them, makes an exception as regards her adopted citizens *in the land of their birth*. The person who, having been naturalized in Great Britain, goes back to the country of his birth does so at his or her own risk. The British government considers itself, under such circumstances, entirely absolved from the duty of giving protection. The simple fact is that the United States goes much further in protecting adopted citizens than does any other country, and it is only rank demagogism which can find fault because some of our thinking statesmen do not wish to see American citizenship prostituted by persons utterly unfit to receive it, who frequently use it fraudulently, and who, as many cases prove, are quite ready to renounce it and take up their old allegiance if they can gain advantage thereby.

PROFESSOR MOMMSEN'S FEELING TOWARD AMERICA

In my life at Berlin as ambassador there was a tinge of sadness. Great changes had taken place since my student days in the city, and even since my later stay as minister. A new race of men had come upon the stage in public affairs, in the university, and in literary circles. Gone was the old Emperor William, gone also were the Emperor Frederick, and Bismarck and Moltke, and a host of others who had given dignity and interest to the great assemblages at the capital. Gone, too, from the university were Lepsius, Helmholtz, Curtius, Hofmann, Gneist, Du Bois-Reymond, and Treitschke, all of whom, in the old days, had been my guests and friends. The main exceptions seemed to be in the art world. The number of my artist friends during my stay as minister had been large, and every one of them was living when I returned as ambassador; the reason, of course, being that, as a rule, when men distinguish themselves in art at all, they do so at an earlier age than do high functionaries of state and professors in the universities. It was a great pleasure to find Adolf Menzel, Ludwig Knaus, Carl Becker, Anton von Werner, and Paul Meyerheim, though grown gray in their beautiful ministry, still daily at work in their studios.

Three only of my nearest friends of the older generation in the Berlin faculty remained; and as I revise these lines the world is laying tributes upon the grave of the last of them, Theodor Mommsen. With him my relations were so peculiar that they may deserve some mention.

During my earlier stays in Berlin he had always seemed especially friendly to the United States, and it was therefore with regret that on my return I found him in this respect greatly changed. He had become a severe critic of nearly everything American; his earlier expectations had evidently been disappointed; we clearly appeared to him big, braggart, noisy, false to our principles, unworthy of our opportunities.

These feelings of his became even more

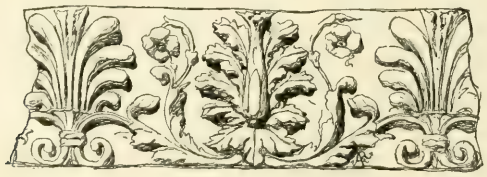
marked as the Spanish-American War drew on. Whenever we met, and most often at a charming house which both of us frequented, he showed himself more and more bitter, so that finally our paths separated. There comes back to me vividly one evening when I sought to turn off a sharp comment of his upon some recent American news by saying, "You must give a young nation like ours more time." At this he exclaimed: "You cannot plead the baby act any longer. More time! You have *had* time; you are already three hundred years old." Having sought in vain to impress on him the fact that the policy of our country is determined not wholly by the older elements in its civilization, but very largely by newer commonwealths which must require time to develop a policy satisfactory to sedate judges, he burst into a tirade from which I took refuge in a totally different discussion.

Some days later came another evidence of his feeling. Meeting an eminent leader in political, and especially in journalistic, circles, I was shown the corrected proof-sheets of an "interview" on the conduct of the United States toward Spain, given by Mommsen. It was even more acrid than his previous utterances, and exhibited sharply and at great length our alleged sins and shortcomings. Certainly a representative of the American people was not bound to make supplication in such a matter even to so eminent a scholar and leader of thought, and my comment was simply as follows: "I have no request to make of Mommsen or of anybody in the premises. The article will of course have no effect on the war; of that there can be but one result—the triumph of the United States and the liberation of the Spanish islands of the West Indies; but may there not be some considerations of a very different order as regards Mommsen himself? Why not ask him simply where his friends are: his readers, his old students, his disciples? Why not ask him whether he finds fewer clouds over the policy of Spain than over that of the United States; of which country, despite all its faults, he has most hope; and for which, in his heart, he has the greater feeling of brotherhood?"

How far this answer influenced him I know not; but the article was never published; and thenceforth there seemed some revival of the older kindly feeling. At my own table and elsewhere he more than once became, in a measure, like the Mommsen of old. One utterance of his amused me much: my wife happening, in a talk with him, to speak of a certain personage as "hardly an ideal man," he retorted: "Madam, is it possible that you have been married some years and still believe in the ideal man?"

His old better feeling toward America came out especially when I next called upon him with congratulations upon his birthday—his last, alas! But heartiest of all was he during the dinner given at my departure. My speech was long, for I had a message to deliver and was determined to give it—a message which I hoped might impress upon my great audience reasons for a friendly judgment of my country. As I began, Mommsen came to my side, just back of me, his hand at his ear, listening intently. There the old man stood from the first word to the last, and on my conclusion he grasped me heartily with both hands—a demonstration rare indeed with him. It was our last greeting in this world.

(To be continued)



TOPICS OF THE TIME

LIVING UP TO CHRISTIANITY

A LAY SERMON FOR THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

ONCE on a time a conversation took place between two friends, one a Jew, the other a Christian. Said the Jew, or, as it happened, the Jewess, a very able and brilliant woman, by the way:

"Come, let us get up a fine new religion: let us take a little of your religion, and a little of my religion, and a little of Chunder Sen's religion, and make up a fine new religion of our own."

"No, my good friend," said the Christian; "I cannot do it. I am like Stockton's man who was too old to change his diseases. I am too old to change my religion; and, besides, I have never yet quite lived up to it. When I have thoroughly exhausted Christianity as a working religion, I may return to your proposition and assist in the attempt to make a better religion than the one to which I was born."

There is a class of religionists whose happy creed it is to believe not only in entire sanctification, but in their own perfect holiness. We remember the confession, on the part of a kindly and somewhat humorous pastor, of the fearful trouble given him by a superlatively virtuous person, whose peskiness seemed to increase in direct proportion to her piety. Not that (God forbid!) this is always the case; but outside of the ranks of the "wholly sanctified" there are few born or adoptive Christians who are not of the state of mind of the above-quoted respondent,—feeling that, with all their efforts, occasional or continuous, they are still grievously unsatisfactory as Christians. The best of men are apt to be those most convinced of being chief among sinners.

And Christendom as a whole,—in its corporate capacity, so to speak,—as it comes in contact and conflict with heathendom, how far it deviates from Christian ethics is a by-word in heathendom and Christendom alike.

A church-going neighbor of ours, talking the other day about the standards of orthodoxy, stated facts in his own experience tending to prove, what all intelligent persons are well aware of, that during the last thirty years the standards have changed, or there has come a change in their interpretation and application,—a lessening of stress. The condition of things indicated is notorious; to some honest souls, to some scholarly, capable, and consistent controversialists, it is deplorable.

Deplorable, unquestionably, it would be if any change in the standards of orthodoxy meant a lessening of the hold of Christian principles upon individuals and nations.

We believe that the Christian spirit does not forbid utterly the use of force between nations or men, but the tendency of the Christian spirit is to wipe out war and cruel strife everywhere.

It is more, and not less, Christianity that the world needs as between peoples and between people, in diplomacy, in public and private business, in all affairs of the state, the family, and the individual. Unselfish kindness, helpfulness, courtesy, gentlemanliness, honorable dealing among men,—these are all practical versions of the Golden Rule, and genuine products of the Sermon on the Mount.

In the secret soul there are apprehensions and appreciations of the hidden truth, the deep humanity, of even the dogmas which are so often spoken of, nowadays, with scornful and superior criticism by those who have not studied their philosophical significance or felt their meaning in spiritual experience. The doctrine of atonement, by so many deemed outworn,—how many souls it has helped to cast off an impairing and degrading past, some encumbering sin of the inherited flesh! How many, in dashing aside the shell of form and tradition, despoil themselves of some inner treasure, fit and needful for the spirit's food!

More, and not less, of genuine Christi-

anity is the need of this world. Every intelligent religion may have something to impart to those born to Christianity; but those so born, and the nations thus cradled, will arrive at nobler destinies in the increasing endeavor to follow the spirit of the teachings of the world's one inimitable prophet.

A RECORD WHICH IS A PUBLIC SERVICE

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S "PRESIDENTIAL PROBLEMS"

IN Andrew D. White's remarkable paper in the November CENTURY, giving his reminiscences of St. Petersburg at the time of his ministry there, he refers to the consternation among American and Russian friends of liberty occasioned by the insurrectionary strike in Chicago in the year 1894. But, he adds, "When the American people, represented by their President and constituted authorities, firmly grasped that attempted anarchy and ended it, they gave lovers of liberty, not only in Russia but throughout the world, new hopes that well-regulated American freedom may be perpetual."

This reference puts in its proper historical light the great service rendered not only to his country, but to "ordered liberty" and civilization everywhere, by President Cleveland and his administration in the manner of dealing with the Chicago riots. It is fortunate that Mr. Cleveland has lived to tell the story of that crisis so fully, so clearly, and so dispassionately as in the second division of his just published volume entitled "Presidential Problems."

Throughout this highly valuable record of four important incidents of his administration, the appeal is never to partizanship, but always to the broadest patriotism. The record is in itself a public service. In reading of the relation, from the executive point of view, of the circumstances of Mr. Cleveland's struggle for "The Independence of the Executive," of the part of "The Government in the Chicago Strike of 1894," of "The Bond Issues," and of his action in "The Venezuelan Boundary Controversy," the unprejudiced reader, whether in all details agreeing or not, recognizes the conviction and sense of responsibility of a strong, conscientious, and courageous nature.

It is extremely interesting to observe, in an authoritative contribution to modern history like this, the growth of the sense of nationality and of national supremacy in the American commonwealth, as exhibited in successive acts of executive authority. Of peculiar significance is the fact that these particular acts have been by an Executive belonging to that party whose "strict construction" of the Constitution has at times been considered by its opponents a menace to the proper domination of the central authority. The action of President Cleveland in the Chicago strike, in the face of the remonstrance of the governor of the State, his "careful promptness" and "conservative but stern activity" (to use his own phrases),—this action contrasts strikingly with President Buchanan's halting treatment of the beginnings of secession,—and yet back of that was Jackson's rough and effective handling of nullification.

Another interesting observation in this connection is the position incidentally taken by the Supreme Court of the United States in support of the executive action, on the appeal of the prisoner Debs and his associates. Says Mr. Cleveland: "In the opinion read by the learned justice, the inherent power of the government to execute the powers and functions belonging to it, by means of physical force, through its official agents, and on every part of American soil, was amply vindicated by a process of reasoning simple, logical, unhampered by fanciful distinctions, and absolutely conclusive."

This opinion was fortunately unanimous, and, being in line with other historic decisions of the court, adds to the debt of gratitude due that body by the American people for its part in the creation of a true nation of and in these "United States of America."

The chapters on "The Bond Issues" and on "The Venezuelan Boundary Controversy" touch, with perfect good humor, upon events about which there has been bitter controversy. Both subjects have been obscured in the popular mind by sensational gossip. It would seem to be a duty on the part of those who have engaged in, or even listened to, such gossip, as well as those who have criticized the ex-President, without full knowledge of his own views, to take the opportunity now offered of reading the plain story of how the two

emergencies took form in the mind and impelled to action the "Chief Executive" himself. Indeed, no fair-minded person should go on talking or writing about the bond issues and the Venezuelan affair, either favorably or unfavorably, without acquainting himself, as may now be done, with the facts as understood by the principal actor in these important events.

As we have said, the very record of the events Mr. Cleveland has here so carefully chronicled is a public service, and will be appreciated as such by all thoughtful citizens, regardless of party affiliations. Certain it is that the contribution to the history of our own times made by the ex-President in this book has an altogether unique value.

THE NEXT STEPS IN FORESTRY REFORM

WILL some senator and some representative on the first day of the approaching session of Congress obligingly introduce the following resolution:

That, in view of the overwhelming importance of the conservation of American forests, the sergeant-at-arms be and he is hereby directed to purchase for each member of this body, and attach to his desk by a chain, a copy of the latest edition of George P. Marsh's "Man and Nature; or, Physical Geography as Modified by Human Action."

The extraordinary value to our lawmakers of having, so to speak, compulsory access to this volume—a comprehensive study of the subject in its historical, economic, and practical aspects—may be inferred from the following passage on pages 327, 328:

When we consider the immense collateral advantages derived from the presence, the terrible evils necessarily resulting from the destruction, of the forest, both the preservation of existing woods, and the far more costly extension of them where they have been unduly reduced, are among the most obvious of the duties which this age owes to those that are to come after it. Especially is this obligation incumbent upon Americans. No civilized people profits so largely from the toils and sacrifices of its immediate predecessors as they; no generations have ever sown so liberally, and, in their own persons, reaped so scanty a return, as the pioneers of Anglo-American social life. We can repay our debt to our noble forefathers only by a like magnanimity, by a like self-forgetting care for the moral and material interests of our own posterity.

No one can read this remarkable and convincing volume, the first edition of which appeared in 1864, without wondering that twenty-five years could elapse before its warnings were heeded by the United States government and a beginning was made of a scientific policy of forest conservation. One of the first steps was the creation of the Yosemite National Park in 1890, and since then the map of the trans-Mississippi region has been spotted with green representing forest reserves created by Presidents Harrison, Cleveland, McKinley, and Roosevelt. Public sentiment has been awakened and Congress has responded. Much, however, remains to be done.

First, an efficient system of patrol and guard service must be established, for a forest reserve only on paper is no reserve at all. Conflagrations, lumber thieves, and sheepherders must be fought on the reserves, and not merely at Washington, and no effective patrol can be accomplished under the favoritism of the spoils system (ominous name!). Nor can much be expected while the reserves are in the tripartite control of the Interior, Agriculture, and War departments. The President's declared policy of placing them under the single control of the Bureau of Forestry of the Department of Agriculture is wise and timely, and Congress owes it to the country to make the transfer.

Secondly, it is rumored that, moved by the admirable conduct and supervision of the Yosemite National Park, the State of California is likely, at the approaching session of its legislature, to re-cede to the United States the smaller Yosemite grant of 1864, which is in the park, but not of it. It is absurd and wasteful that there should be two jurisdictions within one boundary, and the people of California are to be congratulated on the prospect of this wise consummation, which Congress should facilitate by a prompt acceptance of the duty of caring for the whole of the Yosemite wonderland.

Thirdly, the time has come when initial steps should be taken for the extension of the reservation policy to the Eastern mountain-ranges. California has learned—hap-

pily not too late—that the upper altitudes of forested mountains are more valuable as conservators of water-supply than as grazing-grounds or lumber-camps. How long will it be before the unrestrained greed of capitalists—now busy in many quarters of the Eastern mountains—will bring the slopes of these ranges to the margin of peril? Fifty years from now vested interests may be so intrenched that they may defeat the wisest theory by their actual folly. If any one thinks this suggestion premature, let him read in Marsh's pages—leaves of the true sibyl!—his warnings to his countrymen based on the calamitous history of all Mediterranean countries. If the cis-Mississippi States are wise, they will lose no time in setting on foot a policy similar to that so fortunately carried out by the national government. Almost the whole of the higher Sierra has been reserved: why not reserve the whole of the higher Appalachians?

SWORDS AND PLOWSHARES

ONE of the most noteworthy things about the present year is the remarkable trend of European and American public opinion against the barbarity of war.

This tendency has shown itself most practically in the organized support of the principle of arbitration by a large number of American and foreign boards of trade and chambers of commerce and by workingmen's associations on both sides of the Atlantic; also, in the great Peace Congress at Boston, a conference of distinguished and representative delegates of many lands, which is sure to have great influence in the furtherance of all forms of international good will; and, particularly, by the various arbitration treaties which have been negotiated between European powers, and in the announced intention of our own government to invite such treaties with every other country; and, furthermore, in the favorable reply by the President of the United States to the request that he should call another conference of The Hague Tribunal. We believe that the sentiment of America will ratify every such treaty, and that formal ratification by the Senate will give the people an opportunity once more to be proud of that body. When the nations of the earth shall have been thus intertwined with the silken bonds of peace, disarmament will follow as a corollary, and the world will breathe more freely.

The state of public opinion on this subject in America is well indicated by one significant feature of the presidential campaign: on the one hand, the prominence given in Mr. Parker's canvass to the evils of so-called "militarism"; and, on the other, the prompt disavowal of any such tendency or desire by Mr. Roosevelt's distinguished Secretary of State. For himself, Mr. Hay, in his address before the Peace Congress, has made a cogent and impressive presentation of the evils of war which is sure to have, for many days to come, a conservative effect both at home and abroad.

Among other recent influences that have gone to augment this public opinion are Tolstoi's great philippic against war, and the world-wide revulsion of horror at the unprecedented carnage in the Russo-Japanese conflict. One need not accept the novelist's theory of non-resistance to feel the terrible absurdity of the resort to arms as pictured by him. The despatches from Port Arthur, Liao-yang, and Mukden have awakened Europe to the realization of war raised to the *n*th power. Wholesome are the uses of horror, and the awful destructiveness of dynamite, the machine-gun, and the sunken bayonet has gone far to convince the world at large of the futility of war and of the shorter cut to justice afforded by arbitration.

The wide-spread interest awakened in the religious world by the Peace Congress has been creditable to the churches, and the approach of the great Christian anniversary may well be utilized by the pulpit to remind hearers anew that it celebrates the birthday of the Prince of Peace.

INTENSIVE WARFARE

THOUGH deprecating the ghastly and unnecessary slaughter of the Russian-Japanese war, the world does not fail to admire the new and highly scientific methods of transportation, etc., practised by the Japanese. An analogy of these methods so precise, so neat, sensible, and expert, may be found in their delicate art manufacture.

But perhaps a still closer analogy may be noted in the realm of agriculture. The

London "Globe" says that an automobile going fifty miles an hour could skirt in eleven hours an area of ten thousand square miles, which is the extent of the arable land of Japan. This limited area, owing to the minute and scientific methods of Japanese agriculture, supplies the millions of that people with their food. It is Japanese intensive farming that does the business at home, and it is Japanese intensive warfare in Manchuria that has interested and astonished the world.

OPEN LETTERS

Alonzo Cano's Madonna and Child, known as "Our Lady of Bethlehem"

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD-ENGRAVINGS OF OLD SPANISH MASTERS: SEE PAGE 240)

ALONZO CANO was one of the greatest artists of Andalusia. He was born at Granada in 1601, two years after Velasquez; and after studying and working much at Seville and at Madrid,—at the latter place being aided and befriended by Velasquez,—he returned to Granada, and died there in 1667. Besides painting, he excelled in sculpture and architecture. He is described as a restless spirit of wayward habits and of a tempestuous nature, characteristics which are by no means reflected in his works, which, on the contrary, breathe a feeling of peace and serenity. Notwithstanding his restlessness, he is said to have been indolent, and to this is ascribed his preferring rather to appropriate the ideas of others than to bestir himself to original research and invention. He borrowed from every source, however insignificant, and of his own few motives made numerous repetitions. He had, however, periods of inspiration, when he produced work like "Our Lady of Bethlehem." This is one of his very latest pictures, and was painted, on one of his visits to Malaga, for a gentleman who, being a minor canon of the Cathedral of Seville, made a present of it to that church, where it still remains in its original place, a small chapel to the left of the door leading to the court of orange-trees.

Next to the Madonnas of Murillo, this is probably the most beautiful picture of its kind ever executed in Spain. It undoubtedly is the artist's masterpiece. Nothing could be more simple or effective as a composition. Cano, more than any other painter of his day, aimed at cutting short the details and accessories of his art with a view to expression; and to this end also he abbreviated his values of light and shade, and reduced his pigments to the fewest possible. He carried this idea to the verge of inanity and emptiness, thereby rendering much of his work abortive. This canvas, however, leaves nothing to be desired. In coloring it is a luminous and harmonious ensemble, rich, and with a soft, warm glow. The cool, umbery background, of atmospheric depth, moving and tender; the lovely, quiet blue of the Madonna's mantle, into which this is delicately and insensibly modulated; the scarcely perceptible note of crimson of the robe beneath the mantle; the pearly bit of white linen; and the mellow, subtle flesh-tones—all these, quite impossible to describe, lie steeped in a soft envelop of light, very gratifying to the eye. The finish of hands and feet were refinements that always distinguished the work of Cano. The hand of the Child, extended in blessing, is subdued in its value, evidently that it may interfere as little as possible with the expression of the head of the Virgin. The combination of sweetness and gravity in the precocious Child is well expressed. This picture is painted on canvas, and the figures are life-size.

T. Cole.

Evolution of the Horse: A Correction by Professor Osborn

IN the November number of THE CENTURY, on page 9, appears a figure described as Przewalsky's horse, which is, unfortunately, incorrect. The animal figured possesses a forelock. It actually represents not a true Przewalsky, but a wild or semi-wild Mongolian pony which happened to be herded in the Zoölogical Park with the true Przewalsky, which has no forelock coming down over the forehead; its mane is erect and terminates between the ears. This is a very important difference, because none of the prehistoric horses figured by the stone-age artists, as represented on page 15 of the same article, exhibits the forelock, which is a distinctively modern horse character. The development or evolution of the forelock probably took place between the stone age and historic times, because every modern species or type of true horse possesses a forelock.

H. F. Osborn.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Drawn by William Balfour Ker

ON SANTA CLAUS'S PICKET-LINE

A Christmas Warning

DEY says de beas'es knows de signs—
Roos' high, chicken—roos' high;
'Ca'se fros' is on de punkin vines,
An' yaller is de papaw rin's,
An' dat mean Chris'mus come, I fin's—
Roos' high, chicken—roos' high.

You 'd bettah sleep wid one eye shet—
Roos' high, chicken—roos' high;
An' leab one yeah to heah wid yet,
Or you 'll be yanked off fer a pet.
Now min' you, chicken, don' furget—
Roos' high, chicken—roos' high.

'Ca'se Chris'mus is a-comin' roun'—
Roos' high, chicken—roos' high;
An' sperits—Lawd! you jes be boun'
Dey 'll be a-snoopin' on de groun'
To ketch whateber kin be foun'—
Roos' high, chicken—roos' high.

Mah mouf 's a-wat'rin', whe'r or not—
Roos' high, chicken—roos' high;
An' when you 's b'ilin' in de pot,
Don't tell me dat you 's mighty hot,
An' dat mah 'vice you cl'ar furgot—
Roos' high, chicken—roos' high.

Mary Fairfax Childs.

The Turnings of a Book-Worm

A DIALECT-WRITER is not without honor save in his own country.

Incidents will happen, even in the best-regulated novels.

A good title is rather to be chosen than great riches.

Too many books spoil the cook.

Love levels all plots.

One touch of nature makes the whole book sell.

The author who collaborates is lost.

The more haste, the less read.

A little sequel is a dangerous thing.

Where there 's a will, there 's a detective story.

A book in the hand is worth two in the library.

Rarity covers a multitude of sins.

An ounce of invention is worth a pound of style.

Ye cannot serve art and Mammon.

The love of money is the root of all evil literature.

Carolyn Wells.

A Complication

TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSKRIT (BHARTRIHARI i. 2)

THE maid my true heart loves would not my
true love be;
She seeks another man; another maid loves
he;
And me another maid her own true love
would see.
Oh! Fie on her and him and Love and
HER and me!

Arthur W. Ryder.

A Difficult Guest

OF inviting to dine, in Epirus,
A Centaur, a dame was desirous;
But her servants demurred:
"He 's no man, beast, nor bird;
To feed such a freak you can't hire us."

Carroll Watson Rankin.

Mrs. Harrigan Telephones

By the author of "Talk on Tap"

(*Mrs. Harrigan at the telephone. Busy doctor at the other end, five miles away. Mr. Howson makes the connection, and Mrs. Harrigan takes the receiver.*)

Mrs. Harrigan. Oh, doctor, is that yoo sayin' "Hello"? Sure yoor voice is as thin as a sick chicken. . . . What 's that? Yes, it 's Mrs. Harrigan. But how did yoo know? Can yoo see me? . . . Ah, doctor, yoo 're a flatterer. "Only one wid my voice," is it? . . . What 's that? . . . Yoo 're in a hurry. Well, then yoo 're like me — in the middle of washin'. Sure ain't it funny tarkin' so far an' so manny hills between us? . . . What do I want of yoo? What does anny one want of a doctor? I want to ax yoo to come up to see me b'y Jimmy as soon as yoo can hitch up. He 's very hot an' white, an' I 'm afraid he has scarlet fever. He was so upset yistiddy to hair of the deat' of his dear fri'nd Hiram Whitlock. He hated to lose him; he was one of his best customers in the berry season. . . . What 's that? Yoo must be goin'? Sure it 's comin' I want yoo to be. Doctor, I wisht I had one of these t'ings in me own house. It 's manny a time I 'd be tarkin' to ye. I wonder could ye sind med'cine over it? If it 'll carry wurruds it ought to carry pellets; they 're so weeny. . . . Oh, doctor, wait. Will yoo bring up yoor stummick-pump? The kitchen sink is all shtopped up, an' I hate to sind for McCormack, the plumber, because he chairges so high, an' the lasht time he kem he shtepped backwids into me bes' bonnet. 'Dade, it 's me own fault, for me man Mike tould me it was lyin' on the kitchen floor in the marnin', but I was so busy fryin' doughnuts for the baby. An' sure, doctor, ye might bring somethin' for him. He does n' ac' right. I think he 's cuttin' his first toot'. That 's 'most as bad as cuttin' yoor foot on a scythe. Me man Mike left the scythe on the barn floor, an' the horse he was after buyin' lasht week shtepped on it, an' it lamed him. I tell him if he had put the horse out to pasture it would n't have happened. Say, doctor, it 's awful funny tarkin' in these t'ings. Somethin' is ticklin' me ear that feels like the sound of a trolley-car. . . . Have I annything more to say? Sure I have, an' it 's aisier tarkin' in this than phwin yoo come up, yoo 're always in such a hurry to get away. . . . Yoo 're goin' to ring off! What 's that? I suppose some of that slang that me b'y Jimmy does be gettin' in the village. Doctor, could a person tark t'rough wan of these in a fog? It was arfil foggy this marnin', an' if Jimmy had took sick anny airlier I 'd have made Mike hitch up for fear I could n't rache yoo; but Mr. Howson tould me I could use his telephone, an' it 's aisier than havin' Mike drive down, for the onions needs weedin' an' Mike says they 're so backwids he 's not goin' to bother wid thim. Lasht year we had illigant onions. Sure, and to be sure, I sint yoor wife a prisint of thim, an' she paid me tin cints a quart for thim, an' I tould her nine cints was enough, but she 's arlways that ginerous. . . . Hello, here 's Jimmy now. He 's not lookin' so sick, do ye think, doctor? Ha! he wants to tark to yoo.

Jimmy. Hello, doctor. (*The doctor having hung up the receiver and gone away, there is no response.*) Hello, doctor. Never mind what mother says; I 'm not sick now. Say, doctor, say somethin'. I want to hear how it sounds. Sure it 's blissid little sound there is, only buzzin'.

Mrs. Harrigan. It 's the tarkin' in it yoorself that 's the sport. Here, yoo don't know how to tark. (*Takes receiver.*) Doctor, never mind comin' if yoo 're busy. Jimmy 's better. But anny time yoo want to tark wid me ax Mr. Howson an' he 'll sind for me. Good-by.

(*But the doctor is ordering his horse "hitched up" for the long drive.*)

Charles Battell Loomis.

Our Church Fight

I 'M that nigh near disgusted with the fight in
our old church,
Where one half 's 'g'in' the t'other, an' the
Lord 's left in the lurch,
That I went an' told the parson if he 'd jine
me in a prayer,
We 'd slip out 'mong the daisies an' put one
up from there.

He married me an' Mary, an' he buried my
old folks;
He 's sprinkled all our children, an' he 's
laughed at all my jokes;
An' when we needed comfortin', somehow he
seemed to know,
For he 'd drop in like a soothin' breeze with
no sign of a blow.

He 's come a many a time when we had sent
him an invite
To jine our friends an' fambly in a sort o'
reunite;
An' when he asked a blessin' on the good
things Mary got,
He had the sense to make it short, remem-
berin' they was hot.

Chance times I 've got in fixes where I slipped
and lost my grip,
The devil got the under hold an' had me on
the hip;
Old parson laid his hand in mine—says he,
"I 've been there, too;
Go try ag'in, an' your old soul will be as good
as new."

An' so he keers fer souls he 's reaped; they
need his tender care
To keep the grain from shakin' out and scat-
terin' everywhere:
I know my crops need tendin', though I 've
got them under shield,
And a bushel in the bag is worth a dozen in
the field.

An' now a lot of young folks wants to turn
the old man out;
They say he does n't "gather souls" as many
as he mought.
I rayther think that his account up yander
with the Lord
Don't need no fixin' by young folks, ner any
vestry board.

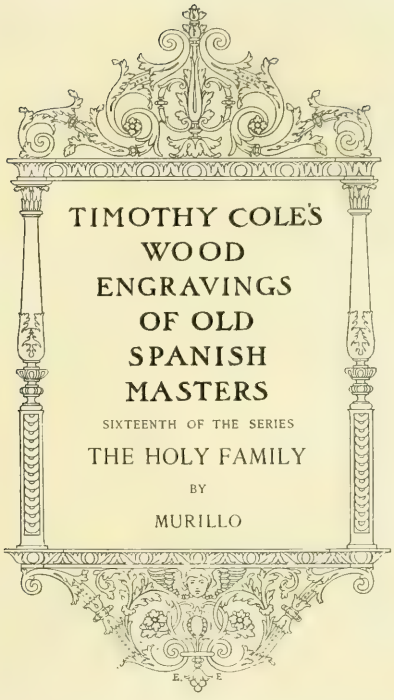
I don't mind, in the Scriptures, where it says
a man 's too old
To do the biddin' of the Lord, an' do it as
he 's told.
The t'other side may jaw an' lie an' think
they 're doin' right:
I stand fer peace inside the church, but derned
if I won't fight!

Charles McIlvaine.

Drawn by E. Wardc Blasdell

CONNOISSEURS AND THE CHRISTMAS GOOSE

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK


TIMOTHY COLE'S
WOOD
ENGRAVINGS
OF OLD
SPANISH
MASTERS
SIXTEENTH OF THE SERIES
THE HOLY FAMILY
BY
MURILLO

From the original painting by Murillo in the Prado Museum, Madrid. See "Open Letters"

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXIX JANUARY, 1905 NO. 3

LONDON IN TRANSFORMATION

BY RANDALL BLACKSHAW

WITH PICTURES BY BIRCH B. LONG

LONDON is being rebuilt as rapidly as New York; but it is so much vaster than the American city that the process is less conspicuous. Nothing is being done to-day that stands out so prominently as the great bridges over the East River; nor is there any analogue in London to the irruption of hotels and office-buildings above the normal sky-line in New York, the nearest approach to a "sky-scraper" —Queen Anne's Mansions, Westminster— varying in height from eleven to fourteen stories only.

Of governmental projects perhaps the greatest is the buying out of the companies that supply London with water. Their claims amounted to about $250,000,000, but radical cuts were made by the court of arbitration appointed to adjudicate them. It is unlikely that the Metropolitan Water Board will do as well, financially, as these eight companies, for the city's needs are growing with its population, while one of the chief sources of supply—the Thames—has been gradually dwindling for the last twenty years; so that it will be necessary to go far afield, before long, for a supply of water that can be depended on in times of drought. Next comes the proposed improvement of the port, and its control by a single body exercising the powers now divided between the Thames Conservancy and other authorities. The commerce of London has not grown as rapidly of late as the city itself. Lest it should continue to lose ground, a royal commission has reported, the river channel must be widened to from six hundred to one thousand feet and deepened to thirty feet at low water. The estimated expense of this improvement is $12,500,000; and new docks are recommended at a cost of about $22,500,000.

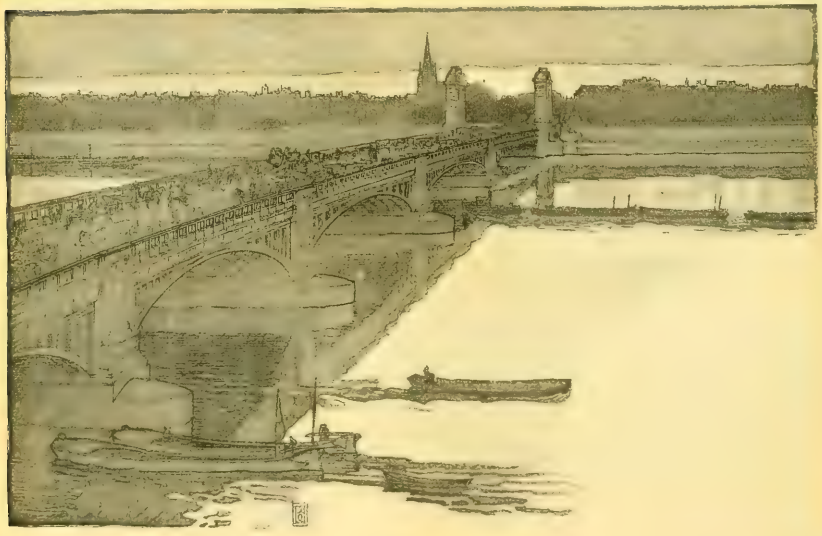
The principal public improvements of the last fifteen years have been due to the County Council, which superseded the Metropolitan Board of Works under the Local Government Act of 1888. One of

Copyright, 1904, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

the least conspicuous but most costly of its single undertakings is the Blackwall Tunnel, which, when opened in 1897, had swallowed up $7,000,000. The next undertaking of the sort (the tunnel from Rotherhithe to Ratcliffe) is expected to absorb nearly as much. The Tower Bridge, completed in 1894 at a cost of $5,000,000,—the most conspicuous of London bridges, the one farthest down-stream, and the only one provided with a draw,—was the work of the Corporation of the City of London; and the same body is now widening London Bridge, the most famous and still the most traveled of the many roads across the Thames. The cost is estimated at $500,000. The corporation before long will probably lower the crown of Southwark Bridge—a task which will virtually involve rebuilding, and is expected to swallow up $1,750,000. The sway of the County Council begins somewhat farther up the river, where $1,500,000 is being spent to replace Vauxhall Bridge with a structure of steel.

Chief among the vast undertakings of the London County Council are the widening and extending of old streets, the opening of new ones, the laying of electric tramways, and the rehousing of the poor.

Most radical of the many changes now in progress in London's streets is that which comprehends the widening of the Strand between Wellington street and St. Clement Danes (Dr. Johnson's church); the creation of a new street in the form of a crescent with one of its horns resting on the Strand at each of the points referred to; and the opening of a wide avenue straight through from the apex of this crescent to High Holborn at a point opposite Southampton Row, which in turn is being widened so as to afford (with the new street to the south of it and its present continuation, under different names, to the north) a main thoroughfare from the neighborhood of the Thames Embankment, through the Drury Lane region and Bloomsbury, to Hampstead Heath, four or five miles from its starting-point. No incident in the making of "The New New York," as described by the present writer in THE CENTURY for August, 1902, involved such wholesale demolition and reconstruction as this. A reference to it as "the greatest rebuilding of London since 1666"—the year of the great fire—is doubtless correct. It is expected to cost about $25,000,000; but as the value of the contiguous land will be greatly enhanced by the improvement, and



THE NEW VAUXHALL BRIDGE, FROM THE SURREY SIDE OF THE THAMES

THE REBUILT KEW BRIDGE, NAMED FOR KING EDWARD VII

as much of this land has been acquired by the County Council, the sale of eighty-year leases will go far to lighten the taxpayers' burden.

The new street severs the heart of the Drury Lane district, whose rickety tenements are redolent of the memory of the wits, the gallants, and the cutthroats, the Nell Gwynnes and the Jack Sheppards, of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It slashes through a network of little streets running at all angles to its own course, and crashes an opening one hundred feet wide through solid blocks of grimy stores and houses. In one case it obliterates the plant of an electric-lighting company, which has had to be indemnified in the sum of $1,000,000 or so. Beneath its surface will run a subway for pipes and wires, and an electric tramway.

The Strand widening has brought into prominence two churches worthy of their conspicuous position—St. Clement Danes, already referred to, and St. Mary le Strand. The narrow churchyards have been shorn off at the sides, and only less sharply at the ends also; so that passing vehicles almost graze their walls. An attempt to destroy these interesting landmarks would have aroused a storm of protest; but no archæological or esthetic considerations availed to prevent the demolition of the long and narrow block of picturesque old buildings, with pointed gables and projecting upper stories, that stretched between them, along the line of Holywell street, the haunt of old-book buyers.

For the two new streets many names were proposed before the County Council, at the suggestion of its scholarly clerk, christened the crescent "Aldwych" and the straight street leading from it "Kingsway"; and these simple names, free from any affix, and without duplicates elsewhere in London, have been accepted as most fitting and satisfactory. The king commemorated is Alfred the Great, who expelled the Danes. As for the crescent, it obliterates Wych street, a continuation of Drury Lane, originally Via de Aldwych, Aldwych being an ancient settlement of Danes outside of Temple Bar. In the open space in front of St. Clement's is to stand Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's statue of Mr. Gladstone, with four attendant groups, which will not be ready before the end of 1905. The widened Strand will be adorned with plane-trees, while in Aldwych planes and acacias will be planted alternately, and in Kingsway planes and ailantuses.

To insure an adequate architectural effect for the buildings to occupy the newly created sites in the Strand, the council invited eight architects of standing to submit elevations, and called in Mr. Norman Shaw, R.A., to pass upon them. The first building, or block of buildings, to be erected on the new line includes the Gaiety Theatre and restaurant, at the inner angle of the western end of Aldwych, where it touches the Strand beside Wellington street. This fine Renaissance building makes an effective starting-point both for Aldwych and the widened Strand. Across the crescent the Gaiety will be faced by the new home of the "Morning Post," occupying a triangular block much smaller than that on which the "New York Times" building stands. Three buildings will occupy the next block on the same side of Aldwych, the largest a hotel, with a spacious theater on each side of it.

Four or five hundred feet west of Wellington street, one can see what the Strand will look like when the widening to eighty feet extends from Aldwych to Charing Cross; for here, on the south side, the extension of the Savoy Hotel, which has just risen on the site of Simpson's ancient chophouse and other edifices less noted, marks

THE NEW GAIETY THEATRE

the future building-line; while just beyond the comparatively new Hotel Cecil toes the same mark.

Long before the Strand is widened all the way to Charing Cross and Trafalgar Square, a new inlet to the square will have been made on the opposite side. Already the pickax of the "housebreaker" has hacked an opening through the row of buildings that blocked the Mall in St. James's Park. In future that driveway and walk, which starts opposite Buckingham Palace and skirts Stafford House, St. James's Palace, Marlborough House, etc., and the ultra-fashionable mansions of Carlton House Terrace, will extend through to Charing Cross, as Constitution Hill extends from the palace to Hyde Park Corner. At the junction of these two ways, in front of Buckingham Palace, ground has been broken for the proposed National Memorial of Queen Victoria. A monument with statuary is being made by Mr. Thomas Brock, R.A., and the architectural treatment of its future surroundings has been intrusted, as the result of a competition, to Mr. Aston Webb, R.A., president of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

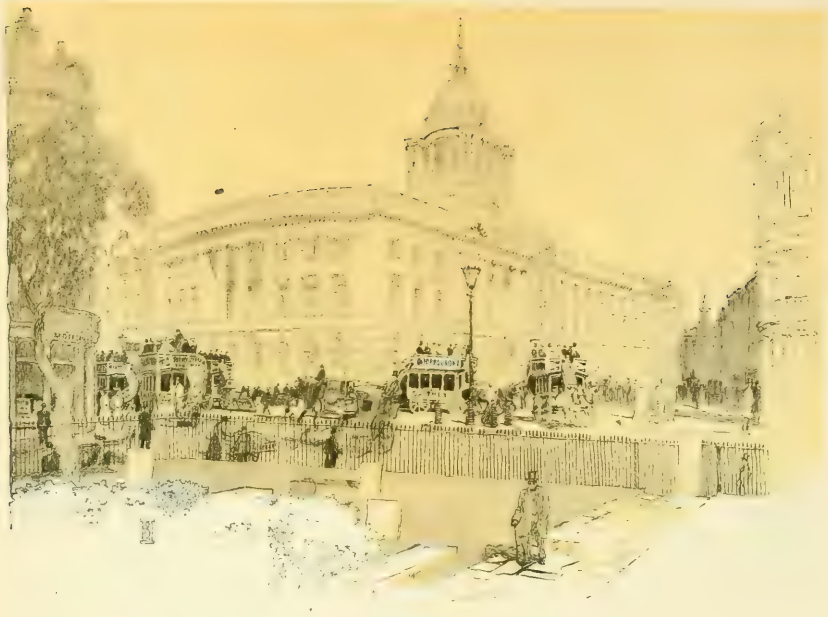
This great work will make a new thing of St. James's Park, and add to the dignity of one of the gloomiest and least impressive of royal residences. The middle portion and the extreme ends of the palace are to be slightly raised; and the iron grille which separates the palace grounds from the public road in front of the building is to be replaced by a stone screen. Outside, a circular plot has been formed, which is at present turfed and planted with rhododendrons, but will ultimately uphold the statued monument. A handsome stone balustrade will form a semicircle beyond, with wide openings into the Mall, Constitution Hill, and Buckingham Palace Road. Within the semicircle there will be a formal garden on each side, with a wide-basined fountain as its chief ornament. On the side toward the lake a high retaining-wall, rising from the water's edge, supports the balustrade.

The Mall, widened to two hundred feet, extends from the apex of this semicircular balustrade. Down the middle runs what is known as Processional Road. This has already been laid with a wood-block pavement sixty-five feet wide. On each side will be a spacious promenade shaded by two rows of plane-trees. A carriageway will skirt one of these walks, a bridle-path the other. At Marlborough Gate a break will occur to admit four monumental groups of statuary symbolizing the Western dominions of the Crown; similar groups, where the road passes the Duke of York Steps, will typify the Eastern dominions. At the eastern extremity of the Mall, a circle will be introduced to disguise a slight change of course that has to be made here in order that the road, as it enters Charing Cross, shall lie directly opposite the Strand and be axial with it. Ultimately the Mall will be terminated by a great public building facing Charing Cross and having a central archway through which the Processional Road will pass.

From the Queen's Garden, as the semicircular inclosure in front of Buckingham Palace is to be called, a wide avenue of trees will run straight across Green Park to Piccadilly, making a delightful vista from that thoroughfare. Long views and broad effects are a vital feature of the architect's plans; and the result promises to be such as would commend itself to the great landscape-gardener, Le Nôtre, who laid out St. James's Park, as well as other royal seats here and in France, over two centuries ago. The total cost of the memorial will far exceed the $1,250,000 or so already subscribed; but even remote New Zealand has pledged herself for $75,000.

Not only is a wide avenue to be planted across Green Park, connecting the memorial with Piccadilly, but Piccadilly itself is to be widened in due time. A beginning was made in 1902, when a triangular slice was cut away from Green Park, beginning opposite the block between Park Lane and Hamilton Place, and extending toward the arch at the top of Constitution Hill. It is proposed to widen the street on the north, from Piccadilly Circus to Sackville street, by the purchase of a strip of crown land worth $1,000,000. It is on the cards, indeed, that Piccadilly shall some day be eighty feet wide along its entire course.

As a rope is no stronger than its weakest part, so a road may be said to be no wider than its narrowest. To the west of Hyde Park Corner, the continuation of Piccadilly known as Knightsbridge has for many years been so narrow, where it approaches Albert Gate, as to clog traffic for



THE NEW CRIMINAL COURT HOUSE, REPLACING NEWGATE PRISON

hundreds of yards in each direction. It was widened in 1902, and handsome shops were erected on its southern line. Kensington High street, a continuation of Piccadilly and Knightsbridge, has been widened between Church street and Cumberland Place at an expense of over $2,000,000. Sloane street, where it enters Knightsbridge a little farther west, at the head of Brompton Road, is too narrow to accommodate the traffic it has to carry. This defect it is proposed to remedy at a cost of $300,000 for the land alone.

The streets I have mentioned interest all who visit London and most of those who live there. But City merchants take a lively interest in the improvement of streets that are probably never seen by any member of their own families, and seldom, if ever, by tourists. Such thoroughfares are Old street and Goswell Road, recently widened at an expense of $1,000,000; Blomfield street and the street known as London Wall; Bishopsgate street, which is to be widened at a cost of $1,700,000; and Leadenhall street, where the outlay will be from $3,000,000 to $3,500,000. For Millbank street a new street seventy feet wide is being substituted from Old Palace Yard to Lambeth Bridge; the Thames Embankment is being extended to the same point; and the land between the street and the river is being laid out as a garden. All this will cost $1,600,000. Some $2,000,000 has been spent in making broader the main road leading to the Tower Bridge from the Southwark side of the river; and in South London generally the County Council is committed to widening operations, largely with a view to the introduction of tramways, that will involve an expense of $7,750,000.

Among the many works of demolition and reconstruction now in progress, that which involves Christ's Hospital is second in importance only to the Strand-to-Holborn improvement. This ancient foundation, dating from the year 1553 and occupying the site of a monastery of the Greyfriars established two centuries earlier, was one of London's most interesting antiquities. Founded by the boy king, Edward VI, ten days before his death, it remained without radical change for three hundred and fifty years, its removal to the country occurring early in the reign of the next Edward (1902). The various build-

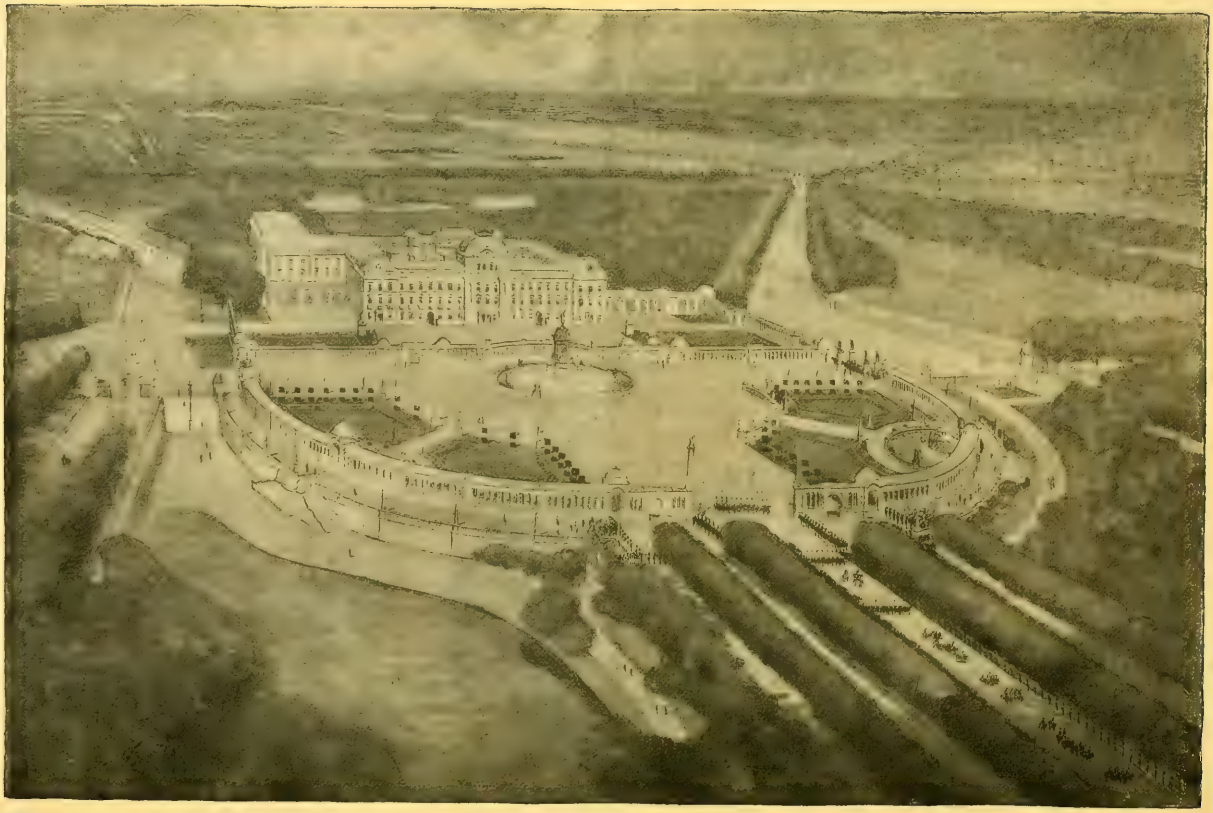
ings were of different dates. Some of the arches of the old monastery walls remained to the end, and much of Christopher Wren's work survived; but the great hall, the building most conspicuous from Newgate, where passers-by used to stop and watch the boys at play, despite its look of hoary age, went back no further than 1825.

After a fight lasting for many years, an act of Parliament was passed, in 1890, calling for the removal of Christ's Hospital from London. Thereupon a still more venerable institution, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, which had occupied an adjoining site since 1123, feeling the need of more elbow-room than was afforded by its own five acres, paid $1,195,000 for an acre and a half of the school grounds. The governors of Christ's Hospital have since disposed of the rest of the site (about three and a half acres) to the Crown, on a perpetual lease yielding $115,000 per year; and the ever-growing General Post Office, which already occupies several enormous buildings near at hand, will here find room for still further extension.

At Horsham, Surrey, in a group of detached buildings, connected underground and forming a line nearly half a mile long, the ancient foundation has taken a new lease of life; but the bareheaded boys, in long blue coats belted at the waist, yellow stockings, and buckled shoes, added much to the picturesqueness of London's streets, and hosts of tourists, familiar with Lamb's and Coleridge's and Leigh Hunt's school-day reminiscences, will miss them from their accustomed haunts.

Newgate Prison was less ancient than that great political prison, the Tower of London, but in one form or another it had stood for about seven centuries opposite the site of Christ's Hospital. The summer of 1902 saw the first steps taken toward its destruction, as well as that of Christ's Hospital; but the work was slower in the case of the jail than in that of the school. An enormous criminal court house, de-

THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLEWORK—THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE IN THE DISTANCE



VICTORIA MEMORIAL

signed for the Corporation of London by Mr. Edward William Mountford, will preserve the traditions of the place by having eighty cells for prisoners awaiting trial. It will be a classic building, in the general style of Wren and his pupils, yet resembling, as to its lower courses, the stronghold it replaces. By midsummer, 1907, the building is expected to be finished.

Newgate is the last of the noted jails that have disappeared within the memory of living Londoners. The site of the Fleet, the old debtors' prison, is occupied in part by the Congregational Memorial Hall in Farringdon street, close by Ludgate Circus; near at hand, where is now New Bridge street, stood the Bridewell. Coldbath Fields in the north has given place to the headquarters of the Parcels Post; and where Clerkenwell Prison stood (the scene of the Fenian explosion) is now a flourishing school. The King's Bench (Mr. Micawber's prison), on the Southwark side of the Thames, has been replaced by a huge block of model dwellings; the Marshalsea, where Dickens as a boy visited his impecunious father, has fallen from its high estate into the hands of a firm of tinworkers; and Horsemonger Lane Gaol, where Leigh Hunt was comforted by visits from Byron, Shelley, Moore, and Horace Smith while "doing time" for calling George IV "a fat Adonis of fifty," has given way partly to County Council cottages, but chiefly to a recreation park for children.

The two most important buildings now in course of construction are the War Office in Whitehall and the additional Government Offices in Parliament street, Whitehall's continuation, each of which will cost some millions of dollars. The former, designed by the late William Young, and to be completed in June, 1906 (at an expense of $3,500,000 in addition to the great cost of the site), occupies an entire block bounded by Whitehall, Whitehall Place, Whitehall Court, and on the south by Horse Guards Avenue, which separates it from the banqueting-hall from which Charles I stepped to his death. The block is a large and slightly irregular one, its main façade, in Whitehall, being the shortest, and the northern one, in Whitehall Place, the longest. This irregularity is masked by an ingenious treatment of the angles.

The new Government Offices at the lower end of Parliament street, designed by Mr. J. M. Brydon, will be ready for occupancy in June, 1907. Though only four stories high, the building is so huge that the inner rooms will be lighted from nineteen courts, the largest being one hundred and sixty feet in diameter. It has a frontage of about three hundred feet and a depth somewhat greater, and ultimately will run all the way from Parliament street to St. James's Park, a distance of seven hundred feet, which is also the depth of the adjoining Home and Foreign Office block. The latter extends from Charles street north to Downing street, and the new block from Charles street to Great George street on the south; and it is planned to unite the two by a bridge carried across Charles street above a great portico or arcade of three arches on columns, with a deep sculptured frieze above it, crowned by a quadriga. At the same time, the Treasury building, fronting Parliament street just north of Downing street, will be similarly joined to the Home Office; so that from the Horse Guards southward for a distance of nearly one thousand feet the slightly bending western edge of Whitehall and Parliament street will be lined with imposing public buildings, harmonious in general effect, though designed by different architects and erected at different times. The new offices border on the open space north of St. Margaret's Church and Westminster Abbey. The value of the land they stand on is enormous, and their cost is proportionate to their size, the part now in course of construction involving an outlay of $3,750,000, while $2,750,000 will be needed for the proposed extension. A third block of the beautiful new Admiralty Office, at the northeast corner of St. James's Park, hidden from Whitehall by the old Admiralty buildings and the Horse Guards, when completed at the end of June, 1906, will have cost $750,000.

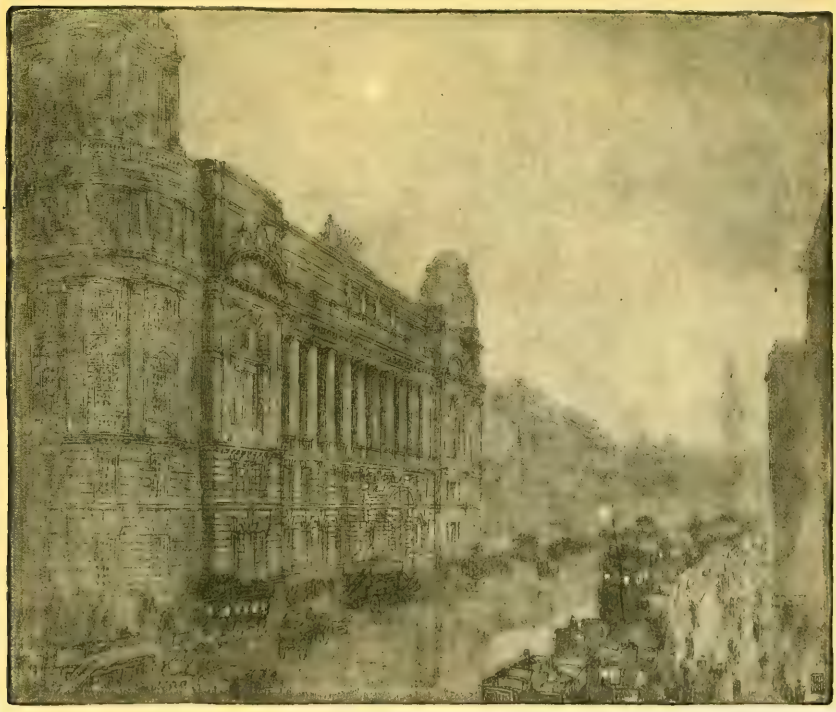
In 1902 the University of London appealed to the public for $5,000,000 to equip and endow advanced education and research; and the munificence of certain firms and individuals enabled its chancellor, Lord Rosebery, to propound, in 1903, a scheme for the establishment of a great institution for the teaching of the highest branches of applied science. The Royal

Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851, who hold in trust the land at South Kensington on which so many great public buildings have risen within the last fifty years, are expected to allot four acres, valued at $1,000,000, as a site for the school; and it is proposed to spend $1,500,000 in erecting a home adequate at least to its first needs. The coveted site adjoins that of the Royal College of Science, to which an enormous extension, to cost $1,375,000, is now building. Near by stands the South Kensington Museum, of which a new wing, with a frontage of seven hundred feet, is under way, and will probably be finished by the end of 1906. This will swallow up $2,750,000.

The polytechnics of London have increased in number of late years till $2,500,000 is now invested in them. Most of this money has come from the rates, though liberal assistance has been received from Mr. Passmore Edwards, who has also built, or aided in building, libraries, art galleries, social settlements, hospitals, etc., in London and elsewhere, to the number of seventy-five or so. Mr. Carnegie, too, is beginning to sprinkle free-library buildings over London as he has already showered them upon New York and other cities.

That greatest of public libraries, the British Museum, acquired a few years since some five acres of ground adjoining its present site, and designs have been prepared for a new block of buildings in Montague Place, which will cost $1,000,000.

The rehousing movement has of late years made gigantic strides. Edward VII, as Prince of Wales, was an active member of the Royal Commission that considered the question; and in 1900 he opened the last of the buildings erected by the County Council on the Boundary-street estate, where fifteen acres of East End rookeries ("the blackest pit in London") had been replaced by habitable dwellings.



THE NEW WAR OFFICE—PARLIAMENT HOUSES IN THE DISTANCE

THE NEW GOVERNMENT OFFICES

In 1903, as king, he visited the new tenement-houses that share with the Tate Gallery the site of Millbank Prison. His son seized the occasion of the opening of the council's electric tram-line from Westminster Bridge, in the same year, to visit the workingmen's cottages at Tooting—tiny buildings erected by the council in anticipation of the coming of its tramway.

While the County Council made a rather late beginning, it is in a position to do things on a very large scale; and since 1892, when it first entered upon its beneficent work in this direction, it has constructed four thousand "tenements" (dwelling-places of a single family, whether occupying a part of a large building or all of a little one). In these, at a total cost of $6,700,000, it has provided lodgings for twenty thousand people. At present it is spending $2,000,000 more to house another seven thousand; and its plans involve the ultimate housing of ninety-eight thousand, at a total cost of nearly $30,000,000. The largest single operation of this kind is the proposed provision of homes for forty-two thousand five hundred working-people on two hundred and twenty-five acres of land recently acquired at Wood Green, a northern suburb. This alone will absorb nearly $10,000,000. The councils of about half of London's eight-and-twenty boroughs have fallen into line with the county authority, and are engaged in rehousing work on a large scale.

Similar work has been undertaken in

South London by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, who own whole streets of mean houses in Lambeth.

For a somewhat less impoverished class a syndicate has bought from the Duke of

For the last thirty years, St. Thomas's Hospital, across Westminster Bridge, has been housed in a row of large detached red-brick buildings, which, with the ground they stand on, cost $2,500,000. The gov-

THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM (SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM)

Devonshire some three hundred and thirty acres on the Thames at Chiswick, and proposes to create a town of forty thousand inhabitants, to be known as Burlingwick. This enterprise is one of the striking results of the adoption of electric traction between London and the suburbs.

ernors received in 1902 a legacy of rather more than that amount. But such prosperity is rare among the hospitals of London. For years past almost all of them have been clamoring for money for rebuilding and other purposes. Even St. Bartholomew's has become as lusty a beggar as the

rest. This ancient foundation, dating from 1123, is ninety years older than the venerable St. Thomas's, and until the latter came into its recent legacy had a larger income. But having bought some of the Christ's Hospital land, adjoining its own five acres, to build on, it appealed to the public in 1903, with the Lord Mayor's backing, for $1,500,000, and hinted at an appeal for a similar amount later on. At first this encountered opposition, as it anticipated the pay the bill ($1,500,000). At the same time, St. George's Hospital, Hyde Park Corner, is looking about for a new site in its present neighborhood. At Guy's Hospital a new nurses' home has been built for $340,000, and $660,000 is requested for other buildings—to say nothing of an endowment to yield $70,000 a year. On a part of the Millbank Prison site, near the Tate Gallery, a military hospital worth $500,000 is going up. This is by no means

THE PASSMORE EDWARDS SETTLEMENT, FROM THE GARDEN

quinquennial appeal of "Bart's" great rival, the London Hospital, in Whitechapel Road. It was from the London that the surgeon (Sir Frederick Treves) and the trained nurse came who saved the King in 1902; and in June, 1903, his Majesty opened a new out-patients' department there, which had cost $400,000. In erecting and equipping other buildings over $600,000 had been spent, and $850,000 more is in course of disbursement.

At Charing Cross Hospital, near Trafalgar Square, $500,000 is being spent on handsome new buildings. The same amount has been expended within the last few years on the Middlesex Hospital in Mortimer street. For the new home of the University College Hospital in Gower street, the late Sir J. Blundell Maple made himself responsible to the extent of $1,000,000. King's Hospital is to migrate from Portugal street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, to a twelve-acre site recently presented to it in South London, and the public is asked to a full account of what is being done to provide for London's ailing poor, but it gives some notion of the magnitude of the work. The maintenance of these great charities, save only the few that are supported by the poor-rates, absorbs annually about $6,000,000.

While the city proper abounds in churches without worshipers, the East End and other outlying regions are sorely in need of them. London's annual growth of forty thousand souls necessitates the building of at least five new churches of the established faith every year, and some two hundred have actually been built since 1865. Most of these owe their existence to the Bishop of London's Fund, which yields about $125,000 a year. But the chief new place of worship, Westminster Cathedral, has no connection with the Establishment, but is the headquarters of Roman Catholicism in England. The tower of this vast edifice is conspicuous enough, though its body is hidden away behind the shops and

THE NEW WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL (ROMAN CATHOLIC)

"mansions" of Victoria street. It lies not more than half a mile from Westminster Abbey, and within a stone's throw of the American embassy; and now that it is so nearly finished as to be in use, it has become one of the sights to be seen by travelers. Though shorter than the Abbey, it is both wider and higher, and its single tapering tower rises well above those of the older shrine. Its many domes and the gaiety of its exterior—red brick striped with white stone—distinguish it at a glance from the churches and cathedrals of Protestant England. Its designer, Mr. Bentley, owes his inspiration, in fact, to a careful study of the early Byzantine type of ecclesiastical architecture. As to the appropriateness of this type in England, opinions may well differ; yet however incongruous the outside of the building may be with its immediate surroundings and the smoky skies above it, there can be no doubt as to the dignity and impressiveness of its interior. As yet the great building is unconsecrated, and, in accordance with Catholic usage, will remain so till it is free from debt. Its estimated cost is $5,000,000.

The restoration of the west front of Westminster Abbey goes steadily forward; the century-old rose-window in the south transept (Poets' Corner) has been replaced by a new one in memory of the late Duke of Westminster, and a smaller window in the same transept has been unveiled in honor of the founder, Edward the Confessor. St. Paul's, through the liberality of an American, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, has been beautified by the installation of electricity. The Temple Church (the late Canon Ainger's) is undergoing extensive repairs. At St. Saviour's, Southwark, one of the oldest and most interesting of London churches, $80,000 is asked for necessary repairing. At St. Giles's, Cripplegate, where Milton lies, a statue of the poet is to be erected as soon as $25,000 has been raised to buy a strip of land from which a row of seventeenth-century wooden houses was recently removed.

The Wesleyan Methodist Church, having paid $1,650,000 for the Royal Aquarium, near Westminster Abbey, spent the year 1903 in pulling down that enormous structure, and in its place will erect a denominational church house, one of the two halls of which will hold three thousand people. A part of the site (which, by the way, includes Mrs. Langtry's comparatively new theater, the Imperial) will be let on building leases for public or other offices. Much of the cost of this great undertaking is to come from the $5,000,000 subscribed by the Methodists of England in celebration of the second centenary of their leader's birth.

It is only a few years since the Great Central Railway Station in Marylebone Road blotted out Harewood Square and many surrounding houses and shops; and now vast improvements are under way at other railway terminals. Victoria Station, near Buckingham Palace, will hardly be recognizable when the alterations now in progress are completed. The improvements to be made at the station and on the approaches thereto will cost about $10,000,000. A similar amount will be called for by the alterations at Waterloo Station, just across the river from Charing Cross; and near at hand—as some two hundred thousand of England's fighting-men pass through this station every year—is to stand the home of the new Union Jack Club, for which $300,000 is being raised. Though none of the railway companies has had to incur such enormous expense as the New York Central to make up for its lack of foresight in acquiring terminal room in New York city, the North Western has had to resort to a somewhat similar plan, and, beneath the parallel cuts through which its trains enter the city at Euston Station, is to have a subway to carry its "empties." Along Holborn, Oxford street, and the Bayswater Road the Central London Railway (the "Tuppenny Tube") is to build lofts and offices above its one-storied stations, having made a beginning with its own general offices at the station nearest Oxford Circus.

Lloyd's is not the only great London institution that was born in a coffee-house. Of similar nativity was the Baltic Mercantile and Shipping Exchange—an amalgamation of two exchanges whose names it blends, one of which was organized in the Baltic Coffee House, Threadneedle street, early in the nineteenth century. Since April, 1903, the consolidated exchanges have been housed in a magnificent new building of their own, covering an acre of land, and completely blotting out Jeffrey Square (in the street known as St. Mary Axe) and several of the surrounding build-

ings. This mercantile palace cost about $2,500,000. Lloyd's Register—not the celebrated marine-insurance concern, but one that registers the ships of every flag—has been housed since 1902 in a palatial building in Fenchurch street.

Some of the new office-buildings lately erected in the City, notably those in Finsbury Circus and Finsbury Pavement, are a vast improvement on the old type that abounds in London, and in massiveness, convenience, and the impression they give of having been built without regard to cost, easily vie with anything in New York or Chicago; but they show no disposition to scratch the sky. Seven stories is the English architect's idea of a tall building, and he seldom exceeds it, though hotels and apartment-houses occasionally soar to eight or nine. The number of the latter class of buildings is increasing by leaps and bounds, the popularity of flats being so great, indeed, that they usually fetch rentals high by comparison with those of London houses.

The most notable of recently built private dwellings is the town house of the Duke of Marlborough, in Curzon street, Mayfair. This stands on a small block by itself, its massive walls rising direct from the sidewalks of the four surrounding streets, and looming high above the old-fashioned, commodious, but unpretentious eighteenth-century houses all about it.

Few hostelries can compare in size with the Hotel Cecil, now that its Strand façade is completed. From the Victoria Embankment, where it is two stories higher than on the street, it is seen to be one of the tallest (as well as one of the longest) buildings in London. And now Mrs. D'Oyly Carte has brought the rival hotel, the Savoy, from the Embankment through to the Strand, made a virtually new thing of the Savoy Theatre, and leveled up and doubled in width the little street known as Beaufort Buildings, which, under its new name of Savoy Court, is to be embellished by the County Council with tablets showing that Fielding's house stood here, and Worcester House, once the property of Edward II, and the scene of the secret marriage of the Duke of York (afterward James II) with Anne Hyde. Other great hotels are springing up like mushrooms. The Carlton (with its wing embracing His Majesty's Theatre), the Hyde Park, Claridge's, the Russell, and a dozen others, are known to every one familiar with the town to-day; and the end of 1905 will see the completion of a notable addition to their number—the Ritz—on the site of the demolished Walsingham and Bath hotels in Piccadilly. Among West End playhouses, one of the latest is the New Theatre, St. Martin's Lane, opened by Sir Charles Wyndham early in 1903. Reference has been made to the new Gaiety in the Strand and the two theaters that are to face it across Aldwych. Of new places of amusement in less central quarters and in the outskirts and suburbs the name is legion.

The question of rapid transit in London was discussed at considerable length in THE CENTURY for January, 1902. The situation remains essentially the same to-day. American brains, and to a great extent American capital also, are engaged in solving for London a problem which Londoners had already begun to solve for themselves. An American capitalist, promoter, and tramway specialist has acquired the deep-level "tube" running beneath the main artery of London traffic (Oxford street, as the longest stretch of it is called) from the Bank to Shepherd's Bush, and has built a system of surface lines connecting it with the western suburbs as far as Hampton Court. This it is intended to continue along the Thames to Maidenhead Bridge and to Staines—some twenty miles, all told, beyond the limits of the old City. Already the United Tramways Company has over thirty miles of road in operation and about fifty authorized.

A tube from Baker-street Station to Charing Cross, and thence beneath the river to Waterloo Station (already the terminus of the pioneer electric tube railway, the Waterloo & City), is in an advanced stage of construction, work is progressing on the Great Northern & City Railway (Finsbury Park to the Bank), eight or ten other tubes are authorized, and as many more are being promoted in Parliament. The next ten years will probably see at least one hundred miles of such railway lines in operation beneath the streets of London. Of equal significance is another enterprise of the American promoter who is revolutionizing London's transit facilities. This is the electrification of the gloomy and stuffy old subterranean steam railway, which consists of an inner circle with tribu-

tary lines shooting off from it, here and there, at a tangent. This undertaking is now well advanced, and the change of motive power ought by this time to have been effected. Of surface and subway tracks together, the Yerkes system, when complete, will comprise one hundred and forty miles. The central power-house, on the Thames at Chelsea, occupying four acres, is of seventy-five thousand horse-power, and cost over $6,000,000. Of the entire capital of the company (about $85,000,000) $40,000,000 was raised in America.

Meanwhile the County Council is going heavily into the tramway business, not only in the suburbs, as heretofore, but in the heart of the town as well. It is preparing to put millions of pounds into its traction undertakings, and "views with alarm" the progress of the Chicago operator who controls so large a proportion of the tube and surface railways in town and suburbs.

Since 1882 the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association has been trying to prevent the building over of the private squares that add so much not only to the beauty but the healthfulness of London, besides laying out, in whole or in part, some one hundred and thirty recreation grounds. But the County Council has entered the same field, and the owners of these squares are now demanding building-lot prices for them, generally in the hope that the London County Council will buy them out. Within the last few years, Lord Kensington has sold at auction a large part of the estate from which he takes his title. In 1903 the offerings included two well-known squares; but so great was the outcry against turning over the larger of these —Edwardes—to the speculative builder that no bid could be got for it; and even the smaller one—Pembroke Square—had to be disposed of by "private treaty."

In addition to preserving by purchase many squares and gardens in the poorest parts of the city, the County Council has done splendid work in creating recreation grounds, not only on the site of rookeries it has cleared away, but also, and on a far larger scale, in the suburbs. By the close of 1902 it had spent about $3,000,000 to preserve, or assist in preserving, eighty-eight playing-spaces, with an area of eleven hundred and eighty-five acres, and to enlarge these and other such spaces to the extent of one hundred and sixty-nine acres.

The next important contribution it will be called upon to make will be in connection with Hampstead Heath. On the northern edge of this open space is to be built a station of the "tube" railway; and while this is not in itself an evil, it will be productive of untold harm unless provision be made for the great prospective increase in the use of the Heath. As luck will have it, eighty acres of open land lie close at hand, and the owners—the trustees of Eton College—are willing to sell them at $3000 an acre, which is far below the property's value. To take advantage of this opportunity, the Hampstead Heath Extension Council has been formed, with a large and distinguished membership, and a notable list of contributors. If the necessary $240,000 be raised, and the coveted land secured, the famous playground will still be smaller than Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens combined, though far richer in natural beauty.

It is not to be supposed that London is being made anew without the sacrifice of many objects of historic interest. We have seen that Christ's Hospital and Newgate Prison have gone within the last year or two; and now the War Office has served notice to quit on the Duke of York's Royal Military School at Chelsea, which has just celebrated the centenary of its occupation of its present quarters; so the five hundred and fifty soldiers' sons studying there will soon follow into the country the Carthusians and Bluecoat Boys. Clifford's Inn, perhaps the oldest of the Inns of Chancery, lying off Chancery Lane beside the great buildings of the Record Office, was sold at auction in 1903 for $500,000, and the acre or less of ground on which its buildings stand, with the diminutive garden that has let the sunshine through their "ancient lights" for centuries, will doubtless soon be turned to wholly utilitarian account.

Tudor House, near Lambeth Palace, swept away by the widening of the London and South Western Railway now in progress, occupied the site of a collegiate foundation dating from the twelfth century, and had a picturesque and eventful history extending over hundreds of years, though its glory departed under the Tudor dynasty. It is an interesting coincidence that the engineer, Mr. Foxlee, who is in charge of the alterations that involved the destruction of this ancient "haunted house," is a

lineal descendant and namesake of the Baron of the Exchequer commissioned to survey the defects of the manor in the year 1316. The Lyceum Theatre, famous even before it became identified with the name of Sir Henry Irving, has the slightest possible hold on life, having actually been offered for sale at auction in 1903, when it was bid in for $1,300,000, only to become a music-hall.

St. James's Hall, in Regent street and Piccadilly, is doomed; and so is Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, for thirty years the home of Maskelyne and mystery. As to the Lowther Arcade, in the Strand and Adelaide street, replaced by the brand-new bank building of the venerable house of Coutts & Co., read Mr. Barrie's eloquent lament in "The Little White Bird."

Last, not least, must be mentioned the vandalism rampant in the neighborhood of Westminster Abbey. There, in Great College street, which marks the boundary of the Abbey precincts, and is skirted by a wall said to have been built at the instance of St. Dunstan, a block of old buildings has been destroyed by the educational authorities to make way for class-rooms; and much of the wall itself has been demolished by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to make room for new offices. From one of the recently destroyed houses (No. 25), Keats wrote some of his letters to Fanny Brawne, while others were written from the neighboring Great Smith street; Gibbon lived in Great College street, and Wesley in Orchard street. The houses in Barton street are believed to have been built by Barton Booth, the player, whose dust lies in the Abbey. In all likelihood, the character of this neighborhood will be completely altered within a few years, though it is still so attractive that a cabinet minister occupies the old manor-house in Great College street, adjoining the creeper-covered dwelling in which Shelley lived.

THE NEW YEAR

BY CLINTON DANGERFIELD

A MIRACLE touched me at twelve, for behold I saw
The New Year rise as a young god rises in might.
No child was he with hesitant, timid feet,
But a grown joy, wrapped in the raiment of pure delight.

And his eyes, most gracious and tender, were bent on mine;
In his hands he caught my hands, while clarion clear
His golden, rapturous, confident tones rang forth:
"*Comrade, hail! For I am the New, New Year.*

"*Comrade, hail! The pulse of the world 's astir*
Under the snow, and the ancient doubts are dead.
Freedom, achievement, wait for us. Come, be glad!"
I listened, I looked, and faith to my hope was wed.

His kingly courage told me the beautiful truth;
He is mine, and his strength infuses my rescued will.
Up, faint heart! We will conquer together, my Year;
Life and love shall their old sweet promise fulfil.

SANDY

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lovey Mary"

WITH PICTURES BY W. L. JACOBS

VI

HOLLIS FARM

CLAYTON was an easy-going, prosperous old town which, in the enthusiasm of youth, had started to climb the long hill to the north, but growing indolent with age, had decided instead to go around.

Main street, broad and shady under an unbroken arch of maple boughs, was flanked on each side by "Back street," the generic term applied to all parallel streets other than the central. The short cross-streets were designated by the most direct method: "the street by the Baptist church," "the street by Dr. Fenton's," "the street going out to Judge Hollis's," or "the street where Mr. Moseley used to live." In the heart of the town was the square, with its gray, weather-beaten court-house, its new and formidable jail, its post-office and church.

For twenty years Dr. Fenton's old high-seated buggy had jogged over the same daily course. It started at nine o'clock and passed with never-varying regularity up one street and down another. When any one was ill a sentinel was placed at the gate to hail the doctor, who was as sure to pass as the passenger-train. It was a familiar joke in Clayton that the buggy had a regular track, and that the wheels always ran in the same rut. Once, when Carter Nelson had taken too much egg-nog and his aunt thought he had spinal meningitis, the usual route had been reversed, and again when the blacksmith's triplets were born. But these were especial occasions. It was a matter for investigation when the doctor's buggy went over the bridge before noon.

"Anybody sick out this way?" asked the miller.

The doctor stopped the buggy to explain. He was a short, fat man dressed in a suit of Confederate gray. The hand that held the reins was minus two fingers, his willing contribution to the Lost Cause, which was still to him the great catastrophe of all history. His whole personality was a bristling arsenal of prejudices. When he spoke it was in quick, short volleys, in a voice that seemed to come from the depths of a megaphone.

"Strange boy sick at Judge Hollis's. How 's trade?"

"Fair to middlin'," answered the miller. "Do you reckon that there boy has got anything ketchin'?"

"Catching?" repeated the doctor, savagely. "What if he has?" he demanded. "Two epidemics of typhoid, two of yellow fever, and one of smallpox—that 's my record, sir!"

"Looks like my children will ketch a fly-bite," said the miller, apologetically.

A little farther on the doctor was stopped again—this time by a maiden in a pink-

and-white gingham, with a mass of light curls bobbing about her face.

"Dad!" she called as she scrambled over the fence. "Where you g-going, dad?"

The doctor flapped the lines nervously and tried to escape, but she pursued him madly. Catching up with the buggy, she pulled herself up on the springs and thrust an impudent, laughing face through the window at the back.

"Annette," scolded her father, "are n't you ashamed? Fourteen years old, and a tomboy! Get down!"

"Where you g-going, dad?" she stammered, unabashed.

"To Judge Hollis's. Get down this minute!"

"What for?"

"Somebody 's sick. Get down, I say!"

Instead of getting down, she got in, coming straight through the small window, and arriving in a tangle of pink and white at his side.

The doctor heaved a prodigious sigh. As a colonel of the Confederacy he had exacted strict discipline and unquestioning obedience, but he now found himself ignominiously reduced to the ranks, and another Fenton in command.

At Hollis Farm the judge met them at the gate. He was large and loose-jointed, with the frame of a Titan and the smile of a child. He wore a long, loose dressing-gown and a pair of slippers elaborately embroidered in green roses. His big, irregular features were softened by an expression of indulgent interest toward the world at large.

"Good morning, doctor. Howdy, Nettie. How are you all this morning?"

"Who 's sick?" growled the doctor as he hitched his horse to the fence.

"It 's a stray lad, doctor; my old cook, Melvy, played the good Samaritan and picked him up off the road last night. She brought him to me this morning. He 's out of his head with a fever."

"Where 'd he come from?" asked the doctor.

"Mrs. Hollis says he was peddling goods up at Main street and the bridge last night."

"Which one is he?" demanded Annette, eagerly, as she emerged from the buggy. "Is he g-good-looking, with blue eyes and light hair? Or is he b-black and ugly and sort of cross-eyed?"

The judge peered over his glasses quizzically. "Thinking about the boys, as usual! Now I want to know what business you have noticing the color of a peddler's eyes?"

Annette blushed, but she stood her ground. "All the g-girls noticed him. He was n't an ordinary peddler. He was just as smart and f-funny as could be."

"Well, he is n't smart and funny now," said the judge, with a grim laugh.

The two men passed up the long avenue and into the house. At the door they were met by Mrs. Hollis, whose small angular person breathed protest. Her black hair was arranged in symmetrical bands which were drawn tightly back from a straight part. When she talked, a gold-capped tooth was disclosed on each side of her mouth, giving rise to the judge's joke that one was capped to keep the other company, since Mrs. Hollis's sense of order and regularity rebelled against one eye-tooth of one color and the other of another.

"Good morning, doctor," she said shortly; "there 's the door-mat. No, don't put your hat there; I 'll take it. Is n't this a pretty business for Melvy to come bringing a sick tramp up here—on general cleaning-day, too?"

"Are n't all days cleaning-days to you, Sue?" asked the judge, playfully.

"When you are in the house," she answered sharply. Then she turned to the doctor, who was starting up the stairs:

"If this boy is in for a long spell, I want him moved somewhere. I can't have my carpets run over and my whole house smelling like a hospital."

"Now, Susan," remonstrated the judge, gently, "we can't turn the lad out. We 've got room and to spare. If he 's got the fever, he 'll have to stay."

"We 'll see, we 'll see," said the doctor.

But when he tiptoed down from the room above there was no question about it.

"Very sick boy," he said, rubbing his hand over his bald head. "If he gets better, I might take him over to Mrs. Meech's; he can't be moved now."

"Mrs. Meech!" cried Mrs. Hollis, in fine scorn. "Do you think I would let him go to that dirty house—and with this fever, too? Why, Mrs. Meech's front curtains have n't been washed since Christmas! She and the preacher and Martha all sit around with their noses in books, and never

even know that the water-spout is leaking and the porch needs mopping! You can't tell me anything about the Meeches!"

Neither of the men tried to do so; they stood silent in the doorway, looking very grave.

"For mercy sake! what is that in the front lot?" exclaimed Mrs. Hollis.

The doctor had an uncomfortable premonition, which was promptly verified. One of the judge's friskiest colts was circling madly about the driveway, while astride of it, in triumph, sat Annette, her dress ripped at the belt, her hair flying.

"If she don't need a woman's hand!" exclaimed Mrs. Hollis. "I could manage her all right."

The doctor looked from Mrs. Hollis, with her firm, close-shut mouth, to the flying figure on the lawn.

"Perhaps," he said, lifting his brows; but he put the odds on Annette.

That night, when Aunt Melvy brought the lamp into the sitting-room, she waited nervously near Mrs. Hollis's chair.

"Miss Sue," she ventured presently, "is de cunjers comin' out?"

"The what?"

"De cunjers what dat pore chile 's got. I done tried all de spells I knowed, but look lak dey did n't do no good."

"He has the fever," said Mrs. Hollis; "and it means a long spell of nursing and bother for me."

The judge stirred uncomfortably. "Now, Sue," he remonstrated, "you need n't take a bit of bother. Melvy will see to him by day, and I will look after him at night."

Mrs. Hollis bit her lip and heroically refrained from expressing her mind.

"He 's a mighty purty chile," said Aunt Melvy, tentatively.

"He 's a common tramp," said Mrs. Hollis.

After supper, arranging a tray with a snowy napkin and a steaming bowl of broth, Mrs. Hollis went up to the sick-room. Her first step had been to have the patient bathed and combed and made presentable for the occupancy of the guest-chamber. It had been with rebellion of spirit that she placed him there, but the judge had taken one of those infrequent stands which she knew it was useless to resist. She put the tray on a table near the big four-poster bed, and leaned over to look at the sleeper.

Sandy lay quiet among the pillows, his fair hair tumbled, his lips parted. As the light fell on his flushed face he stirred.

"Here 's your supper," said Mrs. Hollis, her voice softening in spite of herself. He was younger than she had thought. She slipped her arm under the pillow and raised his head.

"You must eat something," she said kindly.

He looked at her vacantly, then a momentary consciousness flitted over his face, a vague realization that he was being cared for. He put up a hot hand and gently touched her cheek; then, rallying all his strength, he smiled away his debt of gratitude. It was over in a moment, and he sank back unconscious.

Through the dreary hours of the night Mrs. Hollis sat by the bed, nursing him with the aching tenderness that only a childless woman can know. Below, in the depths of a big feather-bed, the worthy judge slept in peaceful unconcern, disturbing the silence by a series of long, loud, and unmelodious snores.

VII

CONVALESCENCE

"Is that the Nelson phaëton going out the road?" asked Mrs. Hollis as she peered out through the dining-room window one morning. "I should n't be a bit surprised if it was Mrs. Nelson making her yearly visits, and here my bricks have n't been reddened."

Sandy's heart turned a somersault. He was sitting up for the first time, wrapped in blankets and wearing a cap to cover his close-cropped head. All through his illness he had been tortured by the thought that he had talked of Ruth, and wild horses could not have dragged forth a question concerning her.

"Melvy," continued Mrs. Hollis, as she briskly rubbed the sideboard with some unsavory furniture-polish, "if Mrs. Nelson does come here, you be sure to put on your white apron before you open the door; and for pity sake don't forget the card-tray! You ought to know better than to stick out your hand for a lady's calling-card. I told you about that last week."

Aunt Melvy paused in her dusting and chuckled: "Lor', honey, dat 's right! You orter put on airs all de time, wid all de

money de judge is got. He says to me yisterday, says he, 'Can't you 'suade yer Miss Sue not to be cleanin' up so much, an' not to go out in de front yard wid dat ole sunbonnet on?'"

"Well, I 'd like to know how things would get done if I did n't do them," exclaimed Mrs. Hollis, hotly. "I suppose he would like me to let things go like the Meeches! The only time I ever saw Mrs. Meech work was when she swept the front pavement, and then she made Martha walk around behind her and read out loud while she was doing it."

"It 's Mr. Meech that 's in the yard now," announced Sandy from the side window. "He 's raking the leaves with one hand and a-reading a book with the other."

"I knew it!" cried Mrs. Hollis. "I never saw such doings. They say she even leaves the dishes overnight. And yet she can sit on her porch and smile at people going by, just like her house was cleaned up. I hate a hypocrite."

Sandy had had ample time to watch the Meeches during his long convalescence. He had been moved from the spare room to a snug little room over the kitchen, which commanded a fine view of the neighbors. When the green book got too heavy to hold, or his eyes grew too tired to look at the many magazines with which the judge supplied him, he would lie still and watch the little drama going on next door.

Mrs. Meech was a large, untidy woman who always gave the impression of needing to be tucked up. The end of her gray braid hung out behind one ear, her waist hung out of her belt, and even the buttons on her shoes hung out of the buttonholes in shameless laziness.

Mr. Meech did not need tucking in; he needed letting out. He seemed to have shrunk in the wash of life. In spite of the fact that he was three sizes too small for his wife, to begin with, he emphasized it by wearing trousers that cleared his shoetops and sleeves half-way to his elbows. But this was only on week-days, for on Sunday Sandy would see him emerge, expand, and flutter forth in an ample suit of shiny broadcloth. For Mr. Meech was the pastor of the Hard-Shell Baptist Church in Clayton, and if his domestic economy was a matter of open gossip, there was no question concerning the fact of his learning. It had been the boast of the congregation for years that Judge Hollis was the only man in town who was smart enough to understand his sermons. When Mr. Meech would start out in the morning with a book under his arm and one sticking out of each pocket, Sandy would pull up on his elbow to watch proceedings. He loved to see fat Mrs. Meech pat the little man lovingly on the head and kiss him good-by; he loved to see Martha walk with him to the gate and throw kisses after him until he turned the curve in the road.

Martha was a pale, thin girl with two long, straight plaits and a long, straight dress. She went to school in the morning, and when she came home at noon her mother always went to meet her and kissed her on both cheeks. Sandy had got quite in the habit of watching for her at the side window where she came to study. He leaned forward now to see if she were there.

"I thought so!" cried Mrs. Hollis, looking over his shoulder. "There comes the Nelson phaëton this minute! Melvy, get on your white apron. I 'll wind up the cuckoo-clock and unlock the parlor door."

"Who is it?" ventured Sandy, with internal tremors.

"Hit 's Mrs. Nelson an' her niece, Miss Rufe," said Aunt Melvy, nervously trying to reverse her apron after tying the bow in the front. "Dey 's big bugs, dey is. Dey is quality, an' no mistake. I b'longed to Miss Rufe's grandpaw; he done lef' her all his money, she an' Mr. Carter. Poor Mr. Carter! Dey say he ain't got no lungs to speak of. Ain't no wonder he 's sorter wild like. He takes after his grandpaw, my ole mars'. Lor', honey, de mint-juleps jus' nachelly ooze outen de pores ob his grandpaw's skin! But Miss Rufe she ain't like none ob dem Nelsons; she favors her maw. She 's quality inside an' out."

A peal of the bell cut short further interesting revelations. Aunt Melvy hurried through the hall, leaving doors open behind her. At the front door she paused in dismay. Before her stood the Nelsons in calling attire, presenting two immaculate cards for her acceptance. Too late she remembered her instructions.

"'Fore de Lawd!" she cried in consternation, "ef I ain't done fergit dat pan ag'in!"

Sandy, left alone in the dining-room, was

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"HE SMILED AWAY HIS DEBT OF GRATITUDE"

listening with every nerve a-quiver for the sound of Ruth's voice. The thought that she was here under the same roof with him sent the blood bounding through his veins. He pulled himself up, and trailing the blanket behind him, made his way somewhat unsteadily across the room and up the back stairs.

Behind the door of his room hung the pride of his soul, a new suit of clothes, whole, patchless, clean, which the judge had bought him two days before. He had sat before it in speechless admiration; he had hung it in every possible light to get the full benefit of its beauty; he had even in the night placed it on a chair beside the bed, so that he could put out his hand in the dark and make sure it was there. For it was the first new suit of clothes that he remembered ever to have possessed. He had not intended to wear it until Sunday, but the psychological moment had arrived.

With trembling fingers and many pauses for rest, he made his toilet. He looked in the mirror, and his heart nearly burst with pride. The suit, to be sure, hung limp on his gaunt frame, and his shaven head gave him the appearance of a shorn lamb, but to Sandy the reflection was eminently satisfying. One thing only seemed to be lacking. He meditated a moment, then, with some misgiving, picked up a small linen doily from the dresser, and carefully folding it, placed it in his breast-pocket, with one corner just visible.

Triumphant in mind, if weak in body, he slipped down the back steps, skirted Aunt Melvy's domain, and turned the corner of the house just as the Nelson phaëton rolled out of the yard. Before he had time to give way to utter despair a glimmer of hope appeared on the horizon, for the phaëton stopped, and there was evidently something the matter. Sandy did not wait for it to be remedied. He ran down the road with all the speed he could muster.

Near the gate where the little branch crossed the turnpike was a slight embankment, and two wheels of the phaëton had slipped over the edge and were buried deep in the soft earth. Beside it, sitting indignantly in the water, was an irate lady who had evidently attempted to get out backward and had taken a sudden and unexpected seat. Her countenance was a pure specimen of Gothic architecture; a massive pompadour reared itself above two Gothic eyebrows which flanked a nose of unquestioned Gothic tendencies. Her mouth, with its drooping corners, completed the series of arches, and the whole expression was one of aspiring melancholy and injured majesty.

Kneeling at her side, reassuring her and wiping the water from her hands, was Ruth Nelson.

"God send you ain't hurt, ma'am!" cried Sandy, arriving breathless.

The girl looked up and shook her head in smiling protest, but the Gothic lady promptly suffered a relapse.

"I am—I know I am! Just look at my dress covered with mud, and my glove is split. Get my smelling-salts, Ruth!"

Ruth, upon whom the lady was leaning, turned to Sandy.

"Will you hand it to me? It is in the little bag there on the seat."

Sandy rushed to do her bidding. He was rather hazy as to the object of his search; but when his fingers touched a round, soft ball he drew it forth and hastily presented it to the lady's Roman nose. She, with closed eyes, was taking deep whiffs when a laugh startled her.

"Oh, Aunt Clara, it 's your powder-puff!" cried Ruth, unable to restrain her mirth.

Mrs. Nelson rose with as much dignity as her draggled condition would permit. "You 'd better get me home," she said solemnly. "I may be internally injured." She turned to Sandy. "Boy, can't you get that phaëton back on the road?"

Sandy, whose chagrin over his blunder had sent him to the background, came promptly forward. Seizing the wheel, he made several ineffectual efforts to lift it back to the road.

"It is not moving an inch!" announced the mournful voice from above. "Can't you take hold of it nearer the back, and exert a little more strength?"

Sandy bit his lip and shot a swift glance at Ruth. She was still smiling. With savage determination he fell upon the wheel as if it had been a mortal foe; he pushed and shoved and pulled, and finally, with a rally of all his strength, he went on his knees in the mud and lifted the phaëton back on the road.

Then came a collapse, and he leaned against the nearest tree and struggled

with the deadly faintness that was stealing over him.

"Why—why, you are the boy who was sick!" cried Ruth, in dismay.

Sandy, white and trembling, shook his head protestingly. "It 's me bellows that 's rocky," he explained between gasps.

Mrs. Nelson rustled back into the phaëton, and taking a piece of money from her purse, held it out to him.

"That will amply repay you," she said.

Sandy flushed to the roots of his close-cropped hair. A tip, heretofore a gift of the gods, had suddenly become an insult. Angry, impetuous words rushed to his lips, and he took a step forward. Then he was aware of a sudden change in the girl, who had just stepped into the phaëton. She shot a quick, indignant look at her aunt, then she turned around and smiled a good-by to him.

He lifted his cap and said, "I thank ye." But it was not to Mrs. Nelson, who still held the money as they drove out of the avenue.

Sandy went wearily back to the house. He had made his first trial in behalf of his lady fair, but his soul knew no elation. His beautiful new armor had sustained irreparable injury, and his vanity had received a mortal wound.

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

"'GOD SEND YOU AIN'T HURT, MA'AM!'"

VIII

AUNT MELVY AS A SOOTH-AYER

It was a crisp afternoon in late October. The road leading west from Clayton ran the gantlet of fiery maples and sumac until it reached the barren hillside below "Who 'd 'a' Thought It." The little cabin clung to the side of the steep slope like a bit of fungus to the trunk of a tree.

In the doorway sat three girls, one tall and dark, one plump and fair, and the other straight and thin. They were anxiously awaiting the revelation of the future as disclosed by Aunt Melvy's far-famed tea-leaves. The prophetess kept them company while waiting for the water to boil.

"He sutenly is a peart boy," she was saying. "De jedge done start him in plumb at de foot up at de 'cademy, an' dey tell me he 's ketchin' up right along."

"Was n't it g-grand in Judge Hollis to send him to school?" said Annette. "Of course he 's going to work for him b-between times. They say even Mrs. Hollis is glad he is going to stay."

"'Co'se she is," said Aunt Melvy; "dere nebber was nobody come it over Miss Sue lak he done."

"Father says he is very quick," ventured Martha Meech, a faint color coming to

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"'I HAVE SEEN HIM SOMEWHERE, AND I CAN'T THINK WHERE'"

her dull cheek at this unusual opportunity of descanting upon such an absorbing subject. "Father told Judge Hollis he would help him with his lessons, and that he thought it would be only a little while before he was up with the other boys."

"Dad says he 's a d-dandy," cried Annette. "And is n't it grand he 's going to be put on the ball team and the glee club!"

Ruth rose to break a branch laden with crimson maple-leaves. "Was he ever here before?" she asked in puzzled tones. "I have seen him somewhere, and I can't think where."

"Well, I 'd never f-forget him," said Annette. "He 's got the jolliest face I ever saw. M-Martha says he can jump that high fence b-back of the Hollises' without touching it. I d-drove dad's buggy clear up over the curbstone yesterday, so he would come to the r-rescue, and he swung on to old B-Baldy's neck like he had been a race-horse."

"But you don't know him," protested Ruth. "And, besides, he was—he was a peddler."

"I don't care if he was," said Annette. "And if I don't know him, it 's no sign I am not g-going to."

Aunt Melvy chuckled as she rose to encourage the fire with a pair of squeaking old bellows.

Martha looked about the room curiously. "Can you really tell what 's going to happen?" she asked timidly.

"Indeed she can," said Annette. "She told Jane Lewis that she was g-going to have some g-good luck, and the v-very next week her aunt died and left her a turquoise-ring!"

"Yas, chile," said Aunt Melvy, bending over the fire to light her pipe; "I been habin' divisions for gwine on five year. Dat 's what made me think I wuz gwine git religion; but hit ain't come yit—not yit. I 'm a mourner an' a seeker." Her pipe dropped unheeded, and she gazed with fixed eyes out of the window.

"Tell us about your visions," demanded Annette.

"Well," said Aunt Melvy, "de fust I knowed about it wuz de lizards in my legs. I could feel 'em jus' as plain as day, dese here little green lizards a-runnin' round

inside my legs. I tole de doctor 'bout hit, Miss Nettie; but he said 't war n't nothin' but de fidgits. I knowed better 'n he did dat time. Dat night I had a division, an' de dream say, 'Put on yer purple mournin'-dress an' set wid yer feet in a barrel ob b'ilin' water till de smoke comes down de chimbly.' An' so I done, a-settin' up dere on dat chist o' drawers all night, wid my purple mournin'-dress on an' my feet in de b'ilin' water, an' de lizards run away so fur dat dey ain't even stopped yit."

"Aunt Melvy, do you tell fortunes by palmistry?" asked Ruth.

"Yas, 'm; I reckon dat 's what you call hit. I tells by de tea-leaves. Lor', Miss Rufe, you sutenly put me in min' o' yer grandmaw! She kerried her haid up in de air jus' lak you do, an' she wuz jus' as putty as you is, too. We libed in de ole plantation what 's done burned down now, an' I lubed my missus—I sutenly did. When my ole man fust come here from de country I nebber seen sech a fool. He did n't know no more 'bout courtin' dan nothin'; but I wuz better qualified. I jus' tole ole miss how 't wuz, an' she fixed up de weddin'. I nebber will fergit de day we walk ober de plantation an' say we wuz married. George he had on a brand-new pair pants dat cost two hundred an' sixty-four dollars in Confederate money."

"Is n't the water b-boiling yet?" asked Annette, impatiently.

"So 't is, so 't is," said Aunt Melvy, lifting the kettle from the crane. She dropped a few tea-leaves in three china cups, and then with great solemnity and occasional guttural ejaculations poured the water over them.

Before the last cup was filled, Annette, with a wry face, had drained the contents of hers and held it out to Aunt Melvy.

"There are my leaves. If they don't tell about a lover with b-blue eyes and an Irish accent, I 'll never b-believe them."

Aunt Melvy bent over the cup, and her sides shook. "You gwine be a farmer's wife," she said, chuckling at the girl's grimace. "You gwine raise chickens an' chillun."

"Ugh!" said Annette as the other girls laughed; "are his eyes b-blue?"

Aunt Melvy pondered over the leaves. "Well, now, 'pears to me he 's sorter dark-complected an' fat, like Mr. Sid Gray," she said.

"Never!" declared Annette. "I loathe Sid."

"Tell my future!" cried Martha, pushing her cup forward eagerly.

"Dey ain't none!" cried Aunt Melvy, aghast, as she saw the few broken leaves in the bottom of the cup. "You done drinked up yer fortune. Dat 's de sign ob early death. I gwine fix you a good-luck bag; dey say ef you carry it all de time, hit 's a cross-sign ag'in' death."

"But can't you tell me anything?" persisted Martha.

"Dey ain't nothin' to tell," repeated Aunt Melvy, "'cep'n' to warn you to carry dat good-luck bag all de time."

"Now, mine," said Ruth, with an incredulous but curious smile.

For several moments Aunt Melvy bent over the cup in deep consideration, and then she rose and took it to the window, with fearsome, anxious looks at Ruth meanwhile. Once or twice she made a sign with her fingers, and frowned anxiously.

"What is it, Aunt Melvy?" Ruth demanded. "Am I going to be an old maid?"

"'T ain't no time to joke, chile," whispered Aunt Melvy, all the superstition of her race embodied in her trembling figure. "What I see, I see. Hit 's de galluses what I see in de bottom ob yer cup!"

"Do you m-mean suspenders?" laughed Annette.

Aunt Melvy did not hear her; she was looking over the cup into space, swaying and moaning.

"To t'ink ob my ole missus' gran'chile bein' mixed up wif a gallus lak dey hang de niggers on! But hit 's dere, jus' as plain as day, de two poles an' de cross-beam."

Ruth laughed as she looked into the cup.

"Is it for me?"

"Don't know, honey; de signs don't p'int to no one person: but hit 's in yer life, an' de shadow rests ag'in' you."

By this time Martha was at the door, urging the others to hurry. Her face was pale and her eyes were troubled. Ruth saw her nervousness and slipped her arm about her. "It 's all in fun," she whispered.

"Of course," said Annette. "You m-must n't mind her foolishness. Besides, I g-got the worst of it. I 'd rather die young or be hanged, any day, than to m-marry Sid Gray."

Aunt Melvy followed them to the door, shaking her head. "I 'se gwine make you chillun some good-luck bags. De fust time de new moon holds water I 'se sholy gwine fix 'em. 'T ain't safe not to mind de signs; 't ain't safe."

And with muttered warnings she watched them until they were lost to view behind the hill.

IX

TRANSITION

THE change from the road to the schoolroom was not without many a struggle on Sandy's part. The new life, the new customs, and the strange language, were baffling.

The day after the accident in the road, Mrs. Hollis had sent him to inquire how old Mrs. Nelson was, and he had returned with the astonishing report that she was sixty-one.

"But you did n't ask her age?" cried Mrs. Hollis, horrified.

Sandy looked perplexed. "I said what ye bid me," he declared.

Everything he did, in fact, seemed to be wrong; and everything he said, to bring a smile. He confided many a woe to Aunt Melvy as he sat on the kitchen steps in the evenings.

"Hit 's de green rubbin' off," she assured him sympathetically. "De same ones dat laugh at you now will be takin' off dey hats to you some day."

"Oh, it ain't the guyin' I mind," said Sandy; "it 's me wooden head. Them little shavers that can't see a hole in a ladder can beat me figurin'."

"You jus' keep on axin' questions," advised Aunt Melvy. "Dat 's what I always tole Rachael. Rachael 's dat yaller gal up to Mrs. Nelson's. I done raise her, an' she ain't a bit o'count. I use' ter say, 'You fool nigger, how you ebber gwine learn nothin' effen you don't ax questions?' An' she 'd stick out her mouth an' say, 'Umph, umph; you don't ketch me lettin' de white folks know how much sense I ain't got.' Den she 'd put on a white dress an' a white sunbonnet an' go switchin' up de street, lookin' jus' lak a fly in a glass ob buttermilk."

"It 's the mixed-up things that bother me," said Sandy. "Mr. Moseley was telling of us to-day how ye lost a day out of the week when ye went round the world one way, and gained a day when ye went round the other."

Aunt Melvy paused with the tea-towel in her hand. "Lost a day outen de week? Where 'd he say you lost it at?"

Sandy shook his head in perplexity.

"Dat 's plumb foolishness," said Aunt Melvy, indignantly. "I 'se s'prised at Mr. Moseley, I sholy is. Dey sorter gits notions, dem teachers does. When dey tells you stuff lak dat, honey, don't you pay 'em no mind."

But Sandy did "pay 'em mind." He followed Aunt Melvy's advice about asking questions, and wrestled with each new proposition until he mastered it. It did not take him long, moreover, to distinguish the difference between himself and those about him. The words and phrases that had passed current on the street seemed to ring false here. He watched the judge covertly and took notes.

His progress at the academy was a singular succession of triumphs and failures. His natural quickness, together with an enthusiastic ambition to get on, enabled him soon to take his place among the boys of his own age. But a superabundance of high spirits and an inordinate love of fun caused many a dark entry on the debit side of his school ledger. There were many times when he exasperated the judge to the limit of endurance, for he was reckless and impulsive, charged to the exploding-point with vitality, and ever and always the victim of his last caprice; but when it came to the final issue, and the judge put a question fairly before him, the boy was always on the side of right, even though it proved him guilty.

At first Mrs. Hollis had been strongly opposed to his remaining on the farm, but she soon became silent on the subject. It was a heretofore unknown luxury to have the outside work promptly and efficiently attended to. He possessed "the easy grace that makes a joke of toil"; and when he despatched his various chores and did even more than was required of him, Mrs. Hollis capitulated.

It was something more, however, than his ability and service that won her. The affection of the world, which seemed to eddy around her, as a rule, found an exception in Sandy. His big, exuberant nature made no distinction: he swept over her, sharp edges and all; he teased her, coaxed

her, petted her, laughed at her, turned her tirades by a bit of blarney, and in the end won her in spite of herself.

"He 's ketchin' on," reported Aunt Melvy, confidently. "I heared him puttin' on airs in his talk. When dey stops talkin' nachel, den I knows dey are learnin' somethin'."

X

WATERLOO

It was not until three years had passed and Sandy had reached his junior year that his real achievement was put to the test.

After that harrowing experience in the Hollis driveway, he had seen Ruth Nelson but twice. She had spent the winters at boarding-school, and in the summers she traveled with her aunt. She was still the divinity for whom he shaped his end, the compass that always brought him back to the straight course. He looked upon her possible recognition and friendship as a man looks upon his reward in heaven. In the meantime he suffered himself to be consoled by less distant joys.

The greatest spur he had to study was Martha Meech. She thought he was a genius; and while he found it a bit irksome to live up to his reputation, he made an honest effort to deserve it.

One spring afternoon the two were under the apple-trees, with their books before them. The years that had lifted Sandy forward toward vigor and strength and manhood had swept over Martha relentlessly, beating out her frail strength, and leaving her weaker to combat each incoming tide. Her straight, straw-colored hair lay smooth about her delicate face, and in her eyes was the strained look of one who seeks but is destined never to attain.

"Let 's go over the Latin once more," she was saying patiently, "just to make sure you understand."

"Devil a bit more!" cried Sandy, jumping up from where he lay in the grass and tossing the book lightly from her hand; "it 's the sin and the shame to keep you poking in books, now the spring is here. Martha, do you mind the sound of the wind in the tree-tops?"

She nodded, and he went on:

"Does it put strange words in your heart that you can't even think out in your head? If I could be translating the wind and the river, I 'd never be minding the Latin again."

Martha looked at him half timidly.

"Sometimes, do you know, I almost think you are a poet, Sandy; you are always thinking the things the poets write about."

"Do you, now, true?" he asked seriously, dropping down on the grass beside her. Then he laughed. "You 'll be having me writing rhymes, now, in a minute."

"Why not?" she urged.

"I must stick to my course," he said. "I 'd never be a real one. They work for the work's sake, and I work for the praise. If I win the scholarship, it 'll be because you want me to, Martha; if I come to be a lawyer, it 's because it 's the wish of the judge's heart; and if I win out in the end, it will be for the love of some one—some one who cares more for that than for anything else in the world."

She dropped her eyes, while he watched the flight of a song-bird as it wheeled about overhead. Presently she opened an old portfolio and took from it a little sketch.

"I have been trying to get up courage to show it to you all week," she said, with a deprecatory laugh.

"It 's the river," cried Sandy, "just at sundown, when the shadows are slipping away from the bank! Martha, why did n't ye tell me? Are there more?"

He ransacked the portfolio, drawing out sketch after sketch and exclaiming over each. They were crude little efforts, faulty in drawing and in color; but the spirit was there, and Sandy had a vague instinct for the essence of things.

"I believe you 're the real kind, Martha. They 're crooked a bit, but they 've got the feel of the woods in 'em, all right. I can just hear the water going over those stones."

Martha's eyes glowed at the praise. For a year she had reached forward blindly toward some outlet for her cramped, limited existence, and suddenly a way seemed open toward the light.

"I wanted to learn how before I showed you," she said. "I am never going to show them to any one but you and mother and father."

"But you must go somewhere to study," cried Sandy. "It 's a great artist you 'll be some day."

She shook her head. "It 's not for me,

Sandy. I 'll always be like a little beggar girl that peeps through the fence into a beautiful garden. I know all the wonderful things are there, but I 'll never get to them."

"But ye will," cried Sandy, hot with sympathy. "I 'll be making money some day, and I 'll send ye to the finest master in the country; and you will be getting well and strong, and we 'll go—"

Mr. Meech, shuffling up the walk toward them, interrupted. "Studying for the examination, eh? That 's right, my boy. The judge tells me that you have a good chance to win the scholarship."

"Did he, now?" said Sandy, with shameless pleasure; "and you, Mr. Meech, do ye think the same?"

"I certainly do," said Mr. Meech. "Anybody that can accomplish the work you do at home, and hold your record at the academy, stands an excellent chance."

Sandy thought so, too, but he tried to be modest. "If it 'll be in me, it will come out," he said with suppressed triumph as he swung his books across his shoulder and started home.

Martha's eyes followed him wistfully, and she hoped for a backward look before he turned in at the door. But he was absorbed in sailing a broomstick across Aunt Melvy's pathway, causing her to drop her basket and start after him in hot pursuit.

That evening the judge glanced across the table with great satisfaction at Sandy, who was apparently buried in his Vergil. The boy, after all, was a student; he was justifying the money and time that had been spent upon him; he was proving a credit to his benefactor's judgment and to his knowledge of human nature.

"Would ye mind telling me a word that rhymes with lance?" broke in Sandy after an hour of absorbed concentration.

"Pants," suggested the judge. But he woke up in the night to wonder again what part of Vergil Sandy could have been studying.

"How about the scholarship?" he asked the next day of Mr. Moseley, the principal of the academy.

Mr. Moseley pursed his lips and considered the matter ponderously. He regarded it as ill befitting an instructor of youth to dispose of any subject in words of less than three syllables.

"Your protégé, Judge Hollis, is an ambiguous proposition. He possesses invention and originality, but he is sadly lacking in sustained concentration."

"But if he studies," persisted the judge, "you think he may win it?"

Mr. Moseley wrinkled his brows and looked as if he were solving a problem in Euclid. "Probably," he admitted; "but there is a most insidious enemy with which he has to contend."

"An enemy?" repeated the judge, anxiously.

"My dear sir," said Mr. Moseley, sinking his voice to husky solemnity, "the boy is stung by the tarantula of athletics!"

It was all too true. The Ambiguous Proposition had found, soon after reaching Clayton, that base-ball was what he had been waiting for all his life. It was what he had been born for, what he had crossed the ocean for, and what he would gladly have died for.

There could have been no surer proof of his growing power of concentration than that he kept a firm grasp on his academy work during these trying days. It was a hand-to-hand fight with the great mass of knowledge that had been accumulating at such a cruel rate during the years he had spent out of school. He was making gallant progress when a catastrophe occurred.

The great ball game of the season, which was to be played in Lexington between the Clayton team and the Lexington nine, was set for June 2. And June 2 was the day which cruel fate—masked as the board of trustees—had set for the academy examinations. Sandy was the only member of the team who attended the academy, and upon him alone rested the full agony of renunciation. His disappointment was so utterly crushing that it affected the whole family.

"Could n't they postpone the game?" asked the judge.

"It was the second that was the only day the Lexingtons could play," said Sandy, in black despair. "And to think of me sitting in the bloomin' old school-room while Sid Gray loses the game in me place!"

For a week before the great event he lived in retirement. The one topic of conversation in town was the ball game, and he found the strain too great to be borne. The team was to go to Lexington on the noon train with a mighty company of loyal followers. Every boy and girl who could

meet the modest expenses was going, save the unfortunate victims of the junior class at the academy. Annette Fenton had even had a dress made in the Clayton colors.

As Sandy went into town on the important day, his heart was like a rock in his breast. There was glorious sunshine everywhere, and a cool little undercurrent of breezes stirred every leaf into a tiny banner of victory. Up in the square, Johnson's colored band was having a final rehearsal, while on the court-house steps the team, glorious in new uniforms, were excitedly discussing the plan of campaign. Little boys shouted, and old boys left their stores to come out and give a bit of advice or encouragement to the waiting warriors. Maidens in crisp lawn dresses and flying ribbons fluttered about in a tremor of anticipation.

Sandy Kilday, with his cap pulled over his eyes, went up Back street. If he could not make the devil get behind him, he at least could get behind the devil. Without a moment's hesitation he would have given ten years of sober middle-age life for that one glorious day of youth on the Lexington diamond, with the victory to be fought for, and the grand stand to be won.

He tried not to keep step with the music — he even tried to think of quadratic equations — as he marched heroically on to the academy. His was the face of a Christian martyr relinquishing life for a good but hopeless cause.

Late that afternoon Judge Hollis left his office and walked around to the academy. He had sympathized fully with Sandy, and wanted, if possible, to find out the result of the examination before going home. The report of the scholarship won would reconcile him to his disappointment.

At the academy gate he met Mr. Moseley, who greeted him with a queer smile. They both asked the same question:

"Where 's Sandy?"

As if in answer, there came a mighty shout from the street leading down to the depot. Turning, they saw a cheering, hilarious crowd; bright-flowered hats flashed among college caps, while shrill girlish voices rang out with the manly ones. Carried high in the air on the shoulders of a dozen boys, radiant with praise and success, sat the delinquent Sandy, and the tumult below resolved itself into one mighty cheer:

"Kilday, Kilday!
Won the day.
Hooray!"

(To be continued)

FATE

BY MAUD WILDER GOODWIN

WHY should we strive when all things are decreed?
As well may planets tug against the sun,
Or rivers, by resolving, cease to run,
As we by striving rule our word or deed.
All Darwin's science and all Calvin's creed
Tell the same truth: that which is done is done,
And we, elect or damned ere life begun,
Foredoomed to be a flower or a weed.
Upon the plastic wax of infancy
A thousand years of habit set their seal:
Such as our fathers were, for woe or weal,
Strive we or shirk we, such we too must be.
Thus Reason speaks, and having talked her fill,
Something within us, answering, says: "*I will.*"

A VISIT TO THE PAWNBROKER AUCTIONS OF NEW YORK CITY

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

WITH PICTURES BY ORSON LOWELL

IN that strenuous neighborhood where Canal street joins the Bowery,—where elevated trains crash ceaselessly overhead, and, on the cobbles beneath, heavy teams, trolleys, push-carts, and humanity of all ages and nations mix and mingle in the endless traffic of the street,—there wave the red flags of sale that mark certain clearing-houses of insolvency, the million petty failures to redeem.

For it is provided by law that when any article left as a pledge shall remain unclaimed for the space of a year, the pawnbroker, to obtain his money, must offer it at public auction, the proceeds to apply on the sum loaned, the surplus, if any, to be returned to the owner—this being contrary to the general impression that an unredeemed pledge becomes the property of the pawnbroker, who may sell it as he chooses and wax fat on the profits. He may not sell as he chooses, except in so far as his selection of a licensed auction-room, and he may not wax fat. Indeed, he is not unlikely to wax lean on these sales; but of that later.

As above suggested, there is a group of down-town auction-rooms that make a business of handling pawnbrokers' sales. There are four of these places, with an aggregate annual business of something over a million dollars. They appear to have grown up, during the last twenty-five years, close together, so that their buyers, who are small Hebrew dealers for the most part, may gravitate from one to the other without waste of time; and they are located on the lower Bowery because this is the neighborhood where the minor merchants of Israel do chiefly congregate.

They are not inviting places. The front shades are as likely to be down as not, and within the atmosphere is gloomy and barn-like. With the exception of the gems and finer jewelry, the goods to be sold are not carefully arranged for display; and we feel a sense of discipline, and converse in whispers, as we peer through a high railing at the table of miscellaneous wares, glance up at the shelves containing the bundles of clothing, or peek into a show-case at the diamonds.

There are two or more rooms, and sales are carried on simultaneously. Jewelry and miscellaneous goods, such as clocks, silverware, and musical instruments, are sold in one room, while the importance of the old-

clothing industry gives it a room to itself. At one place two rooms are allotted to the sale of clothing—one for men's garments only, and one for the belongings of women and children. The manager of this establishment treated us cordially, and it being about the center of the group, we decided to make his place headquarters from which to drop into those on each side after the sales began.

We are rather early. The selling begins at half-past ten, and goods for the day's sale are still arriving. A dray-load of clothing from a pawn-shop on Third Avenue is being carried up to the men's room, and another, a mass of nondescript rolls and bundles, is being distributed on the shelves reserved for the garments of women and children. A number of customers are drifting in and out—rusty-looking Hebrews for the most part, with a fair sprinkling of women. The jewelry and a miscellaneous consignment from a shop well up-town are already displayed, and about them buyers collect.

CHARACTERISTIC BUYERS

We elbow our way in. The show-case is crowded with gold and silver ornaments, and one end of it glitters with diamonds. Then we take a more careful look at the people collected about us. They are a trifle less shabby than those gathered about a case of cheaper trinkets up the street,—wedding-rings and gaudy plated stuff from Avenue A,—but they do not impress us as capitalists, or even as fairly prosperous tradesmen. We should not like to risk ten cents on one of them except as a gift. Perhaps the real buyers have not come yet.

Yet a curious thing happens. One particularly dingy-looking little man at the end beckons to a smartly dressed young fellow who seems to be in charge, and says something to him in an unknown tongue. Taking out a key, the young man opens the case and hands out to the dingy man a ring—a rich gold affair, set with a diamond weighing no less than two carats.

I hold my breath. The dingy little man will probably make off with the ring, and the clerk will have to pay for it. But behold! the dingy man has whisked out a small magnifying-glass, such as jewelers use, and is squinting at the diamond, as if he were really interested in its value. And the clerk—the clerk is not even watching him! Only when the dingy man passes it to a dingy neighbor does he object.

"Don't pass no goods! Hand 'em back to me!" he growls.

So the ring goes into the case again, and while the case is open two or three quite disreputable hands reach in and take out gems at will, and the clerk merely berates them for bothering him, and seemingly takes slight interest in the fact that a thousand dollars' worth of precious stones is in the hands of men whose combined outward effects would hardly bring two dollars. We cannot help thinking that the clerk ought to be more careful.

There is a movement in the outer edge of the crowd, and we notice that the manager, a handsome, pleasant-faced Hebrew, has entered the room.

"Come, boys," he says cheerfully; "time! Let 's get at it. Come, Gutstein! Come, Rowsky! Business, now!"

There is a raised platform a little way from the show-case, and upon it are a few chairs. Below, between the platform and the case, are other chairs. The manager mounts the platform and occupies the center. Half a dozen of the group ascend with him and range themselves on each side and behind. Others sit on the platform at his feet or occupy the chairs below,

and behind these are still others. There is no scramble for place. Each assumes his position as if by some seniority of right or tenure. An avenue between the platform and the show-case is kept open, and at the end of it sits a middle-aged Hebrew with the key of the case and an unmistakable eye for value. Over against the wall is a sort of raised box like a pulpit, and in it are three men with account-books. One of them is the pawnbroker whose sale it is. The others are clerks.

They begin with the chains. The man at the case takes out a heavy gold affair—probably the pledge of some bartender—and calls rather slowly:

"One fine golt chain. Weight t'irty-eight pennyweights."

"Fine golt chain—t'irty-eight pennyweights," echoes the auctioneer. "Let the fine golt chain come this way."

It is already coming. The announcements are the only slow thing about the transaction. Scarcely are the words out of the caller's mouth when a soiled hand—the hand of the man next him—has snatched it, clung to it a brief second, yielded it to the man across the avenue, from whom it is tugged by the man beyond, gripped in turn by another, plucked by another, whipped away by another, barely touched by the next, held for a brief second by the dingy little man whose place is at the auctioneer's feet, and sooner than I have put down the words the "fine golt chain" has run the gantlet of appraisement, is jerked into the auctioneer's hands, and is going so fast that only a phonograph could keep pace with the verbal record.

There is not an instant's delay. In that fleeing glimpse every man has fixed the value of the piece and has his bid ready, if he means to bid at all. The auctioneer knows the value, too, and begins with a figure not much above, dropping rapidly to meet the first offer. It comes swiftly, with two or three more on top of it, and the article is gone,—gone as a rocket goes, with a sputter, a flash, and an explosion,—and the dingy little man has paid about the price of old gold for a chain the workmanship of which originally cost as much as the metal. There is no lingering "Twenty-five, twenty-five—do I hear the thirty?"—no "Last call, are you all done?"—no "Once, twice, three times, and—" the customary long pause for a last belated bid. There are no pauses; the bids are never belated. Just a swift flight of figures, and then all is over.

But what interested me most was the manner of bidding. In fact, there was no bidding at all that I could see, watch as closely as I would. Then, at last, I noticed that the buyers behind the auctioneer had their hands resting on the back of his chair. Those at the side rested their hands on his knees. Other hands were beneath his coat. The little man at his feet sat with one hand touching the auctioneer's shoe. Those along the avenue doubtless had other ways of making their bids known—a movement of the hand, a twitch of the eye, a scarcely perceptible lifting of the chin. Yet, after realizing these things, there was not one sale in twenty where I could see a single bid made by one of these alert buyers. How the auctioneer could distinguish them, or respond so accurately to the various anatomical signal-codes, calling without an error the name of a buyer he could not see, I shall never be able to comprehend. Even the fact that, as he told me later, he had been sitting there for a quarter of a century does not fully clear up the mystery to these duller brains of mine.

Farther down the street, where the auctioneer is a resolute Celt with powerful teeth and a jaw grown firm with exercise, they are selling watches. The caller at the case has a decidedly nasal intonation.

"Noomer hundert und sechsy. Von fine golt vatch—Schviss mofement."

"That 's it! Right this way with the Swiss movement! Come, gentlemen!" And the beautiful timepiece slides through the outstretched hands so swiftly and vigorously that we fear for its safety. The Celt takes one hasty glance at it, then:

"Thirty-four dollars," he says, biting out the words with those powerful teeth. "Thirty-four—I 've got it; thirty-five, thirty-six, thirty-seven,—half,—sold to Mr. Bountogetter for thirty-seven-fifty."

The entire operation has required perhaps ten seconds. At an ordinary auction it would have consumed almost as many minutes, with a lot of importuning and old jokes in the bargain. Not that jokes are barred here. A bit of pleasantry is likely to slip in at any time. They were selling diamonds later, when the man at the case called:

"Von fine gluster ring. Diamonts mit a green shtone in der center."

"What is the green stone, Sam?" This from the auctioneer.

"Id loogs like an emeralt."

"But *is* it an emerald, Sam? Every eye is upon you."

"Then let ef'ry eye rest on dot shtone, und he vill know."

could possibly be misled as to its true character.

It is a good natured crowd, and likes to have its fun when the Celt will permit. This is not often. He is there for business, and part of his business is to keep them in order and curb any tendency to unprofitable diversions.

"No, Myers, you cannot talk here!

A GROUP ABOUT THE SHOW-CASE BEFORE THE SALE

I may say here that there is no deception in these places. Goods are correctly called, and if there are any defects, they are noted. There seems no desire to mislead, and any attempt to do so would be worse than useless. Among this little knot of buyers are probably the best snap-shot judges of gems in the world, and the diamond that flashes from hand to hand, perhaps held for an instant next another stone on the bidder's finger, is compared and appraised in that instant, and among the valuations there is rarely a range of more than two or three dollars. "Id loogs like an emeralt" was Sam's little joke. Let every eye rest on that stone, and not a soul in the crowd

Every day I have to tell you about that talking! What are you doing, anyway? Telling Mossburg's fortune? Mossburg, if you want your fortune told, there 's a place across the street. We don't tell fortunes here—we make them."

Myers and Mossburg look humble and sorry, like school-boys, and the sale proceeds. The Celt's face is immobile. I have never seen it lose its judicial calm. Diamonds have marred the heavy plate-glass of the show-case, but the passing of many brilliants has left no mark on the smooth, firm cheek of the auctioneer.

Farther up the street the sale of cheap jewelry is in progress, and we note a de-

BIDDING FOR JEWELRY

cided difference in the group of buyers, compared with which those of the other places seem fairly aristocratic. These goods are gaudy ornaments, such as the poorer-class Italians buy, and a fair percentage of the purchasers are of the same nationality. Here, too, discipline is necessary, and is administered with directness and vigor by the auctioneer.

"Shtop dot vistling!" he yells at a slender son of Italy who is inclined to be musical in his contemplation. "Dis iss no free concert. Gazzo, t'row dot cigar avay! It vould kill dogs." And a moment later, to a tall Spanish-looking person who is inclined to demur at the loss of some desired article: "Shut up! Shut up, I tell you! Vat you fellows take dis place for, anyvay?"

At times he admonishes them in lan-

guage that no self-respecting magazine could print—language which, under other conditions, could be wiped out only with blood. But the auctioneer is imperial and can do no wrong. Also, his person is sacred.

We find that shillings are still current money in this trade—eight shillings to the dollar, a single shilling being thirteen cents. When bids are running in fractions of a dollar the advances are made in shillings unless the amount is lower than a dollar, when five-cent advances are the rule. We also note certain peculiarities of English. A mandolin is a "mandoleen," a violin a "violeen," silk is properly pronounced "sillik," and a dollar is usually a "dol'," likely to be pronounced "dah."

The clothing sale is going on up-stairs when we return to our headquarters. The auctioneer, a rosy-faced boy, stands on a long table, on each side of which are raised benches for the customers. His method of calling suggests the triumphant cackle of a hen who has just contributed to the world's food-supply. Taking a garment in his hands, he steps briskly down the length of the table; then spreading it out in front of him, he steps as briskly backward, announcing the nature and quality of the piece, while a dozen or more hands are stretched out for a grasp as it whisks by, reaching instinctively for the portions most likely to be affected by wear. Then:

"Cut, cut, cut, cut, cadarker!" calls he of the rosy face, and the garment has changed hands to be added to Liebermann's, Galotto's, O'Brien's, or Finsky's pile, each of which has its place on the floor behind.

If I do not seem to have conveyed this sale clearly, it may be because nothing but a kineto-phonographic report could present it properly. Of one thing I am certain. I have not shortened the action of it, and I know that the cry of the auctioneer is as closely related to that of the happy hen as it is to anything I have ever heard in English.

We are surprised at the prices obtained for cast-off clothing. We recall certain suits exchanged with itinerant old-clothes men for kitchen utensils, and wish we had them back to offer here. We realize that old clothes, like old gold and diamonds, are staple, and have their market value. Suits that I would not have given three dollars for when new, bring, in a decidedly cast-off condition, as much as three-fifty. Each maker's name is called, the piece is fairly shown, and if moth-eaten, the fact is stated.

We return to the clothing auction again and again, perhaps to calculate how much we have lost by not hoarding our garments of the past—perhaps because we like to study the faces of those grouped about the long table and to hear the red-cheeked boy shout, "Cut, cut, cut, cut, cadarker!" Once the manager from the floor below, when he had finished with the gold chains and gems, came up with us, and himself mounted the table to show us how he had once sold and could still sell old clothing as well as precious metals and diamonds.

This was a good joke to the buyers. They greeted him with a cordial laugh, many of them being the same he had sold to long ago, though there were new faces here and there, and now and then he had to ask a name.

"What do you call yourself?" to a young fellow, the purchaser of a waist-coat.

"Wiener."

"Oh, Wiener—Wienerschnitzel, eh?" And again the crowd laughed, and was happy at having back its old salesman, with his friendliness and his jokes.

To show the importance of the clothing industry, I may add that in one establishment the proprietor himself attends to this part of the auctioneering, leaving the gems and miscellaneous goods to attachés. He does not walk up and down a long table, as is the custom elsewhere, perhaps because he has grown old in the business and is entitled to the comfort of a chair. He wears a linen yachting-cap and glasses, and has a keen sense of humor, too, which he is likely to mix with the liberal ratio of severity necessary to control the motley crowd. The open space in front of him he insists on keeping clear, that the piece he is selling may be properly shown; and woe to the unfortunate one who steps out into this way of wrath. It is as dangerous as a cyclone-belt.

He is selling a very poor lot this time—articles that may bring as little as five and ten cents. A sort of credit seems to be the rule, but many articles are called "Cash on the left," or "right," or "'way out," and a collector is kept busy gathering these

bits of change. Sometimes a purchaser argues for credit instead.

"Here, you, Schnaufbaum, gif dot vest back! Trust nodding! I ain' forgot dot ten cends you did n' pay last year. Dis pusiness may be healthy, but dot iss not v'y

THE COMPETITION FOR WATCHES

I 'm in id. Here, hand up dot vest! I sell him again!"

The vest is dragged away from Schnaufbaum, and a moment later passes to other hands.

"That is a very fine suit," calls the pawnbroker from his lookout, as a tuxedo which in some manner has fallen into disreputable company is brought to the block of execution.

"Don'd you denk I know id? I alwis vear a coat efenings like dot."

At other times, because he is getting old, perhaps, and rather weary, he seems indifferent and calls the figures dreamily, as if in fancy he drifted through vanished summers.

And now we are at a sale of miscellaneous odds and ends, a mass of flotsam and jetsam from homes, shops, offices, and places of amusement. Silverware, queen's-ware, and sewing-machines; tools and apparatus of every profession and trade, fairly given away. Razors, tied up in bunches like asparagus, at less for the bunch than the cost of a single piece; chafing-dishes, telling of good times, for a few cents; large family Bibles that somebody has paid for in wearisome instalments, going now for the price of one; a box of tools, left by some carpenter to obtain bread for his little ones, or perhaps liquor for himself, twenty cents; a good guitar, thirty-five cents; a violin and bow for half a dollar; a bunch of umbrellas of the department-store brand, but in good condition, at ninety cents for the bunch. There is no premium on dishonesty at these rates. One can afford even to be forgetful when he can get six umbrellas for ninety cents.

We get excited presently and determine to buy something. But we are never quick enough. The articles are sold before we begin to make up our mind whether we want them or not. I did get a match-box at last, perhaps because it was the only thing that nobody else cared for. I did not care for it, either; but I was bound to have something. As for the artist, he got nothing but a scolding for making a sketch and attracting the crowd's attention.

I fear the auctioneer at this place was not a perfect gentleman. At least he did not speak like one. He addressed the artist as "my friend," and said he 'd been

SALE OF WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING

A CONTEST FOR MEN'S CLOTHING

watching him "about 'steen minutes." He also demanded his business in a most peremptory and disturbing manner. When the artist explained that we were quite harmless and would carry off nothing but a sketch, he frothed at the mouth, while his nose, which was of a horticultural variety, became quite purple. After which he stated that if we wanted a photograph of himself we might have it. Whereupon, it being noon, we fled to Chinatown, and had a bowl of chop-suey and some strong tea.

The sales, however, do not stop for luncheon. Buyers who eat bring something in their pockets, or have it brought to them. At one of the gem sales a boy came from a near-by restaurant and served sandwiches and coffee or milk. The sandwiches were rather solid in appearance, but they in no wise clogged the wheels of trade. Customers held them in one hand and transacted business with the other, thus skilfully combining refreshment with industry.

The women's sale comes in the afternoon. The arrangement of the long table and the bench seats is similar to that of the men's room up-stairs, but above the heads of the auctioneer and bidders, ranged along the walls, are slatted bins, each bearing the name of some regular customer. These bins are within convenient throwing-distance, and are necessary, for the reason that many of the goods are in assorted lots of small articles. To deliver them, or to arrange them in piles, would result in confusion. There is a far larger percentage of men here, but they are not much in evidence. Women have all the front seats.

They are mostly middle-aged, dingy women, some rather gaudily so, perhaps because their wardrobes are made up of certain showy selections from the sales. Some look weary and pale, careworn with the effort of maintaining a family out of the profits of petty trade. Some are thin and shrewd; some stout and aggressive, almost offensively prosperous; some with faces showing the ravages of dissipation, but all with an eye for the main chance, and a quick judgment of the value of "three articles of underwear, a faded dress, and a pair of baby shoes" at the length of the table.

The selling is as rapid as elsewhere. It would be worth while for certain women shoppers to look in on the sales at this bargain-counter. No dawdling, no hesita-

tion; it is touch and go, or touch and gone, rather, for the bundles are no sooner unrolled than they are bid for, no sooner bid for than sold, re-rolled, and tossed into one of the bins above their heads. And I may say here that the auctioneer has an accuracy of aim which is really wonderful. Watching him for an hour, I did not see him miss a bin with a single bundle, though the distance is several feet and the openings are not large. Now and then some one buys who has no bin,—a new customer, probably,—and the bundle is tossed directly to the purchaser, which creates a diversion when there is a failure to catch and the buyer is deluged with a shower of assorted garments. We saw one man hit on the head with a large bundle which broke and fairly covered him with striped hose, lingerie, and summer neckties. He took it good-naturedly and laughed with the rest. And so the bundles go flying from the auctioneer's deft hands to bins at the right of him, bins at the left of him, bins at the back of him, and to odd customers "'way out": bundles at fifteen cents, at twenty-five, even at a dollar—this amount for two pairs of lace curtains and some pillow-shams. Then breathlessly we see a dollar and a half paid for a black, silk-lined skirt —property of Mrs. Vandervesent of Fifth Avenue, so the auctioneer says. A very gorgeous lady at the end of the table buys it. It is evidently her habit to buy only the real thing, for as each good piece develops the auctioneer calls her attention to it.

NOON—THE SANDWICH AND THE DIAMOND

"Ah, Mrs. Goldberg, this is for you. This beautiful cape, mit passamenterie trimming. You can get ten dollars for this cape."

Mrs. Goldberg, with the others, gets a fleeting consideration of the garment as it whisks by. Then she looks down at the table: the cape does not interest her. It goes to the Italian lady beyond for ninety cents, and the auctioneer again woos Mrs. Goldberg, this time with a silk waist. But she shakes her head.

"What is the matter to-day? Nothing good enough, eh? Well, to-morrow we have a fine lot from Sixth Avenue."

Only the single garments are paraded for inspection. The bundle goods are opened and run over hastily by the auctioneer, but it would not be possible to offer them for closer inspection.

Some of the bundles awaken pity. Children's things, mostly—pretty little Sunday dresses that have gone for food or drink, tiny shoes, and even underwear. Then there are the sheets and blankets and pillows. These things are not sold without need. Even Margery Daw does not dispose of her bedding from choice. Ah, me! Necessity may have been mother to Invention also, but Sacrifice was her first-born.

There are remarkable faces at these sales—men bearded and patriarchal: they would fit into canvases we have seen of Moscow, Warsaw, or Jerusalem. I have already spoken of the women, who are of less pronounced racial type, but strongly marked with the characteristics of eager barter, the tension of a nerve-destroying trade which becomes a mania with the passing years. We were especially inter-

ested in one old face, the tense, drawn face of a woman nearing ninety, her eyes grown dim and milky with age, but still eager and alert. Her elbows rested on the long table, and at times one lean arm, and a

told us. "She buys very little now, but she cannot stay away. She owns her own home, and has money to live on. Sometimes she comes in a carriage. She cannot resist the excitement of her old trade.

A SALE OF MISCELLANEOUS GOODS

hand knotted and dark, like a claw, half supported her head. She rarely bought, but never once did she lose sight of the auctioneer's lips, or of the lot that was being sold.

"She has been sitting there for twenty-five years, to my knowledge," the manager

The others are the same. Once an auction dealer, always an auction dealer. That woman with a little baby stayed away for a year. When she came back she said: 'I can't give it up. I 've tried, and I can't. I 'm not happy unless I come here.'

"Yes, they make money, but very little

on each piece. Few of them have stores, but sell at their homes. Some make a living, some get rich. That fat woman is worth fifty thousand. I credit her for whatever she wishes. We credit most of the others, too, men and women—some for a good deal, some for very little. They pay very well. We seldom lose.

"It is the same with the other lines—men's clothes, odds and ends, jewelry: the profits are not large on any of them, but the buyers handle a good many articles and make something on each. You saw the little fellow who sat close to my feet this morning. He buys mostly watches and chains. He will sell you a watch that cost him five dollars for five dollars and three cents, and show you the bill of what he paid. The bill sells the article. Almost any dealer who has a shop would rather pay a few cents' profit to one of these men than to come here himself. A good many pawnbrokers buy from them, and sometimes buy back their own pledges. Some dealers come every morning and pick out what they want, and leave an order with an auction buyer. Few outsiders buy: it goes too quick for them.

AFTER THE SALE—A REGULAR BUYER WAITING TO SELL A DIAMOND AT A VERY SLIGHT ADVANCE

"There is another traffic that goes on here, too—that of buying and selling pawn-tickets. A pawn-ticket will usually bring from five cents to a dollar more than the amount of the loan, and there are men who do nothing else but buy them up as a speculation. Some of them they sell again. When they can't sell, they sometimes take out the goods, but generally they let them go. A ticket for a watch or a valuable ring often changes hands several times. Of course if a fellow has an article up and can't take it out, he 'll sell his ticket for very little, and speculators buy them as a gamble. There are all sorts of ways to live, and to scheme to make a dollar," added the manager.

The little dingy man came by just then with his package.

"Well, how many watches to-day?" asked the manager.

The reply was in that peculiar mixed Yiddish which I cannot hope to give faithfully.

"I denk 'bout fefty."

"Fifty! Pretty good for one day. What do they come to?"

"Oh, vell, mebbe eight hunder."

"How much profit to you?"

Two Hebrew hands would have gone up but for the package. As it was, one waved excitedly.

"No profit. I make nodding—no more! I gif my whole profit to-day for fefty cend. I *gif* you fefty cend to take my buys."

He held out the package to the manager, who laughed.

"Ike has been losing money like that for five years, but he keeps right on buying. How many watches on hand, Ike, at home?"

"I denk 'bout t'ree hunder."

"Silver watches?"

"Um—yeh; silver, fill' gol'—all kind."

"Any chains?"

"'Bout two hunder."

"How do you keep them safe?"

"Safe? Yes. Big new safe."

The little man had grown restive under this examination, and now hastened over to a corner where some of his confrères were buying, selling, exchanging, and otherwise adjusting the day's distributions.

"Ike began with forty dollars," commented the manager. "I credit him for about a hundred times that much now every week. The stout man who sat at my right buys only very fine goods, mostly diamonds. He began not many years ago with a few hundred dollars. He is said to be worth a quarter of a million to-day. He

sells diamonds to dealers all over the city. Diamonds are diamonds, of course, no matter where they come from."

We asked if such goods brought anything near their value.

"Diamonds? Yes. That is, they bring within a little of their wholesale market value, but the settings usually go for nothing. Gold and silver goods bring about the price of the old metal. Antiques bring good prices, especially antique settings and ornaments. Speaking of diamonds, we get some very fine ones here. I remember a two-carat blue stone that brought eight hundred and fifty dollars. Of course blue is the thing, next white, and then the yellow stones. Our buyers know the value of diamonds, and you can learn a good deal about prices if you watch them a few times.

"Miscellaneous articles go for nothing, and bundle goods, such as they are selling in there now. That is a poor lot to-day, from a very poor quarter. The pawnbroker will lose on them."

The pawnbroker joined us a little later, and we were presented. He was a pleasant-spoken, rather bustling fellow.

"Yes, I always lose on *my* sales," he said. "I 'm in a poor part of town, and the things that come to me bring nothing at auction. I have about three sales a year like this, and I lose from two to three hundred dollars each time."

He opened his book and showed me where the goods, sold to-day for five hundred and sixty-five dollars, had cost him over eight hundred dollars in loans.

"Of course we count on nine tenths of our pledges being redeemed," he explained; "and we run about two hundred and fifty pledges a day, so that we manage to keep going. The good days of pawnbroking are over, though. The competition is too hard, and we have to lend too much on the goods. The man who makes the biggest loans gets the business, but he takes the most risk, too. He 's all right when the things are taken out; but when they 're not he 's apt to lose, especially on cheap jewelry and bundle goods. A good many people condemn pawnbrokers, but they don't realize that if it was n't for the pawnbroker a lot of folks every day would go hungry. The Provident Loan Society is recognized by the State as a charitable institution. They charge one per cent. a month, and it is a good thing; but it 's mostly patronized by the better class, and the really poor who want a few cents come to the pawnbroker to get it. I 've lent many a woman a dollar on a few little things so she could feed her children, and many a time I 've got fifteen cents for the same things here at auction. I never get what I lend on bundle goods unless they take them out."

"And if they do?"

"I get three cents. For that I have to make out the tickets and take care of the goods. People pawn the same things over and over, and we get to lending more on them, and then at last the stuff is left on our hands. Some pawn things with no intention of taking them out—articles they don't want and can't sell. They come with a hard-luck story, and we take the things, and then we can't sell them, either. Some of these people that buy here pawn the things again. They take them home and wash and clean them, and pawn them for more than they paid. They generally get some one to do it for them—some customer of ours if they can. They have all kinds of ways to do the pawnbroker, and if the pawnbroker gets hardened, it 's because they harden him."

We suggested that men's clothes brought fairly good prices.

"Yes, but we lend too much on them. The competition on clothing is very swift." He leaned over and took me by the lapel, running his eye up and down my wardrobe. "On that suit of yours, for instance, I would have to lend five dollars; and you know yourself you would n't give that for it at auction."

I agreed that I would not. I said also that I would be willing to let him have it as security for the five, if there were any convenient and safe way of getting home without it. Whereupon he left me his address and went his way.

It is near six, and the motley crowd of purchasers, with their bags and their bundles, have departed. Up-stairs and down, the rooms are empty; the voice of the auctioneer is stilled. Perhaps a thousand petty accounts—accounts that are histories—have passed through the clearing-house since morning. Misfortune, need, sacrifice—this is the usual record; then failure. And the balance-lines are drawn and the word "Finis" is written with each bit or

bundle that passes into other histories and other hands at the sale of the unredeemed.

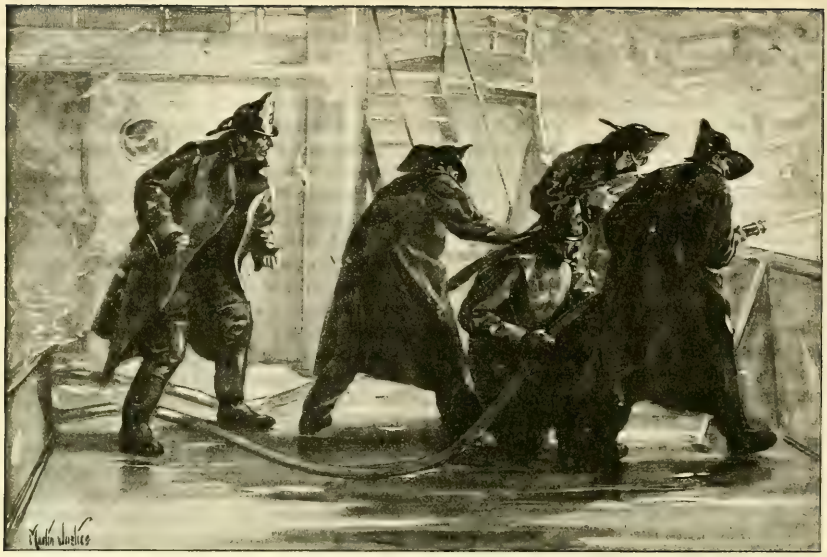
The Provident Loan Society of New York was incorporated, in 1894, "for the purpose of aiding such persons as the society shall deem in need of pecuniary assistance, by loans of money at interest, upon the pledge of personal property." It was organized by a number of New York city's leading citizens, including James Speyer, Seth Low, Abram S. Hewitt, Otto T. Bannard, and Solomon Loeb. It charges one per cent. interest per month on loans of less than two hundred and fifty dollars, or at the rate of ten per cent. per annum on loans exceeding that amount; and these rates are recognized as somewhat philanthropical considering the class of securities offered, many of which, such as furs, being likely to deteriorate in value unless cared for at considerable expense.

It is true that the patrons of the Provident Loan have been mainly of the better class, the loans averaging about thirty dollars each; but it is the society's plan to "extend its usefulness to less profitable business in poorer sections of the city, making more loans on clothing and less desirable pledges. We must not forget," he adds, "that the purpose of our incorporation is philanthropical so far as is consistent with the full measure of strength and safety."

By the treasurer's report it appears that 168,272 pledges were received in 1903, on which $5,576,091 was the amount advanced. The report further shows that the funds employed at the end of 1903 amounted to $2,647,121.18, and it may be said in a general way that the capital in actual use is equal to about one half the annual sum total of business. The gross earnings average about twelve per cent., out of which, interest on the society's bonds, certificates of contribution, and temporary loans from the banks and trust companies, as well as the general running expenses of the society, are paid. It should be said here that the society is not permitted to pay more than the legal rate of interest to any investor in either its bonds or certificates, or for the use of any funds whatever, all surplus at the end of the year becoming a part of the general fund, which has increased $233,621.18 since the institution was founded, by which it will be seen that philanthropy is not necessarily administered at a loss. There are also certain benefits of the Provident Loan which cannot be regarded in the light of philanthropy. Numerous well-to-do persons take advantage of the fact that no storage charges are made, and during the early summer pawn thousands of dollars' worth of furs, overcoats, and silverware for ridiculously small sums, thereby obtaining for a few cents safe and careful storage, besides the use of the money borrowed. Thus a fine fur coat pawned for two dollars in June is stored and cared for until November for the absurd sum of ten cents.

The "unredeemed pledge" sales of the Provident Loan are held at an auction-room on upper Fifth Avenue, and usually leave a balance in favor of the pledgers, comparatively few of whom ever call for it, so that there is a constantly growing fund resulting from the residue of these sales.

AFTER THE SALE—EXPRESSIVE BACKS



Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

"'ALL RIGHT,' HE THREATENED; 'I 'LL SEE TO *YOU*, TOO!'" (SEE PAGE 370)

CAPTAIN KEIGHLEY'S MEN

BY HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

WITH PICTURES BY MARTIN JUSTICE

THE foreman of the "forward-hold gang" of freight-handlers still maintains that the fire in the cargo-room of the *Flamisch* started in a clay pipe, in the "heel 'f a longshoreman's cutty." "Don't I know that smell?" he said. "Man alive, I c'u'd tell it wit' my snoot cut off. I c'u'd taste it. I c'u'd so." The steamship's officers have described the same fire to the newspaper men as "a case of spontaneous combustion," and the newspapers have so reported it to the public. But when the fire-boat *Manhattan*, then just two weeks in commission, slid under the starboard quarter of the big *Flamisch*, Captain Keighley looked up to see scowling down on him, over the steamship's bulwarks, the dark face of a man whom he had helped to discharge from the service of the fire department one week before. And the presence of that man was at that moment as ominous to him as it subsequently became significant.

Captain Keighley was standing on the cement roof of the *Manhattan's* wheel-house, beside a monitor nozle that could drive a hole through a warehouse wall with a stream as stiff as a steel bar. The fact that he stood in that place of command, by virtue of his own cunning, in the face of intrigue in the department and treachery in his own crew, did not show in the look which he lifted to his enemy overhead. At most, he showed only a cool reliance on the streams of the *Manhattan* to cope with any mischief which there might be in hand; for she had a battery of four sets of duplex pumps that could force out of her pipes as much water in a minute

as twenty shore engines in a spouting row, and he was eager for a proper fire on which to test her powers.

"Cotton in the forrud hold!" the longshoremen bawled at him from the deck of the *Flamisch*. "Cotton afire! Cotton afire!"

The *Manhattan* swept into the slip, riding the ridges of her own swell, her keel all but naked amidships, and reversed with a suddenness that shook her to the stack. Captain Keighley struck at the whistle-rope and blew for tugs.

"Get a lighter alongside," he ordered his lieutenant, "an' wet down the cotton as I send her out. Tell the men to couple up two lines. Get the cotton-spray."

It is the way of the expert in handling such cotton fires to extinguish the worst of the flames in the hold and then to hook out the smoldering bales, hoist them to the open air, lower them to a lighter, and play on them there, separately and at ease. Captain Keighley, in pursuing that plan, gathered quickly into a squad all the men of his company who were "Brownies," as the members of the new "benevolent association" of the fire department were called; and these men he ordered up scaling-ladders to the deck of the *Flamisch* with two lines of hose. He left in charge of the *Manhattan* his lieutenant, Moore, who was the "financial secretary" of those same "Brownies"; and he went himself to take charge of operations in the burning hold of the *Flamisch*.

By so doing, he kept all the disaffected men of his company under his own eye, and he left their leader behind them in charge of the men who did not need to be watched.

Lieutenant Moore understood the tactics and smiled sourly. There was another man who smiled, but to more purpose. He was the longshoreman who had been scowling at Captain Keighley over the rail. And five minutes later, independently, unexpectedly, and from no known cause whatever, a blaze burst out in the cotton on the pier.

Now the pier-house, though covered with corrugated sheet-iron, was wooden, its beams sifted over with the fine dust of innumerable cargoes of grain and flour, and its whole length unprotected by a single hose-hydrant or fire-extinguisher. The result was a spread of flames so sudden that before the freight-handlers had ceased running and shouting for buckets, the fire had leaped into the roof timbers of the shed and begun to sing there busily; and the longshoreman who had smiled at Captain Keighley's tactics was in such danger that he barely escaped from the end of the pier by diving into the slip.

At first Lieutenant Moore was not quick to seize his opportunity; he remained stubbornly aboard the *Manhattan*, waiting for further orders. But when the shouts on the burning pier drew him to the deck of the *Flamisch*, he found that Captain Keighley and his men were still deep in the hold with the steamship's crew; and then he understood, foresaw, and made ready.

"Fine management," he grumbled, "to go down there an' leave a blaze like this behind him! Get another line up here, you men!"

The men obeyed with alacrity, but by the time they got water, they had only a squirt-gun stream to use against the fire that was developing. Unfortunately, they could not see the extent of that fire; and Lieutenant Moore, grumbling and complaining, did not appreciate the fact that in the flames which began to strike out from the windows of the pier-house through the smoke there was more than the disgrace of Captain Keighley for blundering in his conduct of the attack.

Deuce of a fine captain *he* was! If it was n't for the shore companies, now, that part of the water-front *would* get singed!

The sparks began to blow over on the *Flamisch*. He ran back to order up another line of hose, and called to the men on the *Manhattan* to train a stream from the monitor nozle over the deck of the *Flamisch* to the roof of the pier-buildings. He was promptly obeyed; but the stream was so strong that when it was raised to clear the bulwarks of the *Flamisch* it shot over the pier, and there was nothing to be done but to train it still higher, to let the water drop on the buildings, sprinkling them instead of tearing them to pieces.

Fire caught the awnings of the *Flamisch;* the firemen drenched them. A puff of blaze reached her house-work; they fought it off. Moore ordered here, cursed and complained there, and ran around futilely; and, at last, realizing what a fire he was at such close quarters with, he cried out frantically to cast off the hawsers and tow the *Flamisch* to midstream. There was no one left on the pier to cast off. The firemen had to get their axes and chop through the wire ropes. The steel strands resisted long enough to complete the disaster, and

when the last thread parted under the ax-blade, the current still held the *Flamisch* hard against the wharf.

A stewardess ran out from the cabins, screaming that the after house-work was afire.

The whole catastrophe had developed so quickly that the thought uppermost in Lieutenant Moore's mind was still that first one of Captain Keighley's disgrace; and when he lost his head and began to shout at the men, like an officer in the panic of a retreat, it was abuse of Captain Keighley that he shouted.

"What the —— did he want to go down in the hold for, with a fire like this up here? He 's a —— of a fine captain, he *is!* He 's a —— of a captain!"

One of the pipemen, without turning his head, growled under his helmet: "Why did n't you haul her out of here long ago?"

"Why don't she come out now?" Moore cried. "That 's why I did n't. 'Cause she won't! That 's why! 'Cause she can't!"

The tugs, whistling and panting around her, got their lines on the after bitts and pulled and shouldered and struggled noisily. But by the time they got her under way, the crew of the *Flamisch*, alarmed by the screams of the stewardess, were diving overboard with their clothes smoking, and Lieutenant Moore's men were retiring from a blaze that seemed to spit back their streams on them in spurts of steam.

Moore ordered one of them to go below decks and warn Captain Keighley and the squad in the hold. The man glanced at his fellows, and they shook their heads. They were all partizans of the captain; they had been chafing under Moore's attacks on him, and they were contemptuous of the lieutenant for the way he had handled the pier-house blaze. Moreover, there were only four of them to two lines of hose; the one unnecessary man there, as they saw the situation, was Moore. Let him go himself.

The lieutenant repeated his orders. The man sulkily remained where he was. And what with "Brownies" and "anti-Brownies," the influence of the fire commissioner and the influence of the chief, the party of Captain Keighley and the followers of Lieutenant Moore, discipline on the *Manhattan* had come to such a pass that Moore had no redress against a subordinate who refused to obey his orders.

"All right," he threatened; "I 'll see to *you*, too!" and turned to run for the hatch.

The men shrugged their shoulders and laughed. The *Manhattan*, trying to bring its monitor to bear on the burning woodwork of the *Flamisch*, shot a terrific stream, roaring and threshing, over their heads. One of them said: "That darn fool 'll be sweepin' us off here in a minute. We 'd better get inside out o' this an' help in there."

They retreated aft for shelter, dragging their hose, and left the forward deck to the flames that were blown over the *Flamisch* in a steady breeze.

II

Meanwhile, Lieutenant Moore had found Captain Keighley and the "Brownies," with their two lines, working busily in the choke of cotton smoke, playing one pipe on the heart of the fire and with the other sprinkling the steaming bales about it. And Captain Keighley, with his helmet awry on his head and a smile of contempt slanting his mouth, feeling the *Manhattan's* eight pumps behind him, was playing with that fire as a matador plays with a bull. The screeches of the stewardess and the flight of the ship's crew had not alarmed him. He was used to the sight of blind fright; he saw the flames before him confined and beaten back; and he knew that for any fire that might develop behind him, the *Manhattan* was a park of cannon drawn up in reserve. He did not consider that the *Manhattan*, drawn up under the high side of the *Flamisch*, was a park of cannon in a hole in the ground.

Lieutenant Moore, explaining in the manner of a man with a grievance, took a valuable minute to make the situation plain. He made it plainer than he knew. Keighley narrowed his old eyes and nodded. "Back out, boys!" he called. "Leave yer lines. We 'll pick 'em up from the deck."

The men dropped the squirming hose and climbed up the ladders; and as soon as they passed the orlop deck it was evident that they were in a trap. Flames were blowing across the hatch above them, as if the very air had suddenly become inflammable and taken fire from the fierce heat of the July sun. Captain Keighley led up the ladder until he was almost at the top, and then dropped down, singed and satisfied. There was no escape by that way.

"We 'll have to go aft between decks," he said.

An officer of the *Flamisch*, who had remained with them fighting the fire, replied in broken English that the forward hold was shut off from the after part of the boat by two "boolkheads" and a "cross-bunker."

Captain Keighley said: "Here, you know yer own boat. Take us out o' here."

The German shook his big, blond head, thought a moment, shook it again, and then made a pass with his hand and nodded. He dropped down the ladder, past the burning cotton, and they followed him, scorched, to the deep hold. He groped his way aft, beside the first pile of grain-sacks, to the partition of steel plates which makes the after wall of the cargo-room, and there he stopped. They heard him beating on the plates with the dull blows of a fat fist. One of the firemen passed him a belt-hatchet. He rang it on the bulkhead. There was no answer. Captain Keighley seized it and rapped like a miner signaling for aid.

The German said resignedly: "He haf gone."

But he was not gone. There was an answering tap from the other side of the metal, a bolt squeaked and grated, and then the bulkhead door swung back on the empty bunker and the faint glow of a furnace in the stoke-hole.

They crawled through the narrow opening into an atmosphere that was cool by comparison with that of the burning cargo-room, and they drew long breaths of relief there, looking around the well of steel at the bottom of which they stood, waiting for the two stokers to screw the bolts of the door in place again. The officer took a little tin lamp—the shape of a miniature watering-pot with a flame in the spout—and held it to give light on the work. One of the stokers looked back over his shoulder, surprised at this condescension. The officer said nothing till both doors were fast. Then he growled at them gutturally, and on the word they dropped their tools and ran, with the whole party at their heels, between hot boilers, through dark furnace-rooms, between more boilers, through the doors of other bulkheads, and finally into the grated galleries of the engine-room, where they found two engineers still standing before their levers, waiting for further orders from the bridge.

Now Captain Keighley, thus far, had moved with a certain swift calmness, speaking in a low voice, and using his eyes, as he used his hands, deliberately, without any darting glances or quick turns. But when he looked up the railed ladders that rose from tier to tier of machinery in the engine-room, he heard a sound above him which he had not expected, and he started up those ladders at the double quick. The crackle of the fire grew louder as he climbed. He heard cries and shouting in the cabins. He smelt smoke again. A puff of heat swirled down on him in a fierce blast. And when he reached the sliding door that gave on the deck, the passage-way was filled with flames.

He stepped back from the rush of the four firemen who had refused to obey Lieutenant Moore and who were caught here in the burning house-work. And then, grasping the greasy railing of the ladder, he slid down after them on the "Brownies" who had been following him up. "Get further aft!" he cried.

They dropped into the engine-room as lightly as they would have dropped down the sliding-poles of their "house," and they called to the German officer to show them another stairway farther aft. That officer did not need to be told what they had found above them. He jumped down among the dynamos, stumbled past the ice-engine, dived through the open door of the shaft-tunnel, and swinging himself to the ladder that went up the inside of a ventilator shaft, he led them up that narrow flue hand over hand.

They were not half-way up it before they met what they had met above the engine-room—a suffocating heat and smother. The firemen heard the German growling and coughing above them, as big and clumsy as a bear that is being smoked out of a hollow tree. Captain Keighley caught up to him and shouted to him to go on. He answered nothing intelligible and tried to back down. Keighley ordered him to hold fast, and went up over him like a cat.

The others waited, head to heels. "Can't make it," they heard the captain call at last. "Back down, men! Back down!"

They went down to the shaft-tunnel without a word. "We got to wait here till they get that blaze out," he said curtly. "She 's afire up there from end to end. I 've shut the ventilator cover to keep out

the smoke. We 'll be better down below here till they get some water on her."

They were in a corridor of steel plates, seven feet high, five feet wide, and more than thirty feet long. From end to end of it, the big shaft that spins the starboard propeller lay, shining like a steel python, stretched and bound in its bearings. At one end was the wall through which the shaft passed out to the after-peak and the screw; at the other was the entrance from the engine-room, already blue with smoke; above them was the throat of the closed ventilator. They were in a metal vault, far below the surface of the river, with every avenue of escape cut off by the fire above them.

Captain Keighley leaned back against the shaft and took off his helmet.

The men stood waiting. They had depended on him to show them the way out of the danger into which he had led them. One of the "Brownies" demanded: "How are we goin' to get up?"

"Well," Keighley said contemptuously, "I 'm not keepin' yuh, am I? "Get up any way yuh like."

III

THE words were Captain Keighley's challenge—a challenge to one of those combats of mind against mind by which the trained leader, turning on his rebellious followers, seems to use the hand of chance and circumstance to whip them into line—a challenge that struck the men before him with a little instinctive start that passed over the group like a shudder.

They stared at him. Some of them were pale, with lips parted. One of the captain's own faction had an odd expression of hurt surprise and reproach. Another was frowning. The man who had spoken said angrily: "*You* brought us down here. Why the —— don't yuh take us up?"

The captain smiled. He was clean-shaven, lean-cheeked, thin-lipped, and his smile was not sweet; for he knew that he had been beaten by the fire, and he knew that he could have been so beaten only because of the treachery of his lieutenant and the "Brownies."

"Moore," he said, "take yer friends back to the *Manhattan*. It 's goin' to be cooler out there."

The lieutenant blinked at him. It was the first time Keighley had ever openly shown his quiet understanding of the intrigues among the crew, and the change in his manner was a sufficient menace without the sarcastic implication of his words. What that implication was, Moore was trying not to let himself consider. Fires had been to him what battles are to the general who has political ambitions. That the issue of any of them might endanger his career had been possible; that it might end his life had never seriously occurred to him. And the Adam's apple in his throat worked like a feed-pump gone dry as he swallowed and swallowed this fear.

The men looked at him, and it was evident that he was in no condition to think for them. They looked at the captain, and Keighley's hard eyes were glittering as they shifted down the line from face to face.

"I saw yer frien' Doherty on deck," he said. "I guess yer benev'lent association had something to do with this business, eh?"

They did not answer.

"Well," he said, "I hope it 's good fer it. It 's goin' to be a heavy call on the treasurer—five of yuh in a bunch."

That was more than they could bear. The man who had acted as their spokesman turned with an oath and ran out to the engine-room. The others broke and followed him, and Captain Keighley remained alone with his lieutenant.

Now the old captain had been a fireman since the days when the Sunday fights between the volunteer hose companies in Philadelphia had been "the only mode of public worship on the Sabbath" there. When those fights had culminated in riot, bloodshed, and the burning of churches, he had come to New York, and run with the "goose-necks" and defied the "leather-heads" until the paid brigade was formed and he took service with it. He had been living among men and politicians ever since; and to the natural cunning of the north of Ireland "sharp-nose" he had added a cynical experience that filled him to the full with the sort of wisdom which comes of such a life. Lieutenant Moore had been so simple to him that the "boy's" attempts to supplant him, with the aid of the chief and the "Brownies," had amused him like a game. He looked at Moore now with an almost kindly contempt and pity.

"You youngsters in the department," he said, "yuh 're great politicians. But what

yuh don't know about a fire 's enough to keep yuh from tryin' to play tricks with one—er it ought to be."

Moore stared at him stupidly.

"Yuh 're goin' to get yer fingers burned now. An' it serves yuh —— well right."

"'IT 'S GOIN' TO BE A HEAVY CALL ON THE TREASURER'"

Moore turned away from him in a daze, and stumbled out to the engine-room; and Captain Keighley, having watched him go, proceeded to examine the shaft-tunnel at his leisure. He found nothing but a ball of cotton waste, which he stuffed into his pocket. Then he leaned back calmly and waited for his crew to return.

They were standing in the thickening smoke of the engine-room, waiting for nothing with the quietness of disgusted despair. Sparks were beginning to fall through the gratings. Little splashes of hot water sprinkled down on them. They looked up at the reflection of the flames that were purring overhead. They spoke in low voices to one another, and every now and then a man who had gone forward toward the stoke-hole or been down on his face crawling below the machinery came back to them from a vain attempt to find a safer spot, and made a gesture of despair. A young German stoker was biting his lips and whining like a frightened animal. No one spoke to Moore.

The last slow pulse of the engines stopped, the electric lights died out, and the glare of the fire reddened the shining metal of columns, cylinders, and piston-rods. No one moved. They watched, as if fascinated, the approach of this blind horror that seemed to be fighting its way down to them through the bars of the gratings, snarling.

At last an engineer joined them with a lamp from the stoke-hole, and they followed him irresolutely back to the dark shaft-tunnel. He passed them all through, and slid over the steel door until there was only a narrow aperture left unclosed. He squeezed himself through that slit, and then with hammer and chisel drove the door home until the opening was merely a crack wide enough to admit the finger-ends. They plugged that crack with their coats and woolen shirts. He put the lamp on top of a shaft-bearing. They sat down on the floor of the tunnel, with their backs against the plates of the after hold. Captain Keighley stood beside the shaft.

"Don't do that," he said to one of the firemen who had begun to strip. "Yuh 'll want all yuh can get between you an' the metal as soon 's that after cargo gets goin'."

The man grumbled: "We 'll be sittin' on top of a red-hot stove in a minute."

Captain Keighley replied: "Yuh can go outside an' sit *in* one, if yuh want to."

Lieutenant Moore took a quivering breath through dry nostrils, and shut his teeth on the trembling of his jaws. He could hear a low murmur from the fire that was roaring above them. The little lamp flared dully on the bearing. For the rest, there was nothing but darkness and silence and the heat that choked.

"Well?" Captain Keighley said.

No one answered.

"I guess yuh got what yuh been workin' fer, ain't yuh? Yuh got me into trouble. Yuh been tryin' hard enough to push me into a hole ever since I broke Doherty."

Drawn by Martin Justice Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'I 'LL BRAIN ANY MAN THAT TRIES TO OPEN THIS BEFORE I GIVE THE WORD'"

"Look here, sir," one of the men spoke up, "we 're all in this together. There 's no use jawin'."

"That's right," another added plaintively.

Captain Keighley leaned forward eagerly. "*Now*," he said—"*now* yuh 're talkin'. If yuh 'd been all together from the first, we would n't be here, d' yuh see? I got to run my company my own way. An' when *you* try to interfere with me, here 's where we get."

Several of the men answered: "'T was n't our fault." They looked at the lieutenant, who had dropped his head and was gazing, empty-eyed, at his feet.

"No," the captain said suavely; "that 's right, too. An' it was n't *mine*, either. I never had anything against you boys, an' never *did* anything against yuh."

No one spoke until one of the men asked weakly: "Can't yuh get us out, sir?"

"Yes," he said—"yes. If yuh live long enough, an' *I* do, I 'll get yuh *all* out—ev'ry man Jack of yuh that 's breathin'. An' I won't leave here myself until I do. We got to wait here until that fire burns down, that 's all."

The young German had begun to sob. Lieutenant Moore opened his parched lips to speak, but his tongue, swollen and dry, like a piece of flannel in his mouth, was too thick to turn a word.

The sound of the flames rose suddenly to a muffled grumble. Captain Keighley said: "Here 's some cotton waste I hunted up. Pull a wad off to plug yer noses, an' put some in yer mouths. We 'll be breathin' scorch in a minute."

He tore off a greasy ball and passed the roll to Moore. It traveled down the line from hand to hand, as if for a sign of union and peace among them, like a pax.

"Now," he ordered, "get away from the sides of that cargo-room. Lay yerselves out flat 's yuh can."

They obeyed him meekly.

"That 's right," he said. "Stay there, now. It 's goin' to be so hot in here, some of yuh 'll be goin' off yer heads. Yuh don't want to do that. Yuh want to hang on, understand? Keep still an' hang on. And if yuh feel yerself goin' looney, get a hold of the floor, anyway, an' don't let go. See?"

He took up the engineer's hammer, stepped down to the door, and put his back against it. "I 'll brain any man that tries to open this before I give the word," he said.

The men lay quiet, some flat on their backs, staring glassily at the steel beams overhead, panting with convulsive chests; some on their faces, with their heads on

Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"THEY CLIMBED THE LADDERS TO A COAL-PORT"

their arms, gagged and stifling; some drawn up in strained and twisted attitudes, as if in pain. There was a long silence. In their swollen eyeballs sudden lights darted and burst. Above the noise of the blood in their ears they heard a sound of moaning, and did not know it was themselves who moaned. A choked voice struggled in the first wanderings of delirium.

"Steady, there! Steady!" Captain Keighley said. He was standing up, his arms crossed, his face drenched with perspiration, the figure of authority in absolute and unquestioned command at last.

He was still standing there when the lamp burned low, flickered, and went out.

IV

WHAT followed in that shaft-tunnel there is no one who can tell. The men themselves were never able to remember any more than a convalescent can remember of the delirium of his fever. For eight hours they were compelled to endure the blistering, choking, maddening heat of a metal oven; and those who kept their wits the longest recall a scene too horrible to be described.

How, finally, when the fire had burned down, they made their way forward from the tunnel, through the engine-room and the stoke-holes, to an empty bunker; how they climbed the ladders to a coal-port, and found the steel shutter of it open; who led them, or how he knew the way—all this is as unknown to any of them as if it were a dream that had been forgotten when they woke. But this is certain: At nightfall, when the *Flamisch*—beached on the Jersey mud-flats, with her paint peeled off her sides, her funnel blackened, her upper works a skeleton of blistered metal—lay like a smoking fire-log, gray, and hot, and steaming where the streams of tugs and fire-boats struck her, the battalion chief in charge of the *Manhattan* heard a noise of hammering that seemed to come from the *Flamisch's* ashen sides, and thought it was the sound of a pump set going by some crazy accident of the fire. He was sheltering himself behind the wheel-house from the radiated heat of the smoldering hulk. At a shout from a fireman on the other side of the boat, he ran out to the bows. "I saw a light," the man said. "There!"

The spark of a lantern was swinging from side to side amidships. They howled excitedly: "Hi! Hi! Hullo! All right! All right! Hol' on!"

"Turn the spray on the deck here," the battalion chief ordered. "Half speed ahead. There 's some one alive on her. Gawd!"

The heat, as they crept in, dried their eyes till they were blinded by a gush of tears. Blurred by these, the light swung big in the darkness. "Who is it? Who is it?" they called.

A weak hail answered them. The dripping fender of hemp on the nose of the *Manhattan* touched the side of the *Flamisch* and hissed on the hot metal in a cloud of steam. Erect in the bows, drenched with the spray of the hose, the chief cried in a voice of suffocation: "Jump!"

From the coal-port above him a half-naked figure squirmed out, hung kicking, and fell into his arms. Another and another followed, the chief and his men catching them as they came, and shouting encouragement through the steam that rose on all sides with the smell of blistered paint. Some came head first, at the risk of their lives. One, in the struggle at the narrow opening, was thrown into the water and had to be dragged out with a boat-hook. Others fell on their feet, and throwing themselves on the deck with hoarse cries, began to roll around in the spray. Lieutenant Moore came down unconscious, stiff and contorted, and lay still; and Captain Keighley, falling beside him, crawled, with his mouth open, to the nozle of the hose. "All off!" he gasped. "Start—start yer water. Water!"

AND that was the end of the dissensions among Captain Keighley's men. They forgot the tortures of their eight hours in the shaft-tunnel; they never forgot the fear and respect with which he had inspired them there. His manner toward them continued the same as it had been before the fire on the *Flamisch*, but they had learned what might hide behind it; and, old, cold, and silent, he commanded them, thereafter, almost with his eyes—from Lieutenant Moore, who never remained alone in their office with him, down to the latest "probationer" on trial with the *Manhattan* and awed by the awkward reverence of the crew.

EXAMPLES OF AMERICAN PORTRAITURE, XII:

BUST OF JOHN HAY BY AUGUSTUS SAINT GAUDENS

CHAPTERS FROM MY DIPLOMATIC LIFE

EMBASSY AT BERLIN (1897–1902): II

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

AN interesting event of my ambassadorship to Germany was the appearance in Berlin of ex-President and Mrs. Harrison. He had but recently finished his long and wearisome work before the Venezuelan Arbitration Tribunal at Paris, and was happy in the consciousness of duty accomplished and liberty obtained. Marks of high distinction were shown them. The sovereigns invited them to attend the festivities at Potsdam in honor of the Queen and Queen Mother of Holland, who were then staying there, and treated them not only with respect, but with cordiality.

The Emperor conversed long with Mr. Harrison on various public matters of interest: on noted Americans whom he had met, on the growth of our fleet, on recent events in our history, and the like, characteristically ending with a discussion of the superb music which we had been hearing; and, at the supper which followed, insisted that the ex-President should sit at his side, the Empress giving a similar invitation to Mrs. Harrison.

At a later period a dinner was given to the ex-President by the Chancellor of the Empire, Prince Hohenlohe, at which a number of the leading personages in the empire were present; and it was a pleasure to show my own respect for the former Chief Magistrate by a reception which was attended by about two hundred of our American colony, and a dinner at which he and Mrs. Harrison made the acquaintance of leading representative Germans in various fields.

In another place I speak of President Harrison as of abrupt and, at times, repellent manners; but the absence of these characteristics during his stay in Berlin, and afterward in New York, made it clear to me that the cold exterior which I had noted in him at Washington, especially when Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Lodge, and sundry others of us urged upon him an extension of the classified civil service, was adopted as a means of preventing encroachments upon the time necessary for his daily duties. He now appeared in a very different light, his discussion of men and events showing not only earnest thought and deep penetration, but a rich vein of humor; and his whole bearing, simple, dignified, kindly, being all that could be desired.

AN EMBASSY WITHOUT A PERMANENT HOME

DURING the winter of 1899–1900 came an addition to my experiences of what American representatives abroad have to expect under our present happy-go-lucky provision for the diplomatic service. As stated in the previous article, on arriving in Berlin I had great difficulty in obtaining any fitting quarters, but at last secured a large and suitable apartment in an excellent part of the city, its only disadvantage being that my guests had to plod up seventy-five steps in order to reach it. Having been obliged to make large outlays for fittings, repairs, and furniture, I found that more than the entire salary of my first year had been thus sunk; but I congratulated myself that I had at least obtained a residence

From a photograph by Mayall, taken at London in 1861, owned by Robert Coster.
Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

EMPRESS FREDERICK AS THE CROWN PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA
(PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND)

comfortable and suitable. To be sure, it was inferior to that of any other ambassador,—inferior, indeed, to those of many ministers of smaller states,—but I had fitted it up so that it was considered creditable. Suddenly, about eighteen months afterward, without a word of warning, came notice from the proprietor that my lease was void, that he had sold the house and that I must leave it, so that it looked as if the American embassy would at an early day be turned into the street. This was trying indeed: it was at the beginning of the social season, and interfered greatly with my duties of every sort; and there cropped out a feeling, among all conversant with the case, which I cannot say was conducive to respect for the wisdom of those who give laws to our country.

But, happily, I had insisted on inserting in the lease a clause which seemed to make it doubtful whether the proprietor could turn me out so easily and speedily. Under German law it was a very precarious reliance, but on this I took my stand, and at last, thanks mainly to the kindness of my colleague who succeeded me in the apartment, a compromise was made under

which I was enabled to retain it for a year longer.

It may be interesting for an American who has a proper feeling regarding the position of his country abroad to know that the purchaser of the entire house—not only of the floor which I had occupied, but of the similar apartment beneath, as well as that on the ground floor—was the little grand duchy of Baden, which in this way provided for its minister, secretaries, and others connected with its legation in the German capital.

On the theory of line upon line and precept upon precept, I again call attention, not to the wrong done me by this American policy, or rather want of policy, for I knew in coming what I had to expect, but to the injury thus done to the *proper standing of our country before the other nations of the world.* Again I insist that, in its own interest, a government like ours

From a photograph by C. Pietzner

FRANCIS JOSEPH, EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA

ought, in every capital where it is represented, to possess or to hold on long lease a house or apartment suitable to its representative and creditable to itself.

IN HONOR OF SCIENCE

EARLY in the spring of 1900 came an event of some historical interest. On the 19th of March and the two days following was celebrated the two-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Royal Academy of Sciences. The Emperor as well as the academy had determined to make it a great occasion, and the result was a series of very brilliant pageants. The Emperor's speech was characteristic. It showed that his heart was in the matter; that he felt a just pride in the achievements of German science, and was determined that no efforts of his should be wanting to increase and extend them. After the close of the function, which was made in the same stately way as its beginning, an American professor said to me: "Well, I am an American and a Republican; but when I am in a monarchy I like to see a thing of this kind done in the most magnificent way possible, as it was this morning." A day or two afterward, at the dinner given to the ambassadors by the Emperor, I told him this story. He laughed heartily and then said: "Your friend is right: if a man is to be a monarch, let him be a monarch; Dom Pedro of Brazil tried to be something else, and it did not turn out well."

AT THE COMING OF AGE OF THE CROWN PRINCE

IMPRESSIVE in a different way were the ceremonies attendant upon the coming of age of the German crown prince on the 6th of May, 1900. To do honor to the occasion, the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary had sent word that he would be present, and for many days the whole city seemed mainly devoted to decorating its buildings and streets for his visit; the culmination of the whole being at the Pariser Platz, in front of the Brandenburg Gate, where a triumphal arch and obelisks were erected, with other decorations, patriotic and complimentary. On the morning of the 4th he arrived, and, entering the city at the side of the German Emperor, each in the uniform of the other, was received by the burgomaster and town council of Berlin; and then passing on through the Linden, which was showily decorated, he was enthusiastically greeted everywhere. No doubt this greeting was thoroughly sincere, since all good Germans look upon Francis Joseph as their truest ally.

Next evening there was a gala performance at the Royal Opera, the play presented being, of all things in the world, Auber's "Bronze Horse," which is a farcical Chinese fairy-tale set to very light and pleasing music. The stage settings were gorgeous, but the audience was still more so, delegates from all the greater powers of the world being present, including the heirs to the British and Italian thrones, the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, and a multitude of other scions of royalty. One feature was comical. Near me sat his excellency the Chinese minister, surrounded by his secretaries and attachés, all apparently delighted; and on my asking him, through his interpreter, how he liked it, he said: "Very much. This shows the Europeans that in China we know how to amuse ourselves." Of the fact that it was a rather highly charged caricature of Chinese officialdom, he seemed either really or diplomatically unconscious.

On the following morning I was received in audience by the German Emperor, bringing to him a message of congratulation from President McKinley; and when his Majesty had replied very cordially, he introduced me to the crown prince, standing at his side, to whom I gave the President's best wishes. Then came, in the chapel of the palace, an impressive religious service, the address by Dr. Dryander being eloquent, and the music, by the cathedral choir and, at times, by a great military orchestra, both far above us in the dome, beautiful. At its close the crown prince came forward, stood before the altar, where I had seen his parents married twenty years before, and the oath of allegiance, which was quite long, having been read to him by the colonel of his regiment, he repeated it word for word and made his solemn pledge, lifting one hand and grasping the imperial standard with the other. Then, after receiving affectionate embraces from his father and mother, he was congratulated by the sovereigns and royal personages. The ambassadors and ministers having been then received by the Emperor

and Empress, the young prince came along the line and spoke to each of us in a very unaffected and manly way. He was at that time somewhat taller than his father, with an intelligent and pleasant face; and is likely, I should say, to do well in his great position, though not possessing, probably, anything like his father's varied gifts and graces.

THE SORROWS OF FRANCIS JOSEPH

The Emperor Francis Joseph is probably as thoroughly beloved by his subjects as any sovereign in history has ever been. His great misfortunes—fearful defeats in the wars with France and Germany, the suicide of his only son, the assassination of his wife, and family troubles in more recent times—have thrown about him an atmosphere of romantic sympathy; while liking for his kindly qualities is mingled with respect for his plain common sense. During his stay in Berlin I met him a second time. At my first presentation at Dresden, two years before, there was little opportunity for extended conversation; but he now spoke at length and in a manner which showed him to be observant of the world's affairs even in remote regions. He discussed the recent increase of our army, the progress of our war in the Philippines, and the extension of American enterprise in various parts of the world, in a way which was not at all perfunctory, but evidently the result of large information and careful observation. His empire, which is a seething caldron of hates, racial, religious, political, and local, is held together by love and respect for him; but when he dies this personal tie which unites all these different races, parties, and localities will disappear, and in place of it will come the man who by force of untoward circumstances is to be his successor, and this is anything but a pleasing prospect to an Austro-Hungarian, or indeed to any thoughtful observer of human affairs.

GERMAN AND AMERICAN TIES

Interesting to me at this period was a visit from representatives of the "Kriegerverein"—German-Americans who had formerly fought in the war between Germany and France, who had since become American citizens, and who were now revisiting their native land. They were a very manly body, evidently taking pride in the American flag they bore, and also in the part they had played in Germany. Replying to a friendly address by their commanding officer, I took up some current American fallacies regarding Germany and Germans, encouraged my hearers to stand firm against sensational efforts to make trouble between the two countries, and urged them to keep their children in knowledge of the German language and in touch with German civilization, while bringing them up as thoroughly loyal Americans, reminding them that every American who is interested in German history or literature or science or art is an additional link in the chain which binds together the two nations. The speech was of a very offhand sort, but it seemed to strike deep and speed far, for it evoked most kindly letters of congratulation and thanks from various parts of Germany and the United States.

AMERICAN PRESTIGE IN REGARD TO CHINA

The most striking episode in the history of the world during these years was the revolution in China. The first event which startled mankind was the murder of Baron von Ketteler, the German minister at Peking, a man of remarkable abilities and accomplishments, who was thought sure to rise high among diplomatists, and who had especially attracted American friendships by his marriage with an American lady. The impression created by this calamity was made all the greater by the fact that, in the absence of further news from the Chinese capital, there was reason to fear that the whole diplomatic corps, with their families, might be murdered. American action in the entanglements which followed was prompt and successful: thinking men everywhere soon saw it to be so. Toward the end of July, 1900, being about to go to America for the summer, I took leave of Count von Bülow at the Foreign Office, and, on coming out, met one of my colleagues, who, though representing one of the lesser European powers, was well known as shrewd and far-sighted. He said: "I congratulate you on the course pursued by your government during this fearful Chinese imbroglio. Other powers have made haste to jump into war: your admiral at

Tientsin seems the only one who has kept his head; other governments have treated representatives of the Chinese Empire as hostile, and in doing so have cut themselves off from all direct influence on the Peking government: your government at Washington has taken an opposite course, has considered the troubles as, *prima facie*, the work of insurrectionists, has insisted on claiming friendship with the constituted authorities in China, and, in view of this friendship, has insisted on being kept in communication with its representative at the Chinese capital, the result being that your government has been allowed to communicate with its representative, and has thereby gained the information and issued the orders which have saved the entire diplomatic corps, as well as the forces of the different powers now in Peking."

It was one of those contemporary testimonies to the skill of Mr. McKinley and Secretary Hay which indicate the verdict of history.

Our later policy was equally sound. It was to prevent any further territorial encroachments on China by foreign powers, and to secure the opening of the empire, on equal terms, to the commerce of the entire world. On the other hand, the German government, exasperated by the murder of its minister at Peking, was at first inclined to go beyond this; and a speech of the Emperor to his troops as they were leaving Germany for the seat of war was hastily construed to mean that they were to carry out a policy of extermination and confiscation. Even after the first natural outburst of indignation against the Chinese, it looked as if the ultimatum presented by the powers would include demands which could never be met, and would entangle all the powers in a long and tedious war, leading, perhaps, to a worse catastrophe. Quietly but vigorously, from first to last, the American policy was urged by Mr. Conger, American minister at Peking, and by other representatives of our government abroad; and it was a happy morning for me when I received, at the Berlin Foreign Office, the assurance that Germany would not consider the earlier conditions presented by the powers to the Chinese government as "irrevocable." My constant contention, during interviews at the Foreign Office, was that the United States desired as anxiously to see the main miscreants punished as did any other nation, but that it was of no use to demand, upon members of the imperial family and upon generals in command of great armies, extreme penalties which the Chinese government was not strong enough to inflict, or enormous indemnities which it was not rich enough to pay; that our aim was not quixotic, but practical, and that, in advocating steadily the "open-door" policy, we were laboring quite as much for other powers as for ourselves. Of course we were charged in various quarters with cold-bloodedness and with merely seeking to promote our own interest in trade; but the Japanese, who could understand the question better than the Western powers, steadily adhered to our policy, and more and more, in its main lines, it proved to be correct.

On the Fourth of July, 1900, came the celebration of our national independence at Leipsic, and being asked to respond to the first regular toast, and having at my former visit dwelt especially upon the Presidency, my theme now became the character and services of the President himself; and it was a pleasure to find that my statement was received by the German press in a way showing a reaction from previous injustice.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S POISE

DURING August and September preceding the political campaign which resulted in Mr. McKinley's reëlection, I was in the United States. It was the hottest summer in very many years, and certainly, within my whole experience, there had been no torrid heat like that during my visits to Washington. Nearly every one seemed prostrated by it. Going to the White House to pay my respects to the President, I found him the one man in Washington perfectly cool, serene, and unaffected by the burning heat or by the pressure of public affairs. Although matters in Cuba, in Porto Rico, in the Philippines, in China, and in the political campaign then going on must have been constantly in his mind, he had plenty of time, seemed to take trouble about nothing, and kept me in his office for a full hour, discussing calmly the various phases of the situation as they were affected by matters in Germany.

His discussion of public affairs showed the same quiet insight and strength which

I had recognized in him when we first met, in 1884, as delegates at the Chicago National Convention. One thing during this Washington interview struck me especially: I asked him if he was to make any addresses during the campaign. He answered: "No; several of my friends have urged me to do so, but I shall not. I intend to return to what seems to me the better policy of the earlier Presidents. The American people have my administration before them; they have ample material for judging it, and with them I shall silently leave the whole matter." He said this in a perfectly simple, quiet way, which showed that he meant what he said. At the time I regretted his decision; but it soon became clear that he was right.

A WITTICISM OF THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR

At the beginning of the year 1901 came the two-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Prussian kingdom. Representatives of the other governments of the world appeared at court in full force; and, under instructions from the President, I tendered his congratulations and best wishes to the monarch, who spoke heartily in reply.

The religious ceremonies in the palace chapel, with magnificent music; the great banquet, which included a pertinent speech from the monarch; and the gala representation at the opera, all passed off well: but, perhaps, that which will dwell longest in my memory took place at the latter. The performance consisted of two pieces—one a poem glorifying Prussia, recited with music; the other a play in four acts, with long musical interludes, deifying the Great Elector and the house of Hohenzollern. Though splendid in scenic setting and brilliant in presentation, it was very long, and the ambassadors' box was crowded and hot. In the midst of it all, the French ambassador, the Marquis de Noailles, one of the most suave, courteous, and placid of men, quietly remarked, with inimitable gravity, "What a bore this must be to those who understand German!" ("Comme ça doit être ennuyeux à ceux qui comprennent l'Allemand!") This sudden revelation of a lower depth of boredom, from one who could not understand a word of the play, was worthy of his ancestors in the days of Saint-Simon and Dangeau.

ANECDOTES OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK

Then came the death of the Empress Frederick. Even during her tragic struggle with Bismarck and the unpopularity which beset her at the time of my former official term at Berlin, she had been kind to me and mine. At my presentation to her in those days at Potsdam, when she stood by the side of her husband,—afterward the most beloved of emperors since Marcus Aurelius,—she evidently exerted herself to make the interview pleasant to me. She talked of American art and the Colorado pictures of Moran, which she had seen and admired; of German art and the Madonna painted by Knaus for the Russian Empress, which Miss Wolfe had given to the Metropolitan Museum at New York; and in reply to my congratulations upon a recent successful public speech of her eldest son, then a student at Bonn, she had dwelt, in a motherly way, upon the difficulties which environ a future sovereign at a great university. In more recent days, and especially during the years before her death, she had been, at her table in Berlin and at her castle of Kronberg, especially courteous.

There comes back to me pleasantly a kindly retort of hers. I had spoken to her of a portrait of George III which had interested me at the old castle of Homburg nearly forty years before. It had been sent to his daughter, the Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg, who had evidently wished to see her father's face as it had really become; for it represented the King, not in the gold-laced uniform, not in the trim wig, not in the jauntily tied queue of his official portraits and statues, but as he was: in confinement; wretched and demented; in a slouching gown; with a face sad beyond expression, his long white hair falling about it and over it; of all portraits in the world, save that, at Florence, of Charles V in his old age, the saddest. So, the conversation drifting upon George III and upon the old feeling between the United States and Great Britain, now so happily changed, I happened to say: "It is a remembrance of mine, now hard to realize, that I was brought up to abhor the memory of George III." At this she smiled and answered: "That was very unjust, for I was brought up to adore the memory of Washington."

Then she spoke at length regarding the feeling of her father and mother toward the United States during our Civil War, saying that again and again she had heard her father argue with her mother, Queen Victoria, for the Union and against slavery. She discussed current matters of world politics with the strength of a statesman; yet no one could be more womanly in the highest sense. On my saying that I hoped to see the day when Germany, Great Britain, and the United States would stand together in guarding the peace of the world, she threw up her hands and replied: "Heaven grant it! But you forget Japan."

The funeral at Potsdam dwells in my memory as worthy of her. Pomp and splendor there were, but subdued, as was befitting; and while the foreign representatives stood beside the coffin, the Emperor spoke to me, very simply and kindly, of his sorrow and of mine. Then, to the sound of funeral music and muffled church bells, he and the King of Great Britain, with members of their immediate families, accompanied by the ambassadors and followed by a long procession, walked slowly along the broad avenue through that beautiful forest, until, in the Church of Peace, the Empress Frederick was laid by the side of her husband, Emperor Frederick the Noble.

GERMAN RESPECT FOR PRESIDENT McKINLEY

Darkest of all hours during my embassy was that which brought news of the assassination of President McKinley. It was on the very day after his speech at Buffalo had won for him the admiration and good will of the world. Then came a week of anxiety, of hope alternating with fear; I not hopeful, for there came back to me memories of President Garfield's assassination during my former official stay in Berlin, and of our hope against hope during his struggle for life—all brought to naught. Late in the evening of September 13 came news of the President's death, opening a new depth of sadness, for I had come not merely to revere him as a patriot and admire him as a statesman, but to love him as a man. Few days have seemed more overcast than that Sunday when, at the little American Church in Berlin, our colony held a simple service of mourning, the Imperial Minister of Foreign Affairs and other representatives of the government having quietly come to us. The feeling of the German people—awe, sadness, and even sympathy—was real. Formerly they had disliked and distrusted the President as the author of the protective policy which had cost their industries dear; but now, after his declaration favoring reciprocity, with his full recognition of the brotherhood of nations, and in view of this calamity, so sudden, so distressing, there had come a revulsion.

To see one whom I so honored, and who had formerly been so greatly misrepresented, at last recognized as a great and true man was, at least, a solace.

CONFERENCES WITH THE CHINESE MINISTER

At this period came a curious episode in my official career. During the war in China, the Chinese minister at Berlin, Lü Hai Hwan, feeling himself cut off from relations with the government to which he was accredited, and indeed with all the other powers of Europe, had come at various times to me; and with him fortunately came his embassy counselor, Dr. Kreyer, whom I had previously known at Berlin and St. Petersburg as a thoughtful man, deeply anxious for the welfare of China and appreciative of the United States, where he had received his education. The minister was a kindly old mandarin of high rank, genial, gentle, evidently struggling hard against the depression caused by the misfortunes of his country, and seeking some little light, if, perchance, any was to be obtained.

During his visits to me and my return visits to him the whole condition of things in China was freely and fully discussed, and never have I exerted myself more to give useful advice. First, I insisted upon the necessity of amends for the fearful wrong done by China to other nations, and then presented my view of the best way of developing in his country a civilization strong enough to resist hostile forces, exterior and interior. As to dealings with the Christian missionaries, against whom he showed no fanatical spirit, but who, as he thought, had misunderstood China and done much harm, I sought to show him that the presumption was in their favor, but that if the Chinese government ulti-

mately came to the decision that their stay in China was incompatible with the safety of the nation, its course was simple: that on no account was it to kill or injure any of them, or of their converts; that while, in my view, it would be wise to arrange for their continuance in China under proper regulation, still, if they must be expelled, it should be done in the most kindly and considerate way, and with due indemnity for any losses to which they might be subjected.

Of course there was no denying that, under the simplest principles of international law, China has the right at any moment to shut its doors against, or to expel, any people whatever whom it may consider dangerous or injurious, this power being constantly exercised by all the other nations of the earth, and by none more than by the American government, as so many Chinese seeking entrance to our ports have discovered; but again and again I warned him that this, if it were ever done at all, must be done without harshness, and that any return to the cruelties of the past would probably end in the dividing up of maritime China, at least, among the great powers of the world.

As to the building up of the nation, I laid stress on the establishment of institutions for technical instruction, and took pains to call his attention to what had been done in the United States and by various European governments in this respect. He seemed favorably impressed by this, but dwelt on what he considered the fanaticism of sundry Chinese supporters of technical education against the old Chinese classical instruction. Here I suggested to him the working out of a system which might save what was good in the old mode of instruction—namely, the continuance of the best of the old classical instruction, but giving also high rank to modern studies.

We also talked over the beginning of a better development of the Chinese army and navy, of a better system of taxation, and of the nations from which good examples and competent instruction might be drawn in these various fields. Curious was his suggestion of a possible amalgamation of Chinese moral views with the religious creeds of the Western world. He observed that Christianity seemed to be weak mainly on the moral side, and he suggested, at some length, a combination of the Christian religion with the Confucian morality. Interesting was it to hear him, as a Confucian, dwell on the services which might thus be rendered to civilization. There was a simple, kindly shrewdness in the man, and a personal dignity which was proof against the terrible misfortunes which had beset his country. Again and again he revisited me, always with some new phase of the questions at issue which he wished to discuss. I could only hope that, as he was about to return to China, some of the ideas brought out in our conversations might prove fruitful.

BRITISH SYMPATHY WITH AMERICA

On my journey to America, made necessary by the sudden death of my son, I accepted Mr. Carnegie's invitation to visit him at his castle of Skibo, in the extreme north of Scotland. Very striking, during the two days by rail from London to Edinburgh and from Edinburgh to Bonar, were the evidences of mourning for President McKinley in every city, village, and hamlet. It seemed natural that, in the large towns and on great public buildings, flags at half-mast should show a sense of the calamity which had befallen a sister nation; but what appealed to me most were the draped and half-masted flags on the towers of the little country churches, and on the cottages. Never before in the history of any two countries had such evidences of brotherly feeling been shown. Thank God! brotherly feeling had conquered demagogism.

A HUNTING INVITATION TO EMPEROR WILLIAM FROM PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

On my return to Berlin, being invited to Potsdam for the purpose, I gave the Emperor the very hearty message which President Roosevelt had sent him. During this interview and the family dinner which followed it, he spoke most appreciatively and intelligently of the President, of the recent victory for good government in the city of New York, of the skill shown by Americans in great works of public utility, and especially of the remarkable advances in the development of our navy.

One part of this conversation had a lighter cast. At the close of that portion of the communication from the President

which referred to various public affairs, came a characteristic touch in the shape of an invitation to hunt in the Rocky Mountain regions. It was the simple message of one healthy, hearty, vigorous hunter to another, and was to the effect that the President especially envied the Emperor for having shot a whale; but that if his Majesty would come to America he should have the best possible opportunity to add to his trophies a Rocky Mountain lion, and that he would thus be the first monarch to kill a lion since Tiglath-Pileser, whose exploit is shown on the old monuments of Assyria. The hearty way in which the message was received showed that it would have been gladly accepted had that been possible.

PRINCE HENRY'S VISIT

On New Year's day of 1902 began the sixth year of my official stay at Berlin. At his reception of the ambassadors, the Emperor was very cordial, spoke most heartily regarding President Roosevelt, and asked me to forward his request that the President's daughter might be allowed to christen the imperial yacht then building in America. In due time this request was granted, and, as the special representative of the sovereign at its launching, he named his brother, Prince Henry. No man in the empire could have been more fitly chosen. His career as chief admiral of the German navy had prepared him to profit by such a journey, and his winning manners assured him a hearty welcome.

My more serious duties were now relieved by sundry festivities, and of these was a dinner on the night of the prince's departure from Berlin, given to the American embassy by the Emperor, who hoped that the proposed expedition would strengthen good feeling between the two countries. After dinner, we all sat in the smoking-room of the old Schloss until midnight, and various pleasant features of the conversation dwell in my memory, particularly the Emperor's discussions of Mark Twain and other American humorists; but perhaps the most curious was his amusement over a cutting from an American newspaper—a printed recipe for an American concoction known as "Hohenzollern punch," said to be in readiness for the prince on his arrival. The number of intoxicants and the ingenuity of their combination, as his Majesty read the list aloud, were amazing; it was a terrific brew, which only a very tough seaman could expect to survive.

But as we all took leave of the prince at the station afterward, there were in my heart and mind serious misgivings. I knew well that, though the great mass of the American people were sure to give him a hearty welcome, there were scattered along his route many fanatics, and, most virulent of all, those who had just then been angered by the doings of sundry Prussian underlings in Poland. I must confess that during his whole stay in America I was uneasy, and that among the bright days of my life was that on which the news came that he was on board a German liner and on his return.

One feature of that evening is perhaps more worthy of record. After the departure of the prince, the Emperor's conversation took a more serious turn, and as we walked alone toward his carriage, he said: "My brother's mission has no political character whatever, save in one contingency. If the efforts made in certain parts of Europe to show that the German government sought to bring about a European combination against the United States during your Spanish war are persisted in, I have authorized him to lay before the President certain papers which will put that slander at rest forever." As it turned out, there was little need of this, since the course both of the Emperor and his government was otherwise amply vindicated.

Later, during a gala opera given in honor of the Shah of Persia and the crown prince of Siam, the Emperor talked interestingly regarding the kindness shown his brother by the American people, at the close of which he presented me to his guest, the crown princess of Saxony. She was remarkably kindly and pleasing, discussing various topics with heartiness and simplicity; and it was a vast surprise to me, a few months later, when she became the heroine of perhaps the most scandalous escapade in the modern history of royalty.

A VISIT TO OXFORD AND EDINBURGH

Mr. Carnegie having established the institution for research which bears his name

at Washington, with an endowment of ten million dollars, and named me among the trustees, my old friend, Dr. Gilman, had later been chosen president of the new institution, and had now arrived in Berlin to study the best that Germans were doing for research in science. Our excursions to various institutions interested me greatly; both the men we met and the things we saw were full of instruction to us, and of all public duties I have had to discharge, I recall none with more profit and pleasure. One thing in this matter struck me as never before—the quiet wisdom and foresight with which the various German governments prepare to profit by the best which science can be made to yield to them in every field.

During the summer a study of some of the most important industries at the Düsseldorf Exposition proved useful; but somewhat later other excursions had a more direct personal interest: for within a few hours of each other came two unexpected communications—one from the President of Yale University, commissioning me to represent my alma mater at the tercentenary of the Bodleian at Oxford; the other from the University of St. Andrews, inviting me to the installation of Mr. Andrew Carnegie as lord rector of that institution; and both these I accepted.

The celebration at Oxford was in every way interesting to me; but I may say frankly that, of all things which gave me pleasure, the foremost was the speech of presentation in the Sheldonian Theatre when the doctorate of civil law was conferred upon me. The first feature in this speech, assigning the reasons for conferring the degree, was a most kindly reference to my part in establishing the Arbitration Tribunal at the International Conference of The Hague, and this, of course, was gratifying; but the second half of the speech touched me more nearly, for it was a friendly appreciation of my book regarding the historical relations between science and theology in Christendom; and such an appreciation, from that quarter, was the last thing in the world I had ever expected to receive.

There was indeed one slight mishap. Being called upon to speak in behalf of the guests at the great dinner in Christ Church Hall, I endeavored to make a point which I thought new and, perhaps, usefully suggestive. Having referred to the increasing number of international congresses, expositions, conferences, academic commemorations, anniversaries, and the like, I dwelt briefly on their agency in generating friendships among men of influence in different countries, and therefore in maintaining international good will, and then especially urged, as the pith and point of my speech, that such agencies had recently been made potent for peace as never before. In support of this view, I called attention to the fact that the Peace Conference at The Hague had not only established an arbitration tribunal for *preventing* war, but also a number of arrangements, such as international "commissions of inquiry," the system of "seconding powers," and the like, for *delaying* war, thus securing time during which better international feelings could assert themselves and reasonable men on each side could work together to bring in the sober second thought; that thereby the friendships promoted by these international festivities had been given, as never before, time to assert themselves as an effective force for peace against jingo orators, yellow presses, and hotheads generally; and finally, in view of this increased efficiency of such gatherings in promoting peace, I urged that they might well be multiplied on both sides of the Atlantic, and that as many delegates as possible should be sent to them.

"A poor thing, but mine own." Alas! next day, in the press, I was reported as simply uttering the truism that such gatherings increase the peaceful feeling of nations; and so the main point of my little speech was lost. But it was a slight matter, and of all my visits to Oxford this will remain in my memory as the most delightful.

The visit to St. Andrews was also happy. After the principal of the university had conferred the doctorate of laws upon several of the guests, including Mr. Choate, the American ambassador at London, and myself, Mr. Carnegie made his rectorial address. It was decidedly original, its main feature being an appeal for a union of European nations for the protection of their industries and for the promotion of universal peace, with a summons to the German Emperor to put himself at the head of a movement for that purpose. It

was prepared with skill and delivered with force. Very curious were the attempts of the great body of students to throw the speaker off his guard by comments, questions, and chaff. I learned later that, more than once, orators had thus been entrapped and entangled, and that on one occasion an address had been completely wrecked by such interruptions. But Mr. Carnegie's Scotch-Yankee wit carried him through triumphantly; he met all these efforts with equanimity and good humor, and soon had the audience completely on his side.

RETIREMENT AT THREESCORE AND TEN

RETURNING to Berlin, there came preparations for the closing of my connection with the embassy. I had long before decided that on my seventieth birthday I would cease to hold any official position whatever. Pursuant to that resolution, my resignation had been sent to the President, with the statement that it must be considered final. In return came the kindest possible letters both from him and from the Secretary of State, attributing a value to my services so much beyond anything I would dare claim that I have preferred to lay them aside for my grandchildren, rather than to expose myself to the charge of unbounded egotism, which would surely follow a display of them in print.

On my birthday came a new outburst of kindness. From all parts of Europe and America arrived letters and telegrams, while from the Americans in various parts of Germany, especially from the Berlin colony, came a superbly engrossed address, and with it a succession of kindly visitors representing all ranks in Berlin society. One or two of these testimonials I may be pardoned for especially mentioning. Some time after the letter from President Roosevelt above mentioned, there had come from him a second epistle, containing a sealed envelop, on which were inscribed the words, "To be opened on your seventieth birthday." Being duly opened on the morning of that day, it was found to be even more heartily appreciative than his former letter, and the same was found to be true of a second letter by the Secretary of State, Mr. Hay; so that I add these to the treasures to be handed down to my grandchildren.

Shortly afterward came a most cordial letter from Chancellor von Bülow.

Especially noteworthy also was the farewell dinner given me at the Kaiserhof by the German-American Association. Never had I seen so many Germans eminent in politics, diplomacy, literature, science, art, education, and commerce assembled on any single occasion. Hearty speeches were made by the Minister of the Interior, Count Posadowsky, who presided, and by Professor Harnack of the university, who had been selected to present the congratulations of my entertainers. I replied at length, and as in previous speeches during my career both as minister and ambassador I had endeavored to present to my countrymen at home and abroad the claims of Germany upon American good will, I now endeavored to reveal to the great body of thinking Germans some of the deeper characteristics and qualities of the American people; my purpose being in this, as in previous speeches, to bring about a better understanding between the two nations.

The Emperor being absent in England, my departure from Berlin was delayed somewhat beyond the time I had fixed; but on the 27th of November came my final day in office. In the morning my wife and I were received in special audience by both the sovereigns, who afterward welcomed us at their table. Both showed unaffected cordiality. The Emperor discussed with me various interesting questions in a most friendly spirit, and on my taking leave placed in my hands what is known as the "Great Gold Medal for Art and Science," saying that he did this at the request of his advisers in those fields, and adding assurances of his own which greatly increased the value of the gift. Later in the day came a superb vase from the royal manufactory of porcelain, bearing his portrait and cipher, as a token of personal good will.

On the same evening came the American Thanksgiving dinner, with farewells to and from the American colony, and during the following days farewell gatherings at the houses of the Dean of the Ambassadors, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and the Chancellor of the Empire; finally, on the evening of December 5, with hearty good-bys at the station from a concourse of my diplomatic colleagues and other old friends, we left Berlin.

(To be continued)

Drawn by Anna Whelan Betts. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"AS PRIM AND AS DEMURE AS SHE"

ON A SAMPLER

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

WHERE shadows long at midday fall,
It hangs upon the parlor wall,
Relic of days beyond recall;
E'en Time, the trampler,
Few marring marks has on it set;
Its frame still glints like polished jet;
A virgin she, and virgin yet
My great-aunt's sampler.

The letters all, from *a* to *z*,
Broidered in varied script you see,
As prim and as demure as she,
But scarce as graceful.
(Dame Rumor, whispering down the years,
Her maiden memory endears,
And paints her one who banished tears
From many a face full.)

Flowers bloom thereon in pink and blue;
Small birds disport, of motley hue;
And tiny trees their green to view
Spread pyramid-like;
A massive mansion, faintly red,
Uplifts below its dormered head;
Above, a curious quadruped
Seems gamboling kid-like.

And in the center written down
Behold—*Celestia Anna Brown: Her Sampler.* Visions of renown
This fair recorder
Perchance gave harbor in her brain,
Love-visions, too, untouched by pain,
The while from many a tangled skein
She etched the border.

Then there 's her precept deftly done,
Words taken straight from Solomon,
Regarding those beneath the sun
Who but a crust have;
With all her sweet, large-hearted will,
Did she not follow it until
She reached the foot of life's long hill?
I know she must have.

Wiser the maids of nowadays,
Less finical in frock and phrase;
In multitudinous works and ways
Our times are ampler;
And yet somehow a dreamer's thought,
With longings, wed to wonder, fraught,
Harks back to her whose fingers wrought
My great-aunt's sampler.

"AUX ARMES!"

THE CICATRICE

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

THERE were two little boys whom I liked very much when I was at school in Tours—Jean and Amadis Colporte. We were in the same class, and about the same age, though they were smaller and less mischievous than I. Their father was a respected notary, and their most interesting relative was a fierce, red-faced old gentleman—l'Oncle Prudhomme—who could tell valiant tales of the Franco-Prussian War. They often took me to visit this old hero, who lived on the hill across the river; and I came in time to have a real attachment for him, and a thorough understanding of his ferocious French.

But I have never seen such a man for pure blood-curdling heroism. I soon gave up telling the Colportes how my own uncle had borne himself at Gettysburg, or how my father's first cousin had died at Cold Harbor. The deeds of my family or any of my compatriots were to the deeds of l'Oncle Prudhomme as "Mother Goose" is to the "Arabian Nights." There were times when I could not bear to think myself a mere American. I was ten.

Among other advantages, l'Oncle Prudhomme had been desperately wounded in a charge, but had survived. I can see him now, stamping up and down his little library, a drawn saber in his hand, shouting, gesticulating, swearing horrible oaths, foaming at the mouth, and bellowing forth the events of that day. He would begin the account calmly with the coming of dawn, the men at breakfast, the blue sky; then he would fill his cheeks with air, give a great "BOOM," strike a heroic attitude, and cry, "Aux armes!"

Then, God of battles, how the battle would thunder in the little study! Charges of Prussians, hand-to-hand encounters with bayonets, bugle-calls, the neighing of the stallions, the great "booms" of the field-pieces, and the crackling roars of the mitrailleuses. Every sound seemed imitated to the life. And then, late in the afternoon, would come the repulse of the Prussians and the desperate countercharge of the French—headed by l'Oncle Prudhomme. And more thunder, and more bellowing, and more hideously frantic and dangerous swinging of the great saber. And then the wound!

Having been struck by the bullet (a terrible open-palmed blow on the chest), the activity would melt from the old hero's limbs, his eyes would nearly pop out, his back would bend upon itself, his saber would fall clanging to the floor, and he himself, his face piteous with self-pity and pain, would crash down beside it, gripping with both hands at his chest. He would make his mouth into a narrow slit and draw in his breath so rapidly that it hissed. Then he would groan and moan:

"Ah, ça fait mal—ça fait mal!"

Then he would faint, remain fainted for a few moments, pick himself up cheerfully, wipe the sweat from his brow, and sink into his big chair, remarking placidly:

"C'était comme ça!"

But again frenzy would seize him. He would clutch at his breast and glare from his nephews to me until we were thoroughly terrified. Then he would say:

"My children, if I were to remove my shirt you would behold a cicatrice that would cause the hair of your heads to erect itself in terror."

It was almost with eagerness that I removed Hector, who was my first hero, from his pedestal, and replaced him by the martial figure of l'Oncle Prudhomme.

For three days Jean and Amadis were absent from school. When they came back they were dressed in deep mourning. L'Oncle Prudhomme was dead.

Two days later, at recess, I mustered up courage—for children are very much embarrassed on the subject of death—to whisper to Amadis:

"Was it his cicatrice?"

Amadis gave me a withering look.

"Écoutez moi, mon pauvre," he said. "I don't know why l'Oncle Prudhomme died. It does not signify. He simply died. As you know, it is customary for the relatives of the deceased to sit up with him. We are but three—my father, Jean, and myself. So it was arranged among us that Jean and I should sit up with l'Oncle Prudhomme until ten o'clock, while our father rested himself to go the remainder of the night.

"At first we were very much frightened at being left alone in the death-chamber: it was so still and the tapers flickered. But after a time I got to thinking that if we were safe anywhere, it was in the presence of l'Oncle Prudhomme, living or dead. So I let go of Jean's hand, though he did not wish me to, and permitted myself to glance in the direction of the bed, about which the tapers burned.

"L'Oncle Prudhomme was a magnificent corpse (comme cadavre l'Oncle Prudhomme fut magnifique). His face was as red as in life, and, except that his eyes were closed, you would not have been surprised to see him spring from the bed and cry, 'BOOM!'

"But he did not do this. After a time I propounded to Jean the very same question which you have asked me.

"'Jean,' I said, 'do you think it could have been his cicatrice?'

"And Jean said, 'I think it very likely.'

"Then we talked quite freely, and lost our awe of the death-chamber, and discussed the chances of l'Oncle Prudhomme having been brought to his untimely end by a recrudescence of the cicatrice.

"'But,' said Jean, 'where is this cicatrice, brother?'

"I was obliged to confess that I did not know exactly.

"'But,' I said, 'though he never told us just where it was, he used to clutch his breast.'

"'Then,' said Jean, 'it would not be difficult—'

"'I will have nothing to do with it,' I said.

"'But it would only amount to turning back the sheet a little way,' said Jean.

"But I shook my head.

"'Listen,' said Jean. 'Once he is buried, we can never find out. If you will take one of my hands, I shall not be afraid to turn back the sheet a little with the other.'

"Curiosity, my poor friend, was getting the better of me. Still I objected.

"'But suppose he is dressed?' I said.

"'From the look of him under the sheet,' said Jean, 'I do not think that he is.' And, in effect, l'Oncle Prudhomme was not." Amadis rolled his eyes heavenward.

"And the cicatrice, Amadis," I cried; "was it then so awful?"

Amadis hung his head, as if in deep humiliation.

"My poor friend," he said, "it was, of course, out of the question to turn him over."

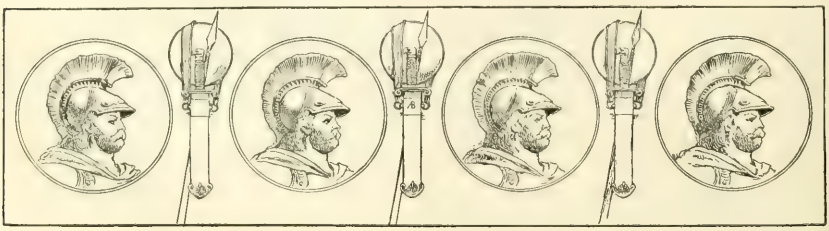
I gazed at my bereaved friend for some moments with the most deep and mute sympathy.

"Then," I said in a small voice, "it was—in the back?"

Amadis smiled witheringly.

"Yes, my friend," he said; "if anywhere."

And so it was that I removed l'Oncle Prudhomme from the pedestal upon which I had placed him, and put back Hector.



THE CASE WENT UP

BY CLARKE GRAY

IT was the turn in the street where respectability ended, doubt began, and the disreputable succeeded. In the suburbs these social stages are at once less and more obvious than in town. The home of which we speak stood between an Irish tenement-house and a young bank-teller's; it was a square, mud-colored building, looking like a block gone astray from a set owned by some giant child—a petty, proper little place with a ruined furnace, no bath, damp cellar, electric bells, and stained-glass sidelights, yellow and red. The mistress of the mud-colored house had always hated it cordially. She had been brought up in a country parsonage, with oil-cloth on the floors, and flowers in the garden, a base-burner in the parlor, and books in the study; a home where privation was an honor and pretense a disgrace, where character was queen and appearance serf. According to her traditions, she was a lady, and by virtue of her heredity and training she had the select sense of honor belonging to one. The only time that her father had ever punished her, she had told a lie; she was then ten years old, and had never repeated the indiscretion. The old minister, with the ruler in his hand and the tears on his cheek, told her that no liar should enter the kingdom of God.

"Annie *will* not lie," said a friend of hers, from whom she had become estranged by some mysterious feminine difference, quite superfluous to observers. This was in the department store. The other girl did not stay in the store. She had committed the misdemeanor known as "marrying well." She had married a teller; indeed, the particular teller who had moved into the next house on the wholly respectable side of the street. This was but a month ago, and she and Annie had not met. Annie was not in a state of health to make suburban calls; besides, she had conceived the idea that Lou chose not to recognize her (in point of fact, the new neighbor had never seen her) when she went out on Mondays to hang up the clothes. The teller's wife kept a general-housework girl. The drummer's wife had none; she did everything, had seven children, and by August there would be eight. She was lying down on her excelsior bed on the afternoon of the event which this historian is compelled to record; she was less able than usual to be about, being never strong at her best, and unfit for multiplied motherhood, the martyrdom of which she bore gently, as she did all the other mysteries and tragedies of life. Five of the children were with her; she had sent the oldest and the youngest to the market after lamb chops for supper; their father was coming home that night (having been gone six weeks), and his system required good meat, the best of the season. Annie's system required nothing, and got it. She had cautioned the children about the electric car; they had been gone rather long for just chops and asparagus.

The bed was across the window, and commanded a view of the street, both ways. Annie, in her blue-calico wrapper with polka-dots, lay on the excelsior mattress, watching for two children, deafened by the din of five. Wasted by marriage, she was still fair and sweet to look at, for she had been a beauty from sixteen to her first baby. Bob was the first baby—he on whom rested the commercial responsibilities involved in the purchase of chops and asparagus. The last baby was too fat, and a little bow-legged; a sprawly girl, she pulled at her brother's hand heavily, and stumbled and swung to and fro about him like a puppy on a string. Her mother had

laughed as she watched them off. Bob looked like his father—handsome, insolent, with the old familiar dash and dare that seemed to Annie, in her son, like the minor key of a splendid major melody, long since ceased from her ears.

"If father had not died, I should never have come to the store," she sometimes thought. She did not add: "I should never have married the floor-walker." She did sometimes add, quite uncomplainingly: "It seems to me I *have* had rather a hard time since I was married." But she did not say this to Robert. Poor Robert! He was so ashamed of his terrible temper! It mortified him when he lost his situation at the department store. It was so hard on him, Annie reasoned, that he should have slapped a cash-girl and been impertinent to the firm both in one day. And things had gone the wrong way ever since. Commercial traveling did not agree with him; his disposition had not improved under it, and she was a great deal alone. She did not get used to being alone, though the Irishwoman, Mary McCarthy, in the tenement-house, had the lack of delicacy one day to tell her that she ought to be glad to be quit of the likes of him. The minister's daughter had silenced the Irishwoman with a look which Mary McCarthy found as perplexing as a Protestant hymn-book, yet tolerantly felt to be, in some vague, heretical sense, as sacred.

Mary McCarthy was troubled with no undue reserve about her own domestic affairs. She often ran in to have the last cut on her head bandaged by Annie's slim, sympathetic fingers. She pushed up her sleeves proudly and showed the bruises, purple and red, some of them zigzag like lightning.

"Himself do be having the masther fist!" she cried. "There ain't wife nor widdy in the tinimint can show an arrum like me own, now!"

As Annie lay watching for her first baby and her last baby that afternoon, the mounted policeman rode slowly by upon his beat; he was whistling:

"Bless your heart, I love you in the same old way!"

Some one ran out from the tenement and called him in. Shrill cries and bass oaths came over from the building, warring discordantly with the gentle June air. But this was so common an incident that it did not impress Annie with more than her usual sense of sex humiliation.

The policeman came out, gripping a sodden and sprawling McCarthy, who wore iron bracelets with the ease of one accustomed to that kind of jewelry. In fifteen minutes, Mary McCarthy, with a handkerchief tied over her forehead, her front hair crimped and surmounted by a creation of magenta roses and scarlet velvet, hurried out of the tenement and bore down upon the station-house to bail her lord out.

"That 's the woman of it," thought Annie, smiling rather weakly. She lay back on her emaciated pillow, staring at the wall. It had a paper with a little portico or summer-house covered with ripe grapes and white narcissus—an anachronism which never troubled Annie so much as the wall-paper pleased her, on the whole. For there was a summer-house in her father's garden, down by the brook; it was royal purple with grapes in October, and in June a white narcissus peered over and watched its own face in the brook. Annie lay looking at the wall-paper.

"If God had ever been a woman, he never would have made one," she said distinctly. Then she buried her face in her lean pillow and prayed passionately to be forgiven. A devout woman makes the most interesting blasphemer when she is pushed past a certain point of endurance. Annie felt piteously ashamed of her spiritual lapse, for she was a deeply religious person; and five children clambered and rolled over her, creating five different forms of physical misery, demanding why she cried.

There was a stove in the room—as cold, now, of course, as the dead in the churchyard of her old home. Annie turned over and looked at the stove. It had been the parlor stove in her father's house, and she was unreasonably fond of it. It had befriended her in many a freezing New England night, when the ruined suburban furnace refused to recognize her side of the house. The stove was a base-burner of an old fashion, aspiring as to its architecture, with a nickel angel guarding the evaporator on top, and an iron devil presumably shoveling coal below. The minister had selected the stove for its theological attributes. Annie knew every

change of expression on the faces of that angel and that devil.

The children had not come home yet, and she turned away from the stove to watch the street. Her eyes seemed dim, as if a supercharge of tears and prayers had crowded on the optic nerve. The trolley-car blurred by with the whir of a car making up for lost time. The teller's wife came out from her front door in a lilac muslin and sat down on the piazza, with an embroidered handkerchief at her belt. Annie shrank back from the window. A discord of magenta and scarlet crashed against the soft June coloring of the late afternoon, and Mary McCarthy, with her head held high, tramped proudly up the concrete sidewalk.

"He do be let out to me the morry!" she exclaimed, nodding familiarly at the drummer's wife. The minister's daughter turned away and looked at the base-burner.

"I suppose I ought not to mind anything," she thought. "He has never struck me."

Far down on the concrete sidewalk a step rang harshly to the fine audience of her familiarity with its characteristics. Every nerve and muscle in his large, peremptory foot had its message. Now, as she listened, these seemed to her to be trampling on her heart, for this was the footstep of a very angry man.

Little, broken, pattering sounds chased it ineffectually; the first baby and the last baby were trying to keep up with him—their father—oh, their father!

Annie winced quite away from the window. She tried to get up from the bed, with some inchoate idea of changing her dress. But she found herself suddenly too weak or too bewildered to do this. She swayed, with the hair-brush in her hand. She had begun to tremble a little. Five children flung themselves at her, and swung her to and fro by the calico wrapper; they shouted as if she had been a big doll that they had found to play with.

"Go down and meet papa," she managed to say. "Mama—can't do it."

Five little faces vanished merrily. It struck her as horrible that the children should laugh. She stared about the empty room as if she were looking for a place to hide herself; it was as if she begged the summer-house on the wall to let her in and shelter her; it was as if the grapes and the narcissus nodded at her with the pity of old memories and the helplessness of painted things, and said:

"We would if we could."

She had a confused feeling that her father was in one of the summer-houses. Then suddenly she seemed to perceive him standing between her and the cold stove, with his back to it, warming his hands, as she had seen him do in the parsonage parlor a hundred times. He quite hid the nickel angel and the iron devil from her sight.

Her husband had come in, past the electric bell and the stained-glass side-lights. With the height of the house between them, she knew just how his face looked, sawed by those glass teeth of color on it—the flame color first, on the threshold, and then the scarlet, as one reached the lower stair. When he was angry—when he was as angry as *this*—a muscle in his nostril throbbed fiercely, and one above his eyebrow twitched; and she, with her face in the pillow and her eyes shut, saw the two muscles, one in the hue of flame, and one in that of blood.

She had fallen back on the bed, and lay there quite still, except for her trembling, which had increased. As he mounted the stairs this became uncontrollable. The dignity of a strong patience battled with the weakness of terror upon her listening face. Her sense of sex humiliation came upon her at that moment with a fierceness pitiably at war with her physical feebleness.

Curiously, a wise, womanish thought ran across her consciousness in a zigzag shape, like the bruises on Mary McCarthy.

"I should stand a better chance

. . . . . .

if I could have changed my dress

. . . . . .

. . . . . and brushed my hair."

She remembered that her eyes were feverish with crying, and had the large purple circles which add uncounted years to a young wife's age. Annie remembered that her husband did not like polka-dots, and hated wrappers; that she was unattractive with the sacred signs of maternity. She remembered that she was at every disadvantage under which a woman can meet a man who has ceased to be kind to her.

As she lay there trembling, the mounted

policeman rode back from the station-house. He was still whistling:

". . . I love you in the same old way!"

Her husband stumbled on the top stair and pushed into the room. The oldest baby and the youngest baby were with him, one held in each hand. He looked handsome when he was angry, and her eyes instinctively sought his face with their old, fond, fatal admiration. Then they fell upon the baby girl, and she sprang—all mother:

"*Nan!* What have you done to Nan?"

"What have *you* done to Nan?" he raged. "If I had n't taken this train, she would have been hash under the trolley! That 's the kind of care you take of my child!"

The boy's voice broke his father's down manfully; even then taking on, to her excited ear, the imperious irritability of Robert's own. At that moment she found herself thinking, with a remote kind of sex repugnance:

"He will grow up to be like his father."

"It tain't my mommer's fault, and you sha'n't scold my mommer, sir!" blazed Bob. "I 've *allers* taken care of Nan, and I 'm the proper person to take my little sister out to walk. Nobody 's to blame but only Nan—she ran. How 's a feller goin' to take care of a bow-legged girl that runs, I 'd like to know? Mommer, you be still. That ain't blood. It 's nothin' but mud. Nan tumbled. She 's so bow-legged, she tumbled on the track. Nan ain't hurt."

Bob began to sob a little; but the bow-legged baby smiled complacently, feeling herself unexpectedly an object of public attention. Her mother, with inarticulate maternal sounds, tried to wash off the mud, but she could not do it, her hand shook so.

"Go down-stairs, both of you!" raged the father. "Go down to the other five, and keep the whole pack away!"

Nan wriggled out of her mother's arms and waddled away comfortably. But the boy hesitated. He stood for a moment, stoutly, between the woman and the man.

"Don't you darst scold my mommer, sir!" he cried. "You may wollop *me*. *I* can stand it."

"Go down, I say!" roared the father. Bob cringed, and went.

The husband shut the door, and the wife watched him with dull, glazed eyes. She had fallen back upon the pillow and lay panting. All her consciousness had resolved itself, now, into sheer, crude fear—the fear of feebleness before force.

"Now," cried the man, "I 'll settle with *you!*"

His rage volleyed out in sparse words, as it did when he was most angry with least reason; it was so incoherent that he was virtually a maniac. She looked at him steadily,—she had half risen, and was sitting up, now, on the edge of the mattress,—she looked at him firmly and solemnly, as an experienced tamer regards the wild beast who has turned upon him with a fatal purpose. Her lips stirred; a few parched words came from them—something about Bob and Nan.

"I did the best—I could. Somebody had to get the chops for you—and asparagus. Bob has always taken care—of her. I spoke about—the cars."

As he moved toward her, without replying, she put out both her thin hands; they shook violently.

"Robert? Wait a minute, dear. You know you 're sometimes—sorry afterward. Robert? *Robert!*"

But the words died from her. A cold, white spark in his eye seemed to advance upon her like an army; his mouth was stiff. Those were the eyes that had wooed her, the lips that won her. She thought this, but not in language. Her mind worked in pictures. She saw herself and this man walking in her father's garden on a moonlit night, and stopping to look into the brook. His arm held her to his breast; his cheek touched hers.

"He courted me," she thought. She cried out, once, in a loud voice:

"Robert! *Dear* Robert!"

He gripped her by the shoulder, meaning, to do him justice, nothing more than to relieve his own black mood. He had never hurt his wife, you see. He never meant to. When he was very angry he sometimes shook her, as he would shake a child or a dog; but his blows were those of the tongue, and usually the thing that he injured was not the woman's flesh, but only the woman's heart. As he dragged her from the bed she tottered, for she was weak. Whether it was that he pushed her a little, as a man in a rage will push anything,—a chair, a door, or a woman,—or whether it was that he did

not help her as she lost her balance, only Annie knows; for afterward he could not have sworn, before the courts of earth or heaven, what he did or did not. And Annie does not tell.

As she fell she hit the stove. The iron devil, piling invisible coal below, received her soft body upon the handle of his shovel. But the nickel angel did not turn his head to look.

Her eyes opened slowly upon the wall-paper; the summer-house with the purple grapes looked sorry that it had not been able to shelter her, but the narcissus bent and swayed as if it tried to lean a little toward her. She could not see the stove, and she was conscious of being glad that she could not. Two kerosene-lamps were burning, and the shades were drawn. The room seemed full of people, and she turned her head to look at them. Bob and Nan were there, and Mary McCarthy, and the surgeon who was usually called to the accidents on the McCarthy side of the street, and the whistling policeman. A lady in lilac came up and put Mary McCarthy to one side, and sat down on the foot of the bed. It did not surprise Annie at all, but seemed the most natural thing in the world, that her father should be standing by the stove, with his back to it, warming his hands; he quite hid the stove from her sight. Annie tried to speak. She thought she said:

"Where is my husband?" but no one seemed to hear her, so she tried again, and indeed several times, before she made them understand.

"It 's in his arrums ye do be lyin' beyander," observed Mary McCarthy. "Settin' bechune yez and the head-board ye 'll behold himself."

Annie put up her hand feebly, and felt about, and found Robert's hand; it closed over her own mightily. Great tears splashed upon her face from his unseen eyes.

"*Dear* Robert!" said Annie.

The surgeon and the policeman were silent. The lady in lilac turned away her face, but Mary McCarthy blubbered loudly.

"Nan 's bow-legged," volunteered Bob. "If she had n't 'a' been—"

But the lady in lilac hushed the boy and bade him take Nan, coaxing the children till she got them away. They went as far as the hall, and there Bob stood his ground. The lilac muslin floated back to its place at the foot of the bed.

"Why, that 's Lou!" said Annie, faintly. "I thought you did n't—want to—" Lou stooped, crying outright, and the surgeon was not quick enough to prevent her: she kissed Annie half a dozen times as she used to do when they were girls in the store.

Robert had not kissed her. He did not dare. Lou took her embroidered handkerchief and wiped the tears of the husband from the face of the wife. The man sat with his head hanging to his breast; Annie turned her bruised cheek and put her lips to his hand. The surgeon said something—nobody knew what, and it did not matter in the least.

The policeman cleared his voice.

"We must get her ante-mortem statement," he said loudly.

"Yes," said Annie, clearly. "I sha'n't get over this."

Her face, which had been quite limp and flaccid, assumed a sudden change. The ominous reserve of the dying gave way to their terrible intelligence. It could be seen that every atom of her brain and heart braced itself to meet the ordeal before her. It was love against law; it was a mere human law, a man's invention, setting itself against a divine creation, challenging a woman's heart.

"She will tell the truth," thought the miserable man in whose shaking arms she lay. To be fair to him, he preferred she should; he was broken after his hurricane. If Annie could have seen his face—but he still sat behind her, holding her, on the lean pillow, against his breast.

She replied, without obvious disturbance, to such preliminary questions as she was thought able to answer; in fact, she developed a remarkable vitality, and spoke distinctly, with some strength, appearing less like a woman who was about to die than like a woman who had begun to live.

"How did the accident happen?"

"I fell," said Annie, without hesitation.

"Any domestic difficulties?"

Annie looked over toward the stove, where her father seemed to be standing, warming his hands; he regarded her silently; there were tears on his cheeks. The lips of the old minister, dead these sixteen years, moved slowly.

"No liar shall enter the kingdom of

God," they said. Annie's cold hand trembled in the hand of her husband.

"There was no trouble," she replied.

"Had your husband been unkind to you —in any way? For instance, did he—we will say—handle you roughly?"

Annie looked the officer in the eye quite steadily.

"*No*, sir."

The officer and the surgeon exchanged glances. An expression, difficult to describe, cleared indefinably from Lou's pretty face; she moved nearer to Annie upon the bed. She was conscious of wishing at that moment that she had not worn her new muslin, or else that it had not been lilac, which made the blue wrapper with the polka-dot so ugly on poor Annie. Lou patted the old wrapper gently.

"I fell," repeated Annie, firmly. "I hit the stove."

"He pushed you—did you say—so that you hit the stove?"

"No," said Annie, quietly.

"Do you declare that your husband is in no way responsible for your injuries and their consequences?"

"I do," said Annie, distinctly.

"She never told a lie in her life," said Lou, suddenly. Lou lifted her lilac-muslin arm and instinctively raised her hand, as if she took oath before the law.

"*Annie will not lie*," sobbed Lou. "I've known her for a great many years. She WILL NOT lie."

Mary McCarthy crossed herself. For once she did not speak. The Irishwoman looked at the minister's daughter somberly; the eyes of the two wives met with a solemn sex allegiance.

The officer and the surgeon whispered together.

"It 's meself did hear the two of them quite lovin' bechune thimselves, whin I coom up the shtair," protested Mrs. McCarthy, loudly. "It is herself did say, 'Dear Robert,' now,—think o' that, now, —'Dear Robert,' she says, as plain as anny paternoster. It 's meself did hear her, now, 'Dear Robertin'' an' '*Dear* Robertin'' the man—like that, now."

Lou floated over and put her arm on Mary McCarthy's shoulder. She looked like a lilac parrot repeating the only words she knew; for Lou's head whirled, and Annie's white face swam and darkened before her.

"Gentlemen—Annie will not lie."

But Bob, out in the hall, gripped Nan by the hand and pulled her softly down the stairs. A darkening sense that he must not be asked questions had overtaken Bob. His little face grew suddenly old, like a man's. He took the bow-legged girl and ran for half a mile, and hid in a hogshead that he knew of, on an empty lot, and stayed till dark.

When the policemen bethought him of the children, the remainder of the family were officiously pushed forward.

"Are these all the children?" inquired the officer.

"Only the five, sir," said Mary McCarthy, serenely. "Shure, an' ain't that enough for the likes of her? There 'll be six," she added imperturbably, "if she do be livin' till come mornin', or I ain't never be'n the mother of elivin in tin year, an' the two pair of thim twins, now, thanks be to God!"

To concentrate the intellect when Mary McCarthy was talking was not easy,—possibly Mrs. McCarthy suspected as much, —and the mind of the law, successfully diverted from objectionable processes, wavered. The size of Annie's family somehow took on the character of accepted evidence, and Bob, the only incorruptible witness in the case, fed Nan with molasses candy in the hogshead to keep her there till the law had galloped by the vacant lot. The mounted policeman rode fast; he was whistling:

". . . I love you in the same old way!"

Lou had gone, but she was coming back; and the surgeon—he would return, too. Mary McCarthy had gone to get supper for eleven, but she would come back to spend the night. Somebody had taken the children; they were sure not to stay away long.

"This won't last five minutes," thought Annie. She put up her weak hand and touched her husband's cheek. Her soul brimmed, but vanishing time and strength defied its overflow. All she could say was:

"Poor Robert! My poor boy!

"Ask God to forgive me," she added. "Kneel down—and ask him now."

She pointed to the floor. The man's heart broke in a terrible groan; but he dropped to his knees and lifted the hand that had turned maniac upon her.

"Forgive it!" he sobbed. "If there is

any God that can forgive a hand like that —for *her* sake. Amen."

"Oh, my dear," said Annie, wearily, "I wanted you to pray for *me*. I told a lie."

She twisted her head restlessly on the flat pillow.

"Father," said Annie, "I told a lie—for *his* sake. Amen.

"There is n't much time left," panted Annie. "Would you mind—telling me again—how much you love me, dear?"

When the women came back and the children trotted in, they found the two, she with her head upon his breast, he holding her as he had held her since his devil went out of him and the angel entered, in whom she, for his sake, did believe. God knew what had passed between the husband and the wife. What divine miracle had love and anguish wrought? For her face shone as if it had been the face of a woman cherished above all her kind, beloved beyond the lot of women, and so tenderly entreated that her heart could scarcely beat for joy. Never since her bridal day had there gleamed from Annie's eyes the look that glorified them now. Ecstasy enveloped her. She was transfigured before the two wives who ministered to her in the inexorable hour which inevitable death did not spare the sinking woman.

For Mary McCarthy was right; and before another morning the "sixth" baby was born to the smitten household. Annie rallied superbly, and brought the child into the world, more like a mother who was determined to live than like a woman who was fated to die. But she did not grieve when they told her that the little thing had breathed but twice. She asked for Bob and Nan and the five, and kissed them all, and said some gentle things to Lou and Mary McCarthy, and told the surgeon how kind the children's father was to her, and added plaintively:

"*May* I die alone with my husband, doctor?" as if she had been a child who had done some wrong and deserved no favors.

She wandered a little after this. She was in the store at Christmas-time and bargaining with her customers.

"*Yes, madam. This buckle is quite the fashion now. It goes with the belt. You 'll find the ribbons on the first counter to the left. A pincushion, you say? Here is one, madam. Shaped like a heart, and red. Stab it with that pin—see, madam, how easily it can be pierced! Quite like a woman's, as you say. No, it does not bleed. It will bear many stabs—and cheap, at that.*"

Then, more happily, her soul went into her father's garden and moved about there, and was the soul of a girl; for the wife in her, for a joyous moment, lost its way.

"The grapes are ripe! The grapes are ripe! I don't find the narcissus, father. The water in the brook is bright, and—see, how still! It does not run. It looks like glass. Father! I thought you said you forgave me when I told that lie?

"*No liars—in the kingdom? Well—there will be some wives there, father. God never was a woman. He made wives instead. Dear Robert! He made me—yours.*"

They had all yielded to her pathetic wish, none being able to refuse her, and she died alone with her husband, as she had asked. She wore the happiest dead face that he had ever seen; for her soul had escaped on the wings of a solemn delight which, so she seemed to urge, the living might not understand or share; since, if a dead woman is a glad one, she keeps the secret of her content.

The iron devil on the base-burner shoveled invisible coal, and did not turn his head. But the nickel angel seemed to stir and to regard the two.

THE MAN THE CONSUL PROTECTED

BY BENJAMIN H. RIDGELY

Author of "The Missing Exequatur," "The Man Who Gave No Tip," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

COLONEL GILLESPIE WITHERSPOON WARFIELD of Kentucky was an amiable and kindly man of fifty, with the fluent speech and genial good breeding of a typical Blue-grass gentleman. In appearance and dress he was still an ante-bellum Kentuckian, with a weakness for high-heeled boots, long frock-coats, and immaculate linen. When he said, "Yes, sah," or "No, sah," it was like a breath right off the old plantation. It should be added that he was a bachelor and a Mugwump.

Being a Kentuckian, he was naturally a colonel; though, as a matter of fact, it was due solely to the courtesy of the press and the amiable custom of the proud old commonwealth that he possessed his military title. Nor had the genial colonel been otherwise a brilliant success in life. Indeed, I am pained to recite that he had achieved in his varied professional career only a sort of panorama of failures. He had failed at the bar, failed in journalism, failed as a real-estate broker, and, having finally taken the last step, had failed as a life-insurance agent. In this emergency his relatives and friends hesitated as to whether they should run him for Congress or unload him on the consular service. His younger brother, who was something of a cynic, insisted that Gillespie was fitted by intelligence to be only a family physician; but it was finally decided at a domestic council that he would particularly ornament the consular service. In pursuance of this happy conclusion, an organized onslaught was made upon the White House. The President yielded, and one day the news came that Colonel Gillespie Witherspoon Warfield had been appointed consul of the United States to Esperanza.

It is needless to suggest that Colonel Warfield took himself very seriously in his new official capacity. It had not occurred to him, however, that his consular mission was rather a commercial than a patriotic one: he believed that he was going abroad to see that the flag of his country was treated with respect, and to protect those of his fellow-countrymen who in any emergency might have need of the services of an astute and fearless diplomat. In fact, the feeling that his chief official function was to be that of a sort of diplomatic protecting angel took such possession of him that he assumed a paternal attitude toward the whole country. Thus, bursting with patriotism, he set sail one day from New York for Gibraltar, and was careful during the voyage to let it be understood on shipboard that if anybody needed protection he stood ready to run up the flag and make the eagle scream violently.

Esperanza lies just around the corner from Gibraltar, and nowhere along all the Iberian littoral of the Mediterranean is the sky fairer or the sun more genial. The

fertile *vega* stretches back to the foot-hills of the snow-capped Sierra Nevada. Across the blue sea-way lies Morocco. It is a picturesque and beautiful spot, and if the consul be a dreamer, he may find golden hours for reverie. But I fear that neither the poetry nor the picturesqueness of the entourage appealed to Consul Warfield as he reached Esperanza that blazing September morning. He was more impressed with the shrill noises of the foul and shabby streets; with the dust that was upon everything, giving even to the palm-trees in the *parque* a gray and dreary look; with the flies that seemed to be hunting their prey in swarms like miniature vultures; with the uncompromising mosquitos singing shrilly for blood, and the bold, busy fleas that held no portion of his official person sacred.

"HE SET OUT TO FIND THE CONSULATE"

The colonel was a buoyant man, but his exuberant soul felt a certain sinking that hot morning. It was a busy moment at Esperanza, and not much attention was paid to the new consul at the crowded Fonda Cervantes, whither, after a turbulent effort, he had persuaded his *cochero* to conduct him. He had been much disappointed that the vice-consul was not on hand to receive him at the railway-station. The fact is, the consul had thought rather earnestly of a committee and a brass band at the depot, and the complete lack of anything even akin to a reception had been something of a shock to his official and personal vanity. However, he was not easily discouraged, and after having convinced the proprietor of the fonda that he was the new American consul, and therefore entitled to superior consideration, he set out to find the consulate.

He found it in a narrow little street that went twisting back from the quay toward the great dingy cathedral, and certainly it was not what his imagination had fondly pictured it. He had thought of a fine old Moorish-castle sort of house, with a great carved door opening into a spacious *patio*, splendid with Arabic columns, and in the background a broad marble staircase leading up to the consulate. He had expected to see the flag of his country flying in honor of his arrival, and a uniformed soldier on duty at the entrance, ready to present arms and stand at attention when the new consul appeared.

As a matter of fact, there was a very narrow little door opening into a very narrow little hallway that ran through the center of a very narrow, squalid little house. Over the doorway was perched the consular coat of arms. It was the poorest, dingiest, dustiest little escutcheon that ever bore so pretentious a device.

The dingy gilt letters were almost invisible, but the colonel managed to make them out. He could also see that the figure in the center of the shield was intended to represent a proud and haughty eagle-bird in the act of screaming; but the poor old

eagle had been so rained upon and so shone upon, and the dust had gathered so heavily upon him, that he looked like a mere low-spirited reminiscence of the famous *Haliaëtus leucocephalus* which he was originally meant to represent.

Colonel Warfield of Kentucky was not discouraged. Being, as I have said, a buoyant man, he simply remarked to himself: "I 'll have that disreputable-looking fowl taken down and painted." Then he walked on into the squalid little consulate.

An old man with shifty little blue eyes; a thin, keen face; long, straggling gray hair; and a long, thin tuft of gray beard, which looked all the more straggling and wretched because of the absence of an accompanying mustache, sat at a table reading a Spanish newspaper. This was Mr. Richard Brown of Maine, "clerk and messenger" to the United States consulate, who drew the allowance of four hundred dollars a year and was the recognized bulwark of official Americanism at Esperanza. For forty years, during all the vicissitudes of war and politics, Richard Brown had sat at his desk in the shabby little consulate, watching the procession of American consuls come and go, doing nearly all the clerical work of the office himself, and contemplating with cynical delight the tortuous efforts of the various untrained new officers to acquaint themselves with their duties and the language of the post.

In his affiliations he had become entirely Spanish, having acquired a fluent knowledge of the language and a wide acquaintance with the people and their ways. None the less, in his speech and appearance he remained a typical down-east Yankee, and it is said at Esperanza that his one conceit was to look like the popular caricature of Uncle Sam. In this it is not to be denied that he succeeded. The "billy-goat" beard; the lantern-jaw; the thin, long hair; the thin, long arms; and the thin, long legs —these he had as if modeled from the caricature. And the nasal twang and the down-east dialect—alas! it would have filled the average melodramatic English novelist's devoted soul with untold satisfaction and delight to hear Richard Brown say "Wal" and "I gaiss," and otherwise mutilate the English language.

To the Spaniards he was known as Don Ricardo. The small Anglo-American colony at Esperanza referred to him as "old Dick Brown." He was a cynical, crusty, sour old man, who had become a sort of consular heirloom at Esperanza, and without whose knowledge and assistance no new American consul could at the outset have performed the simplest official duty. Knowing this, Richard Brown felt a very well-developed sense of his own importance, and looked upon each of his newly arrived superiors with ill-concealed contempt.

There was also a vice-consul at Esperanza; but as he was a busy merchant, who could find time to sign only such papers as old Brown presented to him in the absence of the consul, he was seen little at the consulate. He generally knew when a new consul was coming along or an old consul going away, but in this instance Brown had failed to advise him either of Major Ransom's departure or of Colonel Warfield's arrival. Thus it happened that only the amiable Mr. Brown was on hand when Colonel Warfield came perspiring upon the scene on the warm morning in September of which we write.

"Come in," he said sharply as the consul hesitated upon the threshold. "What 's your business?"

Colonel Warfield gave Mr. Brown a look that would have completely withered an ordinary person, but which was entirely lost upon the old man in question, and with magnificent dignity handed him the following card:

COLONEL G. WITHERSPOON WARFIELD,
Consul of the United States of America.
ESPERANZA.

Mr. Richard Brown looked the card over carefully.

"Another colonel," he observed grimly. "The last one was a major; the one before him was a capting. Ain't they got nothin' but soldiers to send out here? Who 's goin' to run the army? Are you a real colonel or jest a newspaper colonel, or are you a colonel on the governor's staff? There 's your office over there on the other side of the hall. Kin you speak Spanish?"

It is unnecessary for the purpose of this story to tell all that passed between Consul

Warfield and his clerk during the next few months. It may simply be stated that the shock of the reception which I have just described so weighed upon the colonel that it took him at least a week to recover his accustomed exuberance; but he was of such an amiable disposition, and he felt so unutterably lonely in his new surroundings, and attended to business, had his hands full.

At the outset, the colonel, after looking over the field, had decided to startle the Department of State with an impressive report on the cane-sugar industry of Andalusia; but after a tortuous and futile effort to secure statistics from officials who

"'ANOTHER COLONEL,' HE OBSERVED GRIMLY"

and appreciated so fully the helplessness of the situation in which he would find himself should the crusty old "consular heirloom" abandon him, that he permitted himself to see only the useful and companionable side of that sharp-tongued but none the less interesting old person, and set himself to learn something of the routine work of the consulate, which he found much more laborious and difficult than he had even faintly imagined. The truth is that routine clerical work and the study of the "Revised Statutes" were not at all to Colonel Warfield's liking. He had always thought of himself as filling the rôle of a spectacular consul, who would appear only on brilliant and dramatic occasions; but at Esperanza, with its busy port and ceaseless exportation, he found that the American consul, if he knew anything positively refused to understand his ghastly Spanish, he abandoned the idea.

"Why don't you make a report on the locust plague?" suggested Brown, one hot afternoon, as the consul sat by the window fighting the flies. "That would interest the Department of Agriculture, would n't it?"

The colonel's face brightened.

"Is there a plague of locusts impending?" he asked.

"Not at this particular moment," responded Mr. Brown; "but there ain't no tellin' when we 'll have one, with this hot wind blowin' straight from Africa. Anyway, you might get your report ready ahead o' time, and send it off as soon as the locusts arrive. They generally take two days to eat up the park and the public library and the government tobacco stores, and you could have your documents ready

"'WHY DON'T YOU MAKE A REPORT ON THE LOCUST PLAGUE?'"

and in the mail before the consul-general at Barcelona could possibly know there was a locust in Spain. This would give you the credit of a big scoop at the department."

"It would indeed be a most interesting and valuable report," rejoined Colonel Warfield, somewhat wearily. "I think I 'll go to work on it at once."

"There ain't no use of botherin' about writin' it yourself," added Mr. Brown, cheerfully; "you kin jest copy Consul Flannagan's report and send it over to the department. Locusts always acts the same, and there won't be nothin' new to tell. All the consuls have used Capting Flannagan's report. Colonel Berry sent a copy of it over only two years ago, and they published it again, jest the same as if it was brand-new and original.

"You see," continued Mr. Brown, ingenuously, "they get so dinged many consular reports over there that they forget all about 'em in a year or two, and when a report comes in they don't know whether it 's new or old."

"Things have changed recently," interrupted Colonel Warfield, with some show of irritation. "A Bureau of Commerce has been organized in the State Department, and if the reports are not new and interesting, they are no longer published. I would n't dare risk my reputation by sending Consul Flannagan's old report as an original one of my own. Besides, it would be dishonest."

"Maybe so; but that would n't 'a' made no difference to the line of consuls we 've been gettin' out this way heretofore," rejoined Mr. Brown, sweetly.

"Moreover," continued Colonel Warfield, "I am not particularly interested in making agricultural reports just now. I am not a commercial consul, anyway. I feel much more interest in the diplomatic features of consular work. Is the consul at Esperanza never called upon to protect anybody?" he asked tentatively of his clerk.

Mr. Richard Brown shook his head.

"Most of them that 's been out here could n't have protected themselves, let alone anybody else," he answered solemnly. "I had to get one of 'em out of jail once myself," he continued. "There was an American schooner came into port one day, and she had n't been in two hours before the cook deserted. He was a colored gentleman—as black a one as you ever see. The capting of course sends a note up to the consul and asks him to have the deserter took up, and the consul he sends a note to the governor, with a description of the cook, and asks the governor to have the black rascal arrested. Now, sir, in Esperanza that day there was jest two

black men: one was the black cook and the other was—the new American consul. So it happened that when the consul went out for a walk that afternoon the police mistook him for the cook, and before he knew it he was in jail. He could n't speak a word of Spanish, and every time he said, 'Consul Americano,' the *carabineros* answered: 'Oh, yes, we know; he told us to run you in, you black scoundrel.' I found it out somehow, and got the consul out. He was the maddest gentleman you ever seen."

"Do you mean to tell me," asked Colonel Warfield of Kentucky, rather hysterically, "that a—n—nig—a colored person was among my predecessors at this post?"

"We 've had two here," answered Mr. Brown, cheerfully. "To tell the truth, I thought maybe you 'd be a nigger yourself, when I hear you was comin' from Kentucky."

For a moment Colonel Warfield's face grew stern and he looked dangerous; then he thought of the awful possibility of being compelled to clear the next ship single-handed if he shot the clerk, and so no violence was done.

Nor was Colonel Warfield to be deterred from his original purpose by these discouraging recitals of his depressing assistant. The desire to exercise the function of consular protection only grew stronger. He read with emotions of envy and concern that the consul at Cutta-Throta had "protected" not only the entire American colony, but also many other resident foreigners, from the insolent revolutionists. A thrilling despatch in the "Journal Jaune," telling how the consul at Hari-Kari had most gallantly "protected" a missionary by enveloping her gentle person in the encompassing folds of "Old Glory" and coolly whistling "Yankee Doodle" in the very teeth of the aggressive Oriental, moved him to transports of admiration, not unmingled with sentiments of jealousy.

There were visitors every day at the consulate,—merchants, clerks, and others concerned with shipments of merchandise to the United States,—but they were all Spaniards, and had little interest for the colonel. Every now and then an American appeared upon the scene, but none of them wanted protection. In fact, most of them came to borrow the Paris edition of a New York paper or to ask if there were any danger of catching the smallpox at Granada.

But all things come in the end. One hot and dull afternoon, as the colonel stood at an open window looking aimlessly down the street, he saw a carriage suddenly swing out of the Alameda and come dashing furiously along the quay in the direction of the consulate. The little victoria, drawn by a game gray pony, swayed a wild zigzag course along the rough street that promised ill for the sole occupant, a young woman, who held a smart blue parasol over her with one hand, while with the other she clung desperately to the rear seat. The coachman saw the consul standing at the open window of the consulate, and gesticulated wildly. The young woman also saw him, and waved her parasol appealingly. They were evidently trying to reach the office before the closing hour, which was near at hand, and Colonel Warfield felt instinctively that the great moment had arrived. He nervously pulled down his

"MOST OF THEM CAME TO BORROW THE PARIS EDITION"

waistcoat, buttoned up his Prince Albert coat, and involuntarily assumed an attitude of defiance.

Meanwhile the little gray pony, galloping to the very threshold of the consular building, had been pulled to a sudden halt with his nose in the front door. In a moment a young woman of about thirty,

A few moments later Mrs. Edward Copington looked up at him gratefully.

"I found your name in my Baedeker," she said in a refined voice; "you are Mr. Warfield, our consul, are you not?"

The colonel bowed a graceful assent.

"I have never felt such a sense of relief in all my life, and I never before felt so

"'CALM YOURSELF; YOU ARE UNDER THE PROTECTION OF THE AMERICAN FLAG'"

fully expressing, in her sweet, gentle face, graceful figure, and faultless attire, what the French call the *chic indéscriptible* of *la belle Américaine*, stood before the consul. She reached out her hand mutely, a word trembled on her lips, her throat quivered, and, sinking into a chair, she burst into tears. All the chivalry of a true Kentucky gentleman rose up in the heart of Colonel Gillespie Witherspoon Warfield.

"Calm yourself, madam," he said gently, in a voice so full of genuine and friendly sympathy that the lady only wept all the more desperately. "Calm yourself; you are under the protection of the American flag; you have nothing to fear."

proud of being an American," she said, and again she looked up at the consul gratefully. Colonel Warfield also felt a great sense of satisfaction.

"Madam," he said, "I am here to offer you protection. I trust the situation is not very serious."

"I do not know exactly how serious it is," she answered. "I can only tell you the facts, and let you judge. My husband and I have for some time been planning a trip to Spain and Italy; we sailed from New York ten days ago, and arrived day before yesterday at Gibraltar. Last night we left Gibraltar on the boat which reached here this morning, with the intention of going

on by rail this afternoon to Granada. My husband has been in a weak and nervous state of health for some time, and this morning, after a rough and sleepless night on a very bad boat, when we reached port he was in a very irritable frame of mind. The custom-house officers were perfect brutes: seeing that we could not speak Spanish, they gathered about us, gesticulating, shrieking, and storming for us to open our trunks, which they searched as carefully as if we were common smugglers. Finding nothing that could possibly be taxed, they insultingly asked my husband if he had any tobacco or cigars in his pockets, and approached as if to search him. At this, Mr. Copington drew from one of his pockets a package of cigarettes, which he rather impatiently pitched at the impertinent fellow, and, in doing so, accidentally let fall a small revolver which he always carries when traveling.

"In a moment four or five of the men sprang upon Mr. Copington, and blew their whistles madly for the police, of whom a dozen came at once. My husband was marched off to an awful prison, while I came as quickly as I could to you, fearing that I might arrive too late for your office hour. And now you know the whole story. I have only to add that my husband is Mr. Edward Copington of New York city, a retired banker, and I hope you will be able to secure his immediate release. It would be very hard upon him, if not absolutely dangerous, to have to pass the night in that awful prison in his present delicate state of health."

"Madam," said the colonel, with dignity, "do me the honor to take possession of the consulate until I can interview my friend the governor-general. Mr. Brown," —he turned to his clerk,—"I am going for a moment to the governor's palace. Kindly hoist the flag and see that this lady is carefully protected during my absence." Whereupon he took from his table drawer a tiny American flag, which he pinned carefully on the lapel of his coat with a look of determination; and with a flourish of the star-spangled pocket-handkerchief which he always carried, the colonel bowed cheerfully to Mrs. Copington, and proceeded at a dignified pace to the governor's dingy old palace, which stood just around the corner.

He was gone two hours, during which time Mrs. Edward Copington sat miserably but hopefully in his office.

When Colonel Warfield finally reappeared at the consulate he was hot and tired, and his voice lacked its accustomed buoyancy.

"Your husband is formally accused not only of smuggling, but of menacing and attempting to shoot an officer of the government," he said. "The case, I fear, is serious. In any and all events, Mr. Copington is for the moment *incomunicado*; that is to say, it will be impossible for anybody to see him until after he shall have had his examining trial to-morrow."

Mrs. Edward Copington sprang to her feet and held out her hands appealingly, while her eyes filled with tears.

"Are you really going to let my poor husband pass the night in that hideous prison?" she said in a reproachful voice. "Are you not going to protect him?"

Colonel Warfield looked much annoyed. The word "protect" struck into his soul.

"Madam, I fear there is no help for it. The civil governor is very kindly disposed, but the director of the *aduana* declares that the dignity of the revenue service has been outraged and insulted, and he will not even consent to the release of your husband on bail. He insists that he be punished."

"What is the penalty?" asked Mrs. Copington in trembling tones.

"From one to four years in prison, banishment from the country, or five thousand pesos fine," answered Colonel Warfield, humbly.

The lady sank down in her chair, and covered her face with her hands.

"Oh," she exclaimed directly, "why did we ever come to this awful country? Why did n't we go to Mexico or Canada?"

Then she sprang to her feet.

"Mr. Warfield," she cried passionately, "this is simply monstrous. My husband is in no sense to blame. Are you going to protect him or not?"

The consul began to suspect that he was not coming out of this case of protection with all the brilliancy of which he had dreamed.

The fact is, he had tried to bully the director of the customs service by talking about the American flag and a man-of-war that was lying just across the way at Tangier; but in this he had made a mistake,

"'ARE YOU GOING TO PROTECT HIM OR NOT?'"

for this particular Spanish gentleman was not of the sort to be easily bullied, and he had politely given Colonel Warfield to understand that he and his flag and his war-ship and his compatriot could all go to the bottom of the deep-blue sea, as far as he was concerned. It is true the governor had supreme authority and might have ordered the release of Mr. Copington, but in the presence of the aggressive and sullen insistence of the chief customs official he felt that this might cost him dear at the capital, and had declined to take summary action in the matter, although he had assured Colonel Warfield that it broke his heart to refuse.

In this emergency, Mr. Richard Brown, who had been somewhat touched by Mrs. Copington's grief, felt it advisable to make a suggestion. Calling Colonel Warfield aside, he said:

"You ain't workin' this case right; wait till after dinner to-night, and then go over to the palace again, and take the lady with you. These Spaniards is jest like you Kentucky Yankees: they can't refuse a good-lookin' woman nothin'."

Thus was planned a visit that will be ever memorable at the governor's palace in Esperanza. Old Dick Brown, in describing it in after years, declared that Colonel Warfield "lied a hundred yards that night in eight seconds." He knew whereof he spoke, too, for at his own suggestion he had accompanied the colonel and Mrs. Copington, and was present during the entire interview.

The visit was at nine o'clock. El Señor Don Tomaso Alfonso Manolo Enrique Eduardo Sanchez y Gonzales, Marquis of Malaria, Civil Governor of Esperanza, had graciously consented again to receive the señor consul at that hour, and was already awaiting the visit in his great gilded *sala* in the shabby-genteel old palace, when Colonel Warfield, attired in his long new redingote, his irreproachable lemon-colored kid gloves, and his faultless high hat, was announced by a pampered menial with a bull-fighter's head, squalidly gaudy in a crimson-velvet livery with an epidemic of gold braid. Clinging to Colonel Warfield's arm was his dainty compatriot, whose blonde beauty stole upon that somber Spanish scene like a ray of sunlight.

As the gallant governor of Esperanza bowed before her with that ineffably graceful and gentle homage which only a Spaniard of high breeding can ever hope to express in a mere reverence, she appealingly held out a dainty little white hand, advanced confidingly toward him, and burst into tears, just as she had done upon arriving at the consulate. Mr. Richard Brown, in speaking of the event afterward, said:

"I never see a woman act her part so perfect in my hull life."

As Mrs. Copington burst into tears there came promptly into the dark-brown eyes of the Governor of Malaria a certain moisture that gallant and tender-hearted men occasionally find it very difficult to con-

"THE GALLANT GOVERNOR OF ESPERANZA BOWED"

ceal. Colonel Warfield had acquired a sufficient acquaintance with Spanish to make himself understood, while the governor of Esperanza had a similar knowledge of English, and prided himself upon the fact. It would be impossible to reproduce

dangerous English contrabandist. Your Excellency led me to hope this afternoon that you would pay our great government the compliment of at once liberating this distinguished citizen, who, I may now add, is a man of great importance. I have

"'MY HEART BLEEDS,' MURMURED THE GOVERNOR"

Colonel Warfield's grotesque Castilian, but the honest gentleman delivered himself so artfully that Mr. Brown ever afterward spoke with great feeling and appreciation of his powers of pure imagination.

"Señor governor," he said, "I bring you my lovely compatriot, who has been cruelly robbed of her natural protector. She came trustingly to your beautiful city. Her husband could not understand your exquisite language, and when the customs officers asked him questions he thought they wanted cigarettes, and good-naturedly threw them at them. This is a cordial and spontaneous but rather vulgar way we have in the far West, which your highly cultivated carabineros quite naturally misunderstood. Therefore a disagreement followed, and my poor compatriot, who is the gentlest and kindest man in the world, was erroneously arrested by your accomplished and courageous carabineros, who, as I have since been informed, thought him a therefore come, accompanied by his wife, to ask that you will put your promise into effect."

Don Alfonso smiled sweetly but sorrowfully.

"My heart breaks, señor consul," he said almost tenderly; "yet I cannot to liberate your compatriot. The president of the aduana! I have said to him to-day: 'Are you not a stupid person? Why will you to be so overcome with folliness? This gentleman he has mean-ed no harmfulness.' But the president he sayed: 'Ha! the pistol! Would he not to shoot my brave officers?' This I could not to explain him, and I have, notwithstanding, been unable to subdue his resistfulness. *Mañana* we may to have conversation with him again, and let us hope he will not be still a stupid man." And the governor, with exquisite grace, offered Mrs. Copington a cup of chocolate; but that lady, who had been encouraged at the outset, was now in tears again.

"Oh, sir," she said, "you seem so kind and gentle—how can you be so cruel?"

"My heart bleeds," murmured the governor, who, as a matter of fact, really was beginning to be much affected by the beautiful woman's tears.

"In our country a Spanish gentleman is the synonym for chivalry," declared Colonel Warfield added to the pathos of the situation by wiping away an imaginary tear.

The governor of Malaria was now deeply touched.

"I cannot to despatch myself very well in English," he said; "but you have made my heart to be broken. What shall I to

"'I 'M A BLANKED ASS, BROWN'"

nel Warfield, artfully. "Have you forgotten, señor governor, that Spain discovered the United States?"

"My own sister married a gentleman whose great-grandfather was one of the brave Spanish gentlemen who settled St. Augustine," sobbed Mrs. Copington. "She named her baby boy Alfonso, in honor of your little king."

Mr. Brown looked at Mrs. Copington admiringly, and said to himself, "That female ought to go on the stage," while

do? There is much penalty for this offense. Think, señora: the law it sayes, 'From one to four years in prison, or five thousand pesos fine, or banishment from Spain.' It is not an ordinary little case. The court may inflict either one or all of those penalties. Fine, imprisonment, or banishment—do you understand, señor consul?"

At this moment Mr. Brown approached very closely to Colonel Warfield. "Tell him you 'll compromise on banishment," he whispered.

Then it was that Colonel Warfield of Kentucky showed himself a master in the art of eloquence.

"Your Excellency," he said, "banishment from any country is an awful punishment, but, above all things, banishment from Spain! Certainly the most uncompromising collector of the revenues could not object to the execution of such a sentence in this case. There is a boat leaving this port at midnight for Marseilles; we consent to be banished. That is to say, we consent to have Mr. Copington banished from Andalusia. We agree that he and Mrs. Copington shall leave Esperanza on that boat, never to return to Spain."

In the end the sentence of immediate banishment was agreed upon, and one hour later Colonel Warfield had the pleasure of delivering a tall, pale, nervous, dyspeptic-looking gentleman to his grateful wife on board the French steamer *Beausoleil* in the port at Esperanza. This ship sailed at midnight for Marseilles, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Copington were the happiest passengers on board. But my story is not yet ended.

Ten days later Colonel Warfield received a grateful letter from Mrs. Copington, postmarked Marseilles, in which she thanked him again in cordial terms for the inestimable service he had rendered her at Esperanza, and told him that her husband had also written a letter of grateful appreciation to the President, which, as a matter of fact, Mr. Copington actually had done, as Colonel Warfield learned years afterward.

"Be assured," she said, "that the man you protected will never forget you."

In the same mail Colonel Warfield received the following communication from the Department of State:

STATE DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, D. C.,
September 12, 1893.

To the Consular Officers
at Mediterranean Seaports.

GENTLEMEN: I have the honor to call your attention to the accompanying communication from Pinkerton's Detective Agency, wherein you are confidentially informed that on the 1st inst. Howard R. Clay, cashier of the —— National Bank of ——, absconded with $250,000 of the bank's funds, a fact which has not yet been made known to the press. There are reasons for believing that he is on his way to one of the ports of the Mediterranean, and you are therefore requested quietly to advise the authorities of your respective districts that a reward of $20,000 is offered for his apprehension. I need not add that both the President and the Secretary of State would be highly gratified if this important fugitive should be apprehended and brought to justice through your efforts.

I am, gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,
———,
Assistant Secretary of State.

Accompanying the above communication was a notice from Pinkerton's Detective Agency, with a complete description and photograph of the absconder. The notice also stated that he would probably be accompanied by his wife, a very pretty woman, who had formerly been a well-known amateur actress.

"Here," observed Colonel Warfield, astutely, as he handed the despatch and the notice to his amiable clerk, "is another chance for promotion. We must at once notify the police and be on the lookout."

Presently Mr. Brown began to gasp.

"Look!" he exclaimed, pointing to the photograph of the absconder. "The man you protected did n't have no side-whiskers, but there ain't no mistakin' that nose."

Colonel Warfield looked long and carefully; then he sank down in his chair.

"I 'm a blanked ass, Brown," he said feebly.

"Who said you was n't?" returned Mr. Brown, cordially.

COLONEL GILLESPIE WITHERSPOON WARFIELD spent the next two years of his official sojourn at Esperanza in a steadfast effort to conceal from the civil governor the identity of the man he had banished.

Meanwhile the alert American consul at Leghorn had accomplished the arrest of Mr. Howard R. Clay, alias Edward Copington, and the Italian police got the great reward.

When this story finally drifted down into far-away Andalusia, Colonel Warfield returned quietly and unostentatiously to Kentucky, where he subsequently became a successful member of the State legislature.

ICHTHYOSAURS

THE EVOLUTION OF FITNESS IN ICHTHYOSAURS

(FOSSIL WONDERS OF THE WEST)

BY HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN

Da Costa Professor of Zoölogy in Columbia University, Curator in the American Museum of Natural History

IN 1895 an expedition from the University of California discovered in rocks of Triassic age, under the distant shadows of Mount Shasta, remains of a new type of fish-saurian, which was appropriately named *Shastasaurus* by Professor Merriam. This led to the proofs of the existence in northern California of a large and very ancient bay of the Pacific Ocean during a period long previous to the elevation of the Sierra Nevada range.

Study of this animal also revealed the significant fact that it was closely related to the "polar ichthyosaur" found by Nordenskjöld in Spitzbergen, half-way between the Arctic Circle and the North Pole, and therefore the most northerly form known of these remarkable animals.

About the same time explorers from the American Museum of Natural History found in central Wyoming, in the heart of the Rocky Mountain region, some of the Jurassic ichthyosaurs (genus *Baptanodon*, Marsh), belonging to a race which, like certain of the whale tribe, lost their teeth because they had selected for food the softer marine organisms, such as the squids. These animals were from ten to twelve feet in length; propelled by broad, flattened paddles, they ranged through the seas which once covered the region surrounding the present Laramie Plains of Wyoming. The advent of these toothless sea-robbers, perhaps because of their extreme specialization, marked the decline of the maritime supremacy of this great race of ichthyosaurs; and in the Cretaceous seas which subsequently swept over this same country, the long-necked plesiosaurs, the sea-lizards or mosasaurs, and the sea-crocodiles drove out the ichthyosaurs and became the dominant pirates of the inland ocean.

To travelers over our western continent the life of this maritime period of the present great dry mountain region possesses a singular fascination.

These discoveries in America and almost simultaneous discoveries in Europe illustrate with remarkable clearness the evolution of fitness, and furnish my chief motive in writing the present article. It appears that the ichthyosaur race sprang from small, land-living, scaly lizards, with feet armed with claws (Fig. 3); and in the last few years, in various parts of the world, —in North America, Italy, Würtemberg,— savants have worked out almost the whole narrative of a wonderful transformation into large, scaleless or smooth-skinned swimmers, resembling the dolphins among mammals, and bringing forth their young alive and at sea (Fig. 5).

ORIGINAL DISCOVERY OF THE ICHTHYOSAUR

ICHTHYOSAURUS is a name much jested with, because it rivals the mastodon as a most widely known fossil, dating back to its discovery by Sir Everard R. Home, between 1814 and 1819, in the marine

deposits of Lyme-Regis, England. The name, signifying "fish-lizard," shows that this animal impressed König, its describer, as having a fish-like backbone combined with a shoulder-girdle of the lizard or saurian type. This term could not have been more happily chosen, because, while retaining the skeleton of an atavistic and the Appalachian chain of mountains. Referring to the geological time-scale in the diagram below (Fig. 1), this momentous uplift, which accompanied the great Appalachian revolution in animal and plant life, occurred during the close of the Paleozoic, or Age of Fishes, and just before the Mesozoic, or Age of Reptiles.

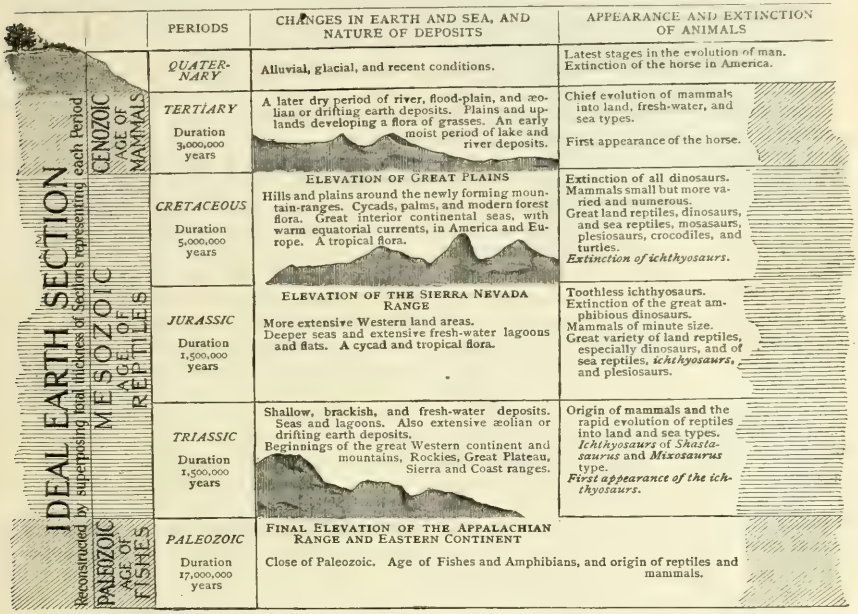

IDEAL EARTH SECTION
Reconstructed by superposing total thickness of Sections representing each Period
CENOZOIC AGE OF MAMMALS
MESOZOIC AGE OF REPTILES
PALEOZOIC AGE OF FISHES
PERIODS
CHANGES IN EARTH AND SEA, AND NATURE OF DEPOSITS
APPEARANCE AND EXTINCTION OF ANIMALS
QUATERNARY
Alluvial, glacial, and recent conditions.
Latest stages in the evolution of man.
Extinction of the horse in America.
TERTIARY
Duration 3,000,000 years
A later dry period of river, flood-plain, and æolian or drifting earth deposits. Plains and uplands developing a flora of grasses. An early moist period of lake and river deposits.
Chief evolution of mammals into land, fresh-water, and sea types.
First appearance of the horse.
ELEVATION OF GREAT PLAINS
CRETACEOUS
Duration 5,000,000 years
Hills and plains around the newly forming mountain-ranges. Cycads, palms, and modern forest flora. Great interior continental seas, with warm equatorial currents, in America and Europe. A tropical flora.
Extinction of all dinosaurs.
Mammals small but more varied and numerous.
Great land reptiles, dinosaurs, and sea reptiles, mosasaurs, plesiosaurs, crocodiles, and turtles.
Extinction of ichthyosaurs.
ELEVATION OF THE SIERRA NEVADA RANGE
JURASSIC
Duration 1,500,000 years
More extensive Western land areas.
Deeper seas and extensive fresh-water lagoons and flats. A cycad and tropical flora.
Toothless ichthyosaurs.
Extinction of the great amphibious dinosaurs.
Mammals of minute size.
Great variety of land reptiles, especially dinosaurs, and of sea reptiles, ichthyosaurs, and plesiosaurs.
TRIASSIC
Duration 1,500,000 years
Shallow, brackish, and fresh-water deposits. Seas and lagoons. Also extensive æolian or drifting earth deposits.
Beginnings of the great Western continent and mountains, Rockies, Great Plateau, Sierra and Coast ranges.
Origin of mammals and the rapid evolution of reptiles into land and sea types.
Ichthyosaurs of Shastasaurus and Mixosaurus type.
First appearance of the ichthyosaurs.
FINAL ELEVATION OF THE APPALACHIAN RANGE AND EASTERN CONTINENT
PALEOZOIC
Duration 17,000,000 years
Close of Paleozoic. Age of Fishes and Amphibians, and origin of reptiles and mammals.

FIG. 1. DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING CHANGES IN THE AMERICAN CONTINENT AND UPLIFTS OF MOUNTAIN-RANGES WHICH OCCURRED DURING THE EVOLUTION OF THE ICHTHYOSAURS FROM THE LIZARD INTO THE DOLPHIN TYPE

extremely ancient lizard, the ichthyosaur evolved a most strikingly modern external likeness to certain very familiar animals of the sea.

The remote atavus of this great race is now proved to have closely resembled the living "tuatera" lizard of New Zealand, distinctively a land animal both outside and inside, as shown in our drawing on page 417. The tuatera, because of its extraordinary antiquity, is now under the special protection of the English government.

The era when the ichthyosaur gradually abandoned its terrestrial life and prepared to embark on its long sea-roving career was an extremely ancient one—not far geologically from the time of the birth of

Already in the Triassic (the first period in the Age of Reptiles) the ancestral ichthyosaur skeleton was fast losing its land-moving form and fitting itself for exclusively aquatic life. This was brought about by the change or modification of the bending limbs of the walking tuatera type into broad, flattened paddles for water propulsion, not unlike the blade of an abbreviated canoe paddle, as seen in the accompanying sketches, Fig. 2. In such a transformation, which would have delighted the eye of Darwin, a jointed limb gradually dissolves into a fin composed of flattened plates; the distinction between the forearm, the wrist, and the hand disappears; and numerous small additional joints are added to the tips of

the fingers, so that, instead of the five joints found in the longest finger of the tuatera lizard, as many as sixteen joints are finally developed on the middle finger of the ichthyosaurus. Thus the internal skeleton of the limb was completely metamorphosed, and, as a rule, the hind paddles became smaller than the fore.

The results of progressive fitness or adaptation are no less striking in other parts of the bony frame, as shown in Fig. 4. The short head of the tuatera-lizard type is transformed into a long, slender, fish-catching snout, somewhat like that of the Amazonian dolphin (*Inia*), and is armed with curved teeth. The eyes become large, alert, and protected by a ring of bony plates. The neck is so much shortened that the fore paddle seems to emerge almost directly behind the head. As in the shark and dolphin, there is a single, long curvature of the back from the tip of the snout to near the extremity of the tail. The fore part of the body especially is deep and laterally compressed like the side lines of the cutter yacht, whereas in the contemporary plesiosaurs the body section has more of the scow build. The tail is still elongate, like that of the tuatera lizard; but a sharp, sudden, downward bend of the backbone appears in its posterior third, which has a special meaning in connection with the equally striking transformation of the external covering of the animal.

WORLD-WIDE DISTRIBUTION

The cosmopolitanism of the ichthyosaurs is the surest proof of their gradual assumption of a very successful marine type. Spreading to the Arctic regions, all over Europe, Asia, North America, along the coasts of Africa, and to New Zealand, they were especially numerous and probably reached the climax of their supremacy during the middle of the Jurassic period. Great shoals of skeletons, so to speak, are found embedded together in the Jurassic (second period in the Age of Reptiles) rocks of Würtemberg, of France, and of England, especially near Whitby. They now attained their largest size, some of the animals being estimated by Professor Fraas of Stuttgart at from twelve to fifteen meters, or about thirty-six to forty-five feet, in length.

Like the members of the whale family of our time, they had in the meantime broken up into a great variety of races and specialized widely in jaw and fin structure for the capture of every kind of food and of every form of sea prey. As observed in the biology of the "Fliegendeblätter," since

> "Ein jedes Thierchen
> Hat sein Plaisirchen,"

the ichthyosaurs experimented with every possible method of satisfying their appe-

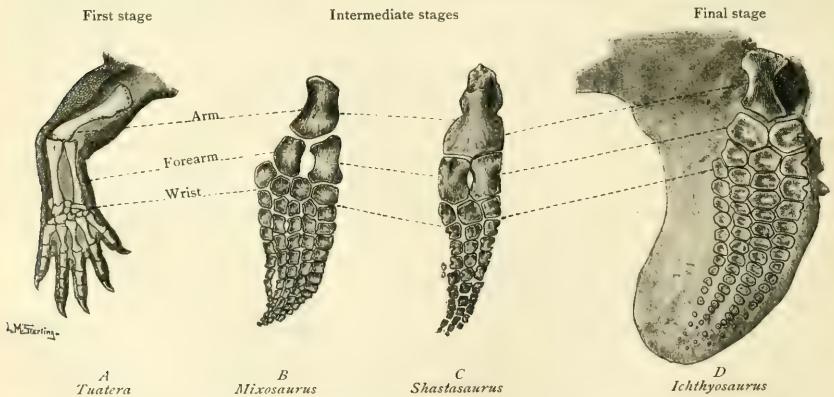


FIG. 2. TRANSFORMATION OF THE LIMB OF THE LIZARD (*A*) INTO THE PADDLE OF THE ICHTHYOSAUR (*D*)

In adaptation to aquatic life the bones of the forearm, wrist, and fingers all transform into the same shape, the joints and the claws disappear, the entire bony limb becomes the framework of a broad, fleshy fin or paddle.

The jointed limb and hand of the (*A*) tuatera-lizard type passes through the very ancient (*B*) *Mixosaurus* limb, recently described from the Triassic rocks of Italy, either into the narrow paddle of (*C*) *Shastasaurus*, from California, or into the broad, fin-like paddle of (*D*) *Ichthyosaurus*, from Holzmaden, Germany.

Drawn by Bruce Horsfall. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

FIG. 3. THE LITTLE LAND-LIVING TUATERA LIZARD, OR *HATTERIA*, OF NEW ZEALAND

This lizard, about 18 inches in length, is the only living survivor of an extremely ancient (Permian) family, from branches of which the great race of ichthyosaurs sprang. The tuatera is considered of so great scientific interest that it is especially protected by law from extermination.

tite, as is proved by the variety shown in their petrified menu, including either partly digested fish or the remains of the ink-bags of certain ancient squids and other cephalopods. Some were very active swimmers and voracious fish-catchers, while others, with long and slender paddles, swam more leisurely.

Some conception of the enormous length of the reign of the ichthyosaurs and of the profound changes which occurred in the North American continent while it was progressing may be gained from a study of the ideal earth section on page 415. When they first took to the sea the Appalachian chain of mountains was just completing its upheaval; while they were in the height of their prosperity the Sierra Nevadas arose on the western border of the continent; while they were undergoing their decline and approaching extinction the Rocky Mountain range and the region of the great plains were rising from the sea. The whole history of their dispersal on the high seas, therefore, took place during a period roughly estimated in our scale at eight millions of years.

SEA BIRTH OF THE YOUNG ICHTHYOSAUR

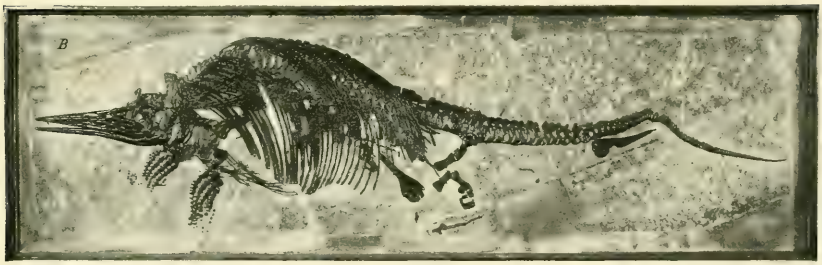
It is obviously a great disadvantage to a thoroughly sea-going animal to be obliged to return to land to deposit its eggs, as is done by all the sea-going turtles, because this mode of hatching is surrounded by numerous dangers to the young, which are wholly unprotected by the parent. The little tuatera-like ancestors were, like most reptiles, originally and distinctively egg-laying animals. The power of viviparity, or of bringing forth the young alive, in any group of animals, is always a second thought of nature, and is developed only where the young are exposed to special dangers, as in the surf-living fishes, for example. Sir Richard Owen accordingly believed that ichthyosaurs were in the habit of returning to land to deposit their eggs, like the sea turtles; it will be observed, however, that the arm and forearm are far more abbreviated than in the paddles of the land-going seals and walruses, and would have been virtually useless on land.

It has now been demonstrated that in the evolution of fitness in the ichthyosaurs one of the most remarkable features was the abandonment of egg-laying on shore and the gradual development of a viviparity which enabled them to live in any part of the ocean and become entirely independent of the shore in the production of their young.

The theory is that while the limbs were transforming into fins, and while excursions on shore were becoming less and less frequent, the eggs were retained longer and longer within the body, while the egg-shell

or -covering became weaker; thus egg-laying was step by step replaced by the power of developing the young internally and accumulating, but only in recent years has it become absolutely convincing. Specimens of ichthyosaurs containing young are,

From a photograph. Specimen of ichthyosaur with fins, in the Bayet collection, Carnegie Museum. By permission of the Carnegie Museum



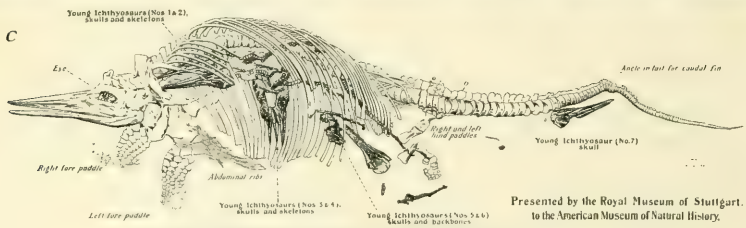

C
Young Ichthyosaurs (Nos 1 & 2), skulls and skeletons
Eye
Angle in last for caudal fin
Right and left hind paddles
Young Ichthyosaur (No. 7) skull
Right fore paddle
Abdominal ribs
Left fore paddle
Young Ichthyosaurs (Nos 3 & 4), skulls and skeletons
Young Ichthyosaurs (Nos 5 & 6) skulls and backbones
Presented by the Royal Museum of Stuttgart, to the American Museum of Natural History.
THE FEMALE ICHTHYOSAURUS SKELETON WITH SKELETONS OF SEVEN YOUNG (UNBORN) ICHTHYOSAURS, PARTLY WITHIN AND PARTLY DRIFTED OUT OF BODY CAVITY.
The seven young skeletons in heavy shading. The mother skeleton in outline

FIG. 4. TWO FAMOUS SPECIMENS OF ICHTHYOSAURS RECENTLY SECURED BY AMERICAN MUSEUMS

A, remarkable preservation of the outlines of the body and fins in a specimen from Holzmaden, in the Bayet collection, Carnegie Museum, Pittsburg; *B*, specimen of mother ichthyosaur with seven unborn young, from Holzmaden, in the American Museum of Natural History, New York; *C*, outline key to the skeleton *B*.

bringing them forth in a fully active condition at sea, where they could be protected by the mother.

As long ago as 1828, Jaeger, the father of palæontology in Germany, described what he suspected might be an ichthyosaur embryo lying within the ribs of its mother. Since then the evidence has slowly been however, still comparatively rare. There are four specimens in the museum at Stuttgart, two in Tübingen, one in Munich, one in Paris, a few in other parts of Europe, and two or three in this country. Through Professor Eberhard Fraas, the Royal Museum of Stuttgart has recently presented to the American Museum of Natural History

Drawn by Charles R. Knight. Copyright, 1904, by the American Museum of Natural History.
Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

FIG. 5. RESTORATION OF THE ICHTHYOSAUR WITH NEWLY BORN YOUNG, FROM KNOWLEDGE AFFORDED BY THE SPECIMENS NEWLY RECEIVED BY THE AMERICAN AND CARNEGIE MUSEUMS, AS ILLUSTRATED IN THE FIGURES ON PAGE 418

This animal is one of the fish-catching ichthyosaurs, the jaws being armed with pointed teeth. As in the dolphins, the nostrils open immediately in front of the eyes. Remains of small fish, similar in size to the school represented in the drawing, are frequently found in the interior of ichthyosaurs.

the extraordinary specimen shown in the photograph on page 418, which I shall now describe.

Next to a specimen newly received by the Stuttgart Museum, the acquisition of which enabled Curator Fraas to part with this one, our "mother ichthyosaur" is believed to be the most perfect of its kind in the world. It belongs to the species named *Ichthyosaurus quadriscissus*, in reference to the four incisions on the back of certain bones of the paddle. It is a form common enough in Germany, but our skeleton is rendered exceptional because of the fact that it contains seven well-preserved young ichthyosaurs partly within and partly floating out of the body-cavity. The mother is over nine feet long, the skull measuring nineteen inches. In the young the skulls measure nine and a half inches and are especially well developed, as is usually the case with animals which are precocious at birth. The little strings of vertebræ composing the backbones, as well as parts of the miniature paddles, can readily be seen. The fact that the skeletons are considerably scattered is quite consistent with the supposition that the body-wall of the mother was partly ruptured after decomposition and that the small young were more or less scattered by water currents and by the various forms of life which would naturally prey upon them.

Even in the face of such evidence as this, the sea-birth of ichthyosaurs has been very actively discussed, and there is still some difference of opinion regarding it among palæontologists. By some the presence of these small skeletons in the body-cavity has been explained by the alternative theory that the ichthyosaurs were cannibals, and that the young preserved in different specimens represent a recent capture. Strongly against this alternative is the counter-evidence, distinctly afforded in this remarkable specimen in the American Museum, that the young belong to the same species as the parent, that they are of approximately uniform size, but especially that the individual bones of the young skeletons are as complete and as perfect as those of the adult; in other words, there is no evidence of partial digestion or dissolution of any of these skeletons, whereas the fish which are also found in the body-cavity are more or less in pieces, and often less perfectly preserved. There is, therefore, every reason to believe that the young were born alive, and that they were immediately able to swim about independently, but more or less under the guardianship of the mother, as represented in the lifelike restoration by Mr. Charles R. Knight.

Drawn by Charles R. Knight

FIG. 6. ANALOGOUS OR CONVERGENT EVOLUTION IN FISH, REPTILE, AND MAMMAL

A, shark (*Lamna cornubica*), with long lobe of tail upturned.
B, ichthyosaur, with fin-like paddles, long lobe of tail downturned.
C, dolphin (*Sotalia fluviatilis*), with horizontal tail fin or fluke.
The external similarity in the fore paddle and back fin of these three marine animals is absolute, although they are totally unrelated to each other and have a totally different internal structure. It is one of the most striking cases known of the law of analogous evolution.

TRANSFORMATION OF THE EXTERNAL STRUCTURE

THIS restoration is also the first adequate representation of the very remarkable dis-

covery of the actual external appearance of the ichthyosaur, which was far more that of a shark, or rather of a dolphin, than that of any scaly reptile. A more complete transformation of the ancestral tuatera-lizard type could scarcely be imagined.

No advance in science appears to be totally without adumbration. As long ago as 1836, Copeland found traces of the integument. In 1841 Owen pictured a paddle with its integumentary border still intact. Most of the Jurassic sediments in which great numbers of these animals were deposited were favorable to the preservation of the soft integument, and it seems probable that, owing to the excessive thinness and delicacy of the skin layer, its remains have been very frequently overlooked and destroyed in the course of the removal of the stone from these fossils.

Herr Bernhard Hauff, working in the famous ichthyosaur deposits in Holzmaden, at the foot of the Swabian Alps, enjoys the distinction of being the first to discover the continuous skin layer not only of the paddles, but of the body contours; so that now for the first time we know how ichthyosaurs actually appeared in life, and can accurately compare them with the modern sea-robbers. I visited this famous locality in company with Professor Fraas and watched Herr Hauff at work on the extremely delicate operation of scraping off the matrix under water and exposing the excessively thin skin layer by the use of a fine scalpel. The delicate natural cast of the integument is of the thickness of tissue-paper; yet the epidermal cells are so perfectly represented that in microscopic preparation they exhibit pigment spots, traces of dermal glands, and underlying muscle striations. The skin is finer in texture over the sides of the body than on the fins, and is thickened especially at the base of the tail fin. Scales, so characteristic of all reptiles and undoubtedly present in the land ancestor of ichthyosaurs, have been entirely lost except for a few protective horny scales, like those of sea turtles, which strengthen the anterior borders of the fins. The color of the skin as fossilized varies from a light brown to a deep black.

Only a few of these specimens have been found. Four are now in the museums of Stuttgart and Berlin. The fifth is in the museum of Budapest. A sixth small but very beautiful specimen, a photograph of which is here shown, has recently arrived, with the Bayet collection, in the Carnegie Museum of Pittsburg. Together they give us a perfect idea of the external appearance; and it may now be said that we know more about the structure of ichthyosaurs than of any other ancient reptiles. In the photograph, as well as in the drawing representing the ichthyosaur swimming about with its recently born young, and in the comparative drawings of the ichthyosaur, shark, and dolphin, we gain a clear idea of the external form.

In these three animals the resemblance in the snout and general body form, and in the "back fin," "tail fin," and "front fin" or paddle, is most astonishing, when we consider that each case represents an independent "evolution of fitness." It is the most striking example I know of the law of analogy in evolution.

The existence of the great caudal or "tail fin," the backbone of which is downturned instead of upturned as in the shark, was shrewdly suspected by Owen, as long ago as 1840, because of the downward dislocation of the vertebræ of the tail in many skeletons. It is a pity that this great English palæontologist could not have lived to see the verification of his brilliant anatomical prophecy. The mechanism is similar to that of the tail of the shark, but the mode of execution is different; for in the shark the backbone turns upward and the fin-fold is below, while in the ichthyosaur it turns sharply downward and the fin-fold is above it. The most profound difference between the vertical ichthyosaur-shark type and the dolphin lies in the plane of the tail fin, which, it will be remembered, is horizontal in dolphins and porpoises, and in all other members of the whale family, because of the necessity of a rapid upward motion of the body for the purpose of coming to the surface to breathe and to feed.

The ichthyosaur was also an air-breather, but probably, like all cold-blooded animals, less dependent upon frequent supplies of oxygen than the dolphin; the nostril, or "blow-hole," occupies the same position, immediately in front of the eyes, as in the dolphin.

Previous to this finding of the integument, the existence of the great dorsal or "back fin" was wholly unsuspected. It seems to have been almost exactly similar

in position to that of the dolphin, being placed somewhat farther back than in the shark. The bodies of these animals may be compared to the bodies of two yachts placed deck to deck, the dorsal fin serving the same purpose as the fin-keel of the inverted yacht.

The fore paddle, or front side fin, of the ichthyosaur is seen to be remarkably similar to the flipper of the dolphin and to the fore fin of the shark.

It must be remembered that all these resemblances are purely superficial, or skin-deep, so to speak; that the internal structure or bony framework of the fins and paddles in these three animals is absolutely and radically different; and that there is not the most remote resemblance between the bones of the fore paddle of the shark, dolphin, and ichthyosaur, for example. What might be mistaken, from superficial appearance, as evidence of a blood-relationship is merely to be understood as evidence of a similarity of habit. It has been well said that the outside of an animal tells us how and in what medium it lives and moves; the inside tells us what its ancestors were.

This constitutes, therefore, a wonderful case of the law of parallelism or convergence in the evolution of fitness in the animal kingdom: to attain similar results exactly similar organs have been developed from entirely dissimilar beginnings.

From the very careful comparisons made by Fraas and others in Germany, it is believed that the tail fin of the ichthyosaur was used chiefly as a rudder, whereas in many fishes the tail fin is a very important propelling organ. If this was the case, the ichthyosaurs were propelled like the sharks, in their slower motions by the gentle waving of the tail, and in their more rapid motions by the lateral movements of the body supplemented partly by the action of the paddles and of the entire tail and fin.

With the dark, glistening body, polished like the under sides of a racing yacht, the long snout, short neck, and complete equipment of fins and paddles, the ichthyosaurs, in the evolution of fitness, totally lost even the most remote external resemblance to their lizard-like ancestors. The extinction of this race, after achieving this wonderful stage of perfection, is, however, an indication that still "fitter" races had in the meantime been evolving.

THE HOUR SUPREME

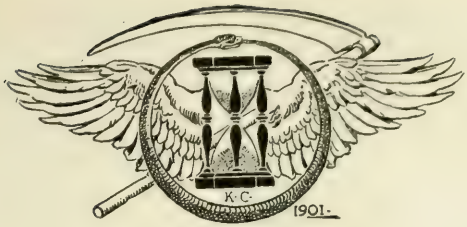
BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

ON Nature's round
Which sweetest is, stillness or sound?
Which is most musical,
Song or the interval
When the silence stirs, to be
A voice, a melody?

On Nature's way
Which fairest is, dawning or day?
Which would the nice eye choose,
The noon gold or the hues
When the shadow of the night
Wakes, smiling into light?

Beauty is bride
In midsummer or at springtide?
In June her solsticy
Or when the pale mists be,
When the clod feels some warm power
At work, and lo, a flower!

Ay, when is bliss
The sweetest that it ever is?
When the loved one is at rest
Upon the lover's breast,
Or when he first may dare
To dream he feels her there?



A NOTE ON SAINTE-BEUVE

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

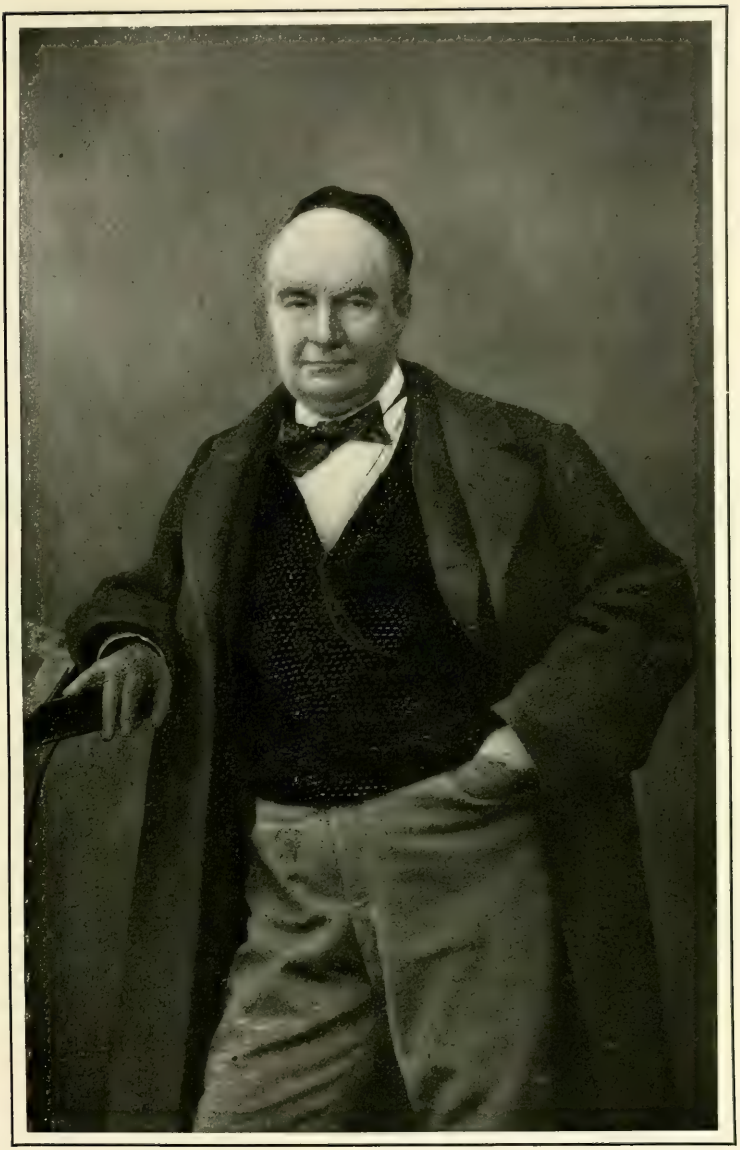
IF we might credit Goethe to the eighteenth century, few of those competent to judge would hesitate to call Sainte-Beuve the foremost critic of the nineteenth century. The qualifications of a critic of the highest rank are fourfold. First, he must have insight—acumen, the essential gift of the critical faculty; and this Sainte-Beuve possessed abundantly. Second, he must have an abundant equipment—scholarship, knowledge of many things, so that he may compare one thing with another, comparison being a chief necessity of criticism; and Sainte-Beuve had an equipment unapproached by other writers of his century, and his erudition was as wide as it was deep, for he not only knew many things, but he also knew all about each one of them. Thirdly, the critic must have disinterestedness—he must love veracity for its own sake, he must insist on setting forth the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and here was Sainte-Beuve's standard of honor, that as a critic he refused to be swayed by any of the social appeals to which most critics are only too ready to yield. He had a rigid independence, a sturdy individuality, a resolute freedom from party bias, although he is not always absolutely devoid of personal prejudice. And, in the fourth place, a critic needs sympathy, or at least he must have enough of it to enable him to understand and to appreciate men and women wholly unlike himself; and sympathy Sainte-Beuve had, although his share of this quality is not so full, perhaps, as his share of the other three qualifications for his great office.

He is the foremost critic of his century in the body and substance of his work. His contribution to literature looks big on the library shelves—some threescore volumes, more or less, all solidly documented, all alive with the play of his keen intelligence, and all illuminated by his intellectual integrity. A thin book of poems and a still-born novel must not be neglected, for in them it is possible to perceive the reason for Sainte-Beuve's occasional lapses from justice in his estimate of some of the poets and novelists of his own time and of his own language. He is grudging toward Hugo and Musset and Balzac—perhaps it is not harsh to suggest that he is unfair to them, and that something a little like personal jealousy may have been the remote cause of this unfairness. These two youthful misadventures—the novel and the poems—once left behind him, he was thereafter a critic and nothing else, a critic who was also a literary historian and who extended the domain of literary criticism to include not only history and philosophy, but also art and, to a certain extent, even science. As we dip here and there into the volumes in which, year after year, he collected his critical articles, we

discover that there is scarcely any province of human knowledge into which the active and often skeptical curiosity of Sainte-Beuve did not adventure itself sooner or later. He made himself master not only of all the writings of the men and women whose portraits he was going to paint with Denner-like fidelity, but also of all the anecdotes and ana of all sorts that had clustered about them. He found his profit in their letters and in their table-talk; and it was often from these lesser sources of information that he derived not a few of the countless little details that give to these portraits their astonishing vitality and vivacity.

He enjoyed exploring the anatomy of his several subjects; and his experience as a student of medicine is perhaps responsible for his delight in a dissection which was sometimes a vivisection. He evokes the vague figure of his sitter by a series of subtle suggestions, mere hints, insinuations, innuendos, until in time the portrait starts to life, striking in resemblance. Of course he was not master of his method all at once, nor of his material, either. His earlier articles are not without interest: they reveal the touch of the born critic, no doubt; but they lack the largeness of vision and the certainty of stroke that characterize the later criticisms. It was only slowly that he came to a knowledge of his own aim, which, as he himself phrased, was to set forth "the natural history of the intellect." It is in the "Causeries du Lundi," and more especially in the "Nouveaux Lundis," that Sainte-Beuve is seen at his best, and that he most fully displays his shrewdness, his common sense, his feeling for proportion, his faculty for probing to the center, his felicity in discovering the ultimate secret. These twoscore volumes are to criticism what Balzac's "Human Comedy" is to fiction. They contain—if we are willing to piece together the fragments—a most delightful history of French literature and a most charming history of French society. They reveal his possession—to quote Mr. Henry James—of "two passions which are commonly assumed to exclude each other, the passion for scholarship and the passion for life." And Mr. James is not overstating it when he asserts that Sainte-Beuve "valued life and literature equally for the light they threw on each other; to his mind one implied the other; he was unable to conceive of them apart." This double interest in life and in literature and in their interrelation animated Sainte-Beuve's great work, the one book in which he displayed his constructive skill as well as his critical faculty and his power of historic divination—the wonderful account of Port-Royal and of all those in any way related to it; that solid and substantial "Port-Royal," which is one of the noblest monuments of French literary genius.

Finally, Sainte-Beuve is the foremost literary critic of the nineteenth century in the influence he has exerted upon his fellows. In a very real sense Matthew Arnold in England and Taine in France are his disciples—or at least he is their literary ancestor. They derive from him, and the doctrines they have made explicit are often implicit in him. That part of Taine's critical theory which has withstood the test of time is that which Taine acquired from Sainte-Beuve; and not a few of the points which Arnold pressed insistently on the attention of all who read English he took over from his French predecessor. There are no real critics of literature of our time, from Mr. James in America to M. Brunetière in France, who have not come under his spell at some period of their own development, and who have not sharpened their own vision by a more or less deliberate application of the methods of Sainte-Beuve.



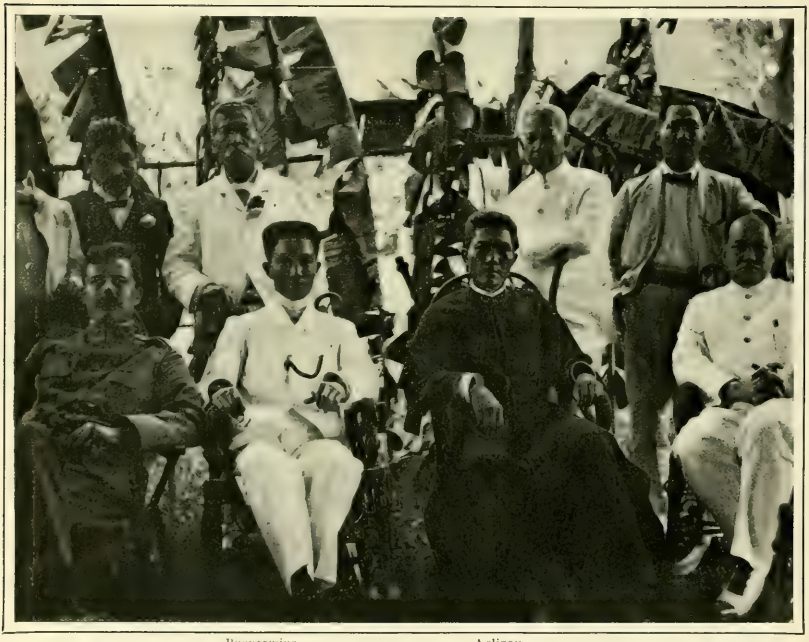
From a photograph by Pierson and Braun. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

SAINTE-BEUVE

A CHRISTMAS FIESTA IN THE PHILIPPINES

BY DAVID GRAY

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



Buencamino Aguinaldo Aglipay

THE DISTINGUISHED GUESTS

THIS is not of the perplexities of our problem with a child people, nor of the outlook of gloom with which their great ignorance of us and our greater ignorance of them threatens the future, but of the hope-inspiring ray—the brighter side.

"SOON will come Christmas," said Don Felipe, "and you are far from America. No mother or father you have in the Philippines." He beamed upon us over his spectacles, and opened his arms. "I will be father and mother."

There were three orphans thus adopted. One was a correspondent, another was the grandson of a great man, the third was the writer.

Of Don Felipe, the Señor Buencamino, much might be written of more than personal interest.

DON FELIPE AND HIS DAUGHTERS

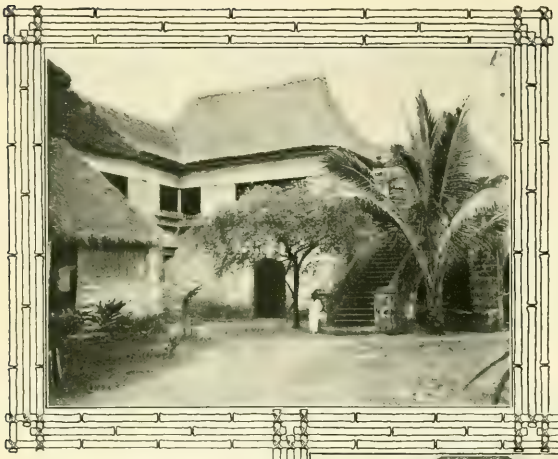
"The history of my imprisonments," he remarked blandly, "is the history of my people. In '68 the friars put me in prison when I was a student."

When the news of the revolution in Spain had reached Manila, the Filipino law-clerk had ventured unwisely to answer a canonical question in Spanish instead of in Latin, remarking that the old order had been swept away.

"After that, in '99," he continued, "Aguinaldo imprisoned me when he was at Cavite with Admiral Dewey because I brought the demand to him to surrender from the Spanish governor. After that General MacArthur imprisoned me because, when the Spanish cause was lost, I joined Aguinaldo. What will come next, I know not," he added, laughing.

But he was not imprisoned long by General MacArthur, and the aforetime law-clerk, colonel of Spanish volunteers, secretary of state for Aguinaldo, lieutenant-general in the insurrecto army, and eventually United States prisoner of war, be-

THE MISTRESS OF THE HOUSE



THE CASA BUENCAMINO

came the leader of the Americanistas and founder of the Federal or American party in Manila. To-day he holds an important office in the insular government, politically controls Tondo, the most populous district of Manila, and is a great man in Luzon.

He came for us the day before Christmas, in the morning.

"Our fiesta," he said, "must begin early, for we have much to do."

He shook his head mysteriously, and led the way in his pony-victoria with the correspondent. The grandson and the writer followed wonderingly in a *carromato* with the luggage, for we had been told that we were to be away overnight.

Toward noon, on December 24, in the old walled city of Manila, the sun was pouring mercilessly down, as it pours down every noon except when the equally strenuous rain is taking its turn. The heat pours down upon those stone streets, the burning pavements send it up again, the walls reflect it, and no breeze ever finds its way in to tell of cooler things. The grandson observed that it seemed the delirium of a lunatic to imagine the

THE LUNCH-PARTY

THE TRELLISED DRIVE

jingling of sleigh-bells or a December east wind off New York Bay. But as we left the walled city and drove through the Luneta we found a breeze that hinted of a pleasanter land.

In the suburb Malate there was a long, shaded driveway, trellised with tropical vines. At the end, silhouetted against the blue sky, stood a large *nipa* house perched on its high stilts in a grove of palms and bananas. A high awning was spread on the shaded side, walled with huge banana-leaves, and underneath there was a table set with a dozen covers.

A tall, lean figure in a cassock with purple borders rose and greeted us. It was the "Archbishop" Aglipay, head of the movement for a Filipino church. At the time he was the most-talked-of man in the islands, leading, as he did, a schism with several millions of adherents. He and Don Felipe embraced. The Señor Buencamino is a deacon in the Presbyterian church, but he is liberal in matters of doctrine, and Aglipay was a brother leader in the late war.

The owner of the establishment, who had not seen our arrival, came forward with apologies and received us ceremoniously. He presented the other guests to us, and ordered tobacco and refreshments. The company was made up of representatives of prominent Filipino families—merchants, owners of estates, professional men. Several of them had been educated in England and on the Continent, and spoke our language as well as we.

Presently the host, whose eyes were turned down the trellised driveway, exclaimed, "Emilio!" and rose to his feet. The company also rose, and conversation stopped. We saw two men in white driving toward us under the trellis in a covered pony-phaëton. One was the private secretary, and the other, a little, fragile-looking man with a grave face, was Aguinaldo.

"This is my surprise," Don Felipe whispered. "You know 'Aguinaldo' means 'Christmas present.'"

The influence which the discredited Filipino leader still possesses even with the upper class of his countrymen is as undoubted as it is surprising. The Filipinos present were all his superiors in education, and probably most of them were also his superiors in affairs, as the Western world understands it. Several of the company had at various times been his advisers, had devised for him his policy, and had executed his official acts. They had been behind the scenes, and understood the causes for his rise and fall, knew him as he really was; yet all of them manifested a deference, as if for the mythical personality which the populace and peasantry still credit.

Gravely and quietly Aguinaldo acknowledged his reception. He spoke slowly and guardedly in a soft voice, more the thin, high-pitched voice of a child than of a man. He said little, but his manners were gentle and, with his old friends, affectionate. The first impression which he created was a pleasant and dignified one, save for the expression of cautious cunning in his eyes, and for the lines of the mouth, which showed a habit of exaggerated repression.

Lunch was announced, and we took our places at the long, narrow table, the grandson and the correspondent sitting next to Aguinaldo, the writer opposite and on the right of the "archbishop."

Gastronomically the lunch was imposing. Course followed course, all well cooked and served with excellent wines from Spain and France. The host's family retainers, barefooted old men, with their shirt-tails outside their trousers, according to the national custom, served, and an orchestra of guitars and mandolins played. Here we heard the "Vals Tagala" for the first time, sitting in the cool shade, with the dazzling tropical afternoon all about us, and looking through a frame of waving, glistening bamboos upon a vista of rice-fields and purple mountains. The Filipinos are natural musicians and play the stringed instruments with feeling and spirit, and in this passionate waltz, with its undercurrent of melancholy, the poetry of the race seems to speak.

"Ah, Father Aglipay," sighed Don Felipe, as the musicians finished, "you must give me dispensation to marry the first mandolin."

The girl overheard, and her lips parted in a smile. She was of the better class, with a smooth, dark skin, and was dressed in the native costume, which showed her slim, round arms through the *camisa* of *jussi* cloth.

The key-note of the speeches, which began with the dessert, was sounded by Don Felipe, who announced that he spoke

for Aguinaldo. Aguinaldo, he said, recognized that the welfare of his country was not to be promoted by political agitation, but by efforts to improve the industrial and economic conditions. The lack of draft-cattle, the presence of the friars and locusts, were responsible for the depression in agriculture. The first thing to be done was to put the farmer upon his feet. "Aguinaldo is no irreconcilable," he concluded. "He sees the sufferings of his countrymen; he weeps; and he is prepared to work for their welfare under the guidance of America."

Aglipay followed with a speech in which he announced that he should continue by all peaceable means his ecclesiastical revolution till the last Spanish friar was driven from the islands. He spoke in a rapid, businesslike manner, in a clear, hard voice, and without attempt at oratorical effect. His face showed much more force and energy than is usual in the Tagalog countenance, and he looked the shrewd and persistent organizer rather than a spiritual force.

There were other speeches, more or less sententious, to which the grandson and the correspondent responded. Finally, to the evident surprise of his friends, Aguinaldo rose. He raised a glass of champagné with the gesture of offering a toast, and said a few words in Spanish. Exclamations of applause burst from the company.

"See!" exclaimed one of the Filipinos in English, "he says that he wishes to be friends with the Americans. He drinks to the prosperity of the Filipinos and their American brothers!"

There was much hand-clapping, then the orchestra played again, and presently the entertainment came to an end.

"This is Filipino Christmas lunch-party," said Don Felipe. "How you like?"

We drove back to the city, to the railway-station, and as the sun was nearing the horizon the train feebly proceeded up the line. There is but one railway in the islands, and to speak of "the line" is explicit.

The names of the stations soon seemed curiously familiar, and the correspondent reminded us that they were the names which delighted the humorous newspaper paragraphers at home during the advance on Malolos.

At Caloocan Don Felipe pointed to the freight-house.

"In that building," he said, "was one company of Igorrotes, armèd with the bow and arrow and with the spear. One ship [he pointed toward the bay] send a cannon-ball through [he pointed again to the freight-house]. *Bong!* The Igorrotes run, and not stop till back to Benguet." This is about one hundred and fifty miles. His eyes twinkled, and he laughed a long time.

A little farther on he pointed out the monument raised where Colonel Egbert fell, leading his regiment. We saw the river that Funston swam (we should call it a creek, or "crick," in the limestone belt) and the town where Aguinaldo first convened the Filipino legislature. The railway line is one long battle-field, and the scars upon it are not yet healed. Yellow in the sunset, stretched miles of diked rice-lands, waterless and unworked; no draft-animals, and no money to buy them, and without the ungainly water-buffalo there is no rice crop.

The sun went down behind Mount Aryat. The magical half-hour of the tropic afterglow slipped away, and the night came abruptly. Presently the train stopped again, and Don Felipe looked out into the darkness. "We have arrived," he said, and led the way out.

The family coachman was there, immaculate, but, in accordance with tradition, barefooted and collarless; his shirt outside his cotton trousers, and a derby hat pulled down to his ears. He was on the box of a miniature vis-à-vis, holding the reins over an impatient and very good pair of gray stallion ponies.

We drove rapidly down a road lined with native houses, each set in a small grove of banana-trees. The people of the *barrios* were at their evening meal. We had picturesque glimpses of them as they sat grouped on the floor eating by the firelight and the little open lamps that burn cocoanut-oil. The road turned, and we came to the river. It was still, and sown with reflected stars.

Presently we clattered into another village. There was a large church in the plaza, and a dusky crowd in white holiday clothes was gathering before it. As we passed the doorway we had a glimpse of the lofty altar, ablaze with innumerable candles. Then we hurried on again into the darkness, following a road along the river-bank. Suddenly across a bend in the river

there was wrought an unexpected miracle of lights.

"*Mira!*" exclaimed Don Felipe. "It is the Christmas-eve procession."

But as he spoke it was gone, screened by the thick bamboos on the bank. As the carriage rounded the bend, we encountered the long, ghostly line of huge white lanterns carried high on bamboo-poles and the procession of men and children in white headed by native padres.

We passed, and drove on for a mile or more, when the horses stopped before a stone gateway and turned into a courtyard.

"My country house," said Don Felipe. "Please you come in."

At the head of the massive steps leading to the first story stood the ladies of the house, his daughters, who received us and led us in. Inside were huge rooms floored with mighty planks of polished molave and of a darker wood resembling rosewood. The sliding window-panels, made of little squares of scraped pearl-oyster shell set in wooden framework, were moved back, and above the sash the sides of the house were open to the night. Scarcely any breeze stirred the candles on the dinner-table, yet the perfume of the ylang-ylang trees in the court streamed in, and it was gratefully cool.

Unmarried Filipino girls of the upper class have had little liberty in the past, but since the American order began, social customs have changed rapidly, and Don Felipe's family have been pioneers in adopting American ideas. A man of exceptional intelligence, humor, and mental alertness himself, his children inherit his qualities. His two sons are at an American college, and his daughters, who have never been out of the islands, each knew more English than our combined stock of Spanish. But they naïvely pretended ignorance and politely encouraged us to commit atrocities with the Castilian idiom.

It was late before we finished our Christmas-eve dinner, and still later before the cigars burned out; but at last Don Felipe noticed the grandson's drooping eyelids, and told us that it was bedtime whenever we considered it so.

In the recesses of a large, dim room there was a canopied Spanish bed. Instead of springs, these beds are caned like the seat of a chair, and instead of a mattress, a cool grass mat is spread upon the cane. Over that is spread a sheet, and a second sheet serves as coverlet. In such a bed, fanned by the night air, to at least one of Don Felipe's guests sleep came quickly; and tropical sleep, like tropical rain, is heavier and more complete than ours. But it seemed not long before there came into his sleep the sound of singing. Dazed and only half awake, he slipped out of bed and went to the open window. The night was bright with stars. The Southern Cross was low on the horizon. Perfume from the ylang-ylang trees and temple flowers flooded the courtyard. In a small tree in the hedge innumerable fireflies were swarming noiselessly. Slowly the singing drew nearer, till it could be distinguished as the music of an anthem sung by children's high-pitched voices, and suddenly the white light of many lanterns filled the road. It was the Christmas procession returning from the church. Always singing, it slowly passed, the lights gleaming on the broad banana-leaves. Then the last lantern suddenly disappeared and left the darkness intensified; the music faded out like the lights, and in the stillness there came back the voices of the lizards and night insects.

Suddenly the house clock struck one, and the writer tried to realize that in his pajamas he was leaning out of an open window in a Christmas-morning atmosphere, without other thought than that it was somewhat warm. It was hard to believe, yet no more hard than that we Americans were under our own flag half the world's width away from home, and under the hospitable roof of a Malay gentleman the future of whose people is bound up in our future.

THE SCIENTIST AND THE MOTH

BY JENNETTE LEE

THE Scientist attended to the little crabs on his plate. If the truth must be told, he had not noted that they were crabs, or that they were canned. He was wondering which was Henrietta, and if she played the andante.

It was a Schubert andante, and he knew the violin score by heart. He had often played it in Germany; but he had not expected to find it here among the redwoods of California. He had been standing by the piano humming it absently to himself, before dinner, when they came in—gliding, floating, walking. The Scientist could not have told how they came. His sight was never very good at the best, and he had taken off his glasses and rubbed them on his handkerchief as they approached. He always did this at the advent of a new specimen. They had held out cordial hands to him—one, firm and hearty, like a boy's, he remembered now; the other, raised in a slow curve and seeking his gracefully. He could not recall which was which. This made him sorry.

For, as the dinner progressed, he perceived that Mrs. Tryon's two daughters were very different. The one that sat opposite her mother at the end of the table must be the elder, he decided, though age could hardly be associated with either of them. They were like wood-nymphs that had drifted in for a casual meal, catching their drapery as they came, and wearing it with modesty but not of necessity. These were unseemly and riotous thoughts for the brain of a scientist. How they came there I will not pretend to say. I can only mention that, although during thirty years' pursuit of bugs and moths he had lived almost constantly in the woods, the Scientist had never before encountered a wood-nymph or dreamed of one. To meet two at a first encounter was naturally somewhat embarrassing.

He took a safe moment to look again at the elder of the two. She was big and gentle, and the hair on her low forehead was of the softest brown. It occurred to the Scientist that one might like to touch it. His second thought was that it was the color of the moth he had come to find. He returned circumspectly to his crabs.

When he looked up again, the younger one, the one across the table from him, was regarding him frankly. She had clear, dark eyes, and her nose tilted a little, which kept her from being beautiful. But the eyes were very friendly—like a St. Bernard's, the Scientist decided, only nicer. He suddenly took courage and leaned forward.

"Do you play the andante?" he asked, motioning toward the open door.

She looked at him with wide eyes.

"I hate music," she said.

"Henrietta!" murmured her mother. "Not hate—you don't mean that you hate it."

The girl shook her head perversely.

"I do. I hate it."

Her mother looked at her helplessly for a minute. Then her face relaxed.

"She does n't hate it," she said confidingly; "she has n't, perhaps, Ethelberta's touch—"

Both the girls laughed outright, and even the Scientist smiled.

"Then it is yours?" he said, turning to the other.

"The andante? Yes. I was trying to play it before dinner, but it needs the violin."

"Yes. It needs the violin."

The mother leaned forward eagerly. "And do you play?"

"A little." The Scientist blushed at the admission.

The hostess clapped her hands in a plump, joyous way.

"Now, is n't that perfect! There 's Hal's violin in the camp loft. Run, Henrietta, and get it."

They rose from the table and grouped about the fire in the other room. And when the violin had been brought in, and a string mended, and it had been tuned, Ethelberta and the Scientist played the andante, the Scientist leaning over the full, rounded shoulder and following the score with swift, short-sighted glance. The light from the candles fell on the room, bringing out shadows and faint color.

Across the room, Henrietta, on a low bench, with her knees drawn up and her eyes half shut, played with the long, silky ears of a huge dog that lounged against her. He pushed affectionately nearer to her, his breath coming in soft pants. Henrietta patted his head and sat up, looking vaguely about. The music was full of witchery. It played among the half-lighted shadows. She rose, stretched herself, and wandered across the room, standing for a moment by the door and looking into the darkness. The great dog followed her, leaping upon her.

"Down, Buff!" she said softly.

II

When Mrs. Tryon opened her eyes she looked about with a little expression of dismay.

"Where is Henrietta?" she demanded.

The music had ceased, and the players came across to the fire. Ethelberta glanced at the low seat.

"She 's run away," she said, smiling. "I thought she could stand the Schubert. But you never can tell." The tall clock chimed nine o'clock softly, and she looked up. "Nine o'clock. I must run over a minute to see Mary. I promised her."

She went into the hall for a wrap, and her mother's eyes followed her, comfortably vexed.

"It 's a friend that 's been ill," she explained. "Their camp is next ours. It 's only a step. And how stupid in Henrietta to go off! Do you smoke?"

The Scientist looked up gratefully. "I —er—sometimes."

She pulled open a drawer in the library table, and took out a brown box, proffering it to him.

His eye lighted as he saw the mark. He took one with thin, careful fingers and stood rolling it absently, a look of contentment in his face.

She watched him with an amused smile. "You may smoke it," she said.

He looked about him. "Here?"

"Here or outdoors, as you please. The nights are very beautiful with us, so dry and clear. Henrietta is constantly roaming about in them." There was half-apology and half-pride in the tone.

"Is it quite safe?" ventured the Scientist.

"Safe? Oh, perfectly! She always has Buff, and this is America, you know."

"Yes."

He stood waiting an instant, rolling the cigar thoughtfully in his fingers. Then he strolled out through the open door into the starlit night. When the cigar was lighted he slipped the ends of his thumbs into his pockets and wandered about, smoking tranquilly and looking up to the stars. He could see them quite plainly. They were far enough away from his short-sighted eyes to seem near. The night was very still, and soft sounds pattered through it—the breath of pine boughs, the chirp of insects, and a distant murmur of water down below somewhere. Then another sound broke upon it—a soft panting, and hurrying thuds, a sound of running breath, and quick, laughing footsteps.

A girl's figure flitted through the shrubbery at the right, the dog's huge shadow loping behind. It disappeared in the direction of the house, and stillness settled upon the night. The Scientist strolled and smoked and looked at the stars.

When at last he threw away the end of the cigar and turned toward the house, lights glimmered in two of the upper windows.

III

As the Scientist went up to his room he noted a rim of light from beneath two doors gleaming into the darkened hall, and he walked softly that he might not disturb any one or call attention to himself.

He need not have feared disturbing the occupants of the rooms, had he known, or calling attention to himself; for he was already very present to them. Behind the ray of light on the left, Henrietta was arranging her treasures for the night and thinking of the Schubert andante.

It was a low, rambling room, with gables jutting into it and dormer-windows jutting out from it, and it was devoted to Henrietta's enthusiasms. Branches of pine thrust into the angles gave out a breath of woods, and trailing vines ran along the windows and walls. On the table at the left were three miniature rabbits and a yellow china cat. The cat was very large and had a head that waggled when you touched it. Under the table was a dark-green alligator, stuffed, and on each side the mirror a Barye lion and a tiger confronted each other. The pictures on the walls were all of animals or of children or peasants. Groups of heavy-fetlocked horses and animals of the jungle hung side by side, and in stray corners tiny models of bears or dogs hid themselves.

The girl was putting away her pets for the night, removing them from their niches and putting them into a wool-lined basket that stood by her bed. She had always done this since she was a little girl, as she had always said her prayers. It had never occurred to her to omit either ceremony. She was putting the bear in place now, rubbing his shaggy fur and patting him gently. But she was not thinking of the bear. She was thinking of the andante and of the Scientist. The music had made her restless. It must have been the violin. Hal never played it that way. It was horrid, stirring people up—and spoiling the stars. She gave the bear a severe slap and reached out for the alligator, fingering his green scales with peremptory touches and coiling him swiftly inside the soft wool. Her forehead wore a little scowl. Why had he come, with his glasses and violin and his cigars? Who asked him to come? She gathered up a handful of rabbits and thrust them sharply into place. Did he think anybody wanted him? Ethelberta never played like that before. She rested her chin on her hand and gazed gloomily into the wool-lined basket. The yellow cat looked out at her with large, one-sided, dispassionate gaze till she clapped the cover on the basket and stood up, yawning. It was that stupid music. How it tagged her about! She raised her head with a swift breath and listened. It had begun again—down in the garden. She moved toward the window, a look of threatening in her eyes. They filled with a quick laugh.

"Cats!" she said softly. She blew out the light and kneeled down to say her prayers.

Under the door across the hall, Ethelberta's light still glowed, and, within, the room was a blaze of light. On each side the mirror and on the dressing-table were candles, and across the room a piano-lamp gave out a rosy haze. In the midst of the light stood Ethelberta, her dressing-gown falling in straight folds about her and her long hair sweeping to her knees. She was brushing it slowly, drawing the brush through its length, lifting it and letting it fall in a cloud about her face and neck. She smiled out of the soft haze to herself in the glass, a sleepy smile.

The room was full of sleepy touches. The bed-covers were turned back, and the white pillows were laid invitingly low. The draperies of the room were white, and the toilet-table gleamed with white and silver. Powder-boxes and combs, massage-brushes, tiny scissors, mirrors, and toilet-water invited one to bathe and sleep and dress. There were no books in the room, and no pictures. Mirrors reflected the light and reflected Ethelberta standing there with the sleepy smile in her eyes, brushing her long hair. He played divinely well—a little too fast in the tempo, but wonderfully and with such distinction. She had not known it went like that. She hummed the notes under her breath, lifting a wave of the hair and letting it drift slowly down and watching the light shimmer through it. Then she pushed it back from her forehead, and, raising her arms above her head, gave a sleepy yawn. She stretched in full enjoyment of it, her sleeves falling back to the shoulder and her arms rising from them, big and white and curved. After a moment they dropped slowly, and she went

about, putting out the lights one by one, and smiling at her face out of the shadows. He was a distinguished gentleman, and how pretty Henrietta looked! She was a dear child.

Up in his room the Scientist was unpacking his bag, moving softly and putting things carefully away. He took out a set of flat boxes and arranged them symmetrically on the unfinished beam that ran along the side of the room and formed a shelf. When they were arranged he stood back and surveyed them proudly. They represented many thousand miles of travel, cold days and hot, and hungry ones, and they were very beautiful. He hugged himself and got down on his knees, crawling from box to box and peering ecstatically at the array of wings and spots and stripes. When at last he rose from his knees he brushed them absently, as if from habit, and took from his bag a large square of cardboard. He laid it on the table and gazed at it fondly. It was a water-color drawing of a large brown moth with small whitish dots along the edge of each wing. It was much less brilliant than many of the specimens shining at him from the wall, but he gazed at it with reverence. There was but one specimen in the world. It was in the laboratory of Herr Plautsnitz in Berlin, where he had made the drawing two months before. The professor had not allowed him to touch so much as a hair of the soft, downy wings. The specimen was locked away behind glass doors; and the Scientist had copied it, pressing his nose close to the glass and cherishing thoughts of envy. Then there had come to him his inspiration—half hearsay, half intuition—that California was the proper habitat of the Scarberus; and he had packed his bag and was off.

He looked around the room with a happy sigh. It was an ideal place to work, high in the top of the house, and here he would stay till the prize had been captured. There could be no doubt of the genuineness of his welcome. And there was music and the young woman who played the andante. He peered again at the drawing. Ah, that was it! He had forgotten. The wings were like her eyes—radiant wings and brown, with deep lights in them. He hung above them enraptured. A sound caught his ear—a soft *pad, pad* of flying feet and quick breathing. He sprang to the window and looked down. At the edge of the cleared space a figure stood poised, one hand on the collar of the huge dog, the other raised as if listening. The moon had come over the tops of the redwoods and glimmered about her. As the Scientist appeared at the window she looked up with a swift wave of the lifted hand and disappeared in the forest. The Scientist bent forward eagerly. Had she called to him? Was it only the flicker of moonlight, the waving of a branch, or did the brown hand beckon to him? He had a sudden impulse to follow her, to taste the night again; and he turned quickly from the window. But half-way to the door he paused. His eye had lighted on the drawing by the lamp, and he fluttered toward it.

Two hours later, when Henrietta, fresh from her roaming, crept quietly into the house, the Scientist was still bent above the drawing, his eyes rapt. The click of a latch roused him, and he looked up vaguely. With a smile of contentment he reached over and turned out the lamp, and went to bed.

IV

"It is a perfect day," announced Mrs. Tryon at the breakfast-table; "we will take our lunch and picnic on the Bluff."

"Good!" said Henrietta, boyishly.

Ethelberta looked inquiringly at the Scientist. "Perhaps Mr. Flaxman won't want to—"

"Anybody 'd want to," rejoined Henrietta.

"If they could spare the time," said Ethelberta.

The three women were looking at him, and the Scientist put down his cup quickly.

"I—I 'm only too happy," he said.

"There!" said Henrietta. "I told you so."

"Henrietta!" reproved her mother.

"Of course he has time," replied Henrietta—"all the time there is."

"But Mr. Flaxman has come here to work, Henrietta," said her mother.

"Oh!" Henrietta gave a little gasp. Then she laughed. "I did n't know anybody could work here," she declared. "What do you do?" She was leaning forward, looking at him with clear eyes.

He blushed, but the friendly eyes had no mercy. "Perhaps you would n't call it

work," he said at last; "I only hunt for specimens."

"For specimens?"

"Butterflies, Henrietta," said her mother, in a superior tone, "and moths."

"Moths! Oh!" The eyes had opened very wide. "And stick pins into them?"

There was an embarrassed silence about the table.

"Do you?" she demanded.

"Sometimes," he admitted feebly.

Henrietta's face grew stern. "I 'd never do it," she exclaimed, "not if I were a grown man."

"You don't suppose they feel it, Henrietta?" Ethelberta's voice was slow and gentle.

"Of course they feel it," snapped Henrietta. "Would n't you?"

"Oh, but that 's different, dear."

"It 's just the same," declared Henrietta. There was a little catch in her voice. "Excuse me, please, mother."

She slipped from the table, and they smiled at each other indulgently.

"She 's such a child," said Mrs. Tryon.

"And she thinks you spear them alive," explained Ethelberta.

"Oh, I don't do that," said the Scientist; "at least, not when I have chloroform," he added conscientiously.

"Of course not," said Mrs. Tryon. "Now about the luncheon, Ethelberta."

The Scientist strolled away. He crossed the cleared space and stood by the edge of the wood, looking in. It was just here that she stood last night with the dog at her side. It must have been here that she disappeared. A tiny path led into the branches, and he leaned forward, peering absently into it. Suddenly, with a flash, he raised himself. His eye had dilated, and his hand trembled. He lifted it swiftly to his head. He had no hat,—no net! Great heavens! And there, not two feet from his hand, was the Scarberus. It rested lightly among the green leaves of a bush. He lifted his hand cautiously. He must risk it. He drew out his handkerchief and turned noiselessly, his very breath suspended in hope and fear. Slowly he moved his hand, curving it away from sight, and rising on tiptoe as it hovered above the brown wings. He drew a quick breath—now!

There was a sudden rush from behind, a quick stroke on the bush, a harsh "Shoo!" and the brown wings rose, noiseless and free.

He stood gaping at them as they sailed away toward the blue, higher and higher. Then his eye dropped to where she stood beside him.

Her face quivered a little with shame and exultation.

"What did you do that for?" he asked.

"It 's small business."

"It 's hard work."

"How would you like a knife stuck into you?"

"But I always chloroform them."

"You do!" There was mingled astonishment and regret in the tone.

"Of course."

"Oh, I 'm sorry!"

"It 's no matter"—stiffly.

"Yes, it is."

"Well, perhaps a little."

"But you can get plenty more."

"Never!"—with deep conviction.

"I 've seen hundreds."

"You!" He started forward. "Then you can—"

She retreated, looking at him with distrustful, negative eyes.

"Never!"

"I did n't say it," he breathed apologetically.

She retreated farther.

"Never!" she repeated, putting out her hand as if to ward off the evil thing. Her eyes grew dark. "Never, never, never!" She had disappeared among the shrubs.

V

This was the last that the Scientist saw of her for twenty-four hours, or, more accurately, the last words that he heard her speak. She went on the picnic with the rest; but she had a way of flitting ahead with Buff, or falling behind with the pack-mule, and reappearing, by some short cut, far ahead, that made her only an elusive attendant on the feast. And when the actual eating was done and the dishes packed away, she disappeared once more into the forest. Mrs. Tryon, under cover of verifying a mushroom, took a surreptitious nap; and the Scientist and Ethelberta, on the bank of a little stream that threaded the hill, read Browning and talked of music. There was a slow, dreamy return under the starlight, more

music in the big library by the fire, and then the careless, familiar good night, half touched with the comradeship of the day. It had been an unusual day for the Scientist, and he lay long on his pillow, awake, looking into the night and thinking of it and of brown-winged eyes; and when at last he fell into slumber, the soft *pad, pad* of hurrying feet broke upon it and half waked him, and lulled him again, till he caught the rhythm and was off upon it; and beside him coursed a swift figure, and beyond her thudded the great dog. And the eyes that turned to him, as they sped, and looked into his were clear and sweet.

When the Scientist woke in the morning he was aware of a sudden pang. He opened his eyes and looked blankly at the row of specimens ranged neatly along the wall. Then, in a flash, it came to him. He had seen the Scarberus. He had been close upon it. He had all but touched it. He rose and dressed, harsh thoughts in his heart. He had missed the Scarberus by an inch. He had wasted a day in Browning and nonsense. To-day he would work. If he went outside the house, no woman should bear him company.

Two hours later, as the Scientist was bending over his microscope, the door opened softly, and a small brown hand stole in. It held a square green box.

He looked at it inquiringly.

"There are two," she said, "one to cut up and one for a specimen. And I never want to see them again!"

The door closed behind her.

VI

Now was the time when the Scientist should have gone away. He had accomplished that for which he came. He had his Scarberus—two of them, carefully mounted. There was no reason why he should stay on; but he stayed.

Mrs. Tryon beamed upon him and mothered him and consulted him about her investments, with regard to which the Scientist gave her some remarkable advice. Ethelberta played to him, and read Browning and Meredith, and walked with him in the great woods. Of Henrietta he saw nothing. She had disappeared—gone into camp in the woods farther up, her mother explained. She often did this when the freak took her. Old John, the forester, had made her a camp not a stone's throw from his own, and she came and went as she pleased. Old John, who had had the care of the woods for twenty-five years, kept faithful guard over her. Henrietta had trotted at his heels as a child, and all the wood-lore she knew he had taught her. And then, too, she had Buff. Nothing could hurt her with Buff to protect her. Mrs. Tryon explained these unconventional details a little anxiously. The Scientist might think her remiss in letting Henrietta camp alone in the woods. He smiled, and wondered when she was coming back.

"We never know," replied his hostess. "She may return to-morrow, and she may be gone several days. Old John keeps me informed that she is safe, and looks after her provisions. But she does n't like to be fussed about. Now, Ethelberta is so different." She sighed a little and smiled anxiously at the Scientist; and the Scientist smiled back and rubbed his glasses, and stayed on.

Sometimes when he walked alone in the woods he would pause for a moment and listen, with bent head, to a sound that came to him on the wind—a sound of swift feet that died away with the wind in the pines. And once, in the evening, when he was playing in the half-lighted room, he stepped to the window, the violin still under his chin, and looked out into the night. But there was only flickering darkness and the branches of the forest beckoning to him.

So the days drifted by, filled with music and moth-lit eyes and poetry, and a sense of home such as the Scientist had never known. And each night as he went to bed he vowed to himself that the morrow should see an end of it. But when the morning came, a curious thing had happened to him, and the Scientist stayed on.

For in the hours of sleep a spell was wrought upon him, and out of the bounds of time and space he was swept into a new world. He never knew how it began or when the sense of reality overtook him. But suddenly he was there—in that other world. He rubbed his eyes and looked about him and waited, holding his breath. A branch quivered a little at the right, then another, or the wind stirred among them till they shook with laughter. Then they opened, and she stood there, smiling at him with frank eyes. "Down, Buff!" she said softly as she walked across the

space to meet him. The Scientist sprang up and held out both hands. But she put her own behind her, and laughed up to him archly. He had known that she would laugh like that. He had always known it. Stupid! stupid! He was gazing down at her with all his soul in his eyes. She was very beautiful, laughing there—more beautiful than any moth. He suddenly felt for his glasses to rub them. But he had no glasses. Ah, it was truly another world, and he could see far into the clear eyes, deep—deep.

"Come," she said. She was holding out her hand,—the small brown hand,—and he covered it with his own, and they wandered through the forest, sometimes swiftly, along cleared spaces, as if wings bore them, and sometimes slowly, looking from side to side and looking long at each other. Once she stopped and leaned over a bush with hushed breath. "Look!" she said. In the curve of a branch a Scarberus rested, his wings opening and closing in softest rhythm. The Scientist raised a hand, but she caught it to her side, and drew him away. Her eyes laughed at him, but she shook her head slowly. "There are hundreds, but you must not touch them—not one of them. They come out only at night."

"At night?" He leaned forward eagerly. "Do you know? *How* do you know?"

She was drawing him away from the bush, still farther away.

"Oh, it is easy." She laughed and lifted her face. "Listen!"

The wind surged above them in the pines, and night-sounds broke upon it and touched it and swept away beneath it. Her eyes were alight and her lips trembled. He bent nearer to them—nearer, and put out his hands in darkness, and fell through space,—long depths of space,—and rested at last upon darkness—solid banks of it that stretched beneath him and reached away on each side. And when he woke there was only the wish in his heart. He would stay another day.

All this was very reprehensible from the point of view of science, and a trifle absurd, but very broadening. The pursuit of bugs and moths, while it may call one's attention to beauties of structure and rouse one's admiration for the marvels of anatomy, does not tend to a belief in spiritism or telepathy or second sight or elective affinities. And the Scientist, who was not stupid, but only very ignorant, grew rapidly wise. The halo of degrees about his head dwindled in his eyes to the smallest-sized type known to civilized man, and the joy in his heart sang so loud that he was half ashamed, and tried to pretend to himself that it was the altitude.

And then, one morning, she came back. She appeared at the breakfast-table with radiant eyes and clear, dark skin, looking just as she had looked when he parted from her, at sunrise, not two hours before. The Scientist held out his hand to her boldly; it did not occur to him to take off his glasses and rub them; and she smiled back at him frankly.

Mrs. Tryon and Ethelberta drew a sigh of relief. Henrietta was a trifle difficult at times, and it would have been too bad to break up the sense of good-fellowship that had come to pass among them.

After breakfast the Scientist was closeted with Mrs. Tryon in the library for half an hour, and when he came out she went straight to Henrietta's room. The girl stood by the wool-lined basket, taking out her pets and arranging them in place.

Her mother came in and closed the door carefully behind her.

"He 's done it," she said, seating herself in a chair by the window, and beaming at Henrietta.

"Done what?" asked Henrietta. She lifted the yellow cat and placed it carefully on the table. The yellow head waggled comfortably from side to side.

Her mother nodded to her sagely. "Of course I expected it; but he 's not just like other men, and I was n't sure he—cared."

Henrietta lifted her hand to her forehead, looking at her mother with clear, transparent eyes. "Has he told you?" she said wonderingly.

"Just this minute. And I 've given him my blessing. They are just suited to each other."

The girl's hand dropped slowly. "They —are—" She was staring into her mother's face.

Her mother laughed good-humoredly. "You have n't seen it; you 've been away so much. But they have a hundred things in common, books and their music, and they 're both so slow and restful—not like you and me." She rose and patted the girl's cheek. "I wanted you to know right

off. I knew you 'd be so glad. We must keep out of the way a little."

The door closed behind her words, and Henrietta looked about her vaguely. The yellow cat's head had ceased to waggle, and the glass eye stared at her roundly.

"Ugh!" said Henrietta.

She found her hat, and throwing it on, ran hastily down-stairs, stopping a moment at the library door.

"Oh, mother!"

"Yes, dear," came absently from the depths.

"I 'm going up to camp again. I 'll be back to-morrow."

"Yes, dear. Take Buff."

"Of course." She stepped out into the sunlight and gave a low sound, something between a whistle and a call. The great dog bounded to her side.

"Where are you going, sister?" called Ethelberta, swaying in the hammock. Her white dress gleamed cool against the green.

"Just up to camp. I want to get something I left." She drifted past and disappeared in the wood.

The Scientist, up in his room, lifted his head and stepped quickly to the window. He seized his hat and sped down the stairway. As he passed the hammock it was Ethelberta's voice that stayed him:

"Whither away, Sir Knight?"

He paused a moment and turned back to her, his hat held in his thin fingers and his eyes fixed on the wood.

"Has she gone?" he asked.

"Henrietta? Yes; up to camp. She 'll be gone hours. Sit down."

He regarded the proffered seat gravely. "Could I find the camp?"

"You?" She had started up, and was looking at him with long, slow glance.

He returned it humbly. But the joy within him broke into smiling. If her own smile was a little slow in coming, he did not notice. When it came, she nodded assentingly.

"Yes—yes. How stupid in me!" She rose slowly and stepped toward the forest. "Come. I will put you on the path." A little farther in she paused. "There; you can't miss it now. Mother had it blazed from here. Good-by." She held out her hand in the graceful curve he knew. "Good-by, and good luck to you. Bring her back to luncheon."

"Yes; thank you a thousand times." He stood with his hat in his hand, watching her as she moved gracefully away through the green wood. And his near-sighted gaze saw only the back of a charming woman and a delightful comrade who played his accompaniments divinely well.

All about the camp the wind stirred softly. Down below, to the right, the brook went *blab, blab* over the stones and spilled itself in ripples, and through the branches overhead filtered the sunshine, pine-scented and sweet. It fell on a figure lying, face down, in the moss, and flecked it lightly. The figure lay very still, the breath coming heavy and slow.

When she had reached the camp she had thrown herself down, blind and reckless, her breath choking her, and her hands clutching the moss on each side and tearing it apart. But now she lay quiet, her tense shoulders relaxed and her eyes filled with tears. What a fool she had been! What a fool! Why should she have dreamed it! He was a great man, distinguished, famous—and she, who could not play a note, or talk, or write, and she hated music. What a fool! Tears of shame overflowed, and she wiped them away, miserably, groping for her handkerchief beside her.

The Scientist, who had emerged from the trees, stopped short, peering uncertainly at the figure. He took off his hat and wiped his forehead. Then he replaced it and stood looking up at the sunlit branches. There were no sounds but the *blab, blab* of the little brook below and the girl's slow breath. The Scientist took a step forward and stopped. A twig had snapped beneath his foot.

She sat up hastily with a startled look, stowing the wet ball of handkerchief beneath a fold of her dress.

"Where is Ethelberta?" she said, with dignity.

He came forward slowly. "I left her by the hammock." He was looking wistfully at the damp face. "Perhaps I ought to go away."

She said nothing, but her lip quivered, and she looked away.

He took off his glasses and rubbed them with elaborate care. When he replaced them, he looked at her again; then he moved forward, and sat down beside her. She did not speak or stir, and they sat very

quiet, the sunshine filtering about them. When he looked at her again she shivered a little.

"Go away, please," she said in a low voice.

For answer he moved a little nearer to her. His hand reached out and took the small brown one. He stroked it softly. She sat passive for a moment, her face averted. Then she gathered herself anew.

"Go away," she said.

He opened his lips to speak, but she stopped him with a gesture, and he stood up, looking about him.

"I came to tell you something," he said slowly, "but it can wait."

"I know what it is; mother told me." She was digging a stick into the moss, and the words came in jerks as she dug.

He dropped on his knees.

"And you don't care?" The near-sighted eyes came very close to her, pleadingly.

"*Why* should I care!" She tried to look stern; but her lip played her false, and she looked helplessly away, winking fast.

"I did n't know," he said humbly. "I have seen you so little. But I know you so well—oh, so well!" His hands were reaching out to her.—"And those nights in the forest!"

She had turned, and was looking at him with wide eyes.

"And this morning when I talked with your mother, she seemed so sure."

"She thought it was Ethelberta," said Henrietta, miserably. Her voice was a whisper. Her eyes had grown very wide and dark.

He stared at her. "Ethelberta? Never!"

Then the eyes laughed at him archly—as they had laughed at him before in that other world. And he bent toward them. "Then you meant me!" she said softly. "Me!"

And the brown hands stole out to meet him, and the gates of that other world closed with a click, and shut them in forever.

A SONNET OF MAIDENHOOD

BY M. CANNAH

SIGH not for me, O rosy, guarded wife,
Outlooking—from your love-encircled nest,
Where little hands grope soft about your breast—
Upon my days, storm-buffeted and rife
With the vague fears of loneliness and strife;
For sweetly though you fare and sweetly rest,
Dear is the freedom of my upward quest
And dear the promise of my cloistral life.
I love the half-blown rose, the crescent moon;
The last green hill I would not reach and climb;
Still, still I hear the faint, alluring chime
Of dreamland, silenced in your wifehood's noon;
And over me shall shine till life is gone
The great white star of girlhood's dewy dawn.

THE PRAYER

(TO AN URSULINE NUN)

BY ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON

WHETHER in spirit or in dream
I know not well. I only know
I trod the fields of Paradise,
With bending blossoms all aglow.

And as I marveled at the sight,
An angel whispered in mine ear:
"Lo, every thought of love on earth
Springs into brilliant blossom here.

"Lilies for aspirations pure,
Roses for mingled pain and bliss,
For pity blue forget-me-nots,
And daisies for the mother's kiss."

"But this? Oh, angel, tell me, what
May this fair bank of violets be,
Whose fragrance fills the garden-plot?"
"These—are the prayers breathed for thee."

Bending, he plucked a single one,
And in my bosom softly set
The fragrant flower, murmuring:
"The prayer of Sister Margaret!"

EVELINA'S RETURN

BY CHAPIN HOWARD

THE house in which Evelina Fay had lived alone during the twenty years since her invalid brother's death stood a little way outside the village, on the brow of a gently rising lawn, and at a discreet distance from its neighbors on each side. The country road had not here acquired its later dignity as the village street, and there were still broad intervals of field and meadow beyond its stone walls, where, at dusk, frogs sang in the marshy tracts, giving the neighborhood an indescribably lonely air.

From its slight elevation the house gleamed down white and austere-looking among the gnarled, intertwining branches of the apple-trees. Its cool green blinds were kept resolutely closed, for Evelina was the most immaculate housekeeper in the village. Every morning she could be

seen at some open door or window, a white cloth pinned about her head, a broom or dust-pan in her hand, and the passer-by thought instinctively of a priestess performing her daily duties at a shrine. Augustus, the great yellow cat, was driven into temporary exile by the energetic observance of these morning rites, and he would sit unhappily on the front door-step in the sun, blinking sleepily as he stared down the long gravel path to the road.

Mrs. Pettingill, who lived next door, once remarked, when some one recounted her neighbor's latest miracle of neatness, that Evelina Fay's whole life had been one long flight right in the face of the burial service, and that if she ever found the time, she meant to work it for her in one of those perforated texts—"Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return."

But, in spite of their differences in household standards, the two women were the firmest friends, and it was to Mrs. Pettingill that Evelina came when she received her summons to go to Boston.

She hurried into the kitchen one April morning, a shawl thrown hastily over her head, and her thin, delicately lined face flushed with excitement.

"It 's from Uncle Nathan," she explained, clutching a letter tightly in her trembling fingers. "His wife 's been taken down sudden with typhoid, and they 've sent for me to come."

"I want ter know!" Mrs. Pettingill exclaimed, pausing sympathetically in her work. "She was always poorly, wa'n't she, anyway? But sometimes it goes easier with that kind. It 's too late for you to catch the stage, but Levi can hitch right up and take you over to Bartonsville in time for the noon train. How soon can you start?"

Evelina's mouth set itself obstinately.

"Don't hardly seem as if I *could* start to-day," she protested. "I just begun house-cleanin' this week, an' the whole house is a sight." Her blue eyes wavered before her friend's suddenly accusing gaze.

"Evelina Fay," said Mrs. Pettingill, slowly and with awful emphasis, "I hope you ain't a-puttin' your house before your uncle's dyin' wife; because, if you are, I shall expect to see it burn down above your head this very night."

Evelina quailed visibly.

"No, it ain't that," she faltered; "but there 's Augustus."

"I 'll take care of the cat," said Mrs. Pettingill, decisively. "You go home an' put on your bonnet."

Two hours later a high, old-fashioned buggy stood waiting at Evelina's gate, the old white horse contentedly nibbling grass. A small leather trunk was roped securely beneath the seat, on which sat Deacon Pettingill, wearing his black-felt hat and Sunday coat, with the linen lap-robe trailing negligently across his knees. He was a large, stooping, rough-hewn man, with kindly gray eyes set in a weather-beaten face.

Presently Evelina emerged from the house, and having locked the door after her, hung the key on its nail behind the blind of the side-light—a hiding-place in the knowledge of which the whole village shared. Then she came down the path, carrying her bag. She wore the camel's-hair shawl and the brooch which had been her mother's. At the gate she turned and looked back uncertainly.

"I 'd be ashamed to have folks see the inside of my house," she faltered. "There ain't a thing in place. I hain't never been off an' left it so before. Don't hardly seem as if 't was right."

Evelina had been gone a month, and the little house, with its close-shut blinds, had acquired a forlorn and uncared-for look as it stood disconsolately among the apple-trees.

One afternoon, about five o'clock, Mrs. Pettingill, who was never too busy to keep a watchful eye on the incidents of the village street, uttered a startled exclamation from the shelter of her parlor curtains.

"Evelina Fay 's come home!" she called to her daughter Annie, in the kitchen. "She 's just goin' up her front walk, carryin' her bag."

There was a moment's silence.

"She 's unlocked her front door and gone right in. Well, if that don't beat all! I guess her uncle's wife is better, or they could n't have let her come. It 'll be good to see somebody stirrin' round inside that house again. It 's looked terrible sort of lonesome since she 's been away."

Mrs. Pettingill went back into the kitchen and set about helping her daughter to prepare supper.

"Evelina must have come up on the stage and got off at the post-office, for there wa'n't no team at the gate when she went in. You give Augustus a saucer of milk, Annie, and then put him out. He 'll run right over, and Evelina 'll be glad to see him, though I don't suppose she 's got a mite of anything in the house to feed him with. But he 'll be company for her. It 's always lonesome comin' back so to an empty house."

Augustus was duly fed and put out of the back door with an admonitory "Scat!" He made a blurred yellow streak in the twilight as he sped across the yard and up the slope to his former home.

Half an hour later, as the family sat at supper, there was a faint mewing in the woodshed. Mrs. Pettingill rose and, taking the lamp from the table, went to open the kitchen door.

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed. "Here's Augustus come back!"

The cat walked in slowly, his back arched, his tail waving high in air. He walked uneasily around the kitchen several times, and then sat down over in the farthest corner behind the pump, his eyes shining from the darkness with an angry, uncanny glare.

"Probably he could n't get in," Mrs. Pettingill mused; "or else he 's been here so long he 's got kind of wonted, and it seems like home."

Augustus remained in the corner during the evening, except for an occasional restless promenade about the house. Mrs. Pettingill regarded him from time to time with puzzled eyes.

"Somethin' 's botherin' that cat," she said. "I never see him act so queer." She went to the window and looked out. "There ain't no light over at Evelina's. She must have gone to bed tired out."

But the next morning Mrs. Pettingill, busy with her Wednesday's baking, observed signs of activity in the little white house next door. One of the lower windows was standing open, and through it she imagined she caught a glimpse of a familiar figure at work within.

"Evelina 's gone right to work," she exclaimed, "and she must have found a heap of dust. She can't even take time to run over here an' let me know whether her uncle's wife lived or died, although she knows I 'm interested."

Late that afternoon, as she sat alone in the living-room, the outer door was suddenly flung open, and she looked up, startled, to find her husband looming tall in the doorway. At sight of his face she dropped her sewing in her lap.

"What is it?" she asked breathlessly.

"Did n't you say yesterday that Evelina Fay come home—that you see her goin' up her front walk?" he demanded.

"Yes. It was just about this time, an' she was carryin' her bag." She stopped, with a nervous catch in her voice. Her husband was looking at her strangely.

"You could n't have seen her yesterday," he said slowly. "Evelina Fay was dead."

He held out to her a yellow telegram.

Mrs. Pettingill sat speechless and immovable.

Her husband came forward and laid the paper in her lap. She read the words mechanically several times.

Evelina Fay, injured in wreck, died Tuesday noon. Notify relatives.

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL.

She looked up, her eyes wide with horror.

"It 's a mistake!" she stammered. "I see her yesterday. She come in the stage."

Her husband shook his head.

"I told 'em so when they got the message over to the store; but Sam Wright said he see the stage yesterday when it come, and she wa'n't on it."

For a moment there was silence in the room. Mrs. Pettingill rose trembling. She stood by the window, looking up the slope to where the house stood half hidden among the apple-trees. To her terrified eyes it seemed all at once to take on an indefinable air of strangeness and mystery.

She turned suddenly and faced her husband.

"Levi," she said unsteadily, "I 'm goin' over to see what 's in that house."

She went to the kitchen for her shawl, and when she returned, the two passed out of the house and down the path together. As they entered the gate and went up the narrow path to the silent house, Mrs. Pettingill felt her resolution ebb suddenly away. She stood trembling on the doorstep while her husband found the key on its familiar nail behind the blind and fitted

it into the lock. There was a faint creaking sound as the door swung open. Mrs. Pettingill shrank back.

"You go ahead, Levi," she faltered. "I don't dare."

Deacon Pettingill entered the narrow, old-fashioned hallway cautiously, his wife following. To her straining ears the whole house seemed to be wrapped in a strange stillness and expectancy.

The tiny living-room at the end of the hall was almost dark, and the lines and angles of the furniture showed dim and indistinct. Deacon Pettingill crossed over to the window, threw up the sash, and opened one half of the blind. Then he turned back quickly and glanced searchingly about the room. A faint shaft of light had come through the window and lay in a parallelogram upon the floor. The curve of the mahogany center-table and the arm of a rocking-chair gleamed dully. He heard his wife utter a stifled exclamation. She stepped forward and bent over the table. Then she examined the chair and the other pieces of furniture in the room.

"There ain't a speck of dust!" she said in an awed voice. "Everything 's been swept an' dusted here to-day."

At the door of the kitchen she laid her hand suddenly on her husband's arm.

"Listen!" she said.

They stood perfectly still upon the threshold. Gradually he became aware of the steady, nervous ticking of the clock upon the shelf above the kitchen table.

"It 's an eight-day clock," Mrs. Pettingill whispered. "Evelina used to wind it every Saturday night. She 's been gone a month!"

She glanced uncertainly about her.

"There 's the hole she had cut in the shed door so 's Augustus could come in. He came in there last night."

She paused, looking at her husband with frightened eyes. She was trembling, and her hands were clasped tightly beneath her shawl.

Mr. Pettingill said nothing. The door of the back stairs was open. He crossed over to it and hesitated, with his foot on the lowest step. "I 'm goin' up here," he said, looking back at her. Then he began to ascend. She followed him, dreading to be left alone.

The rooms up-stairs were empty, spotless, and immaculate. Everywhere there was the same air of exquisite neatness, of perfect care.

Mrs. Pettingill shivered.

"It was all torn up for house-cleanin' a month ago. But everything 's been put back in place, just the way Evelina always kept it. I 'd never know she 'd been away."

When they stood once more in the little sitting-room down-stairs she turned to her husband, a quick look of premonition in her eyes.

"The parlor," she whispered. "We 'd forgotten that."

She moved forward a little in the dim twilight of the room. Suddenly she gave a startled cry and shrank back against him.

"Look!" she whispered voicelessly—"in there!"

The parlor door was open, and he gazed intently over her head into the shadows of the room beyond.

"It 's the chairs," she cried, clinging to him hysterically. "They 're fixed for the funeral. See them standing all around! She was back here fixing them last night—that 's why Augustus would n't stay!"

Deacon Pettingill shook himself free and strode forward quickly to the threshold. A glance showed him that the room was empty—that the chairs were ranged solemnly about the walls in an unbroken line. At the end of the room there was an ominously vacant space. He drew back shivering, and closed the door after him softly, as if afraid to break the uncanny stillness of the place. Then, turning to his wife, he led her sobbing through the hall and out of the front door. On the door-step they paused. The deacon's hand was fumbling at the key.

"It 's one of them queer things can't nobody explain," he said in an awed voice.

Mrs. Pettingill shook her head. She was crying quietly.

"Yes, they could—if they 'd known Evelina. Her house was family an' religion to her—always. I guess she just could n't bear to die, knowin' folks would find things the way she had to leave them when she went away. When I see that parlor,—the way it was fixed,—I knew she was dead, just as if I 'd seen her layin' there in her coffin!"

Mrs. Pettingill wiped her eyes futilely on the corner of her shawl.

"Augustus 'll have to come an' live with us," she said.

Drawn by Christine S. Bredin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'LOOK!' SHE WHISPERED VOICELESSLY—'IN THERE!'"

ZULOAGA, THE SPANISH PAINTER

BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

From a photograph by Panajou Frères

IGNACIO ZULOAGA

THOUGH her galleys no longer sweep the main or her soldiers pitch their tents in Flanders or hold in check the armies of the First Consul, Spain is not, as many habitually think, a country with a past but no future. The Spain of to-day is a vigorous, progressive nation, which is rapidly advancing politically, commercial-

From a photograph of the painting by Zuloaga

A SPANISH GIPSY

ly, and esthetically. Resplendent dreams of conquest have been renounced, the temporal power of the church is being restricted, and internal strife has been almost wholly stamped out. Everywhere throughout the Peninsula are signs of regeneration, and everywhere is the fundamental vitality of the race asserting itself. The country is at last shaking off the lethargy of centuries, is learning to look within, not without, and is cultivating a sound, spirited nationalism. The Spaniard himself is changing. He has in a measure ceased to be fatalistic, and *torero* and Carlist are gradually making way for the energetic man of affairs. The disorganization which followed the return of the troops from the Antilles and the Philippines is righting itself under Alfonso, and Spain is to-day looking toward the future with confidence.

In letters and in art the new tendency is alike manifest. No play since Victor Hugo's "Hernani" has so aroused the nation to enthusiasm as Galdós's "Elec-

After the painting by Zuloaga

THE PROMENADE AFTER THE BULL-FIGHT

tra," and in Doña Emilia Pardo Bazán the Spanish woman possesses an advanced and rational champion. Yet, despite the leading literary figures, despite the dramas of Echegaray and Ayala, or the novels of Valera and Valdés, it is the younger Spanish painters who best reflect contemporary life and character. The canvases of Sorolla, Anglada, and, above all, Zuloaga, bear witness to a revival of native art which has had no parallel since the days of Velasquez, Zurbaran, and El Greco. Aside from the stately historical compositions of Pradilla and his colleagues, Spanish painting of to-day derives from two sources—the brilliant bric-à-brac of Fortuny and the restless audacity of Goya. Rico, Zamacoïs, and their industrious like belong to the former school. Zuloaga and Anglada continue the tradition of the turbulent and vital Goya. There is much in them which goes further back,—back to the noble hauteur of the early manner,—but the spirit of Goya's "Manolas on the Balcony" is the spirit of the younger men's work. In his vivid alertness he was the true parent of latter-day art. He was indeed the last of old masters and the first of moderns.

In 1870, the year Fortuny's "Vicaria" was exhibited in Paris, there was born in a rambling, sixteenth-century house at Eibar, in the Pyrenees, a boy who is to-day the greatest of contemporary Spanish painters. The short, diverse career of Ignacio Zuloaga is filled with picturesque and pathetic incident. The Zuloagas are an energetic, creative family, the direct descendants of that ancient Iberian stock which early settled in the Basque Provinces. Placidio Zuloaga, the boy's father, is famous as the rediscoverer of the art of damascene; his uncle, Daniel Zuloaga, is the head of the pottery industry at Segovia; and his ancestors have for many years been celebrated armorers. The atmosphere into which Ignacio was born was an atmosphere of vigorous, conscious effort. His native town was rapidly winning its title as the Toledo of the north, and on all sides could be heard the hum of fly-wheel and the sound of the forge. Ignacio's father, a typical modern Cellini, wished him to study mathematics and engineering; but the boy rebelled, and was placed in the foundry to learn the secrets of ornamental metal-work.

He had small time for *pelota* or other favorite games, and knew little of art until he was sent to Madrid in the hope that he might perhaps be willing to devote himself to mathematics. There, however, he saw the incomparable masterpieces of the Prado, and at once felt impelled to become a painter. Day after day he haunted the galleries, and finally bought himself a box of colors and without previous study produced a more than creditable copy of one of El Greco's aristocratic, black-robed nobles.

His efforts were laughed at and his ambitions frowned upon, yet he would not give over the beckoning promises of an artistic career, and was at last grudgingly permitted to depart for Rome.

Zuloaga was but eighteen at the time, and for the next ten years chose to live upon his own resources, aided now and then by the little money a loving mother could surreptitiously send him. From the outset his nature was forceful, wholesome, and self-reliant. He paid homage to the dominant spirits of the past, but what he most loved was the teeming, variegated life which lay always at hand. His going to Rome in the footsteps of Fortuny and Villegas was a blunder, for it was little this bright-eyed Montañese could do under the appalling shadow of Raphael, or of Michelangelo, the sad giant of the Renaissance. He floundered about for some months, fell ill of the fever, and at length wisely turned his face toward Paris. For reasons less picturesque than economic, he settled first on the heights of Montmartre, directly behind Sacré Cœur, and began painting portraits and street scenes. Almost his only friends were two compatriots, a painter and a sculptor, as ambitious and as poor as himself.

Although for the next five years Zuloaga endured the most utter misery, the sturdy independence of his spirit never relaxed. He studied alone, refusing to cheapen his ideals or to scramble into art clinging to the coat-tails of Bouguereau, Lefebvre, or Boulanger. During this period he often moved, invariably by request, living now in the Rue Durantin, now in the Rue des Saules, and also frequenting the Spanish colony in the Île Saint Louis. Though he failed to dispose of a single canvas all the while, this pathetic probation was unquestionably beneficial. Still it was Spain, not Paris, which was to prove his true field, and

after a short visit to London he settled in Seville.

It was there, under the burning blue of his native skies, not amid the purple haze which hangs over Paris, that Zuloaga's powers began to develop. It was the Calle de las Sierpes and the Paseo de las Delicias, not the Champs-Élysées or the Bois de Boulogne, which arrested his maturing fancy. He must have been vaguely hungering for Spain all the while, for he now saw afresh the color and felt the fascination of the life about him. In 1893 he sent to the Salon two portraits, one of his grandmother and one of "The Dwarf, Dom Pedro." They were individual in handling and distinctive in color, but made no particular impression. Paris was not ready to welcome a talent which was soon to capture all Europe, nor were the years of obscure endeavor yet at an end.

Despairing not of his art, but of his ability to earn even a slender living by the brush, Zuloaga was now forced to renounce painting for the time being. He struggled along for a while as a dealer in antiques, and later was compelled to accept a position as clerk with a mining company. Being inapt at figures, his services were soon dispensed with, and he again found himself adrift. During the following two years he wandered from place to place, turning his hand to anything he could find and enriching his vision through direct contact with life in every quarter of Spain. He lived with muleteers in the mountains, with the superstitious fanatics of Anso in Aragon, and with the cutthroats of Las Batuecas on the Portuguese frontier. Like many another of his courageous and clean-limbed countrymen, he finally drifted into the bull-ring and became a favorite pupil of Carmona.

Yet, in spite of a brilliant beginning, Zuloaga was not destined to duplicate the suave triumphs of Cúchares or Lagartijo. After ceremoniously disposing of eighteen bulls, the young *espada* was gored by the nineteenth, and, as a result, promised his family never to reënter the arena. It was while recuperating at the home of his uncle in ascetic yet languorous Segovia that he returned to art with renewed enthusiasm and executed the remarkable portrait of "Daniel Zuloaga and his Daughters." The picture proved the turning-point of his career; it was the success of the Salon of 1899, and was purchased for the Luxembourg. For the time the painter-bull-fighter's wanderings were over. He settled down to his life-work in all sincerity, and with each successive effort showed increasing breadth and distinction.

For the last few years Zuloaga has been painting certain dignified and vivacious pictures of Spanish life which have become the sensation of Continental art circles. Spain alone has refused to honor him, and not the least bitter of his early humiliations was when a native jury declined to accept three important canvases for admission to the Spanish section at the Paris Exposition. His persistent independence, and the fact that he had never risked conventionalizing his talent by tedious study at the schools, were facts which these academic gentlemen were unable to overlook. Barcelona, with its progressive Catalan initiative, is the single Spanish city which has opened its doors to the newcomer. Chagrin over his failure to appear at the Paris Exposition was partly forgotten with the triumphant display of these same paintings at the "Libre Esthétique" in Brussels; and since then Zuloaga has been a feature of the Salon each year, as well as of current exhibitions in Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, and Venice. He is extremely productive, having already completed nearly a hundred canvases, and is represented in the permanent collections of numerous prominent European cities. His most recent honors were won at the Düsseldorf Exhibition, where, by a distinction accorded also to Menzel and Rodin, he was allotted a room to himself, there being placed on view eighteen of his most characteristic works.

It is because Zuloaga touches life at first-hand, because he has never been overawed by training or tradition, that his art reflects such charm and vivacity. His paintings bear the impress of verity; they breathe the atmosphere and catch the accent of a definite, actual reality. The triumph they achieve recalls the triumph of Spanish art at its best. Like the austere and disdainful Velasquez, Zuloaga cares for little beside truth and a convincing unity of impression. The pallid mystics of Zurbaran still live among the sierras of Andalusia, and the same dwarfs and beggars that look from the walls of the Prado to-day walk the streets or sun themselves

by the church doors of Madrid. Behind Zuloaga's gracious silhouettes, just as behind "Philip" and "Baltasar Carlos," sweep the solemn, gray-toned landscapes of Aragon or Castile. From first to last, Spanish art has remained lucid and vital. It became for a time zealously Christian, but was never enslaved by the sensuous afterglow of paganism, nor has it since become sentimental or fantastic. Painters of other lands have wandered strangely afield: the Spanish artist has from the beginning known but two sources of inspiration—Church and Country.

Essentially rational in feeling, Zuloaga is no pietist, and is hence content to depict man and woman amid the incidental occupations or diversions of daily existence. It is the current life of to-day that he sets in motion before the eyes, and to which he adds his own resources of color and composition. Although there is no phase of contemporary society with which he is not familiar, it is the purely outdoor side which most attracts him. A street scene, a group of women on a balcony, or a glimpse of the arena, are his chosen themes, and he has lately completed a series of subjects admirable for spirit, veracity, and engaging appeal. Each seems in turn to triumph afresh, but for fluent pictorial elegance he has perhaps never surpassed the "Promenade after the Bull-fight." The tones are glowing yet subdued, and the grouping in this painting, as well as in the "Promenade before the Bull-fight," shows an undisguised contempt for convention. It was "White Spain" which Zuloaga first painted; but his palette to-day, while reflecting none of the crude glitter of many of his contemporaries, is rich in reds, browns, and golden yellows, heightened often by the intense blue of a cloudless sky.

He knows intimately the *gitanas* of the Sevillian Triana, and they often figure in his canvases; and here again has Zuloaga enriched art and added to the treasury of human emotion. The infectious coquetry of "Lola" blends into something more insistent and deliberate with the powdered and penciled Carmens of the "Calle del Amor," and the expectant grace of Consuelo's pose becomes alive with rhythmic fire in his "Spanish Dancers." Though they predominate, it is not women alone that Zuloaga depicts; for numerous studies have been dedicated to those laconic dwarfs one meets throughout Spain, or to bronzed water-carriers, ragged mendicants, or scarred picador. For ruthless dignity it would be difficult to excel the portrait of "El Coriano," and for anything comparable to the stark brutality of "Segovians Drinking" it is necessary to go back to "The Topers" of Velasquez. In the treatment of single figure or of larger composition, in his likeness of the poet Don Miguel or the dancer Lolita, Zuloaga displays the same fullness of vision and completeness of suggestion. His coloring, which was at first keyed in silver-grays and blacks, is daily assuming a sonorous intensity and brilliance, and he is constantly adding to an already diverse pictorial record of his time.

Zuloaga lives nominally at Eibar, but in reality he is an insatiate wanderer. He possesses no studio, but carries about with him over the rugged face of Spain brushes, colors, and canvas, and selects whatever fits his mood or his sense of the picturesque and distinctive. He will hastily install native models in a room in his hotel, in a quaint inn or a sunlit courtyard, and paint feverishly without thought of food or drink. It is inaccessible, unknown Spain that he constantly seeks, and the most savage and solitary corners of the kingdom are his familiar haunts. He has often been forced to subsist on roots like the poorest native, and has at times encountered the most irredeemable ignorance and suspicion. A couple of years ago, in Salamanca, he was arrested as a supposed counterfeiter; and last summer, while in his automobile, was mistaken for the devil and knocked senseless by a vicious and well-directed hail of missiles. He has latterly forsaken the bespangled world of Seville's Macarena, and at present prefers the purple vineyards of Rioja, where he is engaged in painting the local saturnalia. Still another departure is a poignant, Dantesque work entitled "The Penitents," which is full of dramatic, sanguinary frenzy.

Next to painting, Zuloaga prefers the eager joys of the antiquary and the collector, and the success of recent years has enabled him to surround himself with an admirable array of Spanish masters. He has built a miniature museum in the garden adjoining the family home at Eibar; and now, as always, the two sources of his inspiration are the simple dignity of the an-

cient world and the ceaseless, colorful pageant of modern life. There are numerous hereditary affinities between Zuloaga's art and the art of his great predecessors, just as there are between Spain of to-day and Spain of yesterday. No one knows better than he that behind the laugh of the *cigarrero* and the defiant bearing of the *torero* lurks a latent diabolism which has by no means been subdued. And no one realizes more clearly that many of his own luminous, alluring figures are stippled against a background which still remains sinister and inscrutable.

NOTE.—Apropos of the publication of the foregoing article and of things American in general, Señor Zuloaga writes in the following picturesque and characteristic vein:

I know almost nothing of America and Americans, and in spite of my curiosity on the subject, I am afraid I shall never learn at first-hand. The sea terrifies me; I cannot step on board a boat without becoming violently sick. Recently I was offered a large sum to go to New York and paint a portrait, but I was compelled to decline. I shrank from the prospect of eight days of utter agony. And, after all, why should I go? for I am not sure that American civilization attracts me. Deep in my veins is embedded the love of solitude, of silence—a love for old things and old customs. I wish to live wholly for my art and to be far removed from commercialism. I wish to do only that which I like, in the way I like to do it, and as I feel it should be done. Painting is with me purely a matter of temperament, and I abhor publicity and any sort of self-advertisement. Writers often come to me and ask for my photograph and the story of my career. I invariably show them the door. A photograph is a completely ridiculous affair in any case, and I have never had but one taken in all my life. If, in this particular instance, I have departed from my usual custom, if I have spoken of myself and my work so frankly, it is not from any spirit of vanity, but simply in order to serve the cause of art—a cause to which my life is consecrated. It is because I wish to call wider attention to the Spain which I so love, and nowhere could I find a better medium through which to express myself than the pages of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

A COMMON THOUGHT

BY HENRY AUSTIN

HUMANITY, when measured in the mass,
A swarm of Nothings, bound for Nowhere, seems.
Sprung from the ground, its energies repass
Into material monuments. Earth teems
With glories turned sepulchral. She is decked
With mocking ruins, architectural dreams
Of Wealth and Empire never to be wrecked;
From which the scholar gains conjectural gleams—
What more?—of races lost: the vile, the brave,
The wise, the beautiful, in one vast grave.

If this, that seems, were true; if human life
Stops here; comes here, in cerements to be hid;
If the first spadeful on the coffin-lid
Sounds the last note; if the heart's mighty strife
Against the dogma of Eternal Death
Is vain—as 'gainst a breeze an infant's breath;
Natheless, 't were well to live; to hold the hand
Of Love still closer; to upbuild the earth
Into new forms of Beauty and expand
The Mind with Art, with Music, and with Mirth.

From a photograph of the painting by Zuloaga

PORTRAIT OF A PICADOR—"EL CORIANO"

From a photograph by Whitman. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

Helen Keller

A CHAT ABOUT THE HAND

BY HELEN KELLER

I HAVE just touched my dog. He was rolling on the grass, with pleasure in every muscle and limb. I wanted to catch a picture of him in my fingers, and I touched him as lightly as I would cobwebs; but lo, his fat body revolved, stiffened and solidified into an upright position, and his tongue gave my hand a lick! He pressed close to me, as if he were fain to crowd himself into my hand. He loved it with his tail, with his paw, with his tongue. If he could speak, I believe he would say with me that paradise is attained by touch; for in touch is all love and intelligence.

This small incident started me on a chat about hands, and if my chat is fortunate I have to thank my dog-star. In any case, it is pleasant to have something to talk about that no one else has monopolized; it is like making a new path in the trackless woods, blazing the trail where no foot has pressed before. I am glad to take you by the hand and lead you along an untrodden way into a world where the hand is supreme. But at the very outset we encounter a difficulty. You are so accustomed to light, I fear you will stumble when I try to guide you through the land of darkness and silence. The blind are not supposed to be the best of guides. Still, though I cannot warrant not to lose you, I promise that you shall not be led into fire or water, or fall into a deep pit. If you will follow me patiently, you will find that "there 's a sound so fine, nothing lives 'twixt it and silence," and that there is more meant in things than meets the eye.

My hand is to me what your hearing and sight together are to you. In large measure we travel the same highways, read the same books, speak the same language, yet our experiences are different. All my comings and goings turn on the hand as on a pivot. It is the hand that binds me to the world of men and women. The hand is my feeler with which I reach through isolation and darkness and seize every pleasure, every activity that my fingers encounter. With the dropping of a little word from another's hand into mine, a slight flutter of the fingers, began the intelligence, the joy, the fullness of my life. Like Job, I feel as if a hand had made me, fashioned me together round about and molded my very soul.

In all my experiences and thoughts I am conscious of a hand. Whatever touches me, whatever thrills me, is as a hand that touches me in the dark, and that touch is my reality. You might as well say that a sight which makes you glad, or a blow which brings the stinging tears to your eyes, is unreal as to say that those impressions are unreal which I have accumulated by means of touch. The delicate tremble of a butterfly's wings in my hand, the soft petals of violets curling in the cool folds of their leaves or lifting sweetly out of the meadow-grass, the clear, firm outline of face and limb, the smooth arch of a horse's neck and the velvety touch of his nose—all these, and a thousand resultant combinations, which take shape in my mind, constitute my world.

Ideas make the world we live in, and impressions furnish ideas. My world is built of touch-sensations, devoid of color and sound; but without color and sound it breathes and throbs with life. Every object is associated in my mind with tactual qualities which, combined in countless ways, give me a sense of power, of beauty, or of incongruity: for with my hands I can feel the comic as well as the beautiful in the outward appearance of things. Remember that you, dependent on your sight,

From a photograph, copyright, 1902, by C. M. Gilbert. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

HELEN KELLER READING JOSEPH JEFFERSON'S SPEECH

do not realize how many things are tangible. All palpable things are mobile or rigid, solid or liquid, big or small, warm or cold, and these qualities are variously modified. The coolness of a water-lily rounding into bloom is different from the coolness of an evening wind in summer, and different again from the coolness of the rain that soaks into the hearts of growing things and gives them life and body. The velvet of the rose is not that of a ripe peach or of a baby's dimpled cheek. The hardness of the rock is to the hardness of wood what a man's deep bass is to a woman's voice when it is low. What I call beauty I find in certain combinations of all these qualities, and is largely derived from the flow of curved and straight lines which is over all things.

"What does the straight line mean to you?" I think you will ask.

It *means* several things. It symbolizes duty. It seems to have the quality of inexorableness that duty has. When I have something to do that must not be set aside, I feel as if I were going forward in a straight line, bound to arrive somewhere, or go on forever without swerving to the right or to the left.

That is what it means. To escape this moralizing you should ask, "How does the straight line feel?" It feels, as I suppose it looks, straight—a dull thought drawn out endlessly. It is unstraight lines, or many straight and curved lines together, that are eloquent to the touch. They appear and disappear, are now deep, now shallow, now broken off or lengthened or swelling. They rise and sink beneath my fingers, they are full of sudden starts and pauses, and their variety is inexhaustible and wonderful. So you see I am not shut out from the region of the beautiful, though my hand cannot perceive the brilliant colors in the sunset or on the mountain, or reach into the blue depths of the sky.

Physics tells me that I am well off in a world which knows neither color nor sound, but is made in terms of size, shape, and inherent qualities; for at least every object appears to my fingers standing solidly right side up, and is not an inverted image on the retina which, I understand, your brain is at infinite though unconscious labor to set back on its feet. A tangible object passes complete into my brain with the warmth of life upon it, and occupies the same place that it does in space; for, without egotism, the mind is as large as the universe. When I think of hills, I think of the upward strength I tread upon. When water is the object of my thought, I feel the cool shock of the plunge and the quick yielding of the waves that crisp and curl and ripple about my body. The pleasing changes of rough and smooth, pliant and rigid, curved and straight in the bark and branches of a tree give the truth to my hand. The immovable rock, with its juts and warped surface, bends beneath my fingers into all manner of grooves and hollows. The bulge of a watermelon and the puffed-up rotundities of squashes that sprout, bud, and ripen in that strange garden planted somewhere behind my fingertips are the ludicrous in my tactual memory and imagination. My fingers are tickled to delight by the soft ripple of a baby's laugh, and find amusement in the lusty crow of the barnyard autocrat. Once I had a pet rooster that used to perch on my knee and stretch his neck and crow. A bird in my hand was then worth two in the—barnyard.

My fingers cannot, of course, get the impression of a large whole at a glance; but I feel the parts, and my mind puts them together. I move around the house, touching object after object in order, before I can form an idea of the entire house. In other people's houses I can touch only what is shown me—the chief objects of interest, carvings on the wall, or a curious architectural feature, exhibited like the family album. Therefore a house with which I am not familiar has for me, at first, no general effect or harmony of detail. It is not a complete conception, but a collection of object-impressions which, as they come to me, are disconnected and isolated. But my mind is full of associations, sensations, theories, and with them it constructs the house. The process reminds me of the building of Solomon's temple, where was neither saw, nor hammer, nor any tool heard while the stones were being laid one upon another. The silent worker is imagination which decrees reality out of chaos.

Without imagination what a poor thing my world would be! My garden would be a silent patch of earth strewn with sticks of a variety of shapes and smells. But when the eye of my mind is opened to its beauty, the

bare ground brightens beneath my feet, and the hedge-row bursts into leaf, and the rose-tree shakes its fragrance everywhere. I know how budding trees look, and I enter into the amorous joy of the mating birds, and this is the miracle of imagination.

and pulseless and unresponsive, yet it is beautiful to my hand. Its flowing curves and bendings are a real pleasure; only breath is wanting; but under the spell of the imagination the marble thrills and becomes the divine reality of the ideal. Ima-

From a photograph by Whitman

MISS SULLIVAN READING TO HELEN KELLER BY THE HAND

Twofold is the miracle when, through my fingers, my imagination reaches forth and meets the imagination of an artist which he has embodied in a sculptured form. Although, compared with the life-warm, mobile face of a friend, the marble is cold

gination puts a sentiment into every line and curve, and the statue in my touch is indeed the goddess herself who breathes and moves and enchants.

It is true, however, that some sculptures, even recognized masterpieces, do not

please my hand. When I touch what there is of the Winged Victory, it reminds me at first of a headless, limbless dream that flies toward me in an unrestful sleep. The garments of the Victory thrust stiffly out behind, and do not resemble garments that I have felt flying, fluttering, folding, spread-

balance and completeness. The Minerva, hung with a web of poetical allusion, gives me a sense of exhilaration that is almost physical; and I like the luxuriant, wavy hair of Bacchus and Apollo, and the wreath of ivy, so suggestive of pagan holidays.

So imagination crowns the experience

From a photograph by Marshall

HELEN KELLER, MISS SULLIVAN, AND EDWARD EVERETT HALE

ing in the wind. But imagination fulfils these imperfections, and straightway the Victory becomes a powerful and spirited figure with the sweep of sea-winds in her robes and the splendor of conquest in her wings.

I find in a beautiful statue, beside perfection of bodily form, the qualities of

of my hands. And they learned their cunning from the wise hand of another, which, itself guided by imagination, led me safely in paths that I knew not, made darkness light before me, and made crooked ways straight.

The warmth and protectiveness of the hand are most homefelt to me who have

From a photograph by Whitman

HELEN KELLER BY THE PIANO

always looked to it for aid and joy. I understand perfectly how the Psalmist can lift up his voice with strength and gladness, singing, "I put my trust in the Lord at all times, and his hand shall uphold me, and I shall dwell in safety." In the strength of the human hand, too, there is something divine. I am told that the glance of a beloved eye thrills one from a distance; but there is no distance in the touch of a beloved hand. Even the letters I receive are

"Kind letters that betray the heart's deep history,
In which we feel the presence of a hand."

It is interesting to observe the differences in the hands of people. They show all kinds of vitality, energy, stillness, and cordiality. I never realized how living the hand is until I saw those chill plaster images in Mr. Hutton's collection of casts. The hand I know in life has the fullness of blood in its veins, and is elastic with spirit. How different dear Mr. Hutton's hand was from its dull, insensate image! To me the cast lacks the very form of the hand. Of the many casts in Mr. Hutton's collection I did not recognize any, not even my own. But a loving hand I never forget. I remember in my fingers the large hands of Bishop Brooks, brimful of tenderness and a strong man's joy. If you were deaf and blind, and could hold Mr. Jefferson's hand, you would see in it a face and hear a kind voice unlike any other you have known. Mark Twain's hand is full of whimsies and the drollest humors, and while you hold it the drollery changes to sympathy and championship.

I am told that the words I have just written do not "describe" the hands of my friends, but merely endow them with the kindly human qualities which I know they possess, and which language conveys in abstract words. The criticism implies that I am not giving the primary truth of what I feel; but how otherwise do descriptions in books I read, written by men who can see, render the visible look of a face? I read that a face is strong, gentle; that it is full of patience, of intellect; that it is

fine, sweet, noble, beautiful. Have I not the same right to use these words in describing what I feel as you have in describing what you see? They express truly what I feel in the hand. I am seldom conscious of physical qualities, and I do not remember whether the fingers of a hand are short or long, or the skin is moist or dry. No more can you, without conscious effort, recall the details of a face, even when you have seen it many times. If you do recall the features, and say that an eye is blue, a chin sharp, a nose short, or a cheek sunken, I fancy that you do not succeed well in giving the impression of the person,—not so well as when you interpret at once to the heart the essential moral qualities of the face—its humor, gravity, sadness, spirituality. If I should tell you in physical terms how a hand feels, you

From a photograph by Marshall

HELEN KELLER AND PROFESSOR ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

would be no wiser for my account than a blind man to whom you describe a face in detail. Remember that when a blind man recovers his sight, he does not recognize the commonest thing that has been familiar to his touch, the dearest face intimate to his fingers, and it does not help him at all that things and people have been described to him again and again. So you, who are untrained of touch, do not recognize a hand by the grasp; and so, too, any description I might give would fail to make

From a photograph by Whitman

HELEN KELLER EXERCISING THE SENSE OF TOUCH

you acquainted with a friendly hand which my fingers have often folded about, and which my affection translates to my memory.

I cannot describe hands under any class or type; there is no democracy of hands. Some hands tell me that they do everything with the maximum of bustle and noise. Other hands are fidgety and unadvised, with nervous, fussy fingers which indicate a nature sensitive to the little pricks of daily life. Sometimes I recognize with foreboding the kindly but stupid hand of one who tells with many words news that is no news. I have met a bishop with a jocose hand, a humorist with a hand of leaden gravity, a man of pretentious valor with a timorous hand, and a quiet, apologetic man with a fist of iron. When I was a little girl I was taken to see a woman who was blind and paralyzed. I shall never forget how she held out her small, trembling hand and pressed sympathy into mine. My eyes fill with tears as I think of her. The weariness, pain, darkness, and sweet patience were all to be felt in her thin, wasted, groping, loving hand.

Few people who do not know me will understand, I think, how much I get of the mood of a friend who is engaged in oral conversation with somebody else. My hand follows his motions; I touch his hand, his arm, his face. I can tell when he is full of glee over a good joke which has not been repeated to me, or when he is telling a lively story. One of my friends is rather aggressive, and his hand always announces the coming of a dispute. By his impatient jerk I know he has argument ready for some one. I have felt him start as a sudden recollection or a new idea shot through his mind. I have felt grief in his hand. I have felt his soul wrap itself in darkness majestically as in a garment. Another friend has positive, emphatic hands which show great pertinacity of opinion. She is the only person I know who emphasizes her spelled words and accents them as she emphasizes and accents her spoken words when I read her lips. I like this varied emphasis better than the monotonous pound of unmodulated people who hammer their meaning into my palm.

Some hands, when they clasp yours, beam and bubble over with gladness. They throb and expand with life. Strangers have clasped my hand like that of a long-lost sister. Other people shake hands with me as if with the fear that I may do them mischief. Such persons hold out civil finger-tips which they permit you to touch, and in the moment of contact they retreat, and inwardly you hope that you will not be called upon again to take that hand of "dormouse valor." It betokens a prudish mind, ungracious pride, and not seldom mistrust. It is the antipode to the hand of those who have large, lovable natures.

The handshake of some people makes you think of accident and sudden death. Contrast this ill-boding hand with the quick, skilful, quiet hand of a nurse whom I remember with affection because she took the best care of my teacher. I have clasped the hands of some rich people that spin not and toil not, and yet are not beautiful. Beneath their soft, smooth roundness what a chaos of undeveloped character!

All this is my private science of palmistry, and when I tell your fortune it is by no mysterious intuition or Gipsy witchcraft, but by natural, explicable recognition of the embossed character in your hand. Not only is the hand as easy to recognize as the face, but it reveals its secrets more openly and unconsciously. People control their countenances, but the hand is under no such restraint. It relaxes and becomes listless when the spirit is low and dejected; the muscles tighten when the mind is excited or the heart glad; and permanent qualities stand written on it all the time.

As there are many beauties of the face, so the beauties of the hand are many. Touch has its ecstasies. The hands of people of strong individuality and sensitiveness are wonderfully mobile. In a glance of their finger-tips they express many shades of thought. Now and again I touch a fine, graceful, supple-wristed hand which spells with the same beauty and distinction that you must see in the handwriting of some highly cultivated people. I wish you could see how prettily little children spell in my hand. They are wild flowers of humanity, and their finger motions wild flowers of speech.

Look in your "Century Dictionary," or, if you are blind, ask your teacher to do it for you, and learn how many idioms are made on the idea of hand, and how many words are formed from the Latin root

manus—enough words to name all the essential affairs of life. "Hand," with quotations and compounds, occupies twenty-four columns, eight pages of this dictionary, in all ten times as long as this essay. The hand is defined as "the organ of apprehension." How perfectly the definition fits my case in both senses of the word "apprehend"! With my hand I seize and hold all that I find in the three worlds—physical, intellectual, and spiritual.

From a photograph by Bertram C. Hardman

HELEN KELLER IN THE ORCHARD

Think how man has regarded the world in terms of the hand. All life is divided between what lies *on one hand* and on the other. The products of skill are *manu*factures. The conduct of affairs is *man*agement. History seems to be the record—alas for our chronicles of war!—of the *man*œuvers of armies. But the history of peace, too, the narrative of labor in the field, the forest, and the vineyard, is written in the victorious sign *manual*—the sign of the hand that has conquered the wilderness. The laborer himself is called a *hand*.

The minor idioms are myriad; but I will not recall too many, lest you cry, "Hands off!" I cannot desist, however, from this word-game until I have set down a few. Whatever is not one's own by first possession is *second-hand*. That is what I am told my knowledge is. But my well-meaning friends come to my defense, and, not content with endowing me with natural *first-hand* knowledge which is rightfully mine, ascribe to me a preternatural sixth sense and credit to miracles and heaven-sent compensations all that I have won and discovered with my good right hand. And with my left hand too; for with that I read, and it is as true and honorable as the other. By what half-development of human power has the left hand been neglected? When we arrive at the acme of civilization shall we not all be ambidextrous, and in our *hand-to-hand* contests against difficulties shall we not be doubly triumphant? It occurs to me, by the way, that when my teacher was training my unreclaimed spirit, her struggle against the powers of darkness, with the stout arm of discipline and the light of the manual alphabet, was in two senses a hand-to-hand conflict.

No essay would be complete without quotations from Shakspere. In the field which, in the presumption of my youth, I thought was my own he has reaped before me. In almost every play there are passages where the hand plays a part Lady Macbeth's heartbroken soliloquy over her little hand, from which all the perfumes of Arabia will not wash the stain, is the most pitiful moment in the tragedy. Mark Antony rewards Scarus, the bravest of his soldiers, by asking Cleopatra to give him her hand: "Commend unto his lips thy favoring hand." In a different mood he is enraged because Thyreus, whom he despises, has presumed to kiss the hand of the queen, "my playfellow, the kingly seal

of high hearts." When Cleopatra is threatened with the humiliation of gracing Cæsar's triumph, she snatches a dagger, exclaiming, "I will trust my resolution and my good hands." With the same swift instinct, Cassius trusts to his hands when he stabs Cæsar: "Speak, hands, for me!" "Let me kiss your hand," says the blind Gloster to Lear. "Let me wipe it first," replies the broken old king; "it smells of mortality." How charged is this single touch with sad meaning! How it opens our eyes to the fearful purging Lear has undergone, to learn that royalty is no defense against ingratitude and cruelty! Gloster's exclamation about his son, "Did I but live to see thee in my touch, I 'd say I had eyes again," is as true to a pulse within me as the grief he feels. The ghost in "Hamlet" recites the wrongs from which springs the tragedy:

"Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
At once of life, of crown, of queen dispatch'd."

How that passage in "Othello" stops your breath—that passage full of bitter double intention in which Othello's suspicion tips with evil what he says about Desdemona's hand; and she in innocence answers only the innocent meaning of his words: "For 't was that hand that gave away my heart."

Not all Shakspere's great passages about the hand are tragic. Remember the light play of words in "Romeo and Juliet" where the dialogue, flying nimbly back and forth, weaves a pretty sonnet about the hand. And who knows the hand, if not the lover?

The touch of the hand is in every chapter of the Bible. Why, you could almost rewrite Exodus as the story of the hand. Everything is done by the hand of the Lord and of Moses. The oppression of the Hebrews is translated thus: "The hand of Pharaoh was heavy upon the Hebrews." Their departure out of the land is told in these vivid words: "The Lord brought the children of Israel out of the house of bondage with a strong hand and a stretched-out arm." At the stretching out of the hand of Moses the waters of the Red Sea part and stand all on a heap. When the Lord lifts his hand in anger, thousands perish in the wilderness. Every act, every decree in the history of Israel, as indeed in the history of the human race, is sanctioned by the hand. Is it not used in the great moments of swearing, blessing, cursing, smiting, agreeing, marrying, building, destroying? Its sacredness is in the law that no sacrifice is valid unless the sacrificer lay his hand upon the head of the victim. The congregation lay their hands on the heads of those who are sentenced to death. How terrible the dumb condemnation of their hands must be to the condemned! When Moses builds the altar on Mount Sinai, he is commanded to use no tool, but rear it with his own hands. Earth, sea, sky, man, and all lower animals are holy unto the Lord because he has formed them with his hand. When the Psalmist considers the heavens and the earth, he exclaims: "What is man, O Lord, that thou art mindful of him? For thou hast made him to have dominion over the works of thy hands." The supplicating gesture of the hand always accompanies the spoken prayer, and with clean hands goes the pure heart.

Christ comforted and blessed and healed and wrought many miracles with his hands. He touched the eyes of the blind, and they were opened. When Jairus sought him, overwhelmed with grief, Jesus went and laid his hands on the ruler's daughter, and she awoke from the sleep of death to her father's love. You also remember how he healed the crooked woman. He said to her, "Woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmity," and he laid his hands on her, and immediately she was made straight, and she glorified God.

Look where we will, we find the hand in time and history, working, building, inventing, bringing civilization out of barbarism. The hand symbolizes power and the excellence of work. The mechanic's hand, that minister of elemental forces, the hand that hews, saws, cuts, builds, is useful in the world equally with the delicate hand that paints a wild flower or molds a Grecian urn, or the hand of a statesman that writes a law. The eye cannot say to the hand, "I have no need of thee." Blessed be the hand! Thrice blessed be the hands that work!

TWO OPTIMISTS

BY R. W. G.

(*A Letter to Joseph Jefferson, Acknowledging a Copy of Helen Keller's Essay on "Optimism"*)

TO send fit thanks, I would I had the art,
For this small book that holds a mighty heart,
Enshrining, as it does, brave Helen's creed.
In thought and word; in many a lovely deed;
In facing what would crush a lesser soul,
Making of barriers helps to reach the goal;
In sympathy with all; in human kindness
To the blind of heart (dear girl! not this *her* blindness!),
As well as to her brethren of the dark
And silent world, who through her see and hark;
— In bringing out of darkness a great light,
Which burns and beacons high in all men's sight,
That exquisite spirit is true optimist!
Yet there are other names in the bright list:
If faith in man and woman that still lasts,
Though chilled by seventy winters' bitter blasts;
If seeing, as you see, the good in evil,
And even something Christian in the devil;
If power to take misfortune as a friend
And to be cheerful to the very end;
Not to be spoiled by praise, nor deeply stung
By the detractor's sharp and envious tongue;
If living in fairy-land as really now
As when heaven's dew was fresh on childhood's brow;
If seeing, in fine, this world as through a prism
Of lovely colors is true optimism,
Then Joseph is true optimist no less,
And Heaven sent both this troubled world to bless.

DADDY BILLY'S JUNO

BY SUSAN TEACKLE MOORE

"JUNO, honey—Juno, is it? What become o' my witch wife Juno since she forsooken me? Den 'fore de Lord I dunno. It 's a sorry tale, Miss Jinny, an' I keeps it dumb. Is you sho you wants it?"

"That 's what I came for, Daddy Billy. I 've ridden fourteen miles this morning to hear the story."

"Well, I ain't one to harbor secrets from my own people; an' if you ain't my people, I dunno who is. Yo' gran'paw sont dis chair you 're settin' in to me befo' he died."

The old darky looked wistfully toward the young girl resting under the shadow of the peach-tree, its blossoms a drift of glory against the sky. "Lord love de chile, how she do favor her gran'paw!" he murmured. "I 'd know her in kingdom come by dat favor. Lay dese blossoms ag'in' yo' cheek, honey, an' shame dem blooms."

"But the story, Daddy, the story!"

"Well, I reckon I gotter tol' you, dough it ain't never been my way to gabble de matter from do' to do', axin' pity. I never was no hand to wipe my eyes on ladies' aprons. An' I 'm pleased to specify dat nair pusson, white or black, little or big, is been brash 'nough to quizzify Billy 'bout it. I doubts mebbe you never is got de truly bearin's o' dis mou'nful tale—dat 's why you wants to hear it so much. Even yo' gran'paw had his 'spicions; he was always haltin' 'twixt two 'pinions.

"Well, chile, you gwine git de facts now if my life 's spared. I axes pardon if I lights my pipe," and the old man began fumbling for matches. "Ain't it a mericle, miss, how de smoke do clarify a body's ricollections?

"Now for it, Miss Jinny," and he put himself at her feet, with his back against the tree. "I gwine tell you 'bout Hagar—Juno's mammy—fust, an' den I gwine tell you 'bout Juno next, 'cause bofe o' dem two is so jumbled up you can't tell t' other from which no more 'n two peas in a pod.

"Hagar was a born she-debil, she was. Whensoever de witches give a blow-out in Buzzard's Grove she 'd git wind of it an' show up dar in de tip o' de fashion. Why, dat varmint could squirm outen her skin, roll it up in a wad, an' hide it real cunnin'. She gotter wriggle back into dat same black skin befo' cockcrow in de mornin' if she 'spec's ever to be herself ag'in. She done mislaid it once, an' she was so skeered she p'intedly tooken de trimbles, an' I tell you, dere ain't no given cure for dat, missy, nohow.

"She knowed durn well whar to spot a man-horse to ride to dem jamborees. Let a witch seize you befo' you kin cross fingers or whip out de rabbit's foot, an' you 're a goner. I knows; I been one!

"You don't believe in 'em, missy? Well, you let one stride you an' guide you an' ride you—you 'll believe in 'em den sho 'nough.

"Ouch! Lemme git my foot loose; it 's a stitch or a crick! Dat 's some better."

"Rheumatism, Daddy?"

"No, chile; fur from it. It 's a witch-cuss. Hagar cussed me wid it when I was a yo'ng buck married to her Juno. Hagar had a grutch ag'in' me. Dis ain't no rheum'tiz."

"What 's become of her, Daddy?"

"Hagar? Why, li'l' by li'l' dem witch-debilments come to de ears o' de Old Boy, an' it tickled him. He don't 'low no tamperin' wid his trade, so he vow he 'd match her for doin' it. But he bided his time cheerful, seein' de all-fired way she was sweatin' over her witch-pots an' kittles; she had a whole passel o' dem kittles. In 'em was messes o' mis'ry for de onwary:

dumb agers an' brown-skeeters for de aged; middlin'-poorlys for de yo'ng bucks; high-strikes an' hiccups for de wenches; bow-legs an' squints for de chil'ens; rickets an' fits for de po' li'l' babies, an' de sorest kind o' biles for 'em all. I knows what I 'm talkin' 'bout, for I had one las' winter.

"Old Boy see Hagar a-hustlin', so he ain't de heart to hender her, an' he waited a week. Den up he gits, packs his chist, an' heads for de old 'oman.

"It was in de dark o' de moon. He 'skivered her in de cow lot behind de smoke-house, whar she kep' her witch-fires. She was down in de ashes, shiverin' an' shakin' turr'ble.

"'Evenin', ma'am,' he say; 'howdy? Yo' sarvant, ma'am!' An' he scrape his hoof. ''Flictions is wery prev'lent dis season, I note. You been so busy sortin' 'em to 'stribute round I mistrusted you mought happen to slight yo'self, my dear. Dat would n't never do,' says he. 'Fair play,' says he; 'so I 've brung you somethin' ch'ice; it 'll become yo' shape, an' rectify yo' manners. De name of it 's de jimbles,' he run on—'de palsy, some names it. You been shakin' over yo' kittles, but you ain't never shooken like you 'll shook arter dis, my dear.' Den he hem an' he haw. 'It 's a fancy kind,' he say—'one o' dese side-wiggle kind; I picked it out a-puppose.'

"She walled her eyes at him, an' her jaw done drapped. She see she was over-matched for once.

"'I 'd jes as lives fotched you de prickly itch to go 'long wid it,' he say, 'but dat mis'ry I promised to Sis Skinner. I dassent disgruntle Sis Skinner; I sho does strive to please de ladies.' An' wid dat he grin an' show his tusks like one o' dese old he-hogs. Den he up an' he lam her good wid his pitchfork—*bang-bang! bang-bang!*"

Daddy Billy half raised himself to his feet and laid about him with his stick as if he were Old Nick himself and the grass he was beating was Hagar's back. Both he and Miss Virginia were in gales of laughter.

"I never 'sputes a p'int o' law wid de Old Boy," the old man shouted in his struggling for breath, "an' I never did 'spute de jestice o' dem jimbles; I was satisfied when I hearn tell of it.

"Now, den," and he wiped his eyes, "I gwine quit all dis foolishness an' tell de story straight.

"Well, me an' Juno was born an' raised right here in Chinkoteague. Juno's people lived back yonder whar you see de big weepin' willow; dey had de name o' Tolliver. Dey was quality,—top-loftical quality,—but po'—po' as poverty; so po' de Christmas turkey gotter be a goose. From de time I war n't more 'n so high I was dead gone on Juno. When I 'come a man an' yo' gran'paw found me out, he ain't kicked at de price when he bought her. He say he 'spec's dem Tolivers need de money more 'n he did. Dat 's how she come to be yo' gran'maw's seamster an' my wife.

"I was 'bout crazy wid joy when she come, Gord knows. I sot me to work to fix up my cabin, an' yo' gran'maw she helped me heaps. She gimme some white swist curtains she was done usin'. Lord, but dey did look genteel a-loopin' up de winders! Pretty soon de honeysuckers was clamberin' up de po'ch, trumpet-vines runnin' round de well, gay flower-beds o' pinks an' posies, de shoo-fly plant dressin' up de smoke-house, big oleanders dis side an' dat side de wicket. Right here is whar I brung her to arter de weddin', an' we sho was happy—happy as two fools; we was one gorm o' bliss. An' only for dat she-debil Hagar I 'd be livin' here yit wid my Juno.

"Well, we been married seben months or so when, comin' home one evenin' from de buckwheat, I see de clouds was drawin' water for a rain. I was tired out: de day was long an' my work heavy. On de po'ch stood Juno, lookin' for me; she hailed me.

"'See de thunder-heads,' she call out; 'see 'em pilin' up dar; ain't dey bu'sters? Big storm a-brewin', I tell you. Hurry up, honey! Supper 's a-waitin': we got ash-cake an' possum-stew.'

"Her voice sound peart, but her face ain't match it. Eyes look like she been cryin'.

"Supper done, I got my corn-cob, filled it wid my good home-riz tobacker, lit it wid a live coal, an' strayed out here to wait for her. Ground felt so good I sprawled out flat on my back, arms for a pillow. Bimeby I whistles to her.

"'What you doin' in dar? Nemmine dem dishes; come on out! Clouds is burnin' sulphur; we 'll git a gust.'

"She drapped her dish-cloth an' out she come. 'See de new moon,' she say. 'See her wrastle wid dem fearsome clouds yon-

der! Lightnin' 's chasin' her, too; see her dodge it! Well, dat moon 's fightin' for her life, sartain; she 's fightin' wid her horns, too.'

"I stole a look at her. Somethin' more 'n common was to pay. She gazed an' she gazed, eyes big as sassers.

"'I 'se like de moon,' she moan: 'clouds as fearsome as dem yonder been a-pressin' down 'pon me dis endurin' day. Somethin' dretful gwine happen to us, Billy. No use tryin' to dodge it. O Lord, ha' mercy!'

"'Jiggery-criggery!' says I, 'what ails my honey-pie? She ain't feelin' scrumptious dis evenin'. It 's de sulphur clouds, dat 's all. I smell 'em burnin' for a gust.'

"'It 'll be a tarror when it bu'sts,' says she; 'but dat don't bodder me. Somethin' wusser 'n thunder an' lightnin' 's on de way to us; I knows it by de signs.'

"'Rubbage! What signs?' says I.

"A quar look come into her face. 'Is you tooken notice o' dat strange cat in my sewin'-room befo' sun-up?' says she. 'Whar in de world she come from an' how she git in? It was shet up tight when we went to bed, an' dar ain't no chimbly.'

"'Consarn dat kitten!' says I. 'I did tooken notice o' dat kitten, drat it!'

"'Den de ladder,' says she.

"'What ladder?' says I.

"'Uncle Jacob's ladder up ag'in' his roof, him on de top rung seein' to his puffled pouters. How come my Billy 'bleeged to stand under dat ladder for speech wid de old man?'

"'G' way from here, gal, wid yo' ladders,' says I; 'dat 's fool talk.' My dander was risin'.

"'But you done did it. Lord knows I gin a grab to save you.'

"'What ails my pidgy-widge?' says I, huggin' her up. 'Somebody been stuffin' you wid a pack o' lies? What 's de name o' de driv'lin' idjiot?'

"She ketched her bref short.

"'I got wind to-day o' somethin',' says she. 'Mammy 's packin' up to move!'

"'Dat so?' says I. 'Well, let her; who 's henderin'?'

"'But you ain't a-listenin',' says she. 'She 's gwine to move! Dar ain't but one place for her to move to, an' you got de name o' bein' a guesser.'

"'Who says so? Whar you git dat riggermarole?' says I. 'Hagar layin' to set herself down in dis heabenly home o' ourn? Pooh! G' way!' An' I shook my fist at Hagar.

"'She never keered a smitch for me since de day I was born. It 's my nice sewin'-room she 's arter—Aunt Dinah says so. May de Lord tooken pity on us, Billy, for we 're comin' to nothin'!'

"Den I stood up on my hind legs an' I ramped. 'What 's dat you say? Yo' mammy, is it, who 's figurin' to walk in here widout a' *in*vite an' plump herself on us for keeps?'

"'De idee,' she moaned—'de idee o' mammy comin' to mommuck up my pretty room whar I been so biggotty! I 'd as lives be dead; I 'd ruther.'

"Den I ripped an' I tore. 'If dat old scratch-cat comes mousin' round here fixin' to git jes one paw inside, out she goes—scat! She dassent try it; you kin take my affidaffy on it.'

"I been so put about I ain't see how de clouds was shettin' down black on de Broadwater, de lightnin' dartin' th'ough 'em like Fo'th July spit-debils.

"'Specifyin' signs,' says I, gittin' on my legs, 'yonder 's one what 'll do me. Dat sign say p'intedly to git in de house—quick; it 's drappin' rain.'

"Afore we kin do it come a' awful light, an' den a crash like de whole world had done bu'sted. I was so blinded I warn't able to see. But next minute I sighted somethin' cavortin' over our flower-beds like a cat in a gale o' wind. Juno saw it fust, an' she gin a screech dey hearn as fur off as de big house. 'It 's mammy!' she cried. 'Oh, it 's mammy!'

"We-alls made a dive into de house an' slammed de do', but Hagar ain't stop to swap 'howdys.' Into our fedder bed she went kerflop, pullin' de kiverin' over her head, an' dar she burrowed till mornin'."

Daddy Billy paused a moment, shook the ashes from his pipe, found a few dried tobacco-leaves in his hip pocket and rolled them to grains in his wrinkled palms, and continued:

"By de great 'Mighty! war n't dat a storm! De lightnin' bolts come scuttlin' down de chimbly so fast dat me an' Juno dragged de table from de wall an' clumb on top to git outen de tracks of 'em. Dar we sot for de endurin' night, legs squinched up jes so." The old man's knees were up to his chin now. "Here dey come, red-hot, an' big as cannon-balls; I could n't believe

my eyes. Dey went careerin' round de kitchen, chasin' 'emselves close to de baseboard, till dey had ramped back to de hearth ag'in, an' dar dey leggo, sinkin' out o' sight in de embers.

"Toward de eend o' dat storm you oughter hear de chicken-cocks. Ev'ry sep'rate one on de land was humpin' hisself an' hip-hip-hoorayin' like he claimed de job o' squelchin' it!"

The old man knitted his brows and looked furtively at the girl's face.

"Go right on, Daddy," she answered; "don't stop. Then what happened?"

"Well, come mornin', de sun riz up wid a' extry shine on his face like he mought ha' kotched some o' dat loose lightnin'. I limbered up, made de fire, an' we bofe cooked breakfast. My innards felt fitty, like a johnny-cake toasted real brown mought pacify 'em, an' coffee was comfortin'; but Billy was in po' shape for de field.

"All dis time not a sight or sound o' Hagar, 'scusin' her snores. We stepped soft, whispered low, an' never rattled a plate.

"When we lef' de table I made a deef-an'-dumb sign to Juno. We tipped to her sewin' room an' shet de do'.

"'Set up close to me, my sugar-lump,' says I, in a whisper. 'I gwine say somethin', an' I want you to listen to me good. Is you listenin'?'

"'M—m, h—m,' she say, an' she nod her head.

"'You see dis room?'

"She nod some mo'.

"'It 's yourn. If I come home to-night an' find any wrinkled-up, pig-faced monkey by de name o' Hagar been tamperin' wid it, in any way, shape, or form, I 'll frizzle her to flibbertigibbets. You kin look out for me, Juno, for you never see me mad befo'.' Den I let her go.

"All de way to de buckwheat I kep' a-growlin' to myself: 'Dat room o' Juno's ain't no comp'ny room,' says I; 'no, sirree! I done put my foot down, an' dat 's flat.'

"My dinner was fittin' for de President of de Nunited States dat day: muskrat wid sage an' inions, ash-cake an' 'lasses, a hunk o' coosh, an' a dram o' persimmon beer to wash it down. But none of it ain't tempt me ('scusin' de liquor), my mind was dat onsettled.

"In co'se o' time Sandy's lop-eared yaller coon-dog come a-limpin' by, foot tied up wid a rag. He spied my pail on a log an' stopped to snuff it. He was perishin' hongry, ev'ry rib in his body reachin' out sep'rate for dem victuals.

"'Howdy?' says he.

"'So-so,' says I.

"'What 's in dis?' says he, snuffin' mo' p'tic'lar.

"'Lay-overs for meddlers,' says I. 'Help yo'self, suh,' says I; 'don't be bashful.' An' I h'isted de lid.

"Miss Jinny, I guv dat dog de contentions o' dat pail. He eat till he was full as any tick feedin' on him dat minute. He eat an' he eat till de last licks o' gravy was oozin' outen his eyes. If it war n't gravy, it was tears o' thankfulness. It was de fust squar' meal he had de luck to git since he was a teethin' puppy.

"It come dusk when I knocked off work an' p'inted for home. At de four corners was Juno, all out o' bref wid runnin'. She look like she been in a tussle an' got de wust of it: frock tore to flinders, apron in tig-tags, hair lookin' like a hurrah's nest. I looked her over for more 'n a minute, den I let out:

"'For Gord's sake, gal, what 's de matter? Whar you been?'

"'I 'bleeged to come,' she panted. 'I 'm 'mos' crazy. Dem signs done come true, Billy: mammy 's come to stay!'

"I knowed better, but I ain't says so; de po' chile was too shook up for back answers.

"'You ain't believe me, but you will,' she blubbered; 'my sewin'-room 's a show.'

"I helt my mouf right good whilst I tooken her by de elbow an' helped her home, her a-sobbin' all de way. When we got here she hung back; she 'lowed she 'd ruther wait outside, so I ain't fo'ced her.

"A show it was, sartain. Hagar had moved in. Uncle Laz'rus had toted her truck over in his cart. I gin a squint at de heaps o' muss an' rubbage dumped down dar, an' when I see de havoc I sensed whar de tussle been. Nothin' o' Juno's in dar barrin' her sewin'-chair. Hold on, honey, dat chair 's in de tale; lemme 'splain it.

"It was a barr'l-chair. I made it myself outen one o' yo' gran'maw's sugar-barr'ls. I sawed it into shape to fit her back, an' I padded it nice an' soft wid a' old bed-quilt. Juno she made de cushion for de seat, fillin' it wid live-gooses' fedders. We kivered it wid chinch—pea-green color, I recolmember: Juno cottoned to dat color. It was

de slick shiny chinch what costs money, an' I earnt de money off hours doin' odd jobs for folks. I was so tickled when de chair was done I was a puffec' nuisance on de plantation blowin' 'bout it. Dat chair was de on'iest belongin' o' Juno's lef' in de room arter de scrimmage, an' in dat same barr'l-chair wid de green chinch kiver sot Hagar!

"Why n't I yank her out, fling her on de flo', stomp on her, mash her to a pulp, or go for de ax an' split her head open? Dat 's what you 's thinkin', missy; but you dassent tamper wid a witch widout yo' harness on."

"Of course not," said the girl, encouragingly.

"Well, I sneaked by de house, changed my breeches wrong side out an' gallowsed 'em up wid a' eel-skin. Den I filled my pockets wid chunks o' grave-dirt an' skewered 'em wid rusty nails. Den I hung a bag o' egg-shells round Juno's neck an' a string o' tarr'pin-claws on my neck. Den wid my trusty rabbit's foot in one hand an' a horseshoe in de odder hand I went for Hagar.

"When she see me she gin a snort. 'Step inside,' she say, 'an' shet de do'. I feels a draf' blowin',' an' she guv a trimble. 'Take a seat an' set down.'

"I never budged.

"'How you like my new chair?' she say. 'I think it 's gran',' she purred, techin' it in spots wid her cat-claws. 'It 's a mericle how dis chair do fit my back, for it war n't made a-puppose. I 'm beholden to you for it, Billy; it 's jes my size an' figger.' Den she laid herself back an' strack up a tune."

The old man pulled out his bandana and mopped his face. "Bear wid me, honey," he said. "I sho is hot. Dis subjec' gits me into a pusperation"; and he unfastened the top button of his shirt as if for more air.

"Well, chile, dar she sot, singin' away, pleasant as a hand-saw stuck in a knot. Of a suddint she stopped an' walled her green eyes at me. 'Dat fool nigger 's done tuk root in his tracks,' she snarled. 'I 'll be switched if he ain't. Is you a dumb-head?'

"Den I got my wind.

"'I 'm a-studyin',' says I, 'how I 'll haul yo' ugly black carcass outen my wife's chair, h'ist de winder yonder, an' chuck you in de hog-pen; but I better spare my elbows de job.'

"'Flingin' sass at de ladies, is you?' she sputtered. 'Whar you git yo' fotch-up?'

"'No offense meant, an' none tooken, ma'am,' says I. 'Dis here hog-pen of a room—dat 's what you made it since you been in it—'pears to suit yo' shape an' manners good as Juno's chair.' I was solemn as a' owl.

"De words war n't outen my mouf befo' she started up an' come for me, her whole body shakin'. 'All you say I is, you is 'em,' she screeched. 'Sh—shoo! Git out o' here, you black varmint, or I 'll squ'sh you!'

"An' out I went. I was 'bleeged to."

II

"As time run on I 'skivered by li'l's dat me an' my Juno war n't one an' de same no mo'. Hagar was at her tricks castin' spells on her, dough I ain't 'spicion it. My li'l' gal she techy an' pernickety; fly into a tantrum an' git obstrap'lous. Many 's de times we was on de raw aidge of a ruction for all my honeyin's.

"She fell into de way, come dusk, o' sneakin' off to de chip-yard. I 'd slip arter her an' ketch her chasin' hoppytoads. I 'd git right down an' help her. 'Here 's a reg'lar bu'ster,' I says; 'he 's yo' sort—he 's green as pizen.' Or I 'd sight her snoopin' under chicken-coops for mole-crickets: blind mice, she named 'em; dem sort is kind o' skeerce. It was a po' hunt when I could n't ferret out three to her one; I was cunnin' at it."

The girl gave him a curious look.

"For witch 'intments, honey, fust you biles 'em in a pipkin, real good; den you stirs in a few pinches o' grave-dirt, an' mashes de mixture till you gits a paste; an' when you spreads it pretty thick on a bat's wing you got a plarster to beat de debil. Jes let dat contraption come nigh you an' you sinks into a trance. Oh, I knows 'em. An' spiders—you never! I 'd find her behind de woodpile grubbin' for spiders. Let her happen on one o' dese big black Esaus,—all hair an' whiskers,—an' she 'd hab a conniption fit, she was dat pleased.

"In de fust beginnin's I war n't oneasy, so to say. Dese hocusin's an' pocusin's seemed a game o' play for to 'stract her mind. I never 'spicioned who was puttin' her up to it. How was I to know dat my

innercent pots what b'iled my souse an' tried out drippin' was backsliders an' tooken to a life o' sin? Gosh!

"Her an' her mammy was gittin' thicker 'n mush. Dey 'd go trapesin' off for de endurin' night, makin' no bones o' leavin' me behind. Juno never 'splained herself or 'scuse her manners. When she git back from dese bouts she 'd be blowed, eyes right glassy. Spunky? Why, I dassent ax her 'howdy?'

"Dem times was times o' tribulation for Billy. No mo' moonin' under dis peach-tree ca'm evenin's; no mo' coddlin's for me. But never—Gord knows it for de truth—did I leggo my trust in Juno. I dassent—no more 'n I 'd loosen my hopes o' heaven."

The girl laid her soft pink fingers, pink as the blossoms, upon the rough bark of his hand. The old negro patted them for a moment, withdrew his hand slowly, and went on:

"It was Injun summer when de final eend arriv'. My j'ints was oncommon grouchy, I recolmember; I punished 'em wid fish-ile an' turkentime, but dey ain't 'pologized none, an' by nightfall dey tuk to cussin'. I was a rack o' mis'ry, an' mighty peevish. Bofe women off gaddin' an' no sign o' supper, so I hobbled out here to ease my aches ag'in' dis peach-tree. De lonesomeness was awful; nair chirp nor croak nor cry outen de woods. De fog from de ma'sh was solid, an' troops o' witch-ponies was scuddin' over it.

"I been settin' here for ten minutes or so wid my eyes tight shet; Marse Charles he always 'clar' for it I done fell asleep, but I knows better. I begins to study. 'What 's on?' I says. 'Wharfo' all dem slues o' witch-ponies on a rampage over my head? What dey gwine do on dem clouds?' Next I cocks my ears to listen. I kin hear li'l' hoofs plain, thud-thud-thud-din' th'ough de wetness.

"'Dey 's makin' for Coony Hollow,' says I. 'Witches is out; hear dem ponies leggin' it along,' says I, whilst more an' more li'l' nags went scurryin' past. I listened out wid all my ears, but I could n't specify who was ridin' 'em. 'Oh, Lord!' says I, wid my heart jumpin' into my mouf, 'don't I wish my Juno was home!'

"Of a suddint come a mighty wind dat split off a big branch o' dis peach-tree, an' den a sound o' slashin' an' snortin' like some turr'ble beast come close. I war n't 'lowed time to drap on my knees an' go to prayin', for here was de Yahoo! De Yahoo, honey, for a livin' fact. When you see him fust he looks like a puff o' smoke. Some 'lows he 's nothin' but a swirl o' fog what comes up from de ma'sh. *He* ain't no bogy-man—he 's a *pusson;* you l'arn 'bout him in de books. Some do say he 's kin to de Old Boy, but I ain't swearin' to it. A wild critter an' a wagabone, wid wings an' a tail an' tusks, an' eyes like flamin' fat-wood. Easy-gwine 'less'n you sass him; den, wid my device, you 'll stand from under. Dat 's de Yahoo.

"'Howdy?' says he to me, perlite as chips.

"'Same to you, suh,' says I; 'how 's yo'self?' my teeth a-chatterin'.

"'Tol'ble to middlin', I 'm 'bleeged to you,' he says, wid a bow; 'I can't complain,' an' he spit tobacker. 'De witches is in camp, mister,' he say. 'Dey 's havin' some kind o' jiggermaree-spree in Buzzard's Grove, an' yo' fambly 's all dar. I 'm come for you. Yo' wife 's de belle o' de ball.'

"I ain't believe him, but I don't never contradic' de Yahoo.

"'Hi, man,' says he, 'gimme a leg; up wid you; up you goes!' An' wid no more ado I was pickaback. 'Dat 's yo' sorts,' he says, wid a wiggle. 'Now ketch a good holt o' my horn—don't be shy,' an' we two was off like a streak.

"De grove, honey, was a dazzle o' lightnin'-bugs, fireflies, glow-worms, an' will-o'-de-wishes. We see de glare long befo' we crossed Coony Hollow. When we come close to it, dar dey all was—water-witches, wood-imps, goblins, ghos'es, a gang o' she-debils like Hagar, an', atop o' de heap, skin-free an' witch-wild, my Juno!

"De Yahoo he see I was struck all of a heap, an' he showed feelin's. 'I got a p'tic'lar 'p'intment in de swamp, mister,' says he. 'A lady friend o' mine will be 'spectin' me 'bout two, an' I 'm 'bleeged to quit dis festive scene; kin I gin you a lift back ag'in home? I see dis sight is onpleasant.' War n't dat delicate? I sho was teched.

"Well, we ain't stop to tarry. He fotched me back in a whiff-jiffy, sot me down in my same seat under dis peach-tree, an' den absquatulated. Look, Miss Jinny; dat 's de road he tuk acrost de ma'sh.

"Arter a spell de fog lifted an' I see de old moon gittin' on her las' legs. I was feelin' dog-gone, my j'ints pinchin' like tarr'pin jaws.

"I got up, I did, an' crope in de house, felt about me for a match,—my fire was out,—strack it, lit a taller dip, an' got my stick. 'Now for it,' says I. 'Whar 's dem skins?'

"I hunted high an' I hunted low, Satan —dat 's Hagar's cat—stealin' behind me like a black shadder. He knowed whar dey was, but he ain't lettin' on. I hunted 'way up de chimbly an' down under de kittles, poke-pokin' wid my stick. 'Dem skins done skipped,' says I. 'Dem two hussies 'll want 'em when dey come home—nair one is fittin' to be seen widout 'em. Sho an' sartain, it won't be long befo' dey do come, for de chicken-cocks is crowin' now.'

"When I was 'bout to give up,—I was wo'e out a-huntin' for 'em,—I hearn a scratch-scratch-scratchin' outside de back do'." The old man's fingers now illustrated the sound on the bark of the trunk behind him. "I opened it, an' in walks Sandy's old lop-eared, stub-tailed coon-dog, Chuff—de same dog I gin my dinner to dat Juno fixed for me. He come round dat early 'cause he was nosin' for a bone. Satan got his back up like he owned de place an' spit out. Chuff ain't takin' any sass from dat sort, an' he went for him. Satan saw fit to change his mind, turned tail an' flew up de chimbly.

"Me an' Chuff swapped grins for a minute, den he run up to me an' gimme his paw. 'Yo' sarvant, suh,' says he; 'how you come on?'

"'So-so,' says I. 'I 'm bar'ly creepin'.'

"He gin me a sharp look.

"'What you doin' up dis time o' night, mister?' says he. 'Why, bless my soul, you ain't been abed at all!'

"'You 's a prophet, my son,' says I.

"'If dat don't beat all,' says he, 'I never!' Den he sot up on his hind legs an' smote his nose wid one paw like he was cogitatin'. Bimeby he begin snuff-snuffin'.

"'M—m, h—m!' says he. 'I smell somethin' cur'ous. It 's under de smoke-house, or my name ain't Chuff,' an' he put for it. I come outside to see what was up.

"He begin to dig, dig wid his paws, snuffin' harder. He so fierce I 'spicioned a muskrat.

"'Sic 'em, Chuff, s-s-sic 'em! Hi! Hi!'

"Den he snuff mo' fiercer, scratchin' away an' diggin' deep like he was furious, dirt a-flyin'.

"'Dat 's you, Chuff, dat 's a dandy,' says I. 'Find it, old boy—*find!*'

"Presently he stop right short.

"'What you got dar, Chuffy?' I bawled out. 'What you got? Shake 'em, boy, shake!'

"He was busy chuckin' it up, ketchin' it in his mouf, worryin' it wid growls, chawin' it easy like it was game-birds. It was a wad o' somethin' funny, an' it tickled him.

"'Dat ain't no muskrat,' says I to myself, 'nor yit a weasel; what de debil is it?' De dog wrastled wid it till de string bruk loose an' de passel opened out. 'Looks to me,' says I, 'like—like—' an' a great light bu'sted on my inner wisibles.

"'Skins!' I hollered—'dem 's 'em! Dat dog 's a wizard.' An' I gin a whoop.

"'Here, Chuff, here! Fetch it 'long, boy, fetch it to me, *fetch!*' He come up to me, waggin' his tail.

"I gin dat wad one good look; I ain't crave to tech it. Den I tips him a wink. 'Good dog!' I says; 'good Chuff! Eat it up, boy, you kin hab it; s-s-sic 'em!' An' down it all went wid a gulp an' a gobble.

"'Good dog,' says I, pattin' him up an' down; 'good pup-dog; good Chuffy!' Den he licked his chops clean, wunk a' eye at me, bu'sted out laughin', an' scooted.

"I laid down on de ground an' rolled an' laughed till I 'most bu'sted. I laughed, honey, till I was dat weak I was sufferin'. De jig was up! Dem hussies was done for. Dey could n't do a mortal thing widout deir skins.

"Dat 's de eend o' de tale, missy. I ain't seen hide or hair o' Juno since, an' dat 's forty years ago."

TOPICS OF THE TIME

AFTER THE ELECTION—A LOOK AHEAD

TWO among the most distinguished leaders of British thought happened to be in America on the eighth of last November—Mr. John Morley and Mr. James Bryce. Mr. Bryce was in New York on that day, and visited various parts of the city while the election was in quiet progress; witnessing, on the same night, the trumpet-voiced but thoroughly good-humored jollifications which have come to be a habit on the part especially of the youthful portion of our population. On the night after the election Mr. Bryce took occasion to express, in an address at the City Club, his great satisfaction and pleasure in the unprecedented and momentous spectacle of an American national election: its gigantic territorial extent, its quickness, its peacefulness, and the genial acquiescence in its decisions by the defeated millions. Mr. Morley, later, at the Chamber of Commerce, spoke to the same effect.

The election of 1904 will be memorable for its dramatic completeness. The majority choice was made not only by count of electors, but by an enormous preponderance of the popular vote. Such a colossal compliment, evidently, was less of a surprise to Europeans than to Americans, for the Old World years ago was captivated, as have been his countrymen, by the picturesque and engaging personality of the President; and in Europe they saw in the campaign probably little that interested them beside that personality.

To citizens who can take dispassionate and disinterested views of political events one of the most interesting of the results of the election is that it gives exceptional prestige and power to a Chief Executive who, though often criticized by many as to performance, has generally been applauded as to aim. There are political opponents and political reformers who have condemned Theodore Roosevelt for individual policies, and for some of the methods by which he has accomplished results; but there are few thoughtful critics (except when exasperated by local considerations) who have sincerely doubted his patriotism or right intentions. It may be assumed, to the credit of our popular electorate, that while some even in the concourse of his supporters may have been dissatisfied with this or that of his actions; may have credited him with certain traits which they disapproved, and with some decisions which seemed to them mistakes,—the great majority of his countrymen saw in him a strong, capable, honest, and singularly frank nature, struggling resolutely through all manner of difficulties toward useful, permanent, and patriotic accomplishment.

A term beginning, as Mr. Roosevelt's present term may be said to have begun, on November 8, instead of the following March 4, after an election marked by so singular a demonstration of popular confidence, needs must excite unusual expectations. This was felt to be the case at the beginning of Mr. Cleveland's second administration, and unbiased historians have recorded that those expectations were justified by the event.

In the case of Mr. Roosevelt it would be rash to attempt to enumerate all the separate lines in which progress in good government may be expected. International arbitration, as the British Foreign Secretary says, has become "the fashion," and this cause will continue to be favored by an administration whose Secretary of State, "that great statesman" (again to quote Lord Lansdowne), declares war to be the most futile and fallacious of human follies. Signs are not wanting that public opinion and wise political policy may dictate a belated respect on the part of the successful party for the program of fiscal reform briefly and eloquently sketched in President McKinley's famous last speech. Again, to "stand pat" on the question of the trusts would be suicidal folly. As to

matters of administration, there cannot but be gratifying increase in the separation of the civil service from partizan activity—a further and substantial narrowing of the hateful spoils system.

In many other details there will doubtless be improvement, as there has been already in many departments where the President's personal sympathy and intelligent influence have been helpfully felt. A better feeling toward the President on the part of our brethren of the South is, also, among the outcomes deeply to be desired.

Moral tone is more important to a nation than commercial prosperity or physical international dominance. That independent vote, the larger part of which he apparently received, and good citizens of all parties, desire above all to see the corrupt bosses more and more diminished in influence and numbers, and the clean leaders more and more encouraged. The highest hopes that good citizens entertain for the new administration of Theodore Roosevelt are in the line of public morals, and such well-wishers of the President can accord him no higher compliment than the belief that this, too, is the profound sentiment of our overwhelmingly elected President himself.

In our series of American portraits this month we present the new bust by Saint Gaudens of Secretary Hay. No political announcement since the election has been received with more gratification than that which assures the country of the services for another four years of the present Secretary of State. His long service in this capacity entitles him to respite, and it was feared by many that he would peremptorily demand an acceptance of his resignation. But this danger has passed, and not only Mr. Roosevelt's administration, but the cause of high and noble diplomacy, the cause of peace and good will among all the nations of the earth, will benefit by the continued presence in the State Department of the United States of that "Foreign Secretary" who to-day stands in the front rank of living and acting diplomats, if not at their very head.

The triumph in Missouri of Governor Folk, of the opposite party from the President, is a result of peculiar satisfaction to all who have watched the gallant fight waged against intrenched corruption by this courageous and indefatigable public servant. It is more than a local victory. The nation may congratulate itself that a great State of the Union has thus put its stamp of approval upon right and heroic action on the part of an official. The incident is all the more gratifying from the fact that it is a conspicuous illustration of independent and discriminative voting.

CAN A NATION BE A GENTLEMAN?

THERE have been many attempts to define a gentleman, with little agreement. It is easier to say what is ungentlemanly than to gather up in a few words the qualities that set off the gentleman as such, apart from an engaging personality. The problem is further complicated by the fact that social ideals change with various countries, and often from generation to generation. For instance,—not to mention "surface indications" of dress, manner, fashion of wearing the beard, and such,—time was when in certain sections of this country the test lay, in part, in the code of the duello: in these very sections one may now refuse to put his honor to the touch of the rapier or the bullet without endangering his standing in society. Readiness to resent an injury is now laughed at as "looking for trouble"—indeed, the pendulum seems to have swung so far in the other direction as to make men hold their personal dignity somewhat too cheaply. However, it may still be predicated of a gentleman that he exercises his generosity as much and as delicately in slowness to take offense as in unwillingness to give it.

One is apt to forget that the action of a government may often be, like an editorial article, the expression of but a single mind. In the days of cabinets and so-called responsible government the world is not so much exposed as formerly to the whim of a ruler, or to the errors of an ignorant or corrupt junta of ministers. The domineering of a Napoleon is not to be expected or endured, nor, outside of an oligarchy, can one conceive of such folly as allowing the Russo-Japanese differences to drift into war. But, short of the *ultima ratio regum*, there is much that a government can do or omit, where a supposed

invasion of its rights is concerned, that may stamp its character and define its right to consideration, as a gentleman is known among his fellows. We are not now speaking of the superficial courtesies of routine diplomacy, but of the trying exigencies of a crisis such as the incident of the firing on the British trawlers. A more delicate situation for both governments it is difficult to conceive. Each country contains a jingo element which, after the strained relations of recent years, seems to be sleeping upon its sword. Add to this England's actual injury and Russia's sensitive pride and a half-knowledge of the facts, and the diplomatic problem was colossal. The avoidance of war was fortunate but not fortuitous. It resulted from the exercise of exactly the traits which Lord Lansdowne would exhibit in his personal intercourse—firmness with forbearance, respect for another's feelings, a desire not to humiliate, and, withal, a strong sense of justice. The prompt and sincere expression of sympathy by the Emperor was most creditable and made less difficult the solution of arbitration—for such virtually, though not nominally, it is. So far the affair has been a triumph of good manners, and so far as possible the deplorable error is in a fair way of rectification.

Before the gentler measures of international high breeding the mischievous maxim, "Our country, right or wrong," must increasingly give way. Willingness to acknowledge a fault, disinclination to meddle in the affairs of others, sympathy for the weak against the oppressor, patience and reason as against petulance, rashness, and force, are as possible to a nation as to an individual. A people should be as jealous of the national gentlemanliness as of the national credit.

AN ARCHITECTURAL HINT FROM GEORGE WASHINGTON

WHICH MIGHT BE TAKEN TO HEART BY PUBLIC MEN OF OUR DAY

IT has been a matter of unspeakable satisfaction to all Americans whose patriotism includes an interest in the esthetic as well as the moral and material development of the country that the changes necessary in the fine old White House have been made, with the coöperation of the President, by the best experts and in the best manner; that the question of an important alteration at the Capitol building is in competent professional hands; and that, through the coöperation of the Congress, the landscape and architectural features of the nation's capital, so far as the government controls, have been, in the main, up to date secured.

There was some fear, in the spring of 1904, that reactionary influences might interfere with the ultimate carrying out of the magnificent and highly practicable plans of the commission consisting of Messrs. Burnham, McKim, Saint Gaudens, and Olmsted, whose suggestions were amply set forth and illustrated in THE CENTURY for February and March, 1902. But that danger was, for the time being at least, averted largely through the efforts of Senator Newlands, who, since the death of Senator McMillan, has come forth as the senatorial champion of the cause of good public architecture and public landscape-gardening. The speeches and colloquies in the Senate on the subjects of "The White House Restoration" and "The Building Line on the Mall"[1] show a patient, intelligent, and tactful handling of these esthetic subjects on his part; and on the part of his adversaries a good deal of heated prejudice, but not without willingness to listen to sensible views from one they knew to be well informed and disinterested.

It will be a hundred years before the scheme contemplated by the Park Commission is fully rounded out, and it should be the ambition of every congressman and public official having to do with the matter, in any of its details, to prove, not a stumbling-block, but a stepping-stone to the happy consummation.

We have said above that the architectural features of Washington have been, in the main, secured for the time being. There is an exception, however, which is conspicuous and most unfortunate. We refer to the lack of thoroughly expert artistic control and work in the interior of the Capitol building. It does not take professional training to detect the failure in this regard; and the statements in Mr. Glenn Brown's governmental "History of the United States Capitol" will be generally indorsed. He says:

[1] Senate Documents 5943, 5951.

The lack of intelligent and continuous supervision in the selection, installation, harmony of color with surroundings, scale in relation to the building and with each other of the decorations (frescos, painting, and sculpture), is immediately felt in passing through the Capitol. The few artistic results are marred or ruined by their surroundings or location; and, strange to say, this lack of art feeling has been growing more and more manifest as the years pass.

In early years, when we had few artists of capacity, those who were most famous were selected. Now, when we have such sculptors and painters as Saint Gaudens, French, MacMonnies, La Farge, Abbey, and Sargent, who are recognized as great in all parts of the world, they are ignored in the decorations of our greatest building, and the Capitol is being filled with decorations, paintings, and sculpture by men and women comparatively unknown. And, added to the unhappy selection, there is no attention paid to the scale of the building, the scale of the various objects, the harmony of color, or the treatment of their installation. It might be thought that the business instinct, if not the artistic sense, of our people would lead their representatives in Congress to delegate such questions to those of artistic training.

Temporarily, intelligent influences have fought off threatened serious interference with the plans of the commission. In fact, some minor interferences have not altogether been prevented, the trouble being that the various schemes now being executed in general conformity to the commission's plan *are not under the control of any central authority interested in the whole plan.* Obviously there is constant danger of something being done which it would be well-nigh impossible to correct. It would be a wise and economical act on the part of Congress to adopt the general principles of the Park Commission scheme,—which is, as is well known, simply an amplification of the Washington and L'Enfant plan,—and then reappoint the Park Commission, named above, to whom all proposed improvements should be submitted for an opinion, and who should have general and authoritative supervision of such improvements.

In the early days of the republic the most skilled architects that could be obtained were called upon to do the public work. This is, of course, the only safe way. There has been of late years a dangerous disrespect, on the part of some in authority, for expert ability; and this disrespect has had to be overcome in order to effect desirable results. Our public men, in Congress and out, should not think it a derogation to bow to the opinion of experts, when we find how gladly our greatest man did this, in his day, and with what fortunate results. Said the wise and modest Washington, in his letter of July 23, 1792, to the commissioners of the District of Columbia, in reference to the construction of the Capitol:

> But I would have it understood, in this instance and always, when I am hazarding a sentiment on these buildings, that I profess to have no knowledge of architecture, and think we should, to avoid criticism, be governed by the established rules which are laid down by the professors of the Art.

Those public functionaries who oppose such methods, who rail at architects and landscape artists, and intrude their own inexpert notions upon public improvements, are only writing large, and in plain sight of the intelligence of the country, their own pretentiousness of uninformed judgment in matters of taste. Incidentally, they avail themselves of their power to do permanent injury to public interests. Such men, fortunately, have less and less influence in shaping the course of governmental action in esthetic matters.

THE CATACAZI IMBROGLIO. In the November CENTURY, in Mr. White's "Recollections of Russia," he is represented as saying of the Grand Duke Alexis: "He referred to his recollections of the United States with apparent pleasure, in spite of the wretched Cazalet imbroglio, which hindered President Grant from showing him any hospitality at the White House, and which so vexed his father, the Emperor Alexander II." Mr. White desires us to state that he intended to write "the wretched Catacazi imbroglio," etc., and that the error was made by a slip of the pen, due to the similarity of names. "The Cazalet family," he adds, "are of the highest respectability."—EDITOR.

OPEN LETTERS

An Overlooked "Causerie" of Sainte-Beuve

IT will be news to most readers of THE CENTURY that Sainte-Beuve, the eminent French critic, the centenary of whose birth occurred on December 23, was at one time a writer for the American press; that one of the New York newspapers for a while enjoyed the distinguished privilege of styling him "our regular correspondent." It happened in this wise.

While in Paris in 1859, Mr. John Bigelow, then one of the proprietors of the New York "Evening Post," was so much impressed by the newspaper merits of the "Causeries du Lundi," which were then a weekly feature of the "Moniteur," that, with the natural instinct of a journalist, he sought their author's acquaintance, and, as soon as circumstances seemed propitious to his suit, proposed for a monthly, a biweekly, or a weekly letter from the critic's pen. The topics, the length, and the frequency of his communications were to be left entirely to his discretion and convenience. The translation was to be done, under his eye, by one of his friends.

Sainte-Beuve seemed pleased not only with such an evidence of the growth of his fame, but even more with the opportunity it presented to him of talking to the world, free from the irksome restraints of the imperial censorship. However, his pending literary engagements made him hesitate for a while to assume new burdens, but he finally yielded. For greater freedom in the treatment of historical and political topics, it was stipulated that the author's name should not transpire. This was not so oppressive a condition then as it would have been regarded eight or ten years later, for in 1859–60 Sainte-Beuve's name was so little known in America that it would scarcely have added value to anything to which it was attached.

The glory of this connection to the "Evening Post" proved a transient one. Sainte-Beuve wrote under this engagement but two communications. When the time for the third came around, he sent Mr. Bigelow a note expressing his regret that he had overrated his forces and the amount of leisure at his command. Mr. Bigelow tried, but unsuccessfully, to induce him to reconsider his decision. This effort brought the following reply:

Lundi Jan.

CHER MONSIEUR: Veuillez m'excuser si je ne vous ai pu répondre aussitôt votre lettre reçue. J'ai réfléchi à votre intelligente proposition qui, dans les termes où vous me les présentez, est en effet très acceptable. Aussi aurai-je quelque peine à m'y refuser, si je n'avais d'autres raisons qu'il serait trop long et fastidieux d'énumérer mais qui ont pris du poids dans mon esprit à la réflexion. La seule que je me permettrai de vous dire, c'est qu' à mon âge et avec le degré de fatigue que j'éprouve souvent il n'est pas d'un très bon régime intellectuel pour les travaux que je puis faire ici de m'imposer ce soutirage et comme cette saignée périodique: jeune on est riche de sang et d'esprits animaux; on répare vite; on a du superflu. Passé 55 ans on n'a que le nécessaire même en fait dépensé.

Encore une fois veuillez m'excuser, cher monsieur. Agréez mes remercîments pour votre si flatteuse insistance et croire aux sentiments de distinction et d'estime que me laisse notre trop courte connaissance.

Sainte-Beuve.

A translation of Sainte-Beuve's first letter appeared in the "Evening Post" in February, 1860. No one outside of the office suspected its distinguished origin, and it attracted no special attention.

The article is, with one exception, the last of the articles written by Sainte-Beuve about Béranger. The only one that followed this was written a year later, after Béranger's correspondence had been completed by the publication of two additional volumes, and that deals with the full correspondence; it will be found in Volume I of the "Nouveaux Lundis." An earlier article, written in 1832, attempted to give a complete estimate of the poet's production, which was then far from complete. It was followed in 1833 by another article, dealing with the latest poems. Both of these articles have been reproduced in Volume I of the "Portraits Contemporains." The full judgment of Sainte-Beuve on Béranger as a poet and as a man will be found in Volume II of the "Causeries du Lundi." It is an article which was published in 1850. A few pages written by Sainte-Beuve immediately after the poet's death, and published at that time (1857) without signature, have been republished in Volume XV of the "Causeries du Lundi."

Sainte-Beuve died October 13, 1869.

* * *

The Holy Family "del Pajarito," by Murillo

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD-ENGRAVINGS OF OLD SPANISH MASTERS: SEE FRONTISPIECE)

THIS early masterpiece by Murillo is one of the most notable examples of his second style,

—the *calido*, or warm,—and shows the influence of Ribera, whom he studied, and to whom he is indebted for his earliest system of lighting. Murillo was a young man when Ribera was at the zenith of his reputation. The coloring here is rich and simple. That which strikes the eye at first, and makes a fine spot, is the agreeable tone of yellow in the robe about the knees of Joseph, which is blended finely with the delicate lilac hue of the child's garment and the brownish neutral tone of the floor and basket. The dog is white, but the lightest touches in the picture are confined to the linen chemise of the child, while the darkest hues are in the upper garment of Joseph, which is black. The Madonna's dress is a rich, deep madder, and her shawl is of a purplish-brown tone. These float subtly into the deep umbery tones of the dark neutral background. The picture takes its name, "del Pajarito" ("of the little bird"), from the bird held aloft in the infant's hand. It is not an uncommon thing at the present day in Spain to see children playing with a fettered bird. The artist here takes a hint from the life about him, and projects with realistic truth this charming simple home scene of the carpenter's shop, in which he depicts St. Joseph, in a moment of relaxation from his labor, recreating himself with innocent amusement of the child Jesus, while Mary, attracted from her employment, looks on with sweet motherly sympathy.

This work, among others, was carried off by Napoleon to Paris, but was returned on the treaty of peace in 1814. It has been cut down on each side and at the top, but when is not known; and the want of space in the composition on these sides—especially on the top and at the side where the Madonna is seated—is accordingly felt. The picture measures four feet eight inches high by six feet three inches wide, and the figures are life-size.

T. Cole.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Diplomacy

IF my black mammy pats me soft,
And sits down by my bed,
Then 'splains how beasties used to talk,
And funny things they said,
I know there 's not much hurry,
So I keep wide awake,
A-snickerin', till mammy says,
"Shet up, for good lan's sake!"

But when black mammy pats me *hard*,
And stands all stiff upright,
And wears her grea' big ear-rings,
And her Sunday head-rag 's white—
Why, then she 's goin' to meetin',
And the best thing I can do
Is lickety-split to get to sleep,
And quick about it, too.

Augusta Kortrecht.

When the Pone Went Over

A BRIDGE EPISODE

"I SUPPOSE it was really rather rash of me to double hearts that time," she said reflectively. It was at a small bridge party, and the two had ensconced themselves in a corner of the hostess's palm-room after supper.

"Not at all," he assured her. "The score was against us, and it was our only chance. You rose to the occasion splendidly."

"If we had lost I should have blamed myself very much."

"But we did n't. It gave us the score and the rubber."

"All because I took chances," she said, laughing.

"All because you took chances. I wish I were bold enough to take chances."

She looked at him in great surprise.

"You!" she exclaimed. "Why, you 're one of the boldest of players."

"Sometimes. But not when the score is love," he said meaningly.

She shot him a swift glance of suspicion.

"Well, of course," she admitted, "when the score is love one must play more carefully."

"And yet that ought to be the time, if any, to double hearts."

"I think most people prefer to double diamonds, when they can," she returned, smiling. "Don't you think so?"

"It 's a mistake. They don't get nearly as much out of it, in the long run."

"Not even if there are lots of diamonds?"

"No, indeed. Hearts count more. How any one can think otherwise, I don't see—except, perhaps, a—"

"Dummy?" she suggested.

"Exactly," he agreed, with a laugh. "Except dummy."

"Your lead really gave us the game," she went on.

"Why, that was very simple. I had only one heart. When you proposed to double I inferred that you wanted it."

"Yes, I did, of course."

He bent nearer.

"Does that rule always hold?" he asked.

She flushed a little. "I 'm sure I don't know. Yes, I presume so, when—"

"When one proposes to double?"

"Why, yes. We ought to join the others," she added. "People will be leaving very soon."

"No; wait," he begged. "I want to know when one should propose to double."

"This is n't a bridge lesson," she said evasively.

"No, but tell me."

"Why," she considered, "I suppose, when one thinks he can win."

"That is, when one has hopes of his suit?"

"If you put it that way," she returned guardedly.

"Well, that can be in only one case, of course," he went on.

"When is that?"

"When one holds the hand he wants."

"Naturally," she rejoined.

He bent over and took her hand.

"Partner, shall we double hearts?" he asked.

Edwin Asa Dix.

Drawn by J. R. Shaver

TOO LATE

ELSIE: Grandpa, I hope the puppy will be a mother-dog when it grows up.
GRANDPA: I 'm afraid it won't, dear. Its name is Jack, you know.
ELSIE: Now, is n't that too bad? If we 'd only thought of it in time, we might have called it Fanny.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

Color drawing by Anna Whelan Betts

THE VALENTINE

MIDWINTER NUMBER

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXIX FEBRUARY, 1905 NO. 4

IMPRESSIONS OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR

(CHAPTERS FROM MY DIPLOMATIC LIFE)

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

AT various times since my leaving the Berlin embassy old friends have said to me, "Why not give us something definite regarding the German Emperor?" And, on my pleading sundry difficulties and objections, some of my advisers have recalled many excellent precedents, both American and foreign, and others have cited the dictum, "The man I don't like is the man I don't know."

The latter argument has some force with me. Much ill feeling between the United States and Germany has had its root in misunderstandings, and as one of the things nearest my heart since my student days has been a closer moral and intellectual relation between the two countries, there is, perhaps, a reason for throwing into these misunderstandings some light from my own experience.

THE EMPEROR'S MAIDEN SPEECH

MY first recollections of the present Emperor date from the beginning of my stay as minister at Berlin, in 1879. The official presentations to the Emperor and Empress of that period having been made, there came in regular order those to the crown prince and princess. On my way to them there fell into my hands a newspaper account of the unveiling of the monument to the eminent painter Cornelius, at Düsseldorf, the main personage in the ceremony being the young Prince William, then a student at Bonn. His speech was given at some length, and it impressed me. There was a certain reality of conviction and aspiration in it which seemed to me so different from the perfunctory utterances usual on such occasions that, at the close

Copyright, 1905, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

of the interview with his father and mother, I referred to it. Their response touched me. There came at once a kindly smile upon the father's face and a glad light into the mother's eyes. Pleasing was it to hear her, while showing satisfaction and pride, speak of her anxiety before the good news came, and of the embarrassments in the way of her son at his first public address on an occasion of such importance; no less pleasing was it to note the father's happy acquiescence: there was in it all a revelation of simple home feeling and of wholesome home ties which clearly showed that the house of Hohenzollern had come a long way since sturdy old Frederick William I took his pleasure in starving, caning, and sentencing to death the youthful Frederick the Great.

Not long afterward the young prince appeared at some of the court festivities, and I had many opportunities to observe him. He seemed sprightly, with a certain exuberance of manner in meeting his friends which was not unpleasing; but it was noticeable that his hearty salutations were by no means confined to men and women of his own age. He was respectful to old men, and that is always a good sign; it could be easily seen, too, that while he specially sought the celebrities of the Franco-Prussian War, he took pains to show respect to men eminent in science, literature, and art. There seemed a healthy, hearty life in him well befitting a young man of his position and prospects; and very different was he from the heir to the throne in another country whom I had occasion to observe at similar functions, and who seemed to regard the whole human race with indifference.

Making the usual visits in Berlin society, I found that people qualified to judge had a good opinion of his abilities; and not infrequent were prophecies that the young man would some day really accomplish something.

My first opportunity to talk with him came at his marriage, when a special reception was given by him and his bride to the diplomatic corps. He spoke at considerable length on American topics—on railways, steamers, public works; on Americans whom he had met; and of the things he most wished to see on our side of the water. Altogether he seemed to be broad-minded, alert, with a quick sense of humor, and yet with a certain solidity of judgment beneath it all.

After my departure from Berlin there flitted over to America jarring accounts of him, and during the short reign of his father there was considerable growth of myth and legend to his disadvantage. Any attempt to distil the truth from it all would be futile; suffice it that both in Germany and Great Britain careful statements by excellent authorities on both sides have convinced me that in all that trying crisis the young man's course was dictated by a manly sense of duty.

THE DISMISSAL OF BISMARCK

The first thing after his accession which really struck me as a revelation of his character was his dismissal of Bismarck. By vast numbers of people this was thought the act of an exultant young ruler eager to escape restraint; and this opinion was considerably promoted in English-speaking countries by an ephemeral cause—Tenniel's cartoon in "Punch" entitled "Dropping the Pilot." As most people who read this will remember, the Iron Chancellor was therein represented as an old, weather-beaten pilot, in storm-coat and sou'wester, going slowly and heavily down the gangway at the side of a great ship; while far above him, leaning over the bulwarks, was the young Emperor, jaunty, with a satisfied smirk, and wearing his crown. There was in that little drawing a spark of genius, and it sped far; probably no other cartoon in "Punch" ever produced so deep an effect, save possibly that which appeared during the Crimean War with the legend, "General February turned Traitor." It went everywhere, appealing to deep sentiment in human hearts.

And yet, to me, admiring Bismarck as the greatest German since Luther, but reflecting upon the vast interests involved, this act was a proof that the young monarch was a stronger man than any one had supposed. Certainly this dismissal must have caused him a deep pang. All his previous life had shown that he admired Bismarck, almost adored him. The dismissal revealed deep purpose, strong will. Louis XIV had gained credit after the death of Mazarin by declaring his intention of ruling alone, of taking into his own hands the vast work begun by Richelieu;

From a photograph in the collection of Robert Coster. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

EMPEROR FREDERICK AS THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA, AND HIS ELDEST SON, NOW EMPEROR WILLIAM II

but that was the merest nothing compared with this. This was, apparently, as if Louis XIII, immediately after the triumphs of Richelieu, had dismissed him and declared his purpose of henceforth being his own prime minister. The young Emperor had found himself at the parting of the ways, and had deliberately chosen the right path, and this in spite of almost universal outcries at home and abroad. The *old* Emperor William could let Bismarck have his way to any extent: when his Chancellor sulked, he could drive to the palace in the Wilhelm Strasse, pat his old servant on the back, chaff him, scold him, laugh at him, and set him going again, and no one thought less of the old monarch on that account. But for the *young* Emperor William to do this was fatal. It classed him at once among the *rois fainéants*, the mere figureheads, "the solemnly constituted impostors," and in this lay not merely dangers to the young monarch, but to his dynasty and to the empire.

To me his recognition of this fact was and is a proof that the favorable judgments of him which I had heard expressed in Berlin were well founded.

AMERICAN OPINION OF THE EMPEROR

But this decision did much to render him unpopular in the United States, and various other reports which flitted over increased the unfavorable feeling. There came reports of his speeches to young recruits, in which, to put it mildly, there was preached a very high theory of the royal and imperial prerogative, and a very exacting theory of the duty of the subject. Little account was taken by distant observers of the fundamental facts in the case—namely, that Germany, being a nation with no natural frontiers, with hostile military nations on all sides, and with serious intestine tendencies to anarchy, must, if she is to live, have the best possible military organization and a central power strong to combine the forces of the empire and quick to hurl them. Moreover, these speeches, which seemed so absurd to the average American, hardly astonished any one who had lived long in Germany, and especially in Prussia: the doctrines laid down by the young monarch to the recruits were, after all, only what they had heard a thousand times from pulpit and school desk, and are a logical result of Prussian history and geography. Something, too, must be allowed to a young man gifted, energetic, suddenly brought into so responsible a position, looking into and beyond his empire, seeing hostile nations north, south, east, and west, with elements of unreason fermenting within its own borders, and feeling that the only reliance of his country was on the good right arms of its people, on their power of striking heavily and quickly, and on unquestioning obedience to authority.

In the history of American opinion at this time there was one comical episode. The strongholds of American friendship for Germany have been, for the last sixty years, the American universities and colleges, in so many of which are professors and tutors who, having studied abroad, have brought back a love for the German fatherland. To them there came in those days a curious tractate by a little-known German professor—one of the most curious satires in human history. To all appearance it was simply a biographical study of the young Roman emperor Caligula. It displayed the advantages he had derived from a brave and pious imperial ancestry, and especially from his devout and gifted father; it showed his natural gifts and acquired graces, his versatility, his growing restlessness, his perverted ambition, his contempt of wise counsel, his dismissal of his most eminent minister, his carelessness of thoughtful opinion, his meddling in anything and everything, his displays in the theater and in the temples of the gods, his growth—until the world recognized him simply as a beast of prey, a monster.

The whole narrative was so managed that the young prince who had just come to the German throne seemed the exact counterpart of the youthful Roman monarch—down to the cruel stage of his career: *that* was left to anticipation. The parallels and resemblances between the two were arranged with consummate skill, and whenever there was a passage which seemed to present an exact chronicle of some well-known saying or doing of the modern ruler there would follow an asterisk with a reference to a passage in Tacitus or Suetonius or Dion Cassius or other eminent authority exactly warranting the statement. This piece of historical jugglery ran speedily

through thirty editions, while from all parts of Germany came refutations and counter-refutations by scores, all tending to increase its notoriety. Making a short tour through Germany at that period, and stopping in a bookseller's shop at Munich to get a copy of this treatise, I was shown a pile of pamphlets, at least a foot high, which it had called out.

Comically enough, its author could not be held responsible for it, since the name of the young Emperor William was never mentioned. All it claimed to give, or did give, was the life of Caligula; and certainly there was no crime in writing a condemnatory history of him or of any other imperial miscreant who died nearly two thousand years ago. In the American colleges and universities this tractate doubtless made many good friends of Germany uneasy, and it even shocked some excellent men who knew much of Roman history and little of mankind. But gradually common sense resumed its sway. As men began

From a photograph by Hills & Saunders in the collection of Robert Coster
Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

EMPEROR WILLIAM II AS PRINCE WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA

to think, they began to realize that the modern German Empire resembles in no particular that debased and corrupt mass with which the imperial Roman wretches had to do, and that the new German sovereign in all his characteristics and tendencies was radically a different being from any one of the crazy beasts of prey who held the imperial power during the decline of Rome.

THE EMPEROR'S ACTIVITY

Sundry epigrams had also come over to us—among others, the characterization of the three German emperors,—the first William as "Der greise Kaiser," the Emperor Frederick as "Der weise Kaiser," and the second William as "Der reise Kaiser,"—and there were unpleasant murmurs regarding sundry trials for petty treason: but at the same time there was evident, in the midst of American jokes at the young Emperor's expense, a growing feeling that there was something in him; that, at any rate, he was not a fat-witted, Jesuit-ridden, mistress-led monarch of the old Bourbon or Hapsburg sort; that he had "go" in him, some fine impulses evidently; and here and there a quotation from a speech showed insight into the conditions of the present world and aspiration for its betterment.

In another place I have given a general sketch of the conversation at my first presentation to him as ambassador: it strengthened in my mind the impression already formed that he was not a monarch of the old pattern. The talk was not conventional; he was evidently fond of discoursing upon architecture, sculpture, and music, but not less gifted in discussing current political questions; and in various conversations afterward this fact was observable. Conventional talk was reduced to a minimum; the slightest hint was enough to start a line of remark worth listening to.

Opportunities for interviews were many. Beside the usual functions of various sorts, there were interviews by special appointment, and in these the young monarch was neither backward in presenting his ideas nor slow in developing them. The range of subjects which interested him seemed unlimited, but there were some which he evidently preferred; of these were all things relating to ships and shipping, and one of the first subjects which came up in conversations between us were the books of Captain Mahan, which he discussed very intelligently, awarding great praise to their author, and saying that he required all his naval officers to read them.

Another subject in order was art in all its developments. During the first years of my stay he was erecting the thirty-two historical groups on the Avenue of Victory in the Thiergarten, near my house. My walks took me frequently by them, and they interested me not merely by their execution, but by their historical purpose, commemorating as they do the services of his predecessors and of the strongest men who made their reigns significant during nearly a thousand years. He was always ready to discuss these works at length, whether from the artistic, historical, or educational point of view. Not only to me, but to my wife, he insisted on their value as a means of arousing intelligent patriotism in children and youth. He dwelt with pride on the large number of gifted sculptors in his realm, and his comments on their work were worth listening to. He himself has artistic gifts, which in his earlier days were shown by at least one specimen of his work as a painter in the Berlin Annual Exhibition; and in the window of a silversmith's shop on the Linden I once saw a prize cup for a yacht contest, showing much skill in invention and beauty in form, while near it hung the pencil drawing for it in his own hand.

THE EMPEROR'S INTEREST IN MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

His knowledge of music and love for it have been referred to elsewhere in these recollections. Noteworthy was it that his feeling was not at all for music of a thin, showy sort; he seemed to be touched by none of the prevailing fashions, but to cherish a profound love for the really great things in music. This was often shown, as, for example, at the concert at Potsdam to which he invited President and Mrs. Harrison, and in his comments upon the pieces there executed. But the most striking evidence of it was the music in the royal chapel. It has been given me to hear more than once the best music of the Sistine, Pauline, and Lateran choirs at Rome, of the three great choirs at St. Petersburg,

of the chorus at Bayreuth, and of other well-known assemblages under high musical direction: but the cathedral choir at Berlin, in its best efforts, surpassed any of these; and the music, both instrumental and choral, which reverberates under the dome of the imperial chapel at the great anniversaries there celebrated is nowhere excelled. For operatic music of the usual sort he seemed to care little. If a gala opera was to be given, the chances were that he would order the performance of some piece of more historical than musical interest. Hence, doubtless, it was that during my whole stay the opera at Dresden surpassed decidedly that at Berlin, while in the higher realms of music Berlin remained unequaled.

Dramatic art is also another field in which he takes an enlightened interest: he has great reason for doing so, both as a statesman and as a man.

As a result of observation and reflection during a long life touching public men and measures in wide variety, I would desire for my country three things above all others to supplement American civilization: from Great Britain her administration of criminal justice; from Germany her theater; and from any or every European country save Russia, Spain, and Turkey, its government of cities.

As to the second of these desired contributions, ten years in Germany at various periods during an epoch covering now nearly half a century have convinced me that her theater, next after her religious inheritance, gives the best stimulus and sustenance to the better aspirations of her people. Through it, and above all by Schiller, the Kantian ethics have been brought into the thinking of the average man and woman; and not only Schiller, but Lessing, Goethe, Gutzkow, and a long line of others, have given an atmosphere in which ennobling ideals bloom for the German youth, during season after season, as if in the regular course of nature. The dramatic presentation, even in the smallest towns, is, as a rule, good; the theater and its surroundings are entirely free from the abuses and miseries of the stage in English-speaking lands, and, above all, from that all-pervading lubricity and pornographic stench which have made the French theater of the last half of the nineteenth century a main cause in the decadence of the French people. In any German town of importance one finds the drama a part of the daily life of its citizens, ennobling in its higher ranges, and in all its influence clean and wholesome.

A NOBLE VIEW OF THE THEATER'S MISSION

It may be added that in no city of any English-speaking country is Shakspere presented so fully, so well, and to such large and appreciative audiences as in Berlin. All this, and more, the Emperor knows, and he acts upon his knowledge. Interesting was it at various times to see him sitting with his older children at the theater, evidently awakening their interest in dramatic masterpieces; and among these occasions there come back to me specially the evenings when he thus sat, evidently discussing with them the thought and action in Shakspere's "Julius Cæsar" and "Coriolanus" as presented on the stage before us. I could well imagine his comments on the venom of demagogues, on the despotism of mobs, on the weaknesses of strong men, and on the need, in great emergencies, of a central purpose and firm control. His view of the true character and mission of the theater he has given at various times, and one of his talks with the actors in the Royal Theater shortly after my arrival may be noted as typical. In it occur passages like the following: "When I came into the government, ten years ago, . . . I was convinced that this theater, under the guidance of the monarch, should, like the school and university, have as its mission the development of the rising generation, the promotion of the highest intellectual good in our German fatherland, and the ennobling of our people in mind and character. . . . I beg of you that you continue to stand by me, each in his own way and place, serving the spirit of idealism and waging war against materialism and all un-German corruptions of the stage."

After various utterances showing his steady purpose in the same direction, there came out, in one of the later years of my stay, sundry remarks of his showing a new phase of the same thought, as follows: "The theater should not only be an important factor in education and in the promotion of morals, but it should also present incarnations of elegance, of beauty, of the highest conceptions of art; it should

Drawn by George T. Tobin from the photograph by Reichard & Lindner. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

EMPEROR WILLIAM II IN THE UNIFORM OF THE POTSDAM REGIMENT OF THE GUARDS

not discourage us with sad pictures of the past, with bitter awakenings from illusions, but be purified, elevated, strengthened for presenting the ideal. . . . Our ordinary life gives us every day the most mournful realities, and the modern authors whose pleasure it is to bring these before us upon the stage have accepted an unhealthy mission, and accomplish a discouraging work."

In his desire to see the theater aid in developing German ideals and in enriching German life, he has promoted presentations of the great episodes and personages in German history. Some of these, by Wildenbruch and Lauff, permeated with veins of true poetry, are attractive and ennobling. Of course all were not entirely successful. I recall one which glorified especially a great epoch in the history of the house of Hohenzollern, the comical effect of which on one of my diplomatic colleagues I have mentioned elsewhere; but this, so far as my experience goes, was an exception.

ADVANCED VIEWS ON EDUCATION

Another subject which came up from time to time was that of archæological investigation. Once, in connection with some talk on German railway enterprises in Asia Minor, I touched upon his great opportunities to make his reign illustrious by services to science in that region. He entered into the subject heartily; it was at once evident that he was awake to its possibilities, and he soon showed me much more than I knew before of what had been done and was doing, but pointed out special difficulties in approaching, at present, some most attractive fields of investigation.

Interesting also were his views of education, and more than once the conversation touched this ground. As to his own academic training, there is ample testimony that he appreciated the main classical authors whom he read in the gymnasium at Cassel; but it was refreshing to hear and to read various utterances of his against gerund-grinding and pedantry. He recognizes the fact that the worst enemies of classical instruction in Germany, as indeed elsewhere, have been they of its own household; and he has stated this view as vigorously as did Sydney Smith in England and Francis Wayland in the United States. Whenever he dwelt on this subject the views which he presented at such length to the Educational Commission were wont to come out with force and piquancy.

On one occasion our discussion turned upon physical education, and especially upon the value to students of boating. As an old Yale boating man, a member of the first crew which ever sent a challenge to Harvard, and as one who had occasion in the administration of an American university to consider this form of exercise from various standpoints, I may say that his view of its merits and his way of promoting it seemed to me thoroughly sensible.

CITY IMPROVEMENTS IN BERLIN

From time to time some mention from me of city improvements observed during my daily walks led to interesting discussion. The city of Berlin is wonderfully well governed and exhibits all those triumphs of modern municipal skill and devotion which are so conspicuously absent, as a rule, from our American cities. While his capital preserves its self-governing powers, it is clear that he purposes to have his full say as to everything within his jurisdiction. There were various examples of this, and one of them especially interested me: the renovation of the Thiergärten. This great park, virtually a gift of the Hohenzollern monarchs, which once lay upon the borders of the city, but is now in the very heart of it, had gradually fallen far short of what it should have been. Even during my earlier stays in Berlin it was understood that some of his predecessors, and especially his father, had desired to change its copse-like and swampy character and give it more of the features of a stately park, but that popular opposition to any such change had always shown itself too bitter and uncompromising. This seemed a great pity, for while there were some fine trees, a great majority of them were so crowded together that there was no chance of broad, free growth either for trees or shrubbery. There was nothing of that exquisitely beautiful play, upon expanses of green turf, of light and shade, through wide-expanded boughs and broad masses of foliage, which gives such delight in any of the finer English or American parks. Down to about half a dozen years since it had apparently been thought best not to interfere; and even when attention was called to the dark, swampy charac-

teristics of much of the Thiergarten, the answer was that it was best to humor the Berliners. But about the beginning of my recent stay, the young Emperor intervened with decision and force. His work was thorough, and as my windows looked out over one corner of this field of his operations, their progress interested me, and the subject was referred to from time to time in our conversations. Interesting was it to note that his energy was all-sufficient; the good burghers seemed to regard his activity as Arabs regard a sand-storm,—as predestined and irresistible,—and the universal verdict now justifies his course, on both sanitary and artistic grounds.

The same thing may be said, on the whole, of the influence he has exerted on the great adornments of his capital city. The position and character of various monuments on which he impressed his ideas, and the laying out and decoration of sundry streets and parks, do credit not merely to his artistic sense, but to his foresight.

This prompt yet wise intervention, actuated by a public spirit not only strong but intelligent, is seen in various other parts of the empire in the preservation and restoration of its architectural glories. When he announced to me at Potsdam his intention to present specimens representative of German architecture and sculpture to the Germanic Museum at Harvard, he showed, in enumerating and discussing the restorations at Marienburg and Naumburg, the bas-reliefs at Halberstadt, the masks and statues of Andreas Schlüter at Berlin, and the Renaissance and rococo work at Lübeck and Dantzic, a knowledge and appreciation worthy of a trained architect and archæologist.

THE EMPEROR'S TASTE IN LITERATURE

As to his feeling for literature, his addresses on various occasions show amply that he has read to good purpose, not only in the best authors of his own country, but of other countries. While there is not the slightest tinge of pedantry in his speeches or talk, there crop out in them evidences of a curious breadth and universality in his reading. His line of reading for amusement was touched when, at the close of an hour of serious official business, an illustration from Rudyard Kipling led him to recall many of that author's most striking situations, into which he entered with great zest; and at various other times he cited sayings of Mark Twain which he seemed specially to enjoy. Here it may be mentioned that one may note the same breadth in his love for art; for not only does he rejoice in the higher achievements of architecture, sculpture, and painting, but he takes pleasure in lighter work, and an American may note that he is greatly interested in the popular illustrations of Gibson.

I once asked some of the leading people nearest him how he found time to read over so wide a range, and received answer that it was as much a marvel to them as to me. He himself once told me that he found much time for reading during his hunting excursions.

Nor does he enter various fields of knowledge through books alone. Any noteworthy discovery or gain in any leading field of thought or effort attracts his attention at once, and must be presented to him by some one who ranks among its foremost exponents.

But here it should be specially noted that, active and original as the Emperor is, he is not, and never has been, caught by fads in art, science, literature, or any other field of human activity. The great artists who cannot draw or paint, who therefore despise those who can, and are glorified by those who cannot; the great composers who can give us neither harmony nor melody, and therefore have a fanatical following among those who labor under like disabilities; the great writers who are unable to attain strength, lucidity, or beauty, and therefore secure praise for profundity and occult wisdom—none of these influence him. In these, as in other things, the Hohenzollern sanity asserts itself. He recognizes the fact that normal and healthy progress is by an evolution of the better out of the good, and that the true function of genius in every field is to promote some phase of this evolution either by aiding to create a better environment or by getting sight of higher ideals.

HOHENZOLLERN COMMON SENSE

As to his manner, it is in ordinary intercourse simple, natural, kindly, and direct, and on great public occasions

dignified. I have known scores of our excellent fellow-citizens in little offices who were vastly more assuming. It was once said of a certain United States senator that "one must climb a step-ladder to speak with him"; no one would dream of making any assertion of this sort regarding the present ruler of the Prussian kingdom and German Empire.

But it would be unjust to suppose that minor gifts and acquirements form the whole of his character; they are but a part of its garb. He is certainly developing the characteristics of a successful ruler of men and the solid qualities of a statesman. It was my fortune, from time to time, to hear him discuss at some length current political questions, and his views were presented with knowledge, clearness, and force. There was nothing at all flighty in any of his statements or arguments. There is evidently in him a large fund of that Hohenzollern common sense which has so often happily modified German, and even European, politics. He recognizes, of course, as his ancestors generally have done, that his is a military monarchy and that Germany is and must remain a besieged camp: hence his close attention to the army and navy. Every one of our embassy military attachés expressed to me surprise at the efficiency of his inspections of troops, of his discrimination between things essential and not essential, and of his insight into current military questions. Even more striking testimony was given to me by our naval attachés, not only as to his minute knowledge of his own navy, but of the navies of other powers, and especially as to the capabilities of various classes of ships and, indeed, of individual vessels. One thoroughly capable of judging told me that he doubted whether any admiral in our service knows more about every American ship of any importance than does the Kaiser. It has been said that his devotion to the German navy is a whim; that view can hardly command respect among those who have noted his labor for years upon its development, and his utterances regarding its connection with the future of his empire. As a simple matter of fact, he recognizes the triumphs of German commercial enterprise, and sees in them a guaranty for the extension of German power, and for a glory more permanent than any likely to be obtained by military operations in these times. When any candid American studies what has been done, or, rather, what has *not* been done, in his own country, with its immense seacoast and its many harbors on two oceans, to build up a great merchant navy, and compares it with what has been accomplished during the last fifty years by the steady, earnest, honest enterprise of Germany, with merely its little strip of coast on a northern inland sea, and with only the Hanseatic ports as a basis, he may well have searchings of heart. The "Shipping Trust" seems to be the main outcome of our activity, and lines of the finest steamers ever built, running to all parts of the world, the outcome of theirs. There is a history here which we may well ponder; the young Emperor has not only thought, but acted upon it.

KNOWLEDGE OF MEN

As to yet broader work, the crucial test of a ruler is his ability to select *men*, to stand by them when he has selected them, to decide wisely how far the policy which he has thought out and they have thought out can be fused together for the good of his country. Judged by this test, the young monarch would seem worthy of his position. The men he has called to him in the various ministries are remarkably fit for their places, several of them showing very high capacity and some of them genius.

As to his relation to the legislative bodies, it is sometimes claimed that he has lost much by his too early and open proclamation of his decisions, intentions, and wishes, and it can hardly be denied that something must be pardoned to the ardor of his patriotic desire to develop the empire in all its activities; but, after all due allowance has been made, there remains undeniable evidence of his statesmanlike ability to impress his views upon the national and state legislatures. A leading member of one of the parliamentary groups, very frequently in opposition to government measures, said to me: "After all, it is impossible for us to resist him; he knows Germany so well, and his heart is so thoroughly in his proposals, that he is sure to gain his points sooner or later."

An essential element of strength in this respect is his acquaintance with men and things in every part of his empire. Evi-

dences of this were frequent in his public letters and telegrams to cities, towns, groups, and individuals. Nor was it "meddling and muddling." If any fine thing was done in any part of the empire, he seemed the first to take notice of it. Typical of his breadth of view were the cases of various ship captains and others who showed heroism in remote parts of the world, his telegram of hearty approval being usually the first thing they received on coming within reach of it, and substantial evidence of his gratitude meeting them later.

On the other hand, as to his faculty for minute observation and prompt action upon it, a captain of one of the great liners between Hamburg and New York told me that when his ship was ready to sail the Emperor came on board, looked it over, and after approving various arrangements said dryly: "Captain, I had thought you too old a sailor to let people give you square corners to your tables."

The captain quietly acted upon this hint, and when, many months later, the Kaiser revisited the ship he said: "Well, captain, I am glad to see that you have rounded the corners of your tables."

He is certainly a working man. The record of each of his days at Berlin or Potsdam, as given in the press, shows that every hour from dawn to long after dusk brings its duties—duties demanding wide observation, close study, concentration of thought, and decision. Nor is his attention bounded by German interests. He is a keen student of the world at large. At various interviews there was ample evidence of his close observation of the present President of the United States, and of appreciation of his doings and qualities; so, too, when the struggle for decent government in New York was going on, he showed an intelligent interest in Mr. Seth Low; and in various other American matters there was recognition of the value of any important stroke of good work done by our countrymen.

THE EMPEROR AND THE HAGUE CONFERENCE

As to his view of international questions, I recall two occasions when he gave me an opportunity to judge of it.

The first of these was during the troubles in Cyprus between the Greeks and the Turks. As I talked one evening with one of my colleagues who represented a power especially interested in the matter, the Emperor came up and at once entered into the discussion. He stated the position of various powers in relation to it, and suggested a line of conduct. There was straightforward good sense in his whole contention, a refreshing absence of conventionalities, and a very clear insight into realities, with a shrewd forecast of the result. More interesting to me was another conversation, in the spring of 1899. As the time drew near for the sessions of the Peace Conference at The Hague, I was making preparations for leaving Berlin to take up my duty in that body, when one morning there appeared at the embassy a special messenger from the Emperor, requesting me to come to him. My reception was hearty, and he plunged at once into the general subject by remarking: "What the conference will most need is good common sense, and I have sent Count Münster, my ambassador at Paris, because he has lots of it." With this preface, he went very fully into the questions likely to come before the conference, speaking in regard to the attitude of the United States and of the various powers of Europe and Asia with a frankness, fullness, and pungency which at times rather startled me. On the relations between the United States, Germany, and Great Britain he was specially full. Very suggestive also were his remarks regarding questions in the far East, and especially on the part likely to be played by Japan and China, the interest of different powers in these questions being presented in various aspects, some of them decidedly original and suggestive. While there were points on which we could hardly agree, there were some suggestions which proved to be of special value, and to one of them is due the fact that on most questions the German delegates at The Hague stood by the Americans, and that on the most important question of all they finally, after a wide divergence from our view, made common cause with us. I regret that the time has not come when it is permissible to give his conversation in detail; it treated a multitude of current topics, and even burning questions, with statesmanlike breadth, and at the same time with the shrewdness of a man of the world. There were in it sundry personal touches which interested me, among others

a statement regarding Cecil Rhodes, the South African magnate, and a reference to sundry doings and sayings of his own which had been misrepresented, especially in England. One point in this was specially curious. He said: "Some people find fault with me for traveling so much; but this is part of my business: I try to know my empire and my people—to see for myself what they need and what is going on, what is doing and who are doing it. It is my duty also to know men and countries outside the empire. I am not like ——" (naming a sovereign well known in history), "who never stirred out of his house if he could help it, and so let men and things go on as they pleased."

INTEREST IN LEADERS AMONG MEN

This union of breadth and minuteness in his view of his empire and of the world is, perhaps, his most striking characteristic. It may be safely said that at any given moment he knows directly, or will shortly know, the person and work of every man in his empire who is really taking the lead in anything worthy of special study or close attention. The German court is considered very exclusive, but one constantly saw at its assemblages men noted in worthy fields from every part of Germany and, indeed, of Europe. Herein is a great difference between the German and the Russian court. If at St. Petersburg I wished to make the acquaintance of a man noted in science, literature, or art, he must be found at professorial gatherings across the Neva; he never appeared in the throng of military and civil officials at the Winter Palace; but at Berlin such men took an honored place at the court among those whom the ruler sought out and was glad to converse with.

As to the world outside the empire, but one other sovereign compares with him in personal acquaintance with leaders in every field of worthy activity. It was interesting from time to time to look over the official lists of his guests at breakfast, or luncheon, or dinner, or supper, or at military exercises, or at the theater; for they usually embraced men noted in civil, ecclesiastical, or military affairs, in literature, science, art, commerce, or industry, from every nation. One class was conspicuous by its absence at all such gatherings, large or small—namely, the *merely rich*. Rich men there were, but they were always men who had done something of marked value to their country or to mankind; for the mere "fatty tumors" of the financial world he evidently cared nothing.

A special characteristic in the German ruler is independence of thought. This quality should not be confounded, as it often is, with mere offhand decision based upon prejudices or whimsies. One example, which I have given elsewhere,[1] may be here referred to as showing that his rapid judgments are based upon clear insight—his *own* insight, and not that of others. On receiving news of the destruction of the *Maine* at Havana, he at once asked me whether the explosion was from the outside; and from first to last, against the opinions of his admirals and captains, insisted that it must have been so.

THE EMPEROR'S FERTILE MIND

He is certainly, in the opinion of all who know him, impulsive; indeed, a very large proportion of his acts which strike the attention of the world seem the result of impulse; but, as a rule, it will be found that beneath these impulses is a calm judgment. Even when this seems not to be the case, they are likely to appeal all the more strongly to humanity at large. Typical was his impulsive proposal to make up to the Regent of Bavaria the art appropriation denied by sundry unpatriotic bigots. Its immediate result was a temporary triumph for the common enemy, but it certainly drew to the Emperor the hearts of an immense number of people, not only inside but outside his empire, and in the long run it will doubtless be found to have wrought powerfully for right reason. As an example of an utterance of his which, to many, might seem the result of a momentary impulse, but which reveals sober contemplation of problems looming large before the United States as well as Germany, I may cite a remark made in 1903 to an American eminent in public affairs. He said: "You in America may do what you please, but I will not suffer capitalists in Germany to suck the life out of the workingmen, and then fling them like squeezed lemon-skins into the gutter."

[1] See page 307 of The Century Magazine for December, 1904.

Any one who runs through the printed volume of his speeches will see that he is fertile in ideas on many subjects, and knows how to impress them upon his audiences. His voice and manner are good, and at times there are evidences of deep feeling, showing the man beneath the garb of the sovereign. This was specially the case in his speech at the coming of age of his son. The audience was noteworthy, there being present the Austrian Emperor, members of all the great ruling houses of Europe, the foremost men in contemporary German history, and the diplomatic representatives of foreign powers—an audience representing wide differences in points of view and in customary lines of thought; yet no one could fail to be impressed by sundry references to the significance of the occasion.

HIS RELIGIOUS FEELING

EVEN the most rapid sketch of the Emperor would be inadequate without some reference to his religious views. It is curious to note that while Frederick the Great is one of the gods of his idolatry, the two monarchs are separated by a whole orb of thought in their religious theories and feelings. While a philosophical observer may see in this the result of careful training, in view of the evident interests of the monarchy in these days, he must none the less acknowledge the reality and depth of those feelings in the present sovereign. No one who has observed his conduct and utterances, and especially no one who has read his sermon and prayer on the deck of one of his war-ships just at the beginning of the Chinese War, can doubt that there is in his thinking a genuine substratum of religious feeling. It is true that at times one is reminded of the remark made to an American ecclesiastic by an eminent German theological professor regarding that tough old monarch, Frederick William I—namely, that his religion was "of an Old Testament type." Of course the religion of the present Emperor is of a type vastly higher than that of his ancestor, whose savagery and cruelties to the youth who afterward became the great Frederick have been depicted in the memoirs of the Margravine of Bayreuth; but there remains clearly in the religion of the present Emperor a certain Old Testament character—a feeling of direct reliance upon the Almighty, a consciousness of his own part in guiding a chosen people, and a readiness, if need be, to smite the Philistines. One phase of this feeling appears in the music at the great anniversaries, when the leading men of the empire are brought together beneath the dome of the palace church. The anthems executed by the bands and choirs, and the great chorals sung by the congregation, breathe anything but the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount; they seem rather to echo the grim old battle hymns of the Thirty Years' War and the war in the Netherlands.

Yet it must be said that there goes with this a remarkable feeling of justice to his subjects of other confessions than his own, and a still more remarkable breadth of view as regards the relations of modern science to what is generally held as orthodox theology. The fearlessness with which he recently summoned Professor Delitzsch to unfold to him and to his family and court the newly revealed relations of Assyrian research to biblical study, which gave such alarm in highly orthodox circles, and the fairness which he showed in estimating these researches, certainly showed breadth of mind as well as trust in what he considered the fundamental verities of religion.

JUSTICE TO ROMAN CATHOLIC SUBJECTS

A GOOD example of the curious union, in his mind, of religious feeling, tolerance, and shrewd policy is shown in various dealings with his Roman Catholic subjects. Of course he is not ignorant that his very existence as King of Prussia and German Emperor is a thorn in the side of the Roman curia; he knows, as every thinking German knows, that, with the possible exception of the British monarchy, no other is so hated by the Vatican monsignori as his own. He is perfectly aware of the part taken in that quarter against his country and dynasty at all times, and especially during the recent wars; and yet all this seems not to influence him in the slightest as regards justice to his Roman Catholic subjects. He does, indeed, resist the return of the Jesuits into the empire,—his keen insight forbids him to return to the policy of Frederick the Great in this respect,—but his dealings with the Roman Catholic Church at large show not merely

wisdom but kindliness. If he felt bound to resist, and did successfully resist, the efforts of Cardinal Rampolla to undermine German rule and influence in Alsace and Lorraine, there was a quiet fairness and justice in his action which showed a vast deal of tolerant wisdom. His visits to the old Abbey of Laach, his friendly relations with its young abbot, his settlement of a vexed question by the transfer of the abbot to the bishopric of Metz, his bringing of a loyal German into episcopal power at Strasburg, his recent treatment of the prince bishop of Breslau and the archbishop of Cologne, all show a wise breadth of view. Perhaps one of the brightest diplomatic strokes in his career was in his dealing with a Vatican question during his journey in the East. For years there had been growing up in world politics the theory that France, no matter how she may deal with monks and nuns and ultramontane efforts within her own immediate boundaries, is their protector in all the world beside, and especially in the Holy Land. The relation of this theory to the Crimean War, fifty years ago, is one of the curious things of history; and from that day to this it has seemed to be hardening more and more into a fixed policy—even into something like a doctrine of international law. Interesting was it, then, to see the Emperor, on his visit to the Sultan, knock the ground from under the feet of this doctrine by securing for the Roman Catholic interest at Jerusalem what the French had never been able to obtain—the piece of ground at the Holy City, so long coveted by pious Catholics, whereon, according to tradition, once stood the lodging of the Virgin Mary. This the Emperor quietly obtained of the Sultan, and, after assisting at the dedication of a Lutheran church at Jerusalem, telegraphed to the Pope and to other representatives of the older church that he had made a gift of this sacred site to those who had so long and so ardently desired it.

THE EMPEROR'S THEORY OF MONARCHY

Considerable criticism has been made on the score of his evident appreciation of his position and his theory of his relation to it; but when his point of view is cited, one perhaps appreciates it more justly. I have already shown this point of view in the account of the part taken by him at the two-hundredth anniversary of the Royal Academy, and of his remark afterward, contrasting his theory of monarchy with that of Dom Pedro of Brazil. Jocose as was the manner of it, it threw light upon the idea which he holds of his duty in the state. While a constitutional monarch, he is not so in the British sense. British constitutional monarchy is made possible by the "silver streak"; but around the German Empire, as every German feels in his heart, is no silver streak. This fact should be constantly borne in mind by those who care really to understand the conditions of national existence on the continent of Europe. Herein lies the answer to one charge that has been so often made against the German Emperor—that of undue solicitude regarding his official and personal position, as seen in sundry petty treason trials. The simple fact is that German public opinion, embodied in German law, has arrived at the conclusion that it is not best to allow the head of the state to be the sport of every crank or blackguard who can wield a pen or pencil. The view which allowed Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley to be attacked in all the moods and tenses of vituperation, and to be artistically portrayed as tyrants, drunkards, beasts of prey, reptiles, devils, has not yet been received into German modes of thought. Luther said that he "would not suffer any man to treat the gospel as a sow treats a sack of oats"; and that seems to be the feeling inherent in the German mind regarding the treatment of those who represent the majesty of the nation.

And here a word regarding the relation of Kaiser and people. In one of the letters to John Adams written by Thomas Jefferson, as they both were approaching the close of life, the founder of American democracy declared that he had foreseen the failure of French popular rule, and had therefore favored in France, democrat though he was, a constitutional monarchy. Had Jefferson lived in our time, he would doubtless have arrived at a similar conclusion regarding Germany; for he would have taken account of the difference between a country like ours, with no long period of history which has given to dominant political ideas a religious character,—a country stretching from ocean to ocean, with no neighbors to make us afraid,—and a country like Germany, with an ancient his-

toric head, with no natural frontiers, and beset on every side by enemies; and he would doubtless have taken account also of the fact that were the matter submitted to popular vote, the present sovereign, with his present powers, would be the choice of an overwhelming majority of the German people. The German imperial system, like our own American republican system, is the result of an evolution during many generations—an evolution which has produced the present government, decided its character, fixed its form, allotted its powers, and decided on the men at the head of it; and this fact an American, no matter how devoted to republicanism and democracy in his own country, may well acknowledge to be a fact as fixed in the political as in the physical world.

HIS ATTITUDE TOWARD PARLIAMENT

Of course some very bitter charges have been made against him as regards Germany, the main one being that he does not love parliamentary government and has, at various times, infringed upon the constitution of the empire.

As to loving parliamentary government, he would probably say that he cannot regard a system as final which, while attaching to the front of the chariot of progress a full team to pull it forward, attaches another team to the rear to pull it backward. But whatever his theory, he has in practice done his best to promote the efficiency of parliamentary government and to increase respect for it in his kingdom of Prussia, by naming as life-members of the Senate sundry men of the highest character and of immense value in the discussion of the most important questions. Two of these, appointed during my stay, I knew and admired. The first—Professor Gustav Schmoller, formerly rector of the University of Berlin—is one of the leading economists of the world, who has shown genius in studying and exhibiting the practical needs of the German people, and in discerning the best solutions of similar problems throughout the world—profound, eloquent, conciliatory, sure to be of immense value as a senator. The second—Professor Slaby, director of the great technical institution of Germany at Charlottenburg—is one of the leading authorities of the world on everything that pertains to the applications of electricity—a great administrator, a wise counselor on questions pertaining to the German educational system. Neither of these men orates, but both are admirable speakers, and are sure to be of incalculable value. I name them simply as types, for others were appointed, similarly distinguished in other fields. If, then, the Emperor is blamed for not liking parliamentary and party government, it is only fair to say that he has taken the surest way to give it strength and credit.

As to the alleged violations of the German constitution, the same, in a far higher degree, were charged against Kaiser William I and Bismarck, and these charges were true; but it is also true that thereby those men saved and built up their country. As a matter of fact, both the intuitive sense and the reflective powers of Germans show them that the real dangers to their country come from a very different quarter—from men who promote hatreds of race, class, and religion within the empire, and historic international hatreds without it.

HIS FEELING TOWARD THE UNITED STATES

So, too, various charges have been made against the Emperor as regards the United States. From time to time there came, during my stay, statements in sundry American newspapers, some belligerent, some lacrymose, regarding his attitude toward our country. It seemed to be taken for granted by many good people during our Spanish War that the Emperor was personally against us. It is not unlikely that he may have felt for that forlorn, widowed Queen Regent of Spain making so desperate a struggle to save the kingdom for her young son. If so, he but shared a feeling common to a very large part of humanity, for certainly there have been few more pathetic situations; but that he really cared anything for the success of Spain is exceedingly doubtful. The Hohenzollern common sense in him must have been for years vexed at the folly and fatuity of Spanish policy. He probably inherits the feeling of his father, who, when visiting the late Spanish monarch a few years before his death, showed a most kindly personal feeling toward Spain and its ruler, and an intense interest in various phases of art developed in the Spanish peninsula,

but in his diary let fall remarks which showed his feeling toward the whole existing Spanish system. One of these I recall specially. Passing a noted Spanish town, he

terical publicists and meddlesome statesmen of the Continent proposed measures against what they thought the dangerous encroachments of our republic, he quietly,

From a photograph by T. H. Voight

THE GERMAN EMPRESS (AUGUSTA VICTORIA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN)

remarks: "Here are ten churches, twenty monasteries, and not a single school." No Hohenzollern is likely to waste much sympathy on a nation which brings on its fate by preferring monasticism to education; and never during the Spanish War did the Emperor or his government, to my knowledge, show the slightest leaning toward our enemies. Certain it is that when sundry hys-

but resolutely and effectually, put his foot upon them.

Another complaint sometimes heard in America really amounts to this: that the Emperor is pushing German interests in all parts of the world, and is not giving himself much trouble about the interests of other countries. There may be truth in this, but the complainants evidently never

stop to consider that every thinking man in every nation would despise him were it otherwise.

HIS QUARREL WITH VENEZUELA

YET another grievance, a little time since, was that, apparently with his approval, his ships of war handled sundry Venezuelans with decided roughness. This was true enough, and ought to warm every honest man's heart.

The main facts in the case were these: a petty South American "republic," after a long series of revolutions,—one hundred and four in seventy years, Lord Lansdowne tells us,—was enjoying peace and the beginnings of prosperity. Thanks to the United States, it had received from an international tribunal the territory to which it was entitled, was free from disturbance at home or annoyance abroad, and was under a regular government sanctioned by its people. Suddenly one man started another so-called "revolution." Like the men of his sort who so often afflict republics in the equatorial regions of South America, he had no hesitation in confiscating the property and taking the lives not only of such of his fellow-citizens as he thought dangerous to himself, but also of those whom he thought likely to become so. He made the public treasury his own, and doubtless prepared the way, as so many other patriots of his sort in such republics have done, for retirement into a palace at Paris, with ample funds for enjoying the pleasures of that capital, after he, like so many others, shall have been in turn kicked out of his country by some new bandit stronger than he.

So far so good. If the citizens of Venezuela like or permit that sort of thing, outside nations have no call to interfere; but this petty despot, having robbed, maltreated, and even murdered citizens of his own country, proceeded to maltreat and rob citizens of other countries, and among them those of the German Empire. He was at first asked in diplomatic fashion to desist and to make amends, but to such appeals he simply showed contempt. His purpose was evidently to treat as he chose German subjects within his reach, and to cheat all his German creditors beyond his reach. At this the German government, as every government in similar circumstances is bound to do, demanded redress, and sent ships to enforce the demand. This was perfectly legitimate; but immediately there arose in the United States an outcry against a "violation of the Monroe Doctrine." As a matter of fact, the Monroe Doctrine was no more concerned than was the doctrine of the Perseverance of the Saints. As one who, at the Hague Conference, was able to do something for the recognition of the Monroe Doctrine by European powers, and who, as a member of the Venezuelan Commission, did what was possible to secure justice to Venezuela, I take this opportunity to express the opinion that the time has come for plain speaking in this matter. Even with those of us who believe in the Monroe Doctrine there begins to arise a question as to which are nearest the interests and the hearts of Americans—the sort of "dumb, driven cattle" who allow themselves to be governed by such men as now control Venezuela, or the people of Germany and other civilized parts of Europe, as well as those of the better South American republics like Chile, the Argentine Republic, Brazil, and others, whose interests, aspirations, ideals, and feelings are so much more closely akin to our own.

Occasionally, too, there have arisen plaintive declarations that the Emperor does not love the United States or admire its institutions. As to that, I never saw or heard of anything showing dislike to our country; but, after all, he is a free man, and there is nothing in international law or international comity requiring him to love the United States; it is sufficient that he respects what is respectable in our government and people, and we may fairly allow to him his opinion on sundry noxious and nauseous developments among us which we hope may prove temporary. It has been often proved that he admires and respects the men in the United States who do things worth doing and say things worth saying; that he takes a deep interest in those features of our policy or achievements of our people which are to our credit; that he enjoys the best of our literature; that he respects every true American soldier and sailor, every American statesman or scholar or writer or worker of any sort who really accomplishes anything for our country.

To sum up his position in contemporary history: as the German nation is the result of an evolution of individual and national

character in obedience to resistless inner forces and to its environment, so, out of the medley of imperial and royal Hohenstaufens, Hapsburgs, Wittelsbachs, Wettins, Guelphs, and the like, have arisen, as

From a photograph by E. Bieber

EMPEROR WILLIAM IN THE UNIFORM OF THE FIRST HUSSARS OF THE GUARDS

by a survival of the fittest, the Hohenzollerns. These have given to the world various strong types, and especially such as the Great Elector, Frederick II, and William I. Mainly under them and under men trained or selected by them, Germany, from a great confused mass of warriors and thinkers and workers, militant at cross-purposes, wearing themselves out in vain struggles, and preyed upon by malevolent neighbors, has become a great power in arms, in art, in science, in literature; a fortress of high thought; a guardian of civilization; the natural ally of every nation which seeks the better development of humanity. The young monarch who is now at its head—original, yet studious of the great men and deeds of the past; brave, yet conciliatory; never allowing the mail-clad fist to become unnerved, but none the less devoted to the conquests of peace; standing firmly on realities, but with a steady vision of ideals—seems likely to add a new name to the list of those who have advanced the world.

KALAUN, THE ELEPHANT-TRAINER

A STORY OF THE EGYPTIAN COLONY IN NEW YORK

BY MARGHERITA ARLINA HAMM

Author of "Ghetto Silhouettes," "'The Camel of Jesus,'" etc.

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE

LITTLE Nasir stood on a table in the café, dense with the fumes of narghiles and scented cigarettes, and declaimed shrilly, "My Country, 't is of Thee," which he had just learned in the public school. He was nine years old, but he made brave gestures and pronounced every syllable as it should be.

The swarthy auditors pounded the tables, clapped their hands, and cried out encouragements in the Arabic dialect.

"It is wonderful—wonderful!" said the lean proprietor.

"I could not talk it better," cried the small-chinned interpreter from Cairo. "'Mie contree, 't is of zee, swit land of liberté'—he is perfect."

"Kalaun Usertesen, thou art a lucky father," declared a pudgy man with black hair and sly eyes who had killed sixteen Turks in Syria.

"Thanks, brothers, thanks! It is my treat. Host, fetch us coffee and brandy and fresh narghiles. Mahabitcum! Goodfellowship to all!"

"Mahabitcum!" chorused the men, smacking their lips.

"The lad will be a soldier—a terror to the enemies of the fatherland," voiced the Turk-slayer. "Ah, yes; his fingers are apt for the trigger and the knife."

"Better for the elephant-hook," said another. "He will follow the paternal trade."

"Not so!" roared the father, wild with delight. "It is good to be a soldier or to train the elephants, but my son will be a citizen of the great United States. That shall be his trade."

"A member of the government, thou wouldst say?" asked the interpreter.

"How do I know? A citizen of the United States may be what he pleases—anything!"

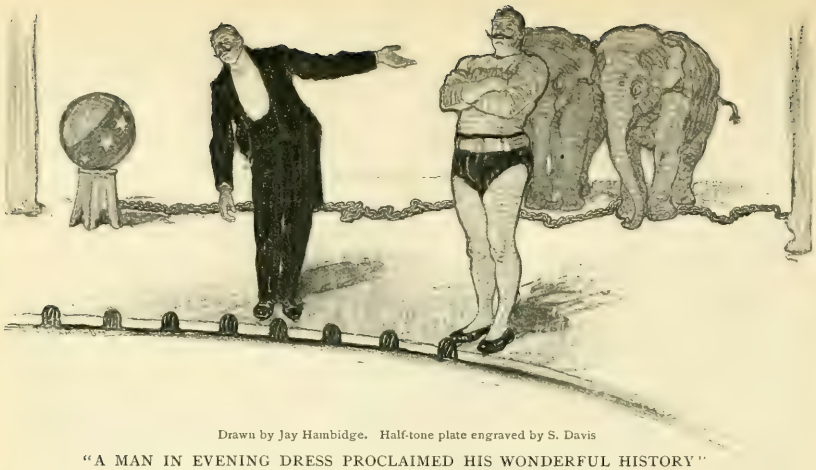
"Father," piped little Nasir, "thy speech is neither good Arabic nor good English."

"Hey? Well, thou shalt teach me, O scholar! Thou shalt become wise and instruct thy ignorant sire."

Kalaun leaped up, a bull-necked, short giant with the coppery face, almond eyes,

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THUS THEY PARADED ROUND THE SMOKY ROOM"



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

"A MAN IN EVENING DRESS PROCLAIMED HIS WONDERFUL HISTORY"

wide nose, high cheek-bones, and black hair of the ancient Copt. He extended an arm as massive as the trunk of a tree. The boy straddled it, clutching the big fist, and thus they paraded round the smoky room amid plaudits.

The waiter brought more little cups of coffee, amber-hued and as thick as syrup; brandy in wicker flasks; strange sweetmeats; and live coals at tongs' end to relight the gurgling water-pipes, which three men smoked by different stems. The flaring gas-jets, eking out the feeble window rays, showed on the dark paneled walls pictures of Abraham Lincoln and fezzed pashas, a battle-scene from the Greek war of independence, a print of the desert at night, and a photograph of ruined Karnak. One of the pashas, probably a tyrant, had a jellied crumb on the tip of his nose.

"'Mie contree, 't is of zee, swit land of liberté,'" murmured the interpreter, fingering the pieces, like chess pawns, on the dama-board. "Wilt thou play a game, Kalaun?"

"No, thanks; that is too much skill. I prefer tavoli, where the dice give chances as in life. But we are going."

He lifted his son on his shoulder, tossed off some brandy amid final "Good-fellowships," and went into the street, where it was broad daylight and a smell of salt water and tar came from the adjacent wharves. A yellow horse-car jangled through the press of trucks; the sidewalk was held by loafing stevedores and bustling foreigners. At the southern end of the street appeared the greenery of Battery Park and the brownstone Aquarium.

"This is a day of triumph, Nasir," said Kalaun. "Eh, look out for that sign! We will buy some presents for thy exquisite mother, and to-night thou shalt behold my performance with the jungle brothers at the theater."

"I will love to see thee," replied the boy, patting the thick neck. His little brown eyes blinked in the sun.

Near by, in a street just two blocks long, the center of the Egyptian colony, they entered a shop that had iron-barred windows and contained marvels of every sort. After much haggling and half-jocular threats, a bargain was struck on a red-glass narghile, meerschaum bowl, and silver mouthpiece; also a silk shawl of green pattern, embroidered with gold thread. Kalaun wanted to buy Arabic school-books and poems for his son, but learned that this was unsuitable. The shopkeeper tempted Nasir with two colored marbles without price; the boy resolutely chose a bottle of ink instead.

They lived a few doors beyond, on the top floor of a building that overlooked the water-front masts and the river filled with noisy shipping, beyond which loomed the roofs of railroad stations. It was a cozy home of four rooms, laid with rugs of high color, with silks on the walls; and with the bath-tub used as an aquatic garden of papyrus, white lotus, and rose lotus, which bloomed continually and sent out delicate fragrance. What other or better use for a bath-tub?

"We bring thee gifts, O princess! beloved Teye!"

The princess examined the offerings coolly, put on one, and began to smoke the other. She permitted herself to be hugged as if it were in the day's work. A swarthy, lithe-bodied little woman, she refused to learn English, cared nothing for free institutions, and could not understand her husband's enthusiasm over the boy's progress in Americanism. Propped up by cushions on the divan, nibbling sweetmeats with white teeth, she reminded one of a lazy squirrel. She licked her vermilion lips with a dainty tongue.

Kalaun adored her only next to Nasir. He usually asked permission for a kiss, and did not sulk if it was denied.

"Why do you treat your wife so well?" asked a friend one day. "Too much gentleness is not good for women and elephants."

"It may be," he replied; "but I risked my life for Teye; moreover, she is beautiful, and begot *him*."

That night the boy sat in a box at the variety theater, entranced with joy, and joined in the thunderous applause that greeted his father's deeds. Kalaun first came on alone, clad in pink tights and a velvet jacket, and made poses showing his mighty-muscled back and the jutting biceps of his bronze arms. A man in evening dress proclaimed his wonderful history —that he was born of Abyssinian parents, twisted rifle-barrels as a baby, had fought Bedouins in the Soudan, been master of the hunt to the Sultan, escaped from a sack thrown into the sea, and held office under the Nawab of Peshawur, in whose dominions he had broken an elephant's back with a blow of the fist. Kalaun grinned, suspecting that the man talked falsehoods, but not feeling responsible for them.

Three great beasts then walked solemnly on the stage, swinging their trunks, and fell on their knees in obeisance. The middle one squealed hoarsely as he was jabbed by the hook for having his back to the audience.

"Hush, brother! Thou art not hurt. Up—up on thy hind legs. Sister, take his arm and march. Do not fear; the platform is solid."

The elephants stood on their leathery

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"ON A DIVAN UNDER A KIOSK SHE LAY BASKING LIKE A PRINCESS"

foreheads, lay on their backs, with four feet upright like posts, pretended to beat one another with whips, waltzed in large cotton skirts, shot pistols with their trunks, rolled cannon-balls under their hoofs, played seesaw, and passed their master loftily through the air. They peeled bananas and drank out of bottles; they stood side by side while Kalaun did gymnastic feats, turning somersaults over their bodies and vaulting over the tallest with one hand. Finally there was a tug-of-war, with a manila cable, between master and animals. They sat on their haunches and pulled lustily, trumpeting; but he seemed to pull better, and they fell forward.

"Brothers," he said to them afterward, as usual, "I apologize to you for this foolish trick, which pleases the public. The wise know which is stronger."

With the advent of summer Kalaun became proprietor of the papier-mâché Streets of Cairo at the seaside, employing many needy countrymen and having a large troupe of elephants and camels. This was a truly glorious life, all in the open. There were silken tents and gay banners, palm-trees, turbaned sheiks, dancing-girls with rings through their lips, and weird crashing tunes to which the men chanted, "ta-ta—tah—ta—ta-ta." Sometimes Nasir was allowed to ride on the beautifully caparisoned elephants, a vantage whence he spouted, "My Country," with great effect. The interpreter with the small chin, who was employed as barker and professor, would introduce him to visitors, saying:

"Onlee nyan 'ars old. He spik perfect Eengliz as myzelf."

"KALAUN STOOD WITH ARM OUTSTRETCHED"

Teye felt at home here, where everything was familiar and the sun hot. On a divan under a kiosk she lay basking like a princess in gauze and beads and gold anklets, her tiny green slippers having their points curled, her face decently veiled, and part of her shapely stomach visible, as is proper east of Gibraltar. She nibbled sweetmeats, smoked the water-pipe, and took little Nasir to the theater, where she could hear again the temple music of her youth.

II

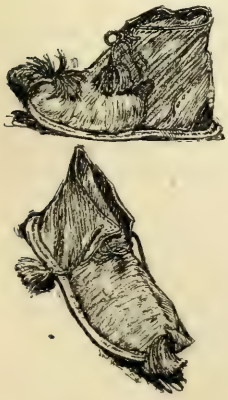
Six years had passed. Father and son were left alone; for Teye, consumed by the chill of Northern winters, had departed silently and gracefully, as she had lived. Kalaun mourned for her, the beautiful princess, whom he hardly dared to kiss when she could refuse no longer; he lay prostrate a day and a night on her grave in the place called Cypress Hills, until the police sent him away. But he found dear consolation in his son, a tall, lithe figure with the paternal snub-nose, a student in the highest grade of the public school, a keen-witted young American, who strove to impart knowledge and culture to his father.

"I am stupid, I shall ever be stupid, O Nasir; but I rejoice the more in thy progress."

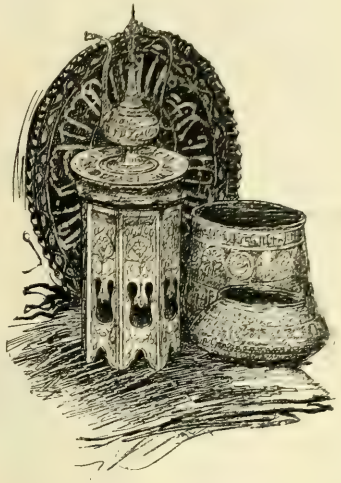
One or two strange things had happened lately. Kalaun had an offer from the managers of a Western exposition to go to Egypt and collect exhibits. Nasir thought it was a fine chance, his mind inflamed by what he had read of his father's birthplace near Girgeh, — the limitless yellow sands, the pyramids that dwarfed all modern buildings, the gay caravans, date-trees and palms, and the fruitful Nile, — to hear the grunt of the sacred crocodile, and see the ibis winging the eternal blue sky of the Pharaohs! But, without apparent reason, Kalaun refused the offer, and almost became angry when the boy urged him.

Moreover, on the nights when there was no performance at the theater, Kalaun had the habit of leaving home and being gone for several hours. Where did he go? Not to the café or to any place in the colony. When asked point-blank, he replied evasively that it was to get the fresh air. Nasir felt vaguely that these midnight trips were connected with his father's irreligion, since the latter would not attend the church or join the Sunday-school where the son found so much profit. Incidentally, Nasir could not make up his mind whether to love the blonde Sunday-school teacher with the lisp, or the dark teacher with the curl in the public school. Both were lovely, twice as old as he, and they duly filled him with Western knowledge and religion.

One night Nasir followed his father, but more by chance than design. They went a long way up the water-front until they came to an open pier that jutted into the river farther than any other. Kalaun sped past the watchman's shanty and disappeared in the gloomy path between mountains of freight. The boy hesitated a moment, fearing many things, then likewise slipped by the watchman. He saw nothing until he came to the very end of the pier.



It was a moonless night; a thousand stars were twinkling against the black velvet of the sky. The dark tide raced swiftly below, reflecting stray gleams of the constellations from



oily patches, gurgling and moaning through the piles, rippling and sobbing with multiplied voices. Far across the river shone the electric signs of the railroad stations. No place could have been more solitary and awesome.

Kalaun stood with arm outstretched, his face thrown up to the host of eternal stars. He muttered softly, waved his arms, bowed low with backward steps, fell upon his face in a curious posture, and rose to gaze as before. His guttural whispers mingled with the voice of the dark river.

Not understanding, more frightened than if he had seen his father commit a crime, the boy crept away and regained the street, where he waited under an arc-lamp. It was a relief to see usual things going on — a drunken stevedore cuffed by a policeman, and haggling between an all-night fruit-vender and his customer. Perhaps the shadows on the pier had deceived vision? It was some one else.

"Ah, Nasir; why art thou here? It was wrong to follow."

"I saw thee, father," gasped the boy.

"What didst thou see?"

"E-e-everything."

"Well, what does it matter?" replied the other, after some hesitation. "I prac-

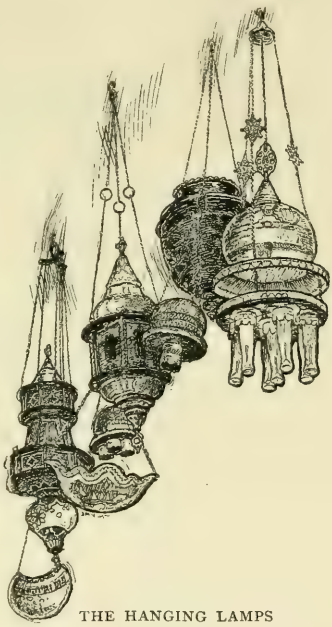
tise the custom of my ancestors. It is hundreds—aye, thousands—of years established."

"I do not understand."

"Thus we worship the stars. Maybe my ritual is imperfect, there being no priests here and memory uncertain. An aged hermit, wise and holy, who outwardly practised both the Muslim and the Yesu faith, taught me somewhat of the ancient mystery. This I know—one must prepare for the trial before Osiris in the under-world, passing the lean river-horse who guards the gate. The heart is weighed in the scales, and the good ascend to the realm of Aahlu."

He also spoke dimly of the doctrine of mummies and the homeless ghosts of evil folk, the immortality of the soul and its transmigration. Nasir was astonished, confused.

"But thou didst worship formerly in the incense church with my mother."



THE HANGING LAMPS

"No harm. That is a good religion, too. I have always yearned after the ancestral faith, and the elephants behave better when I have worshiped the stars."

"It is a mistake, my father. The books tell that they are like our sun and earth, only a few million miles away."

"The green and yellow are especially beneficent. Have the bookmen eyes better than mine? Can they see more clearly?"

"Yes, with telescopes—cunning instruments."

"My ancestors had instruments also, and studied the sky for thousands of years."

"Come with me to the school and look through the telescope."

"I do not wish it, Nasir. It is not fitting."

"Oh, father, you want me to be an American, but you believe in dead gods, a false religion."

"Only for myself," replied the other, gently. "I desire thee to please thyself with the incense church, which the princess favored. It is the most venerable branch of the Yesu faith, being older than Roman, Armenian, or Greek."

"How can you praise one, yet believe in the other! Is there a temple to the star-gods? No; nothing at all."

"If the worshipers are few, my son, the greater are the portions of blessing to be divided among them."

"But the stars are like us. They are dying all the time. They get cold and dark and perish."

"Very well; suppose my gods are dead, utterly. In that case there is no harm to worship them. But if they be alive—"

At home there were more arguments, and the matter gradually became an issue between father and son. Nasir got the opinion of his teachers and cited passages from books; he tried hard to prove to his father that he was superstitious, unscientific, and illogical. But Western bullets of fact invariably glance from the metaphysical armor of Eastern minds. What is truth? How many men have verified the assertions of science? Do not the learned disagree? Who knows the unknown?

However, a new mystery superseded the dispute on religion. Some one in the café reported that a compatriot from Girgeh was coming to the city.

The next day Kalaun made his son promise never to visit the quarter again,—on the ground of becoming a thorough American,—and secretly took apartments far up-town. They did not wait to remove all the furniture from the old lodgings, or say farewell to any friends, or even transport the lotus-garden that had been kept blooming in the bath-tub in memory of the princess. A few days later Kalaun sold

his performing elephants and became a tobacconist. The shop was a small, dark one facing a park, and bore no name or sign save the gilt image of an elephant carved out of wood. Few customers were attracted by the taciturn proprietor and his scanty stock of goods displayed on three shelves and in one cracked showcase.

"Have we become poor, father?" said Nasir, troubled. "What has happened?"

"We are not very poor. Thou shalt continue going to school."

"I should like to visit my old teachers sometime."

"Thou didst promise not to, nor to ask why."

"But the selling of the elephants that you were so fond of—"

"Listen. I will tell thee. I have been a wicked man. I feared they would crush me to death,—they know which is stronger,—since I am destined to become an elephant hereafter, in expiation of human sin."

"Why, that is impossible, father!"

"Nevertheless, I have felt it coming on already," said Kalaun, calmly. "Sometimes, when I awake in the night, I feel my arms and legs, which are big, grow bigger still and change to the fore feet and hind feet of the jungle brothers. My skin is thickening. Moreover, I sleep, like them, with one eye open all night."

"The skin thicken—the eye remain open—"

"Precisely. Touch my forehead. And thou canst watch me while I sleep."

Nasir could verify none of the symptoms; he thought long, and came to the conclusion that his father's head was turned by star-worship and grief for Teye. As for saying he was a wicked man, how could that be?

Moody and depressed, quite changed from his former self, Kalaun sat for hours in the dim rear of his shop and puffed at the water-pipe, from which curled up fantastic blue jinn. He grudged the entry of infrequent customers. His muscles became flabby; the five-hundred-pound dumb-bell was heavy for him; and his face grew pale saffron, marked with lines. Sometimes he was a little cheered after visiting the elephants in the zoo and talking with the keeper about them. The beasts seemed to know him, swinging their trunks in a friendly manner and blinking their tiny eyes. He asked the keeper whether he had any premonition that these sly old devils—forest brothers, to be polite—might some day crush him to death. The Irishman laughed.

Kalaun became yet more strange in his habits, and rarely ventured in the street.

"You are ill," exclaimed the boy, one day. "I will call a doctor."

"Do not, I beg thee, my son! The doctors use evil magic and they cannot avert kismet."

"If you are not ill, tell me what ails you, beloved father."

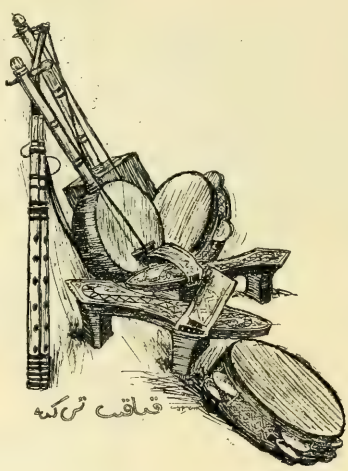
"It is well. It is time thou didst know."

Sighing, Kalaun told the story of his career. Early in life he left the desert and wandered through the Levant, learning the nature of elephants and how to train them, cultivating his great strength in wrestling and gymnastics. He went back to his native village and fell in love with Teye, the wife of a rich boatman. Not seeing her face, he loved her for her gait and the visible part of her beauty. First he wrestled with the husband and broke his collar-bone, then at night he eloped with Teye, going down the Nile in a dahabiyeh. At the coast they took ship for Italy, and he became partner in a circus which showed through the Continent. But the fear of the wronged husband led them on to South America, and the son was born at sea. Again they

traveled with the jungle brothers in the Western part of the United States, and finally settled down in New York. Part of the punishment was the death of Teye. She was not happy during the wandering, ever longed for home, and confessed and prayed much at the incense church.

"Father, I know she was as happy as she could be," said the boy, with tears in his eyes. "Thou wast not so much to blame."

Afterward Nasir reflected more deeply on the revelation. It was a weight upon his conscience even more than the star-worship. He wished he could enlist the advice of his new teachers. He felt that wrong had been done to many, including himself (though this was a strange, difficult kind he could not grasp), but, personally, he was ready to forgive.



"I see thou hast prepared a judgment," said Kalaun, smiling mournfully, one morning.

"Y-yes, father. Thy conduct was un-American, lawless, and without religion."

"So does the child easily condemn the parent."

"Dear father, forgive me. Wilt thou not confess to a priest and take advice?"

"When the clay is baked the shape does not change."

"At least it will be well to write a letter to the wronged one, asking his forgiveness."

"Our people do not forgive," said Kalaun, shaking his head.

"Not after many years?"

"The soul is immortal, my son. Immortal are its loves and hatreds. But I am an ignorant man."

"Ah, father—"

"If aught happens to me at any time, Nasir, do not trouble the authorities. Thou knowest where our savings are kept."

III

One afternoon the proprietor of the little shop was cleaning up the rubbish of weeks, and thinking it would be better to go away anywhere, to do anything, rather than skulk in this den playing at the occupation of women and feeble fellows. He a shopkeeper! Moreover, there was risk of being discovered. Resolve glowed in the dulled eyes. Flinging down the broom, he sought the keys in order to lock the doors against customers, and laid hands on a step-ladder that he might tear down the gilt sign. In imagination he was already free, making a fresh life start with the boy in the spacious West, or perhaps—

A man stood at the counter.

Kalaun was alarmed for a moment, until he saw that it was a friend from the colony.

"Ha, Kalaun! Is it thyself? Strange behavior to leave us without tidings—as if money was owed."

"Thou knowest it was neither that nor lack of good-fellowship. How camest to find the place?"

"Chance, which is heavenly and infernal."

"I rejoice to see thee. What news?" The questioner tried to smile.

"There is little. Ah, yes; thy compatriot from Girgeh has arrived," said the friend.

Kalaun hid his agitation. "Has he spoken?"

"He is pleased to learn thou art still pious in the practices of the ancient faith, as rumor tells."

"He wished to see me?"

"Naturally, being a childhood friend."

"Perchance thou art his messenger."

"What? Is it a riddle? Thy gaze is strange—"

"A wandering of the mind," stammered the other.

At midnight Kalaun went to the pier to seek the aid of the stars in deciding his future course. He had not been there in a long time, and this was to be the last. But a mist hung over the river and dark clouds veiled the sky. He gazed upward, and found nothing to worship, no beacons of solace or aid in the murky heavens. A

dank, salt smell came from the water moaning and gurgling through the piles. All was bleak and terribly desolate.

He turned to go, shuddering. Out of the deeper gloom between masses of freight came a figure that might have been his son repeating the earlier espionage. It was not. The stranger leaped upon him, binding his arms to his waist. Neither uttered a sound. Why call out when it is useless? The shock animated Kalaun; he felt surging back the mighty strength of which he had lately been bereft. Everything seemed possible, even to balk kismet that played this scurvy trick in place of the apprehended elephant-crushing. He tore himself from the stranger's grasp, seized him by the throat, choked him, and by an old wrestling device prepared to fling him over shoulder into the river. The assailant's tongue hung out, and he was almost limp; his legs dangled without support on the planks; he made a low gurgling sound like the water. Yet he drew a curved kungair, sharp enough to split hairs, and twisted it in the athlete's bosom. A sighing, a groan— Lo, a herd of jungle brothers danced gleefully around and bowed to the stars—the princess lay on a magnificent divan—was that the bellowing of the river-horse?—the audience kept applauding—Nasir stood on the café table—they put her under the earth—the lotus flowers— The great muscles fell lax as the heart's blood gushed forth. Rolling the body into the river and tossing the knife after, the stranger departed.

In the colony it was said, with lifted eyebrows, that the man from Girgeh had gone home quickly after attending to his affairs.

"OUT OF THE DEEPER GLOOM . . . CAME A FIGURE"

PATCHWORK

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

SOME rainbow shreds of Hope and Joy;
Faith's golden stripes without alloy;
Scraps of Ambition bright to see;
A few white threads of Charity;
Much of the purple cloth of Pain;
Love's fabric, like a golden vein
Between the strands of Hate and Strife;—
Such is the patchwork we call Life.

IN THE HEART OF THE EVERGLADES—A POSSIBLE LEAD

THE EVERGLADES OF FLORIDA

A REGION OF MYSTERY

BY EDWIN ASA DIX
AND JOHN NOWRY MACGONIGLE

THE mild winter of Florida, land of Ponce de Leon and the fabled Fountain of Youth, yearly draws increasing thousands to the Atlantic and Gulf shores of the peninsula. There, within a little distance of some of the most immense and most thronged hotels in the world, lies a region of mystery. In the compass of the following article will be found, we believe, a wider range of information on this fascinating theme than has ever before been presented in a single publication. The illustrations are from photographs taken by the authors, some of which are redrawn by Harry Fenn; from material furnished by the New York Botanical Garden, and from other sources.—EDITOR.

HOW NATURE GUARDS THE SECRETS OF THE EVERGLADES

IN the little museum at Modena, in Italy, may be seen a Portuguese map, made about 1502, delineating the peninsula of Florida. It shows the coast-line and general topography with some detail, and even indicates certain of the rivers. It is one of the two earliest known maps of any part of the Northern continent.

It is a curious fact that while this pe-

ONE OF THE GATEWAYS

ninsula was thus of all North America one of the first parts to be mapped, the tip of it is the last to be intimately explored. The Great American Desert once so called, the wild solitudes of the Western mountain-ranges, and the snow-wastes of the Yukon, have yielded up their inmost secrets; but the Everglades, in the southernmost interior of our southernmost State, are to-day almost as little known of white men as when the early navigators first charted the contour of the Cape of the End of April.

LOOKING IN FROM NEW RIVER

The Everglades, as a part of Florida, are happily named. What term could more felicitously blend with all the popular associations clustering about a land of flowers and of perpetual youth? The sunlit recesses of such a land must surely be ever glades of life and promise and the springtime.

Not only the name fascinates, but the mystery. Here is a vast region close to inquisitive pioneer life, bordered by lines of commerce and fashionable travel, and yet as unplotted and almost as unvisited as the darkest Africa of our school-day atlases. A few hundred Indians share its hidden life, thread its silent water-paths, and are at home in the heart of it; but the white man does not follow. They disappear from his sight as into another planet, and he stands upon the brink gazing curiously after them.

What is out there under the sunset?

Certainly Nature could have contrived no more impregnable defenses to guard any secrets she may have to conceal. Her ingenuity is worthy of a better cause. These gentle waters and waving grasses offer more effective defiance to an invader than Alpine precipices or Vauban ramparts. It would seem an easy matter to penetrate this unique wilderness, to examine it, to subdue it; in reality, this has proved a well-nigh impossible task. There is no obvious method of forcing a passage. The region is not exactly land, and it is not exactly water. That is, you cannot travel by land, because there is water there, now shallow, but again rather deep. And you cannot travel by water,—at least not freely and at will,—because there is land there, or, rather, high, close-grown, saw-edged grass, which as effectually bars the progress of a boat. An amphibious motor-car with scythe-bearing attachment would appear to be the only kind of machine that might reduce this natural fortress, and that machine has not as yet been constructed.

Consequently, what has been learned about the Everglades during the last three hundred years has been learned in fragments,—piece by piece, and with pain and peril,—not as a large and harmonious whole.

Doubtless the sufficient reason why some

SOME NATIVE GRASSES

imperious engine of subjugation has not been constructed is that from a practical point of view it would not be worth while. When you shall have mowed down your ten-foot swath of water-grass for a mile or ten miles, you will encounter more water-grass. You may come to an island; but there is equally good land to be had outside the Glades for less trouble. And if you mow a way clear up to Lake Okeechobee or across to the Big Cypress Swamp, you have accomplished nothing of practical utility, and the ten-foot swath will be overgrown and utterly lost in a year's time.

There is undoubtedly agricultural value in the rich deposit of mud and muck at the bottom of this wide-stretching inland lagoon; and if the water could be withdrawn, the battle with the grass would become comparatively simple. Hence all the projects that have had to do with the taming or reclaiming of the Everglades have been based on the draining of them. There are good physiographic reasons for believing it entirely feasible to drain them, or at least parts of them; and already, in fact, the enormous task is being boldly attempted. The fortress will be taken by siege, not by assault.

Meanwhile, there are other points of view than the practical. The mystery of the Glades creates a fascination. What is out there, just beyond our ken, under the warm evening sky?

The mystery is a part of our national inheritance. In our earliest geography lessons we were told of this great, trackless water-wilderness. It captivated our fancy once and for all. It has its place among the country's native wonders, like the Mammoth Cave and Niagara Falls, the Yellowstone and Yosemite and the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, the Great Natural Bridge of Virginia and the newly discovered greater natural bridges of Utah.[1] After all, it is rather a good thing to have a little of Wonderland left. If this semi-tropical portion of it is not yet surveyed and plotted and drained and homesteaded, there are compensations. We shall all feel a secret regret when the North Pole is reached. There is a compelling charm in the unknown. In the Glades that charm is still potent. There are boats in the Mammoth Cave, Niagara has been measured

[1] See THE CENTURY for August, 1904.—EDITOR.

and harnessed, and there are national routes into the national parks and railroad trains to the Cañon; but the Everglades, taken as a whole, are still marked on the latest maps "Unexplored."

HOW THE MYSTERY HAS BEEN SEARCHED

THE story of the search into the mystery of the Everglades is one of the strangest in the history of exploration.

AN ISLAND IN THE GLADES

The first white man who ever entered the confines of the silent country of the "grass-water" was one Escalente de Fontenada. Shipwrecked in the Strait of Florida, he became the captive and the slave of the great cacique Calos, who, as ruler of the Indian tribes inhabiting the region, was known, according to Fontenada, as Lord of the Everglades. By the Calos Indians the whole region was called Lake Mayaimi, a name which persists until the present day in that of the Miami River. The Spaniard, who ever carried his ecclesiastic nomenclature ready for application, called the great waste Laguno del Espiritu Santo; and its numerous islands, Cayos del Espiritu Santo. Little information of value, however, has come to us from these ancient Spanish sources. Fontenada has told a few brief, meager tales of his experiences during a period of seventeen years of slavery. Like the voyagers of his time, he was concerned only in the search for gold and the spring of fadeless youth. No gold was ever in his way, and though he tells us that he "bathed in every pool and spring," his youth departed and he paid his mortal debt to nature.

For centuries after the Calos Indians passed into a deeper silence than ever their earthly home afforded, the whole region remained a veritable *terra incognita*. Then the Seminole, the vagabond of the Creeks, found the *Puh-hay-o-kee*—"grass-water"—well suited to his conception of a safe and silent home, and settled in the Everglades, in the wandering, unsettled habit of his tribe, moving from island to island through the pathless water which left no trail, while the long reaches of waving grass stood guard about him always. The love of peace and silence, developed in the Seminole by three quarters of a century of life in this brooding stillness, was disturbed at length by diffi-

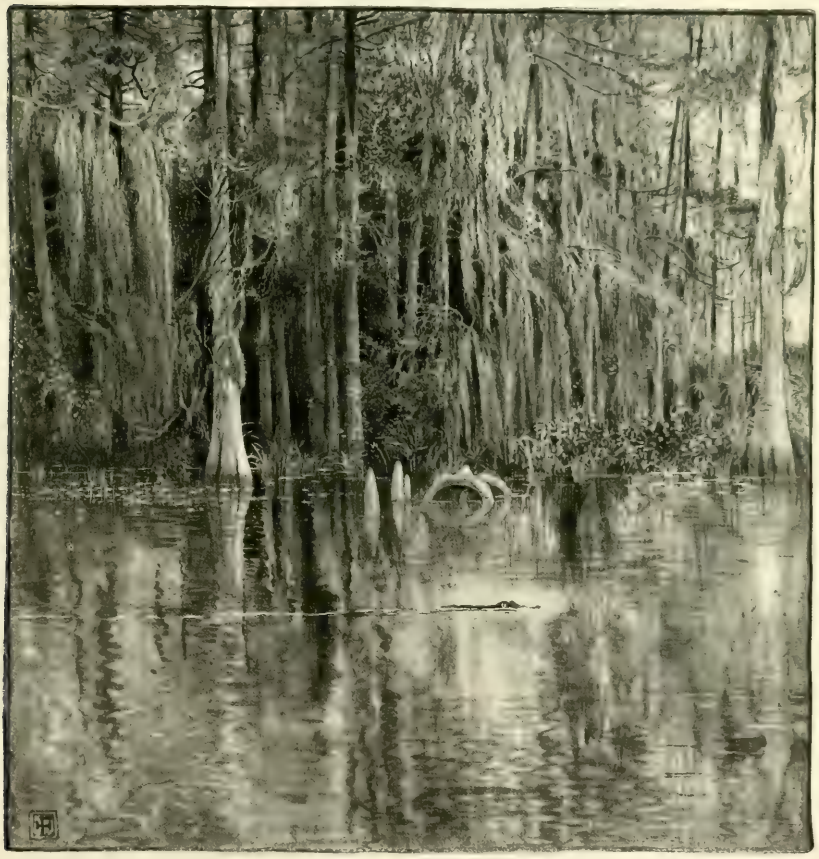
SOME OF THE FLORA ON THE ISLANDS

culties with the white man; and the time came when he drew upon himself the military forces of the United States. This led to the one active period of exploration in the history of the region.

From 1841 to 1856, frequent incursions into the region were made by detachments of the regular army, under the respective commands of Major Childs, Captains Dawson and Robinson, Lieutenant Langdon, and other officers. The object of these incursions was anthropological. The army was looking for Indians, not seeking geographic knowledge. Nevertheless, the officers' reports and sketch-maps, the latter having been preserved and the former condensed, furnish interesting information. Captain Dawson's reconnaissance, in June, 1855, is fairly representative. It was made with a detachment of sixty-three non-commissioned officers and men, with the assistance of an Indian guide. Setting out from the eastern edge in canoes, the party struck at once into the Glades. When water-leads failed them, the boats were forced through the saw-grass, partly by poling, partly by wading and shoving. Often the grass had to be cut away in front, and the men suffered greatly from wounds made by its sharp, serrated edges. Progress, day by day, was very slow. Direct advance was frequently found impossible, and long detours had to be made to avoid the most formidable grass-belts. Sometimes the first canoe would be a mile by trail in advance of the next one, while the distance separating them would be but a few yards. At night the men were compelled to sleep cramped in the canoes. The low water of early summer added to the difficulty of the advance, and finally, the grass barrier becoming denser and denser, Captain Dawson was obliged to turn back. The farthest point reached was three miles east of Prophet's Landing, a spot on the western edge of the Glades. Some idea of the difficulty encountered in this trip is shown in the log of the journey, which indicates one hundred and twenty miles by trail, but only fifty-three miles between points.

Previous to this, in 1847, an expedition into the Everglades was made by the late Mr. Buckingham Smith, who, by order of the Secretary of the Treasury, was accom-

panied and assisted by Lieutenant Francis Martin, U. S. N., and a detachment under his command. On September 10, Mr. Smith, Lieutenant Martin, and Lieutenant Herndon, accompanied by four seamen and a boy, entered the Glades by the south fork of the Miami River. The time was opportune, as it offered the advantage of the highest water. With a light bateau, twenty-one feet long, of four feet beam and only five inches draft, the party succeeded in making a course westward for two days. Then the heavy growth of the saw-grass and the trend of the moving water compelled them to change to a course leading north-northwest. Although considerable time was given to exploration and observation along the route, the party in five days reached Prophet's Island, several miles east of Prophet's Landing and probably not far from the point subsequently reached by Captain Dawson. Here they spent the night and the succeeding day. Owing to the height and density of the saw-grass, progress west of this island was found to be impossible, even with the advantage of high water. Mr. Smith explored numerous islands, large and small, with a view to obtaining data as to their early occupants, if any, the character of the geological formation, and the nature of the soil. "Most of the islands," says his report, "give evidence of having been inhabited. On some, large quantities



ALONG THE CYPRESS EDGE

of bones of animals and broken pottery were found, but nothing to indicate that the early inhabitants were other than Indians." Leaving Prophet's Island at sunrise on the morning of September 17, the party succeeded in reaching Fort Dallas Everglades. The party included Colonel C. F. Hopkins, Wolf Hollander, an artist, and J. R. Phillips, mechanic and commissary, besides six negro oarsmen. Starting from Puntarasa, on the west coast of Florida, on October 21, they arrived at

A DWELLER IN THE EVERGLADES

(now Miami) late in the evening of the 18th, having returned by the route they had broken through on their outward journey.

In more recent years three expeditions of importance have been made into the Glades.

In 1883, Major Archie P. Williams, a Louisianian, who had already undertaken several explorations in southern Florida, was commissioned by the New Orleans "Times-Democrat" to make a trip into the Fort Myers on the following day, and on the 25th set out up the Caloosahatchee River, reaching Lake Okeechobee on November 1. They had two large canoes and several smaller ones, and carried provisions for sixty days. Major Williams devoted some time to the survey and examination of the lake, coasting for nine days along its southern shore, and entering and exploring every opening leading in the direction of the Everglades. No less than eight of these were discovered. One was se-

lected as the most likely route into the Glades, and on November 10 the party left the lake by this opening. It proved a treacherous guide, however, leading them the next day into a dense tangle of grass, scrub-willow, and custard-apple, through which they were able to advance only a few hundred yards a day. On November 14 they came upon the saw-grass proper. Major Williams here adopted a novel method of forcing a passage, by setting fire to the grass and thus literally "blazing a trail." As the water in this locality and for a long distance south on their route was only about four inches deep, his device proved practicable, though progress was still slow and laborious, fourteen days being consumed in this part of their journey. Few or no islands seem hitherto to have been seen, but on November 28 deeper water was found, and the party made camp on an island, where a couple of days were spent in repairing the boats and in resting. For the remainder of their journey the advance was easier, and on December 6 they reached the head of Shark River. They descended this river to the Gulf, having a rather serious accident on the way in the loss of the provision-boat. They were fortunately able to find a coasting-schooner, and made their way back by sea to Puntarasa, arriving on December 11, fifty-one days after their departure.

Of much more interest and importance than any journeys thus far made into the Glades was the expedition organized in 1892 by Mr. James E. Ingraham, then president of the South Florida Railway. The party included Mr. Ingraham, Mr. S. O. Chase, and Mr. W. R. Moses, who was appointed to write the journal of the trip; Mr. John W. Newman, engineer; and several surveyors. It numbered twenty-one men in all. They entered from the extreme western limit at Fort Shackelford, on March 21, having two cypress skiffs and two canvas boats. The route planned was across a part of the Everglades hitherto unvisited by white men. There was a theory that either a high plateau of land or a body of open water would be found somewhere in the center of the region, and one of the purposes of the trip was to investigate the conditions in this central basin. The probable rate of progress was estimated at five miles a day. It was soon found, however, that even this very low rate could not be maintained. As the water and mud grew deeper, and the saw-grass taller and denser, the difficulties of the task steadily increased. Four days after starting, it was found necessary to leave behind one of the two wooden skiffs and some of the baggage, in order to lessen the labor of transport. Every one worked, leaders and laborers alike, often standing waist-deep in water and muck, cutting away the fierce grass to make an opening for the boats, then shoving the boats forward by main strength. At times portages had to be made, and the boats' cargoes carried on the backs of the men. "This has been a terrible strain on everybody," writes the chronicler of the expedition on the eighth day. "Locomotion is extremely difficult and slow. The bog is fearful, and it sometimes seems as though it would be easier to stay in than to go on. Both legs up to the waist frequently become embedded in the same hole in the mud, and to extricate one's self with from thirty to fifty pounds weight on the back requires strength and time. Packing for any distance is impracticable. A man by himself, carrying nothing, would probably fail to reach the timber from this point. The boats are very necessary to enable one to pull himself out of the mud, and even then the labor is most exhausting."

The party camped at night on small islands, when these were found. When there were none within reach, some slept in the boats, and others cut saw-grass, piled it upon that which was growing, and spread their heavy rubber blankets upon the swaying bed thus formed. One of the men gave out from the incessant work, and then others. Surveying had to be abandoned, as the men needed every ounce of strength for the sheer labor of moving forward. Provisions were running short, and only half-rations, chiefly of hominy and bacon, were served, eked out by terrapin and a few fish and birds procured along the way. The party were now in actual peril. It was too late to retreat, even had they wished to; to turn back over the long course they had traveled involved more danger than to go on. More impedimenta were left behind. The expedition was nearing Miami, but the few miles intervening might prove as insuperable as hundreds. Distant Indian fires had been seen from time to time; and on April 4 the men

saw and hailed an old Seminole, who, after some reluctance, consented to guide an advance party out to the rapids of the Miami River. Eventually, on April 7, all hands, haggard and exhausted after their seventeen days' extraordinary experience, found themselves at Miami.

Much information of value was obtained on this trip, which demonstrated, among other things, that there is no open water or large plateau in the interior of the Everglades.

Five years later, in January, 1897, Lieutenant Hugh L. Willoughby, of the Rhode Island Naval Reserve, entered the region from the south by the Harney River, west of Cape Sable.[1] He was accompanied by only one man, each having a light canoe. They had a carefully planned outfit, and, mindful of the nearly fatal termination of the preceding expedition, they carried provisions sufficient for two months. The two struck at once northeastward, poling, cutting, and pushing, taking daily observations, and camping at night on tiny and often wet islets. After five days, they found it impossible to penetrate the heavy belt of saw-grass east of them, and were compelled reluctantly to retrace their steps until a course was finally found around the southern limit of this formidable belt. After a total journey of fifteen days, Lieutenant Willoughby succeeded in making his way out at Miami.

The narratives of all these expeditions vividly show the almost insuperable obstacles which confront the explorer in this uncharted sea of barbed-wire grasses, utterly devoid of landmark, and in places wholly impenetrable. These difficulties are increased by the similarity between the occasional islands, which might otherwise serve as helpful guides; by the strange movement of the water of the Glades, in a mass, yet intersected by tortuous, misleading channels; and by the ever-present danger from venomous snakes. Every party that has ventured into the region has emerged only after incessant toil, hardship, and often actual risk of life.

A SEMINOLE VILLAGE

HOW FLORIDA IS BUILT

THE State of Florida is a mountain-top. Its crest is formed of a massive limestone, covered usually by a mantle of sand. The limestone has long been identified as the Vicksburg limestone of the Eocene period. The chief characteristics of this formation in Florida are its numberless pot-holes,

[1] See "Across the Everglades," by H. L. Willoughby.

which vary in size from a few feet to thousands of acres; its almost countless lakes of fresh water; its remarkably copious springs; and its frequent subterranean streams and pools, which yield their water to artesian wells.

A few miles north of Cape Sable is an outcrop of limestone, which persists to Lake Okeechobee. Whether the surface rock here is the Vicksburg limestone or a later formation has not yet been determined. In this outcrop is an extensive shallow basin. The area of the basin is one hundred and thirty miles north and south, and about seventy miles east and west, and the altitude of its rim is twelve feet above mean low tide in Biscayne Bay and a little less above the Gulf of Mexico. This rim is from three to twelve miles from the ocean edge of the coastal plain on the east; and, on the west, a mean distance of fifty miles from the Gulf. So far as explored, it extends all around the edge of the basin, forming a complete and massive cup. As the result of weather and flowing water, the rim has been worn into fantastic shapes which are not unlike some of the coral structures. Doubtless it is this water-worn and weathered rim which gave rise to the erroneous and wide-spread belief that the peninsula of Flordia is of coral formation.

The rock bottom of the basin is as persistent as its rim. Wherever it can be struck with a pole or an oar, it gives out a somewhat hollow, metallic, ringing sound. The depth of the basin varies from one foot at the rim to as much as twelve feet in places; but generally the rock floor is found at a depth of from one to six feet. Over almost the entire rock floor lies a layer of muck, formed of an alluvial deposit and decayed vegetable matter. This deposit also varies from a few inches to several feet in thickness. In the muck the saw-grass grows, sometimes reaching a height of ten feet. Unnumbered springs fill this vast basin with water, forming what the Calos called Lake Mayaimi, and what is now known as the Everglades.

This great lake is veritably a lake. It is not, as is popularly supposed, either a swamp or a marsh. Nor is it a mammoth pool of stagnant water. Indeed, it is doubtful whether there is any spot in the entire area where the water is ever wholly at rest. Yet no watershed drains into the lake; no stream runs into it. The rim of the basin lies above the country which surrounds it. From two sources alone is the water in the lake derived—from precipitation and from subterranean supply. During the rainy season the precipitation is great, amounting to ten inches per month. But with the rapid evaporation incident to a warm climate and a sub-tropical sun, precipitation accounts for only a small percentage of the clear, limpid water which fills the lake. Recalling the characteristic springs and subterranean streams of the Eocene limestone, it is not difficult to find the supply. One explorer recounts the discovery of a mammoth spring, "from which," as he puts it, "all the water in the Glades is derived." Another tells of large basins toward which currents tended, and into which "the waters poured and were lost." Lieutenant Willoughby observed many of these basins, through some of which water was entering. The effect of precipitation is sharply shown in the rapid rise of water in the Glades. The effect of the subterranean supply is clearly established in the constant volume which is observed. Although no stream of any kind runs into the lake, numerous creeks and rivers lead out of it, such as New River, Little River, the Miami, and others on the east, and the Shark, Harney, and others on the south and southwest.

Everywhere, and at all seasons of the year, the water in the Glades is clear, pure, and, though sometimes warm, palatable, without the least suggestion of staleness or stagnancy. One of the most singular conditions of the region is that the water seems to move in one mass, with a general trend from the northeast in a southerly direction toward the outlets by which it finds its way into Biscayne Bay and the Gulf of Mexico. At the same time, currents and counter-currents are constantly met. These are due, without doubt, to openings in the rocky floor, through which quantities of water find subterranean passage to such springs as the Penniman, the famous Little River spring, and others along the east coast. The currents seem to begin without reason, and they certainly lead nowhere in particular, ending, as they usually do, in a comparatively still pool where the saw-grass rears its barrier, checking farther progress.

This saw-grass is one of the most char-

THE WATER-WORN LIMESTONE RIM OF THE EVERGLADES

acteristic features of the Everglades. Its name aptly expresses its nature. Rooted in the muck, it grows with wonderful rapidity. It is as tough as bamboo, and its sharp, serrated edges cut like the teeth of a saw. Pale green in color as it grows through the water, it fades in the sunlight to a dull-golden tint. It is present throughout the entire area of the lake, except in occasional places along the eastern edge. Toward the western edge the grass is interwoven with the wild myrtle, the two being so matted as to form a barrier as impassable as a wall of granite. A great belt of the tallest saw-grass runs through the entire length of the lake, and makes the direct attempt to cross the Glades well-nigh impossible, save by the secret pathways of the Seminoles. Throughout the grass are many leads or openings. To the explorer they are full of promise, but they prove a snare, generally leading to denser grass and greater difficulty. This grass is always at its best,—or its worst,—as no cold season weakens it, and no frost ever saps its vital and vicious energies.

Scattered along the eastern and western edges of the lake are uncounted islands. Some of these have been formed by alluvial deposits and decaying vegetation, but the majority of them are really outcrops of the rock of the basin, covered by a rich, waxy mold. They vary in size, in some cases the dry and cultivable area being hundreds of acres in extent. The alluvial lands are wet, but the outcrop islands are habitable, and respond generously to the somewhat fitful culture of the Seminoles, producing all the vegetable products of the temperate and subtropical zones in great abundance and with little labor. The habit of growth of tree and vine and flower shows that frost is unknown. Somewhere, so the Seminoles assert, hidden amid a fastness of vine and saw-grass, is an orange-grove which has borne famous fruit for ages.

The islands of the Everglades are covered with luxuriant virgin forests. The live-oaks and the bays are present in large numbers, interspersed with wild cucumber, wild lemon, and wild orange. The papaya, the custard-apple, and the prickly-ash are of very frequent occurrence, and here and there, governed by the size and elevation of the islands, are the cabbage-palmetto and the pine. Wild rubber-trees are also found in some localities, growing to enormous size. Throughout the region there is a phenomenal growth of vines. The morning-glory and honeysuckle attain great size and are almost everywhere. The wild fig, which fastens itself about a massive trunk of live-oak or bay, lives its cannibal life until the supporting tree-trunk has been destroyed. Wherever the land is dry enough, the coontie-plant flourishes. This plant is really the Florida arrowroot. It is the mainstay of the Seminole. From its root he extracts flour and starch, both of which are delicate and digestible.

There is a remarkable variety and profusion of wild flowers. Water-lilies and spider-lilies abound. Orchids are found in

great numbers and are of great beauty. On many of the islands grow giant ferns, the fronds of which measure ten feet in length.

The shores of the streams by which the Glades are entered are covered with rank growths of the cocoa-plum. The same tree grows all about the edge of the Glades, producing blue fruit on the eastern edge and white fruit toward the west. The flora of the whole region is unique and unstudied, and contains, no doubt, scores of plants unknown and unclassified.

The Everglades are not a sportsman's paradise, in the usual sense of that term. Nevertheless, animal life is fairly abundant in that portion of the area where the larger islands lie. Deer are found on both the eastern and western edges, and now and then a bear is seen. The panther has not entirely disappeared, an occasional one finding his way into the explorer's camp. Otters are plentiful, and the Seminoles, who hunt both the otter and the alligator for their skins, derive a considerable revenue from otter-trapping. The alligator is often seen, and his gentle roar is by no means unmusical. On the southeastern edge the crocodile (*Crocodilus Americanus*) is found in small numbers, though his more favorite haunts are among the mangrove fastnesses between the Glades and the bays and sounds about Cape Sable.

Bird life in the Everglades, as all over southern Florida, has suffered at the ruthless hand of that vandal of vandals, the plume-hunter. There can be no doubt that the southern edge of the Glades was once a great breeding-place for the egret, the ibis, and the heron. Even yet there are many of these birds to be found, and the Audubon Society's protection promises that their number shall increase. The limpkin (*Aramus Giganteus*),—which, as Lieutenant Willoughby remarks, resembles a greatly overgrown snipe,—a large duck about the size of the brant, and the Everglade kite, are characteristic of the region, while the large waders are found in moderate numbers.

Fish, such as bass, gar, and perch, inhabit the fresh water. The Everglade terrapin, not unlike his aristocratic namesake of Maryland, and a flat, soft-shell turtle, both edible, are fairly plentiful.

There are snakes in the Everglades. They do not hang in the fine festoons pictured in the woodcuts of a generation ago; but they are in sufficient numbers to satisfy the most exacting. For some reason, they are much more numerous on the western than on the eastern edge. Perhaps they were even more frequently encountered years ago than now; for during the Seminole War a certain Captain Casey, in charge of the subsistence, recommended to the Secretary of War "that the enlisted men be taught how to broil snake, which was good enough for any one to eat." The rattlesnake on the drier land, and the moccasin everywhere, are still numerous and deadly. The Seminole, habitually bare-limbed from the knee to the heel, escapes their deadly venom wonderfully. He also possesses an antidote in some simple weed known to few outside the tribe.

The commonly accepted idea that the Everglades teem with insects is a mistaken one, due doubtless to the generally received impression that the area is a great swamp. Free as it is from stagnation in either water or air, it furnishes few breeding-places for insect life. Along the eastern edge and on some of the islands on the east and west there are mosquitos, but they are not found in the interior of the Glades. As in all regions where foliage is thick and abundant, there are plenty of gnats and small flies. In the neighborhood of a Seminole camp fleas abound, but they probably arrived when the Indian accepted civilization in the form of the domestic hog, with which he shares his quarters fraternally. At certain seasons of the year, the Everglade water contains a most annoying creature called the "alligator flea," presumably because he is as strong as one of his namesakes and as persistent as the other.

THE RED MEN OF THE EVERGLADES

THE most interesting of all the denizens of the Everglades is unquestionably the Indian. The Florida Seminole wears a halo of romance far more enduring than that of his brother in the North or West. Cooper's noble Iroquois of history is in disfavor nowadays, and the Apaches, Modocs, and Sioux have lost many of their hero-worshipers; but the popular imagination still quickens admiringly at mention of the kin of Osceola. Indeed, it is a stirring tale, that of this offshoot of the great Creek tribe of the middle South, making its way in early times to the Florida peninsula and

there dwelling in comparative peace and inoffensiveness until summoned by the white man's government to move West; then defying the summons, boldly giving battle, and baffling for years the best military forces of the United States. The stronghold of the Seminoles was the Everglades. But for these limitless and silent spaces, so curiously welcoming and sheltering the naked man while barring out the man armed and armored, the Florida War would have proved a vastly easier affair. The hardy and seasoned soldiers would push adventurously in on the trail of a body of hostile braves, and soon would find themselves glad to emerge, hungry, exhausted, and viciously scarred by the relentless saw-grass. In this extraordinary stronghold the Indians long laughed to scorn the army's most energetic efforts to capture or conquer them. And the Everglades are still the Indians' home. The government won in the long and costly war, it is true, and deported a large num-

MAP OF THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES, SHOWING THE ROUTES OF THE FEW EXPLORERS WHO HAVE VENTURED INTO THIS LITTLE-KNOWN REGION

ber of the tribe to the new lands beyond the Mississippi; but a saving or stubborn remnant remained in the Glades, and still remains, and the Indian Bureau winks good-naturedly and pretends not to know. These wayward wards have earned their right to be let alone; and if they are contented to be let alone in such a tribal home as the scattered islands in the saw-grass afford, surely no one can grudge them their content.

Straight-limbed, keen-eyed and masterful bucks are those one sees coming out to the trading-stations at Miami or Fort Lauderdale or Kissimmee. And the women and children are by no means unprepossessing or degenerate. The men, it is true, are fond of whisky, and are not always particular about the quality; but it does not seem to impair their racial vigor. After a spree they recover themselves, becoming as grave and quiet as before, and disappear into the inmost Everglades as silently as they came. The Indian's easy ability to penetrate this region is really a very remarkable thing. Some key he has to the mysterious paths. He crosses the grass-water at will. In four days, when the water is high, he poles his canoe from Fort Lauderdale or Miami across the saw-grass waste to the Big Cypress. How is it that he slips in so unconcernedly where the white man finds himself barred? It cannot be simply superior woodcraft, for there are skilled guides and frontiersmen in southern Florida. It is not merely endurance or imperviousness to hardship, for the white man can be equally enduring, equally impervious, when need arises. There seems to be some closer bond with Nature, some indefinable wontedness, oneness, which gives the Indian, like the animals, access to her solitudes, and which preserves him among her dangers.

The Indians now living in this region number, according to the most recent and careful official estimates, about four hundred.[1] They are of two main families, the Muskokis, or Muscogees, and the Mikasukes, or Miccasukees. They live by hunting and fishing, and their houses, clustering in little villages on the islands in the Glades, are singularly primitive, considering the nearness to contact with civilization and improved ideas. A Seminole hut consists simply of six upright poles, three on each side, a platform about three feet from the ground, and a gable-roof of palmetto thatch. On the platform the whole family eat and sleep and live. Here are crowded their belongings—quilts to serve as beds, chests to hold their clothes and tools and guns, barrels and boxes for their provisions. An old sheet or blanket generally hangs down on the northerly side in winter to keep out winds and rain. Sometimes the sides are roughly boarded in. It seems a strange, primeval life, here in a civilized land in this twentieth century; and yet it is all exactly in keeping with the strange, primeval Everglades themselves.

A WORLD OF BEAUTY

SEEN in perspective when the water is low, the Everglades resemble far-reaching prairies, with here and there distant clumps of trees outlining islands. Even when the water is high it is not prominently seen, as the interminable growth of tall grass hides it all, save in the numerous little channels which wind aimlessly about, sometimes leading into a closed pocket, sometimes broadening into open spaces abloom with pond-lilies. This level, prairie-like effect has a peculiar charm for the eye—something like that of the level yet living monotony of the sea. It suggests silence, but not stagnation; repose, but not death. Explorers all bear testimony to the impulse to adventure into this spreading plain of grass and water—a little farther, and still a little farther; always seeking that which lies just beyond the horizon. The sunshine sparkles over it all; drifting clouds cast their huge dun shadows upon the vista; and the soft airs blow gently, never with threat of the fierce and biting winter chill of the far-away North.

For the climate of the Everglades is almost faultless. It is singularly equable, showing no extremes of heat and cold, and not subject to sudden change. Even a "norther," coming out of the region of ice and snow, is soon softened to milder temperature; and the heat of summer is made genial, though the mercury may be well up in the eighties, by the ozonized air which is everywhere in the Glades. The year is divided into the dry and rainy seasons. The latter may be roughly spoken of as including June and September, al-

[1] The estimate given in the census of 1900 is three hundred and fifty-eight.

though, well in the Glades, sudden light showers in limited areas are likely at any season, and in the autumn a high degree of humidity is constant. A lifetime might be spent in the region and no sign of malaria ever be discovered. Pure air, that moves in gentle breezes over a vast expanse of pure water, is the perfect assurance of health, as evinced in the fine physique, splendid coloring, and athletic vigor of the Seminole, who has a monopoly of as fine a climate as there is on earth.

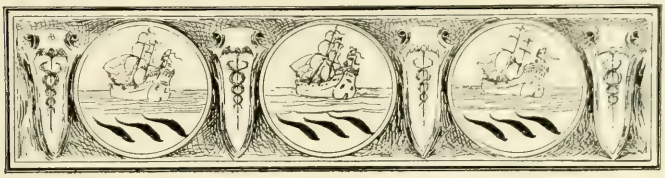
The approaches to the Everglades are singularly beautiful. In the dry season, when the water is low, it is possible to drive into the Glades for some distance. But the ideal approach is by water, and the Everglade rivers are not matched for beauty anywhere else in the world. Their beauty is unmatched because it is entirely of its own kind. All the rivers of the Glades find their way to the sea. In some cases they run directly through the rocky channels which their age-long floods have worn. Sometimes they make their way through miles of meandering curves. Near the sea the shores are lined with mangrove-trees, which reach out like giant spiders, throwing their roots down into the water until swaying acres of forest line the river's edge.

Looking into these forests, no land is to be seen—only the dark water of the stream lapping the mangrove roots. As one ascends the river, and the fresh water of the Glades overcomes the brackish tidal water, the mangrove gives way to its next of kin, the cocoa-plum, a tree of similar habit of growth. Farther up, the cypress fills the shore-line, and the lilies come into view. The whole voyage is a scene of shifting greens—the dark olive of the mangrove, the lemon-like foliage of the cocoa-plum, and the lighter green of the growing cypress, touched into life by vivid sunshine, making a scene of unique beauty. This beauty is enhanced by the "dark water," as it is called, which flows out of the Glades, as its rippled surface gleams and changes like mottled silk or as it falls from the oar in crystal drops.

Not every river that flows out of the Glades will lead the explorer in, for the aggressive mangrove and cocoa-plum often bar the way. The easiest approaches are on the east coast. Indeed, the only approaches affording entrance to the Glades without long detours and great hardships are the New River and the Miami. The Harney River, which empties into Whitewater Bay west of Cape Sable, is a splendid stream, with its great acreage of massive red and black mangroves; but it is a difficult pathway at best, as Lieutenant Willoughby found in his exploration. By the Miami and New rivers the entrance is comparatively easy. Both streams flow from the Everglades toward the Atlantic in comparatively direct courses, but each leaves its source in a characteristic way. The New River flows out of the Glades in a somewhat sweeping but gentle stream. The Miami has worn for itself a rocky way through the rim of the great basin, and comes tumbling out of its parent lake in a noisy, turbulent flood, over a fall of ten feet in three hundred yards. By the New River the start is made from Fort Lauderdale; by the Miami River, from Miami. Seven miles up the New River, and three miles up the Miami, the rivers open suddenly into the vast expanse in which they have their source; and the wide reaches of the "grass-water" seem to drink up the sunshine only to give it form again in waving grass and gleaming water, in swaying vine and star-bright lily and orchid.

No description of the physical features of the Everglades can possibly convey any true idea of their beauty and their charm. Both are indescribable and indefinable, yet the one is as clear as the sunlight which brings it into view, the other as keen as the touch of an awakening love. Both charm and beauty blend in a strange, sweet sense of mystery, which even one least responsive to this new mood of nature cannot possibly escape. As far as the vision can compass, grasses of gold wave over fields of silver, reaching away to a sky-line of cobalt blue. Green islands, so dreamlike that they seem to float in the tremulous sea of a sleep just ready to waken, open arms of welcome to their enchanting shadows. Across the matchless blue of a summer sky the children of the storm chase each other in scudding clusters of feathery cloud; but they are only children at play, for at their worst they break into soft showers which seem to have no purpose save to make broken bits of rainbow and to add a little to the sum of the life that is everywhere. For life *is* everywhere in this enchanted region,

where earth and water and air, plant and tree and sky, all seem to quiver and throb with its birth-throe. The edge of an active crater compels the thought of the suppressed anguish of creating nature; the smoking sea at early dawn suggests the menace of death held in the leash of life; the desert and the prairie tell of a life which, though it has passed, still lingers on the edges of its old arena. But here, in the lake of mystery, with its islands of enchantment and its untold story, life is alive. Over it all and through it broods that informing spirit of the essential life which is the heart of all things. Here one pardons—even applauds—the Spaniard, who so often gave the sacred name to the unhallowed object. Here he was not guilty. Here, mastered by the charm and beauty, and filled by the overwhelming, subtle life of it, he whispered, "Laguno del Espiritu Santo," christening the Caloosa's "Lake of the Sweet Water" by its new name, "the Lake of the Holy Spirit."



PANAMA

HOME OF THE DOVE-PLANT OR HOLY GHOST FLOWER

BY AMANDA T. JONES

I

WHAT time the Lord drew back the sea
And gave thee room, slight Panama,
"I will not have thee great," said he,
"But thou shalt bear the slender key
Of both the gates I builded me,
And all the great shall come to thee
For leave to pass, O Panama!"
(Flower of the Holy Ghost, white dove,
Breathe sweetness where he wrought in love.)

II

His oceans call across the land:
"How long, how long, fair Panama,
Wilt thou the shock of tides withstand,
Nor heed us sobbing by the strand?
Set wide thy gates on either hand,
That we may search through saltless sand—
May clasp and kiss, O Panama!"
(Flower of the deep-embosomed dove,
So should his mighty nations love.)

III

Out-peal his holy temple-clocks:
It is thine hour, glad Panama.
Now shall thy key undo the locks;
The strong shall cleave thy sunken rocks;
Swung loose and floating from their docks,
The world's white fleets shall come in flocks
To thread thy straits, O Panama!
(Flower of the tropics, snowy dove,
Forbid, unless they come in love.)

IV

How beautiful is thy demesne!
Search out thy wealth, proud Panama:
Thy gold, thy pearls of silver sheen,
Thy fruitful palms, thy thickets green;
Load thou the ships that ride between;
Attire thee as becomes a queen:
The great ones greet thee, Panama!
(Flower of the white and peaceful dove,
Let all men pass who come in love.)

FINERTY'S FERRY TALE

FROM "THE FUGITIVE BLACKSMITH"

BY DAVID STEWART

'T WAS airly in the dark of the mornin', and me sittin' on me bench befure the sand-house, when the *Creole Belle* comes down the river, wid the pilot borin' a long hole in the night wid his electricity machine. He was jerkin' a shpot of daylight back and forth on the wather a mile at a joomp. He took a feel of the Memphis bluff, and then, wid wan shweep of his arm from Tinnissee to Arkansaw, he began pokin' in the low woods on the other side of the Mississippi. "He must be careful," says I, "not to be runnin' his boat into the woods afther the high wather."

'T was then the light lit on a sight that near made me lose me pipe in surprise. For there, shtandin' on the other side in all his fine clothes, was me gineral. And there he was wavin' his silver sword and joompin' round in the shpot of light across the wather a mile away like a picther man in a kitteny-scope. And I c'u'd hardly believe me sinses that a man of his intilligence w'u'd be shtandin' all night on the very shpot I left him the afternoon befure. "From the way he prances around," says I, "'t is plain to be seen there is nothin' holdin' him."

When the *Creole Belle* had made the landin' ferninst me and tied up at the wharf boat, I ran aboord of her and up intil the pilot-house. And I says to the pilot: "W'u'd you do me the favor to squirt yer light over into Arkansaw again? I want to find a man. Ye 'll know him by the silver sword and the fine millinery he 's wearin' on his head. And w'u'd ye keep it playin' on him till I row over and see what meanin' he 's thryin' to impart to me?"

"Who is he and what is he?" says the pilot.

"Sure, 't is me gineral," says I.

"Gineral of what—and does he think the *Creole Belle* is a ferry?" says he.

"He don't call himself a gineral of annythin' at all; he says he 's a mason. And sure he is an illigant wan wid the gold hod-cushions on his shoulders. 'T is them he wears when he goes to bury a member of his union. There was a car-load of the likes of him went through, goin' up north from where they had been down below at a conclavity. And 't was him that marched by himself up the post-office bluff to look away into Arkansaw, where he knows some people, till the injine went away and left him. And he has n't a stitch till his back but the soldier clothes and the buckskin apron."

Wid that the pilot shtuck his beam out into the night again and began shweepin' it up and down the Arkansaw shore. And wanst I seen the gineral go through it like the flight of a glorified angel, shinin' up all at wanst and goin' out suddent-like.

"I think I have him located," says the pilot, pullin' the shtring aisy and makin' the electricity crawl along be inches. Wid a little fine jigglin' he put the shpot on him, and there was the gineral shtandin' calm-like, wid his hand in his chist like the statoo of the man discoverin' the Mississippi, and shinin' like an altar-piece.

"What do ye say he 's shtandin' out in the night like that for, makin' a tabloo of himself?" says the pilot.

"Ye can search me," says I. "He went over there to drop in on the Widdy Biggs, whose departed was a fri'nd of his. Maybe the widdy was not at home; but why he 's out like that all night I dunno. Will ye light the way for me whilst I go across and find out? And if he moves away, will ye keep it on him?"

"That I will," says the pilot. "I 'll give

him l'ave to move a mile and I 'll only budge this four inches."

"And ye might give me a wink of it, when I 'm rowin' across, to let him see I 'm comin'."

And so he did. And the gineral did n't move a fut.

"Hello, gineral," says I, as I pulled the boat up ferninst him, "was n't the widdy at home?"

"How d' ye suppose I know?" says he, insulted-like. "'T is a fine place ye put me on. I thought ye knew the counthry."

"And so I do," says I; "and the deppo is right over there where I told ye."

"And a roarin' mill-race betwixt me and it. Ye have put me on an *island*," says he.

"It can't be—'t is impossible," says I. Wid that I walked along the wather-edge of the low spongy sand. And befure long I came till where I started from.

"'T is a cut-off ye 're on," says I.

"And what 's a cut-off?" says he.

"'T is what they call a cashay," [1] says I.

"And what 's a cashay?" says he.

"'T is an island," says I. "'T is a new island that 's just been discovered. And ye 're the wan that 's discovered it. 'T was made by the high wather."

"I 'm sorry now I did n't wait for the ferry instid of trustin' to the likes of ye. 'T is a fine sight I 've been makin' of meself, not to say annythin' about shtandin' up in the wet all night," says he.

"Sure ye did look fine and ye did yerself credit," says I. "And I told ye the truth that the ferry is n't runnin'. 'T is too wet in the woods for a boat to come over. Get into me shkiff, and I 'll put ye on real land."

"And are ye sure now this is land?" says he, as he got out of the boat, jinglin' himself. "I 'm thinkin' ye had betther go wid me a piece, and then I 'll be sure."

"That I will," says I. "I 'll go to the plantation itself wid ye if the road is out of wather yet."

"Out of wather?" says he.

"Yis," says I. "'T is that way sometimes. And when the rise is goin' down ye 're like to find that 't is land where 't is wather, and wather where 't is land."

Wid that the light that had been keepin' us company took wan lape across the Mississippi and shut itself off. And then I heared him clankin' round amon'st the trees wid his sword.

"Don't be handlin' the trees," says I, "for I doubt they 're dry yet. And don't be leanin' against them, or they 'll be comin' off on yer clothes."

"I 'm lookin' for a place to sit and rest meself," says he.

"Don't do that," says I, "for 't is mud. Ye 'd have to be roostin' in the high branches like a chicken. Ye 'd betther come out of the dark into the boat. We 'll give the sun time to come up. 'T is only dry here on the wather."

So he came aboord, and we sat till 't was daylight. When 't was mornin', we found what was left of the road, and we went along, pullin' our feet out of the mud. The trees were all painted yellow wid it, just so high. And it was pillars of mud holdin' up the woods as far as ye c'u'd see, for the wather had been deeper nor a man's head. And a flock of gnats gathered round each of our bare faces, perchin' on the air as numerous as coarse smoke and folleyin' along ahead of us. The gineral went along, shooin' at them wid the white feather on his hat.

"'T is no use to do that," says I, "for they 're like a ghost: ye can pass a club through them, and shtill they 'll be there."

"I wish the dom things w'u'd get on to me where I c'u'd shmash them, or go away intirely, wan of the two," says he, gettin' vexed-like.

"'T w'u'd be an improvement," says I. "But ye 'll find 't is their way. When a gnat gets a place for himself on the air, ye can't knock him off of it, so ye might as well be savin' yer fine feather."

"'T is dom annoyin' they are," says he.

"'T is that," says I. "'T is hard they are on the poor dumb farm-animals that can nayther shmoke a pipe nor cover themselves wid mud like a hog. And afther the shpring rise like this manny a cattle is worried till he dies of distraction."

But shtill he went along, dustin' the air wid his feather and chuggin' at the heels and blowin' like a shteam man till he was red in the face. We were goin' along like that when we come to a serious-minded sort of a mule shtandin' by the roadside. We shtopped befure him, waitin' for some look of recognition. But he kept on lookin' off the length of his nose and shtandin'

[1] Caché.

careless-like, lettin' his ears hang anny way at all. And divil a care had he that he was shtandin' in the prisince of a human bein'. And the mule reminded the gineral that he was very tired.

"'T is a pity the mule was n't goin' our way," says I. "And though ye 'd have no business a-ridin' him, I 'm thinkin' if ye 'd sit on his back awhile I 'd lead the two of yees along." And so we did.

And when I saw afther a while how meek was the mule, I says: "Gineral, 't will be no harm at all. When ye get to where ye 're goin', I 'll ride him back and shtand him in the tracks where we found him. 'T will be no harm done then."

No more had I the words out of me mouth than the mule shtopped short and began lettin' out a volley of kicks behind him, firin' the mud off his hoofs so quick that befure ye c'u'd say Jack Robinson he had mud shtickin' against all the trees in gobs that 'u'd fill a flower-pot. When the mule began usin' his feet to shtand on again, the gineral sat like a frozen man, lookin' at me in an unearthly way that I c'u'd see no sinse in at all.

"What 's ailin' ye, and why don't ye move or shpeak? Do ye want to shtay on or do ye want to get off?" says I.

"*Move!*" says he, rollin' his eyeballs and never shtirrin'. "D' ye know, man, I 'm thinkin'," says he, "I believe," says he, "that I 'm *shtuck* to the mule."

Wid that he moved his arm and pulled the leg of his pants careful wid his fingers. And it lifted the hair of the mule like a porous plaster. I made a move to peel him off, but he yelled me back like an Indian.

"Don't pull a hair of him!" says he. "'T was that made him go off befure."

"'T is a kind of varnish," says I. "They put it on the cattle in these parts, I 've heared tell."

"We 're glued together—is it a trick they have?" says he.

"'T is put on him out of mercy," says I, "and dried medium hard, so that the insecks can't get their bills intil him. Wid that on him the gnats don't know is he a mule or a bedstead. But 't is aisy to tell that the man who did the job was no painter, for ye can see it is too thick and tacky," puttin' me finger on till it shtuck, and then pullin' it off, and causin' the mule to make a feint wid his hind leg.

"Don't be triflin' wid him; let 's think what we 're goin' to do," says he.

"There 's nothin' to be done at all but to get off and l'ave him, for a little varnish won't hold a shtrong man like ye. But let me give ye warnin' when ye start not to be gettin' off part at a time. Ye must be quicker nor he is," says I.

"Hold him tight to the halther," says he, "for if he sh'u'd go annywheres, he 'd be takin' me along wid him." And as we had a quiet shpell, breakin' the news till ourselves, and him bringin' his mind t' the deed, I began to have me doubts of how the mule w'u'd take annythin' like that.

"Ready now; 't is goin' to hurt him," says he, takin' a breath like he was goin' to dive, and knottin' his fists. He gave a fling to his legs like a joompin'-jack, but he had no more than ripped loose half the legs of his pants when the baste went shtraight up from the ground wid a jolt that shlapped the gineral back on to him tighter than ever. And the mule only kem down long enough to get his fore feet to earth so that he c'u'd shtart a boxin'-match wid the air behind him. I held his head like the butt of a Gatlin' gun till he was through wid the first round. Then for wan instant he laid off workin' behind, and kem down and shtood wid his ears laid back like a jack-rabbit, and his teeth grinnin', and the divil lookin' out of his eye. The gineral was that set in the face that I c'u'd see his mad was up.

"I 'll get off the dom mule this time if I have to shcalp the back of him," says he, shtrikin' his hand wid his own fisht.

I seen him thry it, and I saw no more. What happened till me I dunno. But when I kem to a stop, after rollin' in the mud, I sat up, and there I saw the mule l'apin' away down the road, wid the gineral shtickin' to him like ye 'd see a monkey ridin' a greyhound in the circus.

"I wonder is the mule goin' home till his folks," says I to meself. "If he does, 't will be a fine bird they 'll think they 've caught." And to satisfy meself what harm 'd come to him, I hurried along in the mule's footsteps.

As they come to a rise in the ground, the mule switched off the road wid a jerk of his tail and shtepped over a five-barred gate into the barn-yard of a house wid white pillars on the porch. When I kem up and looked through the gate, the mule had

shtopped himself in the middle of the barnyard. A black dawg wid a bay voice was sittin' down wid his nose pointed up at the shky, mournin' their arrival in an endless voice. Wid that a fine body of a woman come hastenin' out, folleyed by a nayger mammy and a fair-haired girl.

"Well, if it is n't Misther Ta-a-a-aggart!" says she, lookin' at him and holdin' up her two hands like givin' a blessin'. "Well, Misther Ta-a-a-aggart!"

The gineral saluted her wid the white feather, and then laid his hat on the buckskin apron befure him. I seen his lips move, but what he got out of him I dunno for the howlin' of the dawg.

"Will ye keep shtill and let a body have a word?" says she to the dawg. And she led him away wid wan of the ears that was hangin' down his back.

"You, mammy, go and put the kettle on," says she. "And you, Mary, to the field and tell John we 'll need him to go for a valise." And as she was comin' back afther puttin' the dawg away, I le'pt over the fence and went in.

"Well, Misther Ta-a-a-aggart," she went on again, "I 'm that surprised. Dismount this instant and come in."

He sat pethrified to the mule, wid his eyes lookin' off that far ye 'd think he was expectin' somethin' out of the sky.

"Excuse me, ma'am," says I, "but is it your mule?"

"Gracious me!" says she, h'istin' up her white jeweled hands again, "'t is Rooshy. And me that taken up I did n't notice it —I 'm so delighted."

"I 'm glad to hear he 's yours," says I, "for maybe ye 'd have some influence wid him. And ye 're no more surprised than we are, for 't was him showed us the way. And we might as well tell it till ye now—seein' ye 'll have to know it annyway," says I, shtoppin' awhile to break it till her aisy.

"What is it? Don't be keepin' me in suspense," says she. "Has annythin' happened?"

"'T is nothin' to shpeak of," says I, "except that your mule is a little shticky. And we don't want to be dismountin' too quicklike, seein' 't is your mule, for fear 't will hurt his hair."

She tuk it in wid a gasp, and the gineral kem to wid a blush. She put her finger till the mule's shoulder, and he shpurned her away wid a wiggle of his hide. Then she flustered hither and thither, blamin' herself for it all, and fidgetin' in the air wid her fine hands.

"Calm yerself, calm yerself, Misthress Biggs," says the gineral. "'T is no harm at all," says he, forcin' the words out wid a shmile that w'u'd pacify a lion.

"'T is no use gettin' excited," says I; "but if ye have somethin' that the mule w'u'd like to ate, 't w'u'd occupy his mind. Ah, have ye also a rope?"

I led them away to the barn. And there I had a lucky idea. Temptin' the baste wid a wisp of hay, I got him to put his head bechune the stanchion-beams where they lock the cows' heads in to milk them; and I closed the scantlin' behind his jaw so that he w'u'd n't be goin' away widout pullin' his head from its socket. Then I tied his leg to himself and gave the gineral the word. "Now ye can dismount," says I.

The mule was that mad about it that he brayed like a dry poomp, hollerin' out wid one breath and hollerin' back into himself wid the next. And when the gineral had both legs hangin' over wan side of the mule, the seat of him let go and dropped him intil the arms of the widdy.

"Dear me, I 'm so relieved!" says she, faint-like.

"'T is a relief," says I. "And I 'm glad they 're parted."

Wid that they both went off and left me, the gineral walkin' wide, be way of not interferin' wid himself. I took the riggin' off the mule and departed. And in half an hour I was paddlin' me way back to Tinnissee, to sit down and have a rest in peace.

'T WAS the last I thought I 'd be hearin' of it. But 't was only the beginnin'. Wan mornin' when I was sittin' on me bench befure the sand-house afther coalin' up Number Twinty-wan and puttin' the sand intil her, along comes Mary Ann McBride, that works bechune-times across the river. She had her arms filled wid groceries that she 'd be takin' over on the ferry, and she shtopped on the levee, waitin' to be coaxed into havin' a word wid the likes of me and watchin' for the clue of a chanst.

"Good mornin', Mary," says I. "And how is the mule gettin' along?"

"Quite well, thank ye kindly," says she. "An' how is yerself?"

"I 've me health," says I.

"'T is too bad," says she, "that a mule

was n't some kind av a Christian animal, that he c'u'd appreciate all that 'll be done for him, an' him livin' among the cows an' bein' shtall-fed all the time. The widdy gives him credit for it all."

"For all of what?" says I.

"Hush! They 're engaged—t' be *married*," says she, in a whisper. "An' 't is nothin' all day but what 'll Misther Taggart have an' what might he want. An' 't is atin' lettuce three times a day we are because he likes the green taste av thim."

Wid that she sat down on the bench beside me, wid the baskets and bundles around her, while she w'u'd be waitin' for the ferry, and she told me it all, trottin' a bag of sugar on her knee.

"Afther ye left," says she, "an' it kem to the widdy's ears that his citizen's clothes was thravelin' home alone on the thrain, she got out the best suit that the late Misther Biggs left behind him, and she made him put thim on so that he 'd not be shtickin' to things. 'T was thin I saw she began to act more free and homelike till him than iver—an' ye can't blame her at all, for 't is an illigant, well-to-do bachelor man he is, wid none to care for him but the widdies an' orphans. She c'u'd niver be done blamin' herself for the shp'ilin' av his regayly clothes. And she wint at thim wid her buke av 'Three Thousand Receipts,' and she thried as manny as they w'u'd shtand till she had thim ruined entirely. An' I says to meself, 'He 'll not be l'avin' now for a while, for he has no clothes av his own, an' he 'd have no right to be goin' away in the relics av Misther Biggs's.' An' I c'u'd see he made up his mind till it, for he contínted himself as tame as a married man.

"'T was two nights afther that I was sittin' in the parlor so 's to be lettin' thim have the porch t' thimselves. An' I was hangin' me nose out av the front windy to get a whiff av the smudge fire that was builded to kape the gnats away. An' av coorse I c'u'd not help hearin' that they wor' whisperin' saycrits, although I c'u'd n't tell for the life av me what 't was they wor' sayin'. But av a sidden I heared her whimperin' an' shnufflin' an' shtoppin' herself up wid her handkerchief, an' at that he gave a move that made the legs av his chair stutther on the boords.

"'What is it that 's ailin' ye, Missus Biggs?' says he, soft-like.

"'T is nothin' at all—nothin' at all. 'T will pass in a minute,' says she. ''T is only that ye look so natural—ye look so *natural*,' says she, all in a blurt. It escaped from her all at wanst as she was takin' her handkerchief from her mouth to say somethin' else. Wid that he began shp'akin' kind till her an' consolin' her on the shoulder. An' befure long she was cryin' on him comfortable-like, wid the handkerchief shpread like a bib on his chist to not be soilin' the coat.

"I was that disthracted thryin' to get an eye an' an ear to the crack av the shutther at wanst—an', d' ye know, 't is onpossible. An' betwixt choosin' bechune thim I made up me mind there 'd be more to hear than to see. But jist thin the big-throated hound saw the moon an' began to ullagoo at it for the night. An' I says to meself, 'I will get him away from there so that he won't be intherruptin' me.' An' afther a minute I wint out on the porch as bould an' accidental as ye pl'ase an' laid hould av him for to haul him away. An' the widdy says to me, flirtin' her handkerchief be way av usin' it: 'That is right, Mary Ann; take him away. He can see the moon behind the barn as well as he can here.'

"Whin I was through tyin' him at a distance wid a piece av clothes-line, I kem through the kitchen an' med me way aisy-like to the parlor again an' put me ear till the shutther. For a bit av a while there was no word at all; 't was as quiet outside as forty women kapin' shtill at wanst. But widout kapin' me waitin' too long she began chattin' away, wid her cryin' all done, an' tellin' what they 'd put into the hundred-acre field, an' what into the tin-acre patch, an' how they 'd change the house inside an' put in a closet for his regayly clothes. Thin she kem to a shtoppin'-place. I put me eye to the crack, an' they wor' sittin' close together an' holdin' on like two in a shwing. 'T was thin I knew that it had taken place—what I had suspicted."

"'T is the suspicted always happens," says I.

"Yis, but to think av it happenin' whin I was away wid that nuisance av a dawg! An' now 't is all over but gettin' ready. He 's goin' to take her away to Brighton Beach. Where that is, I dunno."

"'T is a place where ladies go in shwimmin'," says I.

"D' ye mane it?" says Mary Ann, not

knowin' what to do wid her hands. "The ide-e-e-a! She told me that same, an' I thought she was jokin' me. She 's makin' a little alapaca shkirt that doos n't come till her knees—an' barely that. T' think av it! 'T is little we know."

Wid that the ferry kem, and Mary Ann hurried away, l'avin' a big orange beside me. I sat till it w'u'd be time to coal up Number Twinty-wan and put the sand intil her, shmokin' me pipe an' thinkin' of the ways of the worruld.

MEMORIAL OF THE UNREMEMBERED

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

"Heu quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse."

WHOM I have loved Fortune loved not;
Whom I remember are forgot,
As though they never breathed this air
That to my listening soul sighs, "Where?"

My saints have on the earth no shrine
Save in this shattered heart of mine,
Whose trembling walls are sinking fast,
Whose incense hath not long to last.

My prophets none did heed nor trust;
My conquerors, conquered, bit the dust.
Not with their latest breath they knew
That deeds of theirs could none undo;

Nor consciousness of might or right
Sustained them in the gathering night,
But in all self-abasement they
From the great battle passed away.

Oh, somewhere be it otherwise
Than under these occluding skies!
Somewhere, in unimagined ways,
Be scored their triumph and their praise!

Where'er they dwell, to earth unknown,
I am content if me they own
Among their number,—theirs forgot,
Unsung, unshrined, exalted not,—

And if their shining brows (unstarred)
But bend on me their long regard,
And if their silence saith, "Have peace!
From tears for us—or pæans, cease!"

SANDY

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lovey Mary"

WITH PICTURES BY W. L. JACOBS

XI

"THE LIGHT THAT LIES"

DURING the summer Sandy worked faithfully to make amends for his failure to win the scholarship. He had meekly accepted Mrs. Hollis's torrent of abuse and the Meeches' open disapproval; he had winced under Martha's unspoken reproaches, and groaned over the judge's quiet disappointment.

"You see, my boy," the judge said kindly one day when they were alone, "I had set my heart on taking you into the office after next year. I had counted on the scholarship to put you through your last year at the academy."

"It was the fool I was," cried Sandy, in bitter condemnation; "but if ye 'll trust me the one time more, may I die in me traces if I ever stir out of them!"

So sincere was his desire to make amends that he asked to read law with the judge in the evenings after his work was done. Nothing could have pleased the judge more. He sat with his back to the lamp and his feet on the window-sill, and expounded polemics to his heart's desire.

Sandy sat in the shadow and whittled. Sometimes he did not listen at all, but when he did it was with an intensity of attention, an utter absorption in the subject, that carried him straight to the heart of the matter. Meanwhile he was unconsciously receiving a life-imprint of the old judge's native nobility.

From the first summer he had held a good position at the post-office. His first earnings had gone to a round little ship's surgeon on board the *America*. But since then his funds had run rather low. What he did not lend he contributed, and the result was a chronic state of bankruptcy.

"You must be careful with your earnings," the judge warned. "It is not easy to live within an income."

"Easier within it than without it, sir," Sandy answered from deep experience.

After the Lexington episode Sandy had shunned Martha somewhat; when he did go to see her, he found she was sick in bed.

"She never was strong," said Mrs. Meech, sitting limp and disconsolate on the porch. "Mr. Meech and I never thought to keep her this long. The doctor says it 's the beginning of the end. She 's so patient it 's enough to break your heart."

Sandy went without his dinner that day, and tramped to town and back, in the glare of the noon sun, to get her a basket of fruit. Then he wrote her a letter so full of affection and sympathy that it brought the tears to his own eyes as he wrote. These he took over and left at her door, then promptly forgot all about her.

For his whole purpose in life these days, aside from assisting the government in the distribution of mail and reading a musty old volume of Blackstone, was learning to dance.

In ten days was the opening of the county fair, and Sandy had received an invitation to be present at the fair hop, which was the social excitement of the season. It was to be his introduction into society, and he was determined to acquit himself with credit.

He assiduously practised the two-step in the back room of the post-office when the other clerk was out for lunch; he tried elaborate and ornate bows upon Aunt Melvy, who considered even the mildest "reel chune" a direct communication from the devil. The moment the post-office

closed he hastened to Dr. Fenton's, where Annette was taking him through a course of private lessons.

Dr. Fenton's house was situated immediately upon the street. Opening the door, one passed into a small square hall where the Confederate flag hung above a life-size portrait of General Lee. On every side were old muskets and rusty swords, large pictures of decisive battles, and maps of

afraid of any damned Yankee that ever pulled a trigger."

"Was he a rebel?" asked the unfortunate Sandy.

The doctor swelled with indignation. "He was a Confederate, sir! I never knew a rebel."

"It was the Confederates that wore the gray?" asked Sandy, trying to cover his blunder.

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"'YOU ARE SO B-BIG,' SHE SAID"

the siege of Vicksburg and the battle of Bull Run. In the midst of this warlike atmosphere sat the unreconstructed little doctor, wearing his gray uniform and his gray felt hat, which was reluctantly removed only at bedtime.

Here he ostensibly held office hours, but in reality he was doing sentry duty. His real business in life was keeping up with Annette, and his diversion was in the constant perusal of a slim sheet known as "The Confederate Veteran."

It was Sandy's privilege to pass the lines unchallenged. In fact, the doctor's strict surveillance diminished, and he occasionally was guilty of napping at the post when Sandy was with Annette.

"Come in, come in," he said one day. "Just looking over the 'Veteran.' Ever hear of Sam Davis? Greatest hero South ever knew! That 's his picture. Was n't

"They did," said the doctor. "I put it on at nineteen, and I 'll be buried in it. Yes, sir; and my hat. Would n't wear blue for a farm. Hate the sight of it so, that I might shoot myself by mistake. Ever look over these maps? This was the battle of—"

A door opened and a light head was thrust out.

"Now, d-dad, you hush this minute! You 've told him that over and over. Sandy 's my company. Come in here, Sandy."

A few moments later there was a moving of chairs, and Annette's voice was counting, "One, two, three; one, two, three," while Sandy went through violent contortions in his efforts to waltz. He had his tongue firmly between his teeth and his eyes fixed on vacancy as he revolved in furniture-destroying circles about the small parlor.

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"SHE HESITATED IN CONFUSION, THEN BLUSHED AND BOWED"

"That is n't right," cried Annette. "You 've lost the time. You d-dance with the chair, Sandy, and I 'll p-play the p-piano."

"No, you don't!" he cried. "I 'll dance with you and put the chair at the piano, but I 'll dance with no chair."

Annette sank, laughing and exhausted, upon the sofa and looked up at him hopelessly. Her hair had tumbled down, making her look more like a child than ever.

"You are so b-big," she said; "and you 've got so m-many feet!"

"The more of me to love ye."

"I wonder if you d-do?" She put her chin on her palms and looked at him sidewise.

"Don't ye do that again!" he cried. "Have n't I passed ye the warning never to look at me when you fix your mouth like that?"

She tried to call him a goose, though she knew that *g*'s were fatal.

A moment later she sat at one end of the sofa in pretended dudgeon, while Sandy tried to make his peace from the other.

"May the lightning strike me dead if I ever do it again without the asking! I 'll be good now—honest to goodness, Nettie. I 'll shut me eyes when you take the hurdles, and be blind to temptation. Won't ye be putting me on about the hop now, and what I must do?"

Annette counted her fraternity pins and tried to look severe. She used them in lieu of scalps, and they encircled her neck, fastened her belt, and on state occasions even adorned her shoe-buckles.

"Well," she at last said, "to b-begin with, you must be nice to everyb-body. You must n't sit out more than one d-dance with one g-girl, and you must b-break in on every dance I 'm not sitting out."

"Break in? Sit out?" repeated Sandy, realizing that the intricacies of society are manifold.

"Of course," said his mentor. "Whenever you see the g-girl you like dancing with any one else, you just p-put your hand on the man's shoulder, and then she d-dances with you."

"And will they all stop for me?" cried Sandy, not understanding at all why he should have the preference.

"Surely," said Annette. "And sitting out is when you like a girl so m-much that you would rather take her away to some quiet little corner and talk to her than to d-dance with her."

"That 'll never be me," cried Sandy—"not while the band plays."

"Shall we try it again?" she asked; and with much scoffing and scolding on her part, and eloquent apologies and violent exertion on his, they struggled onward toward success.

In the midst of the lesson there was a low whistle at the side window. Annette dropped Sandy's hands and put her finger to her lips.

"It 's Carter," she whispered. "D-dad does n't allow him to come here."

"Little 's the wonder," grumbled Sandy.

Annette's eyes were sparkling at the prospect of forbidden fruit. She tiptoed to the window and opened the shutter a few inches.

At the opening Carter's face appeared. It was a pale, delicate face, over-sensitive, over-refined, with the stamp of weakness on every feature. His restless, nervous eyes were slightly bloodshot, and there was a constant twitching about his lips. But as he pushed back the shutter and leaned carelessly against the sill, there was an easy grace in his figure and a devil-may-care light in his eyes that would have stirred the heart of a less susceptible maiden than the one who smiled upon him from between the muslin curtains. He laughed lightly as he caught at a flying lock of her hair.

"You little coward! Why did n't you meet me?"

She frowned significantly and made warning gestures toward the interior of the room.

At the far window, standing with his back to them, was Mr. Sandy Kilday. He was engaged in a fierce encounter with an unnamed monster whose eyes were green. During his pauses for breath he composed a few comprehensive and scathing remarks which he intended to bestow upon Miss Fenton at his earliest convenience. Fickleness was a thing not to be tolerated. She had confessed her preference for him over all others; she must and should prove it. Just when his indignation had reached the exploding-point, he heard his name called.

"Sandy," cried Annette, "what do you think? Ruth is coming home! Carter is on his way to the d-depot to meet her now. She 's been gone nearly a year. I never was so crazy to see anyb-body in all my life."

Sandy wheeled about. "Which depot?" he cried excitedly; and without apologies or farewell he dashed out of the house and down the street.

When the Pullman train came into the Clayton station, he was leaning against a truck in a pose of studied indifference. Out of the tail of his eye he watched the passengers alight.

There were the usual fat women and thin men, tired women with children, and old women with baskets, but no sign of a small girl with curls hanging down her back and dresses to her shoe-tops.

Suddenly he caught his breath. Standing in the car door, like a saint in a niche, was a radiant figure in a blue traveling-suit, with a bit of blue veil floating airily from her hat brim. She was not the little girl he was looking for, but he transferred his devotion at a bound; for long skirts and tucked-up curls rendered her tenfold more worshipful than before.

He watched her descend from her pedestal, bestow an affectionate kiss upon her brother, then look eagerly around for other familiar faces. In one heart-suspending instant her eyes met his, she hesitated in confusion, then blushed and bowed.

Sandy reeled home in utter intoxication of spirit. Even the town pump wore a halo of glorified rosy mist.

At the gate he met Mrs. Hollis returning from a funeral. With a sudden descent from his ethereal mood, he pounced upon her and, in spite of violent protestations, danced her madly down the walk and deposited her breathless upon the milk-bench.

"He 's getting worse all the time," she complained to Aunt Melvy, who had watched the performance with great glee.

"Yas, 'm," said Aunt Melvy, with a fond look at his retreating figure. "He 's jus' like a' Irish potato: when he ain't powerful cold, he 's powerful hot."

XII

ANTICIPATION

THE day before the fair Sandy employed a substitute at the post-office, in order to

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THEN HE FORGOT ALL ABOUT THE STEPS AND COUNTING TIME" (SEE PAGE 547)

give the entire day to preparation for the festivities to come.

Early in the morning he went to town and, after much consultation and many changes of mind, purchased a suit of clothes. Then he rented the town dress-suit, to the chagrin of three other boys who had each counted upon it for the coming hop.

With this precious burden under his arm, Sandy hastened home. He spread the two coats on the bed, placing a white shirt inside each, and a necktie about each collar. Then he stood back and admired.

"It 's meself I can see in them both this minute!" he exclaimed with delight.

His shoes were polished until they were resplendent, but they lost much of their glory during subsequent practising of steps before the mirror. He even brushed and cleaned his old clothes, for he foresaw the pain of laying aside the raiment of Solomon for dingy every-day garments.

Toward noon he went down-stairs to continue his zealous efforts in the kitchen. This met with Aunt Melvy's instant disapproval.

"For mercy sake, git out ob my way!" she cried, as she squeezed past the ironing-board to get to the stove. "I 'll press yer pants, ef you 'll jus' take yourself outen de kitchen. Be sure don't burn 'em? Look a-heah, chile; I was pressin' pants 'fore yer paw was wearin' 'em!"

Aunt Melvy's temper was a thing not to be trifled with when a "protracted meeting" was in session. For years she had been the black sheep in the spiritual fold. Her earnest desire to get religion and the untiring efforts of the exhorters had alike proved futile. Year after year she sat on the mourners' bench, seeking the light and failing each time to "come th'u'."

This discouraging condition of affairs sorely afflicted her, and produced a kind of equinoctial agitation in the Hollis kitchen.

Sandy went on into the dining-room, but he found no welcome there. Mrs. Hollis was submerged in pastry. The county fair was her one dissipation, and her highest ambition was to take premiums. Every year she sent forth battalions of cakes, pies, sweet pickles, beaten biscuit, crocheted doilies, and crazy-quilts to capture the blue ribbon.

"Don't put the window up!" she warned Sandy. "I know it 's stifling, but I can't have the dust coming in. Why don't you go on in the house?"

Mrs. Hollis always spoke of the kitchen and dining-room as if they were not a part of the house.

"Can't ye tell me something that 's good for the sunburn?" asked Sandy, anxiously. "It 's a dressed-up shooting-cracker I 'll be resembling the morrow, in spite of me fine clothes."

"Buttermilk and lemon-juice," recommended Mrs. Hollis, as she placed the last marshmallow on the roof of a four-story cake.

Sandy would have endured any discomfort that day in order to add one charm to his personal appearance. He used so many lemons there were none left for the judge's lemonade when he came home for dinner.

"Just home from the post-office?" he asked when he saw Sandy enter the dining-room with his hat on.

"Jimmy Reed 's doing my work to-day," Sandy said apologetically. "And if you please, sir, I 'll be keeping my hat on. I have just washed my hair, and I want it to dry straight."

The judge looked at the suspicious turn of the thick locks around the brim of the stiff hat and smiled.

"Vanitas vanitatum, et omnia vanitas," he quoted. "How many pages of Blackstone to-day?"

Sandy made a wry face and winked at Mrs. Hollis, but she betrayed him.

"He has been primping since sun-up," she said. "Anybody would think he was going to get married."

"Sweet good luck if I was!" cried Sandy, gaily.

The judge put down his fork and laid his hand on Sandy's arm. "You must n't neglect the learning, Sandy. You 've made fine progress, and I 'm proud of you. You 've worked your way this far; I 'll help you to the top if you 'll keep a steady head."

"That I 'll do," cried Sandy, grasping his hand. "It 's old Moseley's promise I have for steady work at the academy. If I can't climb the ladder, with you at one end and success at the other, then I 'm not much of a chicken—I mean I 'm not much."

"Well, you better begin by leaving the girls alone," said Mrs. Hollis as she moved the sugar out of his reach. "Just

let one drive by the gate, and we don't have any peace until you know who it is."

"By the way," said the judge, as he helped himself to a corn-dodger and two kinds of preserves, "I 'm sorry to see the friendship that 's sprung up between Annette Fenton and young Nelson. I don't know what the doctor 's thinking about to let it go on. Nelson is hitting a pretty lively pace for a youngster. He 'll never live to reap his wild oats, though. He came into the world with consumption, and I don't think he will be long getting out of it. He 's always getting into difficulty. I have had to fine him twice in the past month for gambling. Do you see anything of him, Sandy?"

"No," said Sandy, biting his lip. His pride had suffered more than once at Carter's condescension.

"Martha Meech must be worse," said Mrs. Hollis. "The up-stairs blinds have been closed all day."

Sandy pushed back the apple-dumpling which Aunt Melvy had made at his special request.

"Perhaps I can be helping them," he said as he rose from the table.

When he came back he sat for a long time with his head on his hand.

"Is she much worse?" asked Mrs. Hollis.

"Yes," said Sandy; "and it 's little that I can do, though she 's coughing her life away. It 's a shame—and a shame!" he cried in hot rebellion.

All his vanity of the morning was dispelled by the tragedy taking place next door. He paced back and forth between the two houses, begging to be allowed to help, and proposing all sorts of impossible things.

When inaction became intolerable, he plunged into his law books, at first not comprehending a line, but gradually becoming more and more interested, until at last the whole universe seemed to revolve about a case that was decided in a previous century.

When he rose it was almost dusk, and he came back to the present world with a start. His first thought was of Ruth and the rapturous prospect of seeing her on the morrow; then a swift doubt came as to whether a white tie or a black one was proper; then a sudden fear that he had forgotten how to dance. He jumped to his feet, took a couple of steps—then he remembered Martha.

The house seemed suddenly quiet and lonesome. He went from the sitting-room to the kitchen, but neither Mrs. Hollis nor Aunt Melvy was to be found. Returning through the front hall, he opened the door to the parlor.

The sight that met him was somewhat gruesome. Everything was carefully wrapped in newspapers. Pictures enveloped in newspapers hung on the walls, newspaper chairs stood primly around a newspaper table. In the dim twilight it looked like the very ghost of a room.

Sandy threw open the window, and going over to the newspaper piano, untied the wrappings. He softly touched the keys and began to sing in an undertone. Old Irish love-songs, asleep in his heart since they were first dropped there by the merry mother lips, stirred and awoke. The accompaniment limped along lamely enough; but the singer, with hat over his eyes and lemon-juice on his nose, sang on as only a poet and lover can. His rich, full voice lingered on the soft Celtic syllables, dwelt tenderly on the diminutive endearments, and his heart, overcharged with sorrow and joy and romance and dreams, spilled over in an ecstasy of song.

Next door, in an upper bedroom, a tired soul paused in its final flight. Martha Meech, stretching forth her thin arms in the twilight, listened as one might listen to the strains of an angel choir.

"It 's Sandy," she said, and the color came to her cheeks, the light to her eyes. For, like Sandy, she had youth and she had love, and life itself could give no more.

XIII

THE COUNTY FAIR

THE big amphitheater at the fair grounds was filled as completely and evenly as a new paper of pins. Through the air floated that sweetest of all music to the childish ear—the unceasing wail of expiring balloons; and childish souls were held together in one sticky ecstasy of molasses candy and pop-corn balls.

Behind the highest row of seats was a promenade, and in front of the lowest was another. Around these circled a procession which, though constantly varying, held certain recurring figures like the charging

steeds on a merry-go-round. There was Dr. Fenton, in his tight Confederate suit; he had been circling in that same procession at every fair for twenty years. There was the judge, lank of limb and loose of joint, who stopped to shake hands with all the strangers and invite them to take dinner in his booth, where Mrs. Hollis reveled in a riot of pastry. A little behind him strutted Mr. Moseley, sending search-lights of scrutiny over the crowd in order to discover the academy boys who might be perilling their time upon unlettered femininity.

At one side of the amphitheater, raised to a place of honor, was the courting-box. Here the aristocratic youth of the countryside met to measure hearts, laugh at the rustics, and enjoy the races.

In previous years Sandy had watched the courting-box from below, but this year he was in the center of it. Jests and greetings from the boys, and cordial glances from maidens both known and unknown, bade him welcome. But, in spite of his reception, and in spite of his irreproachable toilet, he was not having a good time. With hands in pockets and a scowl on his face, he stared gloomily over the crowd. Twice a kernel of pop-corn struck his ear, but he did not turn.

Above him, Annette Fenton was fathoms deep in a flirtation with Carter Nelson; while below him, Ruth, in the daintiest of gowns and the largest of hats, was wasting her sweetness on the desert countenance of Sid Gray.

Sandy refused to seek consolation elsewhere; he sat like a Spartan hero, and calmly watched his heart being consumed in the flames.

This hour, for which he had been living, this longed-for opportunity of being near Ruth and possibly of speaking to her, was slipping away, and she did not even know he was there.

He became fiercely critical of Sid Gray. He rejoiced in his stoutness and took grim pleasure in the fact that his necktie had slipped up at the back. He looked at his hand as it rested on the back of the seat; it was plump and white. Sandy held out his own broad, muscular palm, hardened and roughened by work. Then he put it in his pocket again and sighed.

The afternoon wore gaily on. Louder grew the chorus of balloons and stickier grew the pop-corn balls. The courting-box was humming with laughter and jest. The Spartan hero began to rebel. Why should he allow himself to be tortured thus when there might be a way of escape? He recklessly resolved to put his fate to the test. Rising abruptly, he went down to the promenade and passed slowly along the courting-box, scanning the occupants as if in search of some one. It was on his fourth round that she saw him, and the electric shock almost lost him his opportunity. He looked twice to make sure she had spoken; then, with a bit of his heart in his throat and the rest in his eyes, he went up the steps and awkwardly held out his hand.

The world made several convulsive circuits in its orbit and the bass drum performed a solo inside his head during the moment that followed. When the tumult subsided he found a pair of bright brown eyes smiling up at him and a small hand clasped in his.

This idyllic condition was interrupted by a disturbance on the promenade, which caused them both to look in that direction. Some one was pushing roughly through the crowd.

"Hi, there, Kilday! Sandy Kilday!"

A heavy-set fellow was making his way noisily toward them. His suit of broad checks, his tan shoes, and his large diamond stud were strangers, but his little close-set eyes, protruding teeth, and bushy hair were hatefully familiar.

Sandy started forward, and those nearest laughed when the stranger looked at him and said:

"My guns! Git on to his togs! Ain't he a duke!"

Sandy got Ricks out of the firing-line, around the corner of the courting-box. His face was crimson with mortification, but it never occurred to him to be angry.

"What brought you back?" he asked huskily.

"Hosses."

"Are you going to drive this afternoon?"

"Yep. One of young Nelson's colts in the last ring. Say," he added, "he's game, all right. Me and him have done biz before. Know him?"

"Carter Nelson? Oh, yes; I know him," said Sandy, impatient to be rid of his companion.

"Me and him are a winnin' couple," said Ricks. "We plays the races straight

along. He puts up the dough, and I puts up the tips. Say, he 's one of these here tony toughs; he won't let on he knows me when he 's puttin' on dog. What about you, Sandy? Makin' good these days?"

"I guess so," said Sandy, indifferently.

"You ain't goin' to school yet?"

"That I am," said Sandy; "and next year, too, if the money holds out."

"Golly gosh!" said Ricks, incredulously. "Well, I got to be hikin' back. The next is my entry. I 'll look you up after while. So-long!"

He shambled off, and Sandy watched his broad-checked back until it was lost in the crowd.

That Ricks should have turned up at that critical moment seemed a wilful prank on the part of fate. Sandy bit his lip and raged inwardly. He had a wild impulse to rush back to Ruth, seize her hand, and begin where he had left off. He might have done it, too, had not the promenade happened to land Dr. Fenton before him at that moment.

The doctor was behaving in a most extraordinary and unmilitary way. He had stepped out of the ranks, and was performing strange manœuvers about a knot-hole that looked into the courting-box. When he saw Sandy he opened fire.

"Look at her! Look at her!" he whispered. "Whenever I pass she talks to Jimmy Reed on this side; but the moment she thinks I 'm not looking, sir, she talks to Nelson on the other! Kilday," he went on, shaking his finger impressively, "that little girl is as slick as—a blame Yankee! But she 'll not outwit me. I 'm going right up there and take her home."

Sandy laughingly held his arm. It was not the first time the doctor had confided in him. "No, no, doctor," he said; "I 'll be the watch-dog for ye. Let me go and stay with Annette, and if Carter Nelson gets a word in her ear, it 'll be because I 've forgotten how to talk."

"Will you?" asked the doctor, anxiously. "Nelson 's a drunkard. I 'd rather see my little girl dead than married to him. But she 's wilful, Kilday; when she was just a baby she 'd sit with her little pink toes curled up for an hour to keep me from putting on her shoes when she wanted to go barefoot! She 's a fighter," he added, with a gruff chuckle that ended in a sigh, "but she 's all I 've got."

Sandy gripped him by the hand, then he turned the corner into the courting-box. Instantly his eager eyes sought Ruth, but she did not look up as he passed.

He unceremoniously took his seat beside Annette, to the indignation of little Jimmy Reed. It was hard to accept Carter's patronizing tolerance, but a certain curve to his eyebrows and the turn of his head served as perpetual reminders of Ruth.

Annette greeted Sandy effusively. She had found Jimmy entirely too limber a foil to use with any degree of skill, and she knew from past experience that Sandy and Carter were much better matched. If Sid Gray had been there also, she would have been quite happy. In Annette's estimation it was all a mistake about love being a game for two.

"Who was your stylish friend?" she asked Sandy.

"Ricks Wilson," said Sandy, shortly.

Carter smiled condescendingly. "Your old business partner, I believe?"

"Before he was yours," said Sandy.

This was not at all to Annette's taste. They were not even thinking about her.

"How m-many dances do you want for to-night?" she asked Sandy.

"The first four."

She wrote them on the corner of her fan. "Yes?"

"The last four."

"Yes?"

"And the four in between. What 's that on your fan?"

"Nothing."

"But it is. Let me see."

"Will you look at it easy and not tell?" she whispered, taking advantage of Carter's sudden interest in the judges' stand.

"Sure and I will. Just a peep. Come!"

She opened the fan half-way, and disclosed a tiny picture of himself sewed on one of the slats.

"And it 's meself that you care for, Annette!" he whispered. "I knew it, you rascal, you rogue!"

"Let g-go my hand," she whispered, half laughing, half scolding. "Look, Carter, what I have on my fan!" and, to Sandy's chagrin, she opened the fan on the reverse side and disclosed a picture of Nelson.

But Carter had neither eyes nor ears for her now. His whole attention was centered on the ring, where the most important event of the day was about to take place.

It was a trial of two-year-olds for speed and durability. There were four entries—two bays, a sorrel, and Carter's own little thoroughbred "Nettie." He watched her as she pranced around the ring under Ricks's skilful handling; she had nothing to fear from the bays, but the sorrel was a close competitor.

"Oh, this is your race, is n't it?" cried Annette as the band struck up "Dixie." "Where 's my namesake? The pretty one just c-coming, with the ugly driver? Why, he 's Sandy's friend, is n't he?"

Sandy winced under her teasing, but he held his peace.

The first heat Nettie won; the second, the sorrel; the third brought the grand stand to its feet. Even the revolving procession halted breathless.

"Now they 're off!" cried Annette, excitedly. "Mercy, how they g-go! Nettie is a little ahead; look, Sandy! She 's gaining! No; the sorrel 's ahead. Carter, your driver is g-going too close! He 's g-going to smash in— Oh, look!"

There was a crash of wheels and a great commotion. Several women screamed, and a number of men rushed into the ring. When Sandy got there, the greater crowd was not around the sorrel's driver, who lay in a heap against the railing with a broken leg and a bruised head; it was around Ricks Wilson in angry protest and indignation.

The most vehement of them all was Judge Hollis,—the big, easy-going judge,—whose passion, once roused, was a thing to be reckoned with.

"It was a dastardly piece of cowardice," he cried. "You all saw what he did! Call the sheriff, there! I intend to prosecute him to the full extent of the law."

Ricks, with snapping eyes and snarling mouth, glanced anxiously around at the angry faces. He was looking for Carter Nelson, but Carter had discreetly departed. It was Sandy whom he spied, and instantly called: "Kilday, you 'll see me through this mess? You know it was n't none of my fault."

Sandy pushed his way to the judge's side. He had never hated the sight of Ricks so much as at that moment.

"It 's Ricks Wilson," he whispered to the judge—"the boy I used to peddle with. Don't be sending him to jail, sir. I 'll—I 'll go his bail if you 'll be letting him go."

"Indeed you won't!" thundered the judge. "You to take money you 've saved for your education to help this scoundrel, this rascal, this half murderer!"

The crowd shouted its approval as it opened for the sheriff. Ricks was not the kind to make it easy for his captors, and a lively skirmish ensued.

As he was led away he turned to the crowd back of him and shook his fist in the judge's face.

"You done this," he cried. "I 'll git even with you, if I go to hell fer it!"

The judge laughed contemptuously, but Sandy watched Ricks depart with troubled eyes. He knew that he meant what he said.

XIV

A COUNCIL OF WAR

WHILE the frivolous-minded of Clayton were bent upon the festivities of fair week, it must not be imagined that the grave and thoughtful contingent, which acts as ballast in every community, was idle.

Mr. Moseley was a self-constituted leader in a crusade against dancing. At his earnest suggestion, every minister in town agreed to preach upon the subject at prayer-meeting the Wednesday evening of the hop.

They held a preliminary meeting before services in the study of the Hard-Shell Baptist Church. Mr. Moseley occupied the chair, a Jove of righteousness dispensing thunderbolts of indignation to his satellites. A fringe of scant hair retreated respectfully from the unadorned dome which crowned his personal edifice. His manner was most serious and his every utterance freighted with importance.

Beside him sat his rival in municipal authority, the Methodist preacher. He had a short upper lip and a square lower jaw, and a way of glaring out of his convex glasses that gave a comical imitation of a bullfrog in debate. This was the first occasion in the history of the town when he and Mr. Moseley had met in friendly concord. For the last few days the united war upon a common enemy had knitted their souls in a bond of brotherly affection.

When the half-dozen preachers had assembled, Mr. Moseley rose with dignity. "My dear brethren," he began impressively, "the occasion is one which permits of no trifling. The dancing evil is one

which has menaced our community for generations—a viper to be seized and throttled with a firm hand. The waltz, the —the Highland fling, the—the—"

"German?" suggested some one faintly.

"Yes, the german—are all invasions of the Evil One. The crowded rooms, the unholy excitement, are degenerating and debasing. I am glad to report one young soul who has turned from temptation and told me only to-day of his intention of refraining from partaking in the unrighteous amusement of this evening. That, brethren, was the nephew of my pastor."

The little Presbyterian preacher, thus thrust into the light cast from the halo of his regenerate nephew, stirred uneasily. He was contemplating the expediency of his youthful kinsman in making the lack of a dress-suit serve as a means of lightening his coming examinations at the academy.

Mr. Moseley, now fully launched upon a flood of eloquence, was just concluding a brilliant argument. "Look at the round dance!" he cried. "Who can behold and not shudder?"

Mr. Meech, who had not beheld and therefore could not shudder, ventured a timid inquiry:

"Mr. Moseley, just what is a round dance?"

Mr. Moseley pushed back his chair and wheeled the table nearer the window. "Will you just step forward, Mr. Meech?"

With difficulty Mr. Meech extricated himself from the corner to which the pressure of so many guests had relegated him. He slipped apologetically to the front and took his stand beneath the shadow of Mr. Moseley's presence. Prayer-meeting being but a semi-official occasion, he wore his second-best coat, and it had followed the shrinking habit established by its predecessors.

"Now," commanded Mr. Moseley, "place your hand upon my shoulder."

Mr. Meech did so with self-conscious gravity and serious apprehensions as to the revelations to follow.

"Now," continued Mr. Moseley, "I place my arm about your waist—thus."

"Surely not," objected Mr. Meech, in embarrassment.

But Mr. Moseley was relentless. "I assure you it is true. And the other hand—" He stopped in grave deliberation.

The Methodist brother, who had been growing more and more overcharged with suppressed knowledge, could contain himself no longer.

"That 's not right at all!" he burst forth irritably. "You don't hook your arm around like that! You hold the left arm out and saw it up and down—like this."

He snatched the bewildered Mr. Meech from Mr. Moseley's embrace, and humming a waltz, stepped briskly about the limited space, to the consternation of the onlookers, who hastened to tuck their feet under their chairs.

Mr. Meech, looking as if he were being backed into eternity, stumbled on the rug and clutched violently at the table-cover. In his downfall he carried his instructor with him, and a deluge of tracts from the table above followed.

In the midst of the confusion there was a sound from the church next door. Mr. Meech sat up among the debris and listened. It was the opening hymn for prayer-meeting.

XV

HELL AND HEAVEN

THE events of the afternoon, stirring as they had been, were soon dismissed from Sandy's mind. The approaching hop possessed right of way over every other thought.

By the combined assistance of Mrs. Hollis and Aunt Melvy, he had been ready at half-past seven. The dance did not begin until nine; but he was to take Annette, and the doctor, whose habits were as fixed as the numbers on a clock, had insisted that she should attend prayer-meeting as usual before the dance.

In the little Hard-Shell Baptist Church the congregation had assembled and services had begun before Mr. Meech arrived. He appeared singularly flushed and breathless, and caused some confusion by giving out the hymn which had just been sung. It was not until he became stirred by the power of his theme that he gained composure.

In the front seat Dr. Fenton drowsed through the discourse. Next to him, her party dress and slipper-bag concealed by a rain-coat, sat Annette, hot and rebellious, and in anything but a prayerful frame of mind. Beside her sat Sandy, rigid with elegance, his eyes riveted on the preacher, but his thoughts on his feet. For, stationary

though he was, he was really giving himself the benefit of a final rehearsal, and mentally performing steps of intricate and marvelous variety.

"Stop moving your feet!" whispered Annette. "You 'll step on my dress."

"Is it the mazurka that 's got the hiccoughs in the middle?" asked Sandy, anxiously.

Mr. Meech paused and looked at them over his spectacles in plaintive reproach.

Then he wandered on into sixthlies and seventhlies of increasing length. Before the final amen had died upon the air, Annette and Sandy had escaped to their reward.

The hop was given in the town hall, a large, dreary-looking room with a raised platform at one end, where Johnson's band introduced instruments and notes that had never met before.

To Sandy it was a hall of Olympus, where filmy-robed goddesses moved to the music of the spheres.

"Is n't the floor g-grand?" cried Annette, with a little run and a slide. "I could just d-die dancing."

"What may the chalk line be for?" asked Sandy.

"That 's to keep the stags b-back."

"The stags?" His spirits fell before this new complication.

"Yes; the boys without partners, you know. They have to stay b-back of the chalk line and b-break in from there. You 'll catch on right away. There 's your d-dressing-room over there. Don't bother about my card; it 's been filled a week. Is there anyb-body you want to dance with especially?"

Sandy's eyes answered for him. They were held by a vision in the center of the room, and he was blinded to everything else.

Half surrounded by a little group stood Ruth Nelson, red-lipped, bright-eyed, eager, her slender white-clad figure on tiptoe with buoyant expectancy. The crimson rose caught in her hair kept impatient time to the tap of her restless high-heeled slipper, and she swayed and sang with the music in a way to set the sea-waves dancing.

It was small matter to Sandy that the lace on her dress had belonged to her great-grandmother, or that the pearls about her round white throat had been worn by an ancestor who was lady in waiting to a queen of France. He only knew she meant everything beautiful in the world to him,—music and springtime and dawn,—and that when she smiled it was sunlight in his heart.

"I don't think you can g-get a dance there," said Annette, following his gaze. "She is always engaged ahead. But I 'll find out, if you w-want me to."

"Would you, now?" cried Sandy, fervently pressing her hand. Then he stopped short. "Annette," he said wistfully, "do you think she 'll be caring to dance with a boy like me?"

"Of course she will, if you k-keep off her toes and don't forget to count the time. Hurry and g-get off your things; I want you to try it before the crowd comes. There are only a few couples for you to bump into now, and there will be a hundred after a while."

O the fine rapture of that first moment when Sandy found he could dance! Annette knocked away his remaining doubts and fears and boldly launched him into the merry whirl. The first rush was breathless, carrying all before it; but after a moment's awful uncertainty he settled into the step and glided away over the shining floor, counting his knots to be sure, but sailing triumphantly forward behind the flutter of Annette's pink ribbons.

He was introduced right and left, and he asked every girl he met to dance. It made little difference who she happened to be, for in imagination she was always the same. Annette had secured for him the last dance with Ruth, and he intended to practise every moment until that magic hour should arrive.

But youth reckons not with circumstance. Just when all sails were set and he was nearing perfection, he met with a disaster which promptly relegated him to the dry-dock. His partner did not dance!

When he looked at her, he found that she was tall and thin and vivacious, and he felt that she must have been going to hops for a very long time.

"I hate dancing, don't you?" she said. "Let 's go over there, out of the crowd, and have a nice long talk."

Sandy glanced at the place indicated. It seemed a long way from base.

"Would n't you like to stand here and watch them?" he floundered helplessly.

"Oh, dear, no; it 's too crowded. Be-

sides," she added playfully, "I have heard *so* much about you and your awfully romantic life. I just want to know all about it."

As a trout, one moment in mid-stream swimming and frolicking with the best, finds himself suddenly snatched out upon the bank, gasping and helpless, so Sandy found himself high and dry against the wall, with the insistent voice of his captor droning in his ears.

She had evidently been wound and set, and Sandy had unwittingly started the pendulum.

"Have you ever been to Chicago, Mr. Kilday? No? It is such a dear place; I simply adore it. I 'm on my way home from there now. All my men friends begged me to stay; they sent me so many flowers I had to keep them in the bath-tub. Was n't it darling of them? I just love men. How long have you been in Clayton, Mr. Kilday?"

He tried to answer coherently, but his thoughts were in eager pursuit of a red rose that flashed in and out among the dancers.

"And you really came over from England by yourself when you were just a small boy? Were n't you clever! But I know the captain and all of them made a great pet of you. Then you made a walking tour through the States; I heard all about it. It was just too romantic for any use. I love adventure. My two best friends are at the theological seminary. One 's going to India,—he 's a blond,—and one to Africa. Just between us, I am going with one of them, but I can't for the life of me make up my mind which. I don't know why I am telling you all these things, Mr. Kilday, except that you are so sweet and sympathetic. You understand, don't you?"

He assured her that he did with more vehemence than was necessary, for he did not want her to suspect that he had not heard what she said.

"I knew you did. I knew it the moment I shook hands with you. I felt that we were drawn to each other. I am like you; I am just full of magnetism."

Sandy unconsciously moved slightly away: he had a sudden uncomfortable realization that he was the only one within the sphere of influence.

After two intermissions he suggested that they go out to the drug-store and get some soda-water. On the steps they met Annette.

"You old f-fraud," she whispered to Sandy in passing, "I thought you did n't like to sit out d-dances."

He smiled feebly.

"Don't you mind her teasing," pouted his partner; "if we like to talk better than to dance, it 's our own affair."

Sandy wished devoutly that it was somebody else's. When they returned, they went back to their old corner. The chairs, evidently considering them permanent occupants, assumed an air of familiarity which he resented.

"Do you know, you remind me of an old sweetheart of mine," resumed the voice of his captor, coyly. "He was the first real lover I ever had. His eyes were big and pensive, just like yours, and there was always that same look in his face that just made me want to stay with him all the time to keep him from being lonely. He was awfully fond of me, but he had to go out West to make his fortune, and he married before he got back."

Sandy sighed, ostensibly in sympathy, but in reality at his own sad fate. At that moment Prometheus himself would not have envied him his state of mind. The music set his nerves tingling and the dancers beckoned him on, yet he was bound to his chair, with no relief in view. At the tenth intermission he suggested soda-water again, after which they returned to their seats.

"I hope people are n't talking about us," she said, with a pleased laugh. "I ought n't to have given you all these dances. It 's perfectly fatal for a girl to show such preference for one man. But we are so congenial, and you do remind me—"

"If it 's embarrassing to you—" began Sandy, grasping the straw with both hands.

"Not one bit," she asserted. "If you would rather have a good confidential time here with me than to meet a lot of silly little girls, then I don't care what people say. But, as I was telling you, I met him the year I came out, and he was interested in me right off—"

On and on and on she went, and Sandy ceased to struggle. He sank in his chair in dogged dejection. He felt that she had been talking ever since he was born, and was going to continue until he died, and

that all he could do was to wait in anguish for the end. He watched the flushed, happy faces whirling by. How he envied the boys their wilted collars! After eons and eons of time the band played "Home, Sweet Home."

"It 's the last dance," said she. "Are n't you sorry? We 've had a perfectly divine time—" She got no further, for her partner, faithful through many numbers, had deserted his post at last.

Sandy pushed eagerly through the crowd and presented himself at Ruth's side. She was sitting with several boys on the stage steps, her cheeks flushed from the dance, and a loosened curl falling across her bare shoulder. He tried to claim his dance, but the words, too long confined, rushed to his lips so madly as to form a blockade.

She looked up and saw him—saw the longing and doubt in his eyes, and came to his rescue.

"Is n't this our dance, Mr. Kilday?" she said, half smiling, half timidly.

In the excitement of the moment he forgot his carefully practised bow, and the omission brought such chagrin that he started out with the wrong foot. There was a gentle, ripping sound, and a quarter of a yard of lace trailed from the hem of his partner's skirt.

"Did I put me foot in it?" cried Sandy, in such burning consternation that Ruth laughed.

"It does n't matter a bit," she said lightly, as she stooped to pin it up. "It shows I 've had a *good* time. Come! Don't let 's miss the music."

He took her hand, and they stepped out on the polished floor. The blissful agony of those first few moments was intolerably sweet.

She was actually dancing with him (one, two, three; one, two, three). Her soft hair was close to his cheek (one, two, three; one, two, three). What if he should miss a step (one, two, three)—or fall?

He stole a glance at her; she smiled reassuringly. Then he forgot all about the steps and counting time. He felt as he had that morning on shipboard when the *America* passed the *Great Britain*. All the joy of boyhood resurged through his veins, and he danced in a wild abandonment of bliss; for the band was playing "Home, Sweet Home," and to Sandy it meant that, come what might, within her shining eyes his gipsy soul had found its final home.

When the music stopped, and they stood, breathless and laughing, at the dressing-room door, Ruth said:

"I thought Annette told me you were just learning to dance!"

"So I am," said Sandy; "but me heart never kept time for me before!"

When Annette joined them she looked up at Sandy and smiled.

"Poor f-fellow!" she said sympathetically. "What a perfectly horrid time you 've had!"

(To be continued)

COLOR AT VESUVIUS

AND OTHER IMPRESSIONS OF A WEEK AT THE CRATER

BY CORWIN KNAPP LINSON

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR

FROM the heights above the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele at Naples there stretches before one a beautiful panorama. Over the housetops and domes and clamorous streets, tenderly brilliant beneath the azure of the southern sky; over the curving bay; across the stretch of plain and straggling village street; past gardens of vine and fig clustering about the white dots of houses; even unto the very mountain slopes, the view is never obstructed, but runs on and up to the sullen cloud that unceasingly trails its indolent length seaward. At one end of the picture a gay Neapolitan riot of color, at the other gray ash and harsh lava rock, with patches of smoky yellow where sulphur lies, and here and there rich mottlings of lower tones of black and bronze and orange-red.

The Funicular Railway climbs the cone like an immense steel ladder. The upper station is a little shed of a thing, as grimy and black as a coal-breaker, some hundred feet or more from the crater. Its proximity is startlingly suggested by the thundering challenge from above, and also by the intense heat and the numerous *fumerole*—little holes and fissures underfoot which give out nauseous odors and intense heat.

Pouring from the crater, when I reached the station, were swelling volumes of smoke and white vapor, following upon explosions that sent great stones and fragments of hot lava hundreds of feet into the air, while cinders fell about me like a dry, black rain. It seemed more than ever an impertinence to think of making pictures of so unearthly a spectacle.

All vision and hearing absorbed in what was taking place, I stood, half suffocated at times by the swirling fumes. With a far-away and insistent turbulence, a dull booming came from the depths. The mountain seemed about to be rent in pieces—an impression no doubt due to the reverberations of sound-waves as the noise grew in volume, with a rattling and cracking as from a thousand rifles in succession, and a thunderous clamor as the flying rocks hurtled one against another. Then up shot a swift cloud of cinders, lapilli, and lava fragments, turning the blue into a dirty dun through which the sun gleamed luridly. I had placed myself to windward, yet I watched the falling rocks with a vigilant eye and some apprehension. I saw heedless visitors escape the hot shot by not five yards, and one great projectile fell near by, plowing its way into the earth and lying smoking and half buried. A moment of quiet followed, and then another explosion tore its way upward, pouring forth a coiling black cloud that blotted out the blue sky.

At first there were no stones at all on the south side. On the second night the wind changed, and the next day saw the ground black with them. Where I had worked, a huge piece of lava lay deep in the ash, with a long furrow behind it. It looked like iron slag. Others, striking the outer edge, had rolled down the smooth outer slope of the cone, leaving twisted tracks that wound out of sight.

The highest point on the summit was a projection of lava perforated like an immense composite chimney, continually giving out vapors and heat. All about the largest hole were mineral deposits in a

Color drawing by Corwin K. Linson

A NIGHT ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS

pattern of old rose, lemon, orange, red, greenish bronze, and black. To put one's head over this opening would be to challenge death. But I used the heap to better advantage, gazing from its elevation over the vibrant expanse of blue hills and flashing sea, with the sun glistening on the white cities that girdle the bay as with gems. Far below lay Pompeii, a black scar on the plain, the one wound on a fair land. But, turning about, I looked into a most awful chasm, an appalling abyss, a ghastly hole that appeared to be hundreds of feet across when the ever-shifting masses of smoke and steam cleared sufficiently to afford a view of the opposite side. No one visit ever gave me that view. It was only after repeated observation from all sides, as the veering wind permitted, that I gained my final impression of that awful opening. The columns of rolling smoke, the clouds of white vapor, for most of the time hid from sight all but the immediate brownish-purple and yellow foreground, and its abrupt fall into the unknown.

Sometimes jagged rocks would appear, seared and stained and intensely forbidding in their suggestion of venomous life, as though they were the nests of serpents, so hideous was their slimy, glistening character and color. Mineral deposits,—yellow sulphur and white salt,—gray ashes, blackened and torn lava rocks carved into fantastic shapes, combined to give it this appearance. And the stupendous mystery of the source of all this horror, the eternal menace of it, the uncertainty of its action, and the certainty of its results, so grew upon me that my last ascents were made by sheer force of will, and I dreaded contact with a scene that was too awful ever to become familiar. I wondered of what stuff the imperturbable guides could be made; but certain I am that few of them enjoyed their environment.

I went down to the verge. The brink

Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

NAPLES AND VESUVIUS, FROM THE HEIGHTS NORTH OF THE CITY

was treacherously soft, with its coating of shifty ash on the ledge of lava overhanging the gulf; so, cautiously braced and bending forward less than a yard from the edge, I got a glimpse of the depths. The muffled muttering was the more impressive because impossible to measure or define. This clamor of unseen forces taps one's nerves. I could mark the discolored sides of the crater dropping in precipitous in-

great masses that held a certain grandeur in their silhouettes. Up and down, in and out, carefully feeling for places for our feet, or sometimes making good way over some old and hardened stream, we proceeded, the lava cracking all about us with the contraction of cooling, the under surface still glowing in the crevices. Once there came a sharp report as the top broke open a few feet away, revealing the vivid

Half-tone plate engraved by Walter Aikman

SUNSET VIEW OF VESUVIUS IN JANUARY, SHOWING OLD AND NEW LAVA

cline, seamy, cracked, steaming at points with jets as from escape-valves. I did not linger where at any moment a violent explosion might cause the overhang to slip, as I afterward saw happen. I experienced a thrill, indeed, when, during a visit to Naples in the following year, I learned that the whole ledge upon which I had worked had disappeared within a fortnight of that time.

The ash cone lies like a monster ant-heap on the broad shoulders of the mountain. The streams of lava ooze from holes, slowly following their various courses, congealing soon into weird and curious shapes. Two nights, with my guide, I clambered over the rough and tortuous surface, our torches flaring out into the darkness upon

seam of fire. We soon reached the first fresh lava, moving in resistless flow. It was about two yards across, and as flat as a river where it issued at white heat. Farther on it darkened in color, and began to tumble and break and to pile up into ridges and cable-like coils. Beyond this was another stream that came from an opening some ten feet above and formed a cascade of fire. The heat was intense. Issuing thus in molten state, white hot or glowing red against the blackness of the night, its light diffused by the rising steam, revealing the uncanny shapes in stone all about, this night view of flowing lava is surely most impressive. There were streams of fire every few yards, and the heat drove us back more than once when the shifting

Color drawing by Corwin K. Linson

SULPHUR DEPOSITS AT THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS

wind brought the hot blast in our faces. I was content to remain in one place, watching a phase of nature's mountain-building that was at once beautiful and dreadful to see. But as the flow has no certainty of movement, and we could not rely on its leaving a solid footing under us from one moment to another, we cautiously retreated. When we had made our way back, I found the soles of my shoes were burned.

From the station I gazed back on the fiery streams forming a long line of moving red, and sending up a quivering veil of thin, flaming light, that met, high up, the cool darkness of the sky, with its setting of tranquil stars.

When, by day, I went out to study the lava-fields in the Atrio del Cavallo, I worked from the vantage-point of a heaped-up pile of rugged boulders. Two feet below the crust, the interior was at red heat, and I sat in the cold January wind over a pleasant, comfortable warmth. But to sit over volcanic fires is not the most tranquilizing of experiences, and involuntarily I glanced down now and again. Always I could hear the cracking, with dull thuds, as of thick ice breaking. My guide once jumped to his feet as a new stream burst out not twenty yards away. Having reassured himself that the seam was not extending our way, and that there was no immediate danger, he reseated himself, saying, "It is nothing; but he works hard to-day."

The lava-fields are among the most extraordinary of Vesuvian phenomena. Rock heaped upon rock,—not ordinary stone, but boulders such as might be made by fusing iron with coal refuse and glass,—rough, jagged rocks armed with teeth and claws and seamed with fire, scoriated, petrified streams, masses of matter resembling a monster's wrinkled hide, fantastic shapes, they lie jammed together by an irresistible force, twisted, thrown one against another in nightmare confusion.

The vast extent of stony acres under the bright sunlight is blackish gray in color, bare, monotonous, and desolate. At evening the sun gave it a tone of old copper, and the light, gradually fading, left it a dull bronze, deepening in tone until the night infolded it in gloom. Early in the morning, as one looked at it from the observatory, with the sun rising behind the mountain, it had the blue of a plum. It was wonderfully changeable in color, variously affected by every shifting angle of sunlight.

One night at the station the unkind winds brought sulphurous vapors from the crater and from the crevices in the side. The cinders blew against the windows and in between the shutters, playing a rattling tattoo to the accompaniment of the wind's dreary whistling. The sickening gases penetrated my room, and I covered my face with dampened towels to breathe easily, sitting in the blackness and wondering what other strange and untoward things would happen. In the morning the station area lay under several inches of powdery ashes.

Each successive visit to the crater deepened the feeling of awe with which I had come to regard that bellowing entrance to Inferno. Each day I could get different glimpses into the seething pit, but one day was like another in the fiendish din and smell of it all. I was glad indeed to turn my back upon it, on my last ride down the giddy slope of the Funicular, where it ever seemed as though the rocks below were flying up to smite me in the face. I made one last journey around by the devious paths to the crevices in the side. The blue walls of Monte Somma loomed through the rolling white steam-clouds that rounded up through the giant cracks. These crevices slant at a sharp angle in an almost straight line, bordered by the roughly tumbled lava upon which I stood, colored in brilliant yellows and various reds and blacks. I could not see the side beyond the constantly swelling steam, nor approach within ten yards for the evil smell of the place; and after noting the color-effect in a hasty sketch, I withdrew to a more healthful neighborhood.

For two days the carriage-road had been blocked along almost the whole of its length by the encroaching lava. In order to reach the observatory, near which I remained the last three nights, I was forced to make the intervening mile and a half over the new hot lava, crossing one live stream. At this point it was considerably surface-cooled, but still glowing, and broken into loose fragments and boulders that rolled along underfoot. It was quick work and sure stepping, cool head and hot feet. Glad I was to reach the remnant of good road at the end, hewn out of solid lava, and so find myself at the little house where I was to stay. A buxom matron

volubly welcomed me. My room, up a flight of steps, was one of the four in the house. The others were the family bedroom beyond mine, and the kitchen and the donkey-stable below. As I looked in at the little beast quietly munching his fodder, I saw several sedate hens perched comfortably upon his back. In a small building across the road, decorated as to outer walls with a startling representation of Vesuvius ejecting quantities of wine-bottles, I had my supper. As though my senses were not yet sufficiently saturated with ghastly odors, a charcoal fire was fuming at my feet to temper the chill of the evening. But I placed the stifling stuff by the window, which I opened, so that I might eat my macaroni in a sweeter air.

The family were still at the table in the kitchen when I joined them, making merry over bowls of soup and a bottle of wine. The matted heads of the four children bobbed hither and thither as their grimy hands snatched at bits of bread. The elders grinned their enjoyment, and the flickering candle sent out quavering shadows over the dirty white walls and low ceiling covered with utensils and dried herbs. An infrequent flash from some bit of copper struck a bright note in the smoky interior. Here, under the very shadow of Vesuvius, was a happy home and a picture for Rembrandt.

My room was a small one with terra-cotta walls and turquoise-blue ceiling, containing a bed, a rude armoire, table, and chairs. On the walls were some small photographs, chromos, crude oil portraits and landscapes, and two wax saints under glass. The whole family slept in the other room. As they could get to it only through mine, I had to retire last and be the first out in the morning. How they were stowed away, the four elders and the four children, I could not guess.

That night I saw a magnificent spectacle. I was watching the lava, that, from this new point of view, looked like red claws reaching toward me. Suddenly there shot up from the distant crater, which until now had loomed in somber silhouette against the starry sky, an immense cloud of vapor lighted by the internal fire. It rose in majesty, and slowly floated away. Another came, and repeatedly this splendid illumination reddened the sky above it, accompanied by explosions like claps of thunder. Finally, the whole top was enveloped in a fiery mist, while it emitted blasts of apparent flame for about an hour. And ever there came a low buzzing, humming, throbbing sound, as of a vast mill of thousands of whirling wheels. Each night this ominous hum sounded in the stillness, seeming to come from the ground beneath; and through my pillow the tortured giant groaned this accompaniment to my slumber. Thus, nearly two miles away, on this ledge of natural rock that juts from the mountain like a spur between the lava-beds on each side, one can hear the noise of the subterranean conflict as one cannot even under the mouth of the volcano. I was told that during a violent eruption this hum becomes a dull roaring audible miles away.

On the last day I had occasion to revisit the station. The bridle-path had again been cut through the new lava, still hot, though hardened. I was first to use it, in the early morning, and alone I rode my pony over the rough new path. About midway I heard a now familiar sound up the slope, and saw coming, head on, twelve yards away, what appeared to be a moving stone wall about ten feet wide and six or eight feet high. It was slowly pushing onward, breaking, tumbling, grinding, crunching, implacable. Not ten minutes later, an impassable molten barrier lay across the path behind me, and man's little labor was rendered once more of no account. Looking westward toward Naples, I saw the long blue shadow of Vesuvius lying out over the valley, the apex just touching the town. Was it not dramatically suggestive, this steely finger stretched daily at the teeming city?

KEEGAN'S COUP AT KA

BY EDWARD W. TOWNSEND

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC R. GRUGER

"KEEGAN, would you like to go to the island of Ka with me?"

Keegan did not know that there was an island of Ka. Two islands, Manhattan and Coney, he knew well, knew every rood of, as one knows the paces between his sitting- and dining-rooms; and he had heard of others, as Fire Island, beyond Coney, but as to this Keegan reserved doubts. None of these thoughts delayed his reply, but he answered at once, and with a bright smile, "Sure!"

Franklin Monroe, who had just received this assurance from Keegan, was the newly appointed minister at the court of Koo-la-koo, King of the Island of Ka. Monroe senior was a liberal contributor to the campaign fund of his party, so when he asked for a post in the diplomatic service for his son there was an embarrassment in the State Department which pervaded the White House when the President and Secretary faced, for the hundredth time, the fact that there were no vacancies in the service, while promises for such posts were vexatiously numerous.

"But," exclaimed the Secretary, with happy recollection, "there 's Ka."

And there was Ka, with no application for the post, because no one outside of the cabinet knew that a minister was to be sent there. The commander of the cruiser *Cleveland* had recently reported to the Secretary of the Navy that, putting into Ka for fresh fruit, he met there ships of the French, German, and British navies. Therefore, naturally, the cabinet resolved to hurry a minister to Ka. The post was offered to Franklin Monroe, and accepted gladly for the reason that Monroe had met the King of Ka during the latter's memorable tour of the world, and had ever since wished to accept the King's invitation to visit Ka, but had not asked him where it was. That and other needful knowledge was imparted to Monroe by the Secretary of State, and, official service being arranged, Monroe considered the question of a valet who understood his likes and dislikes relating to personal service. Keegan, of course! Keegan had risen from stable groom to house footman, thence to second butler in the Monroes' domestic service, and was the handsomest young man who ever sat by a coachman's side and, with moveless lips, commented on the passing show of the Avenue. He was keen-witted, good-natured, well-trained; so—Keegan, of course! *He* did not ask where or what Ka was; scorned the butler's belief that it was a heathen land; promised the housemaids

to write daily; and, with mind filled with unasked questions, learned somehow that to reach Ka there were days of railroad and weeks of steamer journey.

One day, after many of wonders, the ship, sailing over a purple sea, sighted land afar off; and there magically rose shadowy green mountains whose foot-hills swept down to a suave blonde beach, outside of which were bands of shimmering snow-white, glinting jade, lambent blue, where lazy billows broke over coral reefs guarding the island of Ka. In a placid bay there lolled to the lullaby of softly swelling waves four ships of war; and one was gloriously adorned with a palpitating flag which made Keegan's breast exult, and he was glad it was so, though he did not know why. Out from the landing in the cup of the bay came the *Cleveland's* launch, into which the minister and Keegan descended; and the ship went on and on through the purple sea to some haven of wharves and noise and toil, and Keegan pitied her.

At the landing Monroe was met by the King's chamberlain and the army of Ka, thirty-six soldiers and a general, whose surprising uniforms displayed the colors and fashions of most of the armies of Europe, being parts of the wardrobe worn by King Koo-la-koo on his tour of the world. Civilians in white calico cheered and laughed and wept in excitement, and as one man and woman believed Keegan to be the minister. To give éclat to the landing, Keegan had dressed in his house-footman's livery, and its resplendent gold and blue waistcoat rivaled the music of the *Cleveland's* band in its effect on the emotions of the Kayans. The new-comers went to the house prepared for the minister by Commander Parry of the *Cleveland*, and there the commander and his officers made prompt official calls. After greetings, and when Monroe had cooled the younger officers' hot desire to learn the score of the army-navy football game,—played six months before,—Parry drew Monroe aside and whispered, "Is that young man your secretary?"

"My valet."

"He must be your secretary of legation," said the commander, earnestly. "He must be, my dear Mr. Minister. The French, British, and German ministers have each a secretary of legation, and it is important —imperative—that we have one. The crisis draws near; and if we do not have a secretary of legation, as the others have, our position will be intolerable!"

"What is our position?" asked Monroe, reflecting some of the commander's warmth.

"Critical!" replied Parry. "The French and German ministers have identical notes from their governments asking us to consent to the arbitration of Togola's claim to the throne. The British minister is free to act with you. You are credited to Koo-la-koo: if he is backed by us and the British, it 's an even break *if* you have a secretary of legation. If you have not—why, the bulk of the native warriors will naturally take up arms for Togola. Plain, is n't it?"

"My goodness!" exclaimed Monroe. "I should say it was plain—painfully plain. Keegan!"

"Yes, sir."

"You are my secretary of legation."

"Yes, sir. Any orders, sir?"

"You have white flannel trousers; put on one of my frock-coats and silk hats, and come with me to the palace."

"Yes, sir."

In a short time the party was at the palace, where the minister and his secretary of legation were presented to his Majesty King Koo-la-koo, with all ceremony. Keegan's bow to the King was an acrobatic triumph which impressed the attendants deeply, and Commander Parry was much moved by it. The King and the minister soon fell to recalling their experiences on the Continent during the King's tour of the world, and Keegan, bewildered by the jumble of events which he understood not at all, withdrew to a window, seeking chance to recover mental repose. On a wide veranda to which the window opened he saw what had a soothing effect on his tortured mind: a number of young women seated on mats, weaving garlands of flowers, and softly laughing and chatting as they worked. Each was dressed in a single long, loose garment, and all were barefoot except one, about whom the others grouped. She wore sandals and a frock of rich material; and she was the first to rise upon discovering Keegan. She smiled, bowed low, and said: "Your Excellency's la-al will be ready in a few minutes. I hope your Excellency is well, and had a pleasant voyage."

"I 'm fit as a two-year-old," replied Keegan, comforted. The maiden who had spoken resumed her seat and work, and Keegan sat by her side. "What is my la-al, sweetheart?" he asked. All the young women laughed, and Keegan smiled on them all in manner friendly.

"This is your la-al," replied the one who had addressed him; and she flung over his head a wreath of flowers. "And this, and this," cried others, throwing their wreaths around his neck. Keegan was never embarrassed by attentions of the fair, and he thanked the young women with good heart and some playfulness of action.

"'THIS IS YOUR LA-AL,' REPLIED THE ONE WHO HAD ADDRESSED HIM"

"I am sorry you did not wear your uniform here," the sandaled maiden said. "My girls tell me it was grand. They were at the landing, but of course I could not go."

"What happened you?" asked Keegan, cheerfully, though suddenly possessed by certain distressful doubts.

"I knew you would call on my father, the King," she said.

This nearly did for Keegan. After so many emotional starts, to find that he had informally struck up acquaintance with a royal princess made him faint for a moment. But he summoned his purpose to meet with calm front all things in this amazing upset of his life, so plunged for aid into small talk. "Do you have barge picnics here?" he asked.

"Barge? Picnic?" repeated the princess, with smiling inquiry.

"We have a barge—see?—and a tug to tow it up the North River. Music and dancing. Say, it 's great on moonlight nights."

Here was a world-language: moonlight, music, dancing! The princess understood. "Oh, we do not call it picnic, but *lauoah*," she said.

Keegan tried to repeat the word—la-u-o-ah—in the softly guttural vocables which slipped from her pouting lips, and that drew such a laugh he again felt nicely at ease.

"There will be one on the beach tomorrow evening," the princess continued. "My girls and young men give a lauoah to the American sailors."

"Will you be there?" Keegan asked, with such attempt to seem but impersonally curious that the princess's girls hid their

faces in their flowers to conceal their smiles.

The princess blushed through her warmly dark skin as she replied, "Sometimes I dress like one of my girls, and go to the lauoahs of the people."

The secretary of legation thought he caught a friendly intent in her accent, and learned on what part of the beach the lauoah was to be held.

F. R. GRUGER.

"'IT 'S LIKE THIS, KEEGAN,' JACK EXPLAINED"

On the following day the French and German ministers called on Monroe to present the case of Togola's claim to the throne. Monroe was dismayed. He had not thought of his duties as going beyond his written instructions to secure one of the feather robes for which the weavers of Ka were famous, and which the wife of the Secretary of State wanted for an opera-cloak. What could he say? "Spar for wind," whispered Keegan under his breath, and a load left the minister's mind. "Gentlemen," he said to his callers, "I shall give this matter you have done me the honor to present, my earnest study in the light of my written instructions, which I have not had time to interpret in relation to the state of affairs I find existing here."

"That was well answered," said the French minister to the German, as they departed.

"It was," admitted the German, "though at first I thought we had him embarrassed. I think his secretary prompted him. Das ist ein geschickter, ausgezeichneter junge Mann, nicht wahr? A clever young chap, that secretary, eh?"

"Bah!" commented the French minister.

Keegan made the cheerful discovery that one of the *Cleveland's* Jacks was a New Yorker he knew, and had from him a fair statement of the situation. "It 's like this, Keegan," Jack explained: "the Frenchman and the Dutchman are trying for to bluff us into letting somebody umpire Togola's claim for the King's job; first fixing it with him that they are to be the main guys, and we to get the ha-ha. See? A Jack on the Dutchman gives me the tip that they are to land arms for Togola; then if the umpire decides against him, Togola is to rough-house Koo-la-koo and claim the belt before we and the Englishman can get into the ring. See?"

Keegan saw. He had heard much before, but not until now had the pure light of common sense illumined the subject for him.

He went to the lauoah, and was more pleased than surprised when one of the princess's girls nodded to him and then to a palm-grove a little removed from the beach. He walked into the grove, which ran down on a point extending seaward and screened the cove where the lauoah was held from sight of the bay where ships were at anchor. Launches were sputtering between ships and shore, native boats were paddled about by parties of singers, but the water life had no attraction for Keegan as he and the princess strolled through the grove and out on the side away from where the lauoah gaieties made night tune-

ful. All boats were alike to Keegan, anyway, but no woman was like this one by his side. She noticed the boats, for suddenly, and with a start, she whispered, "That is a whale-boat!"

She pointed to a dark object he could scarcely distinguish from the shadows of ocean swells cast by the low-hanging moon. There came from it neither the click of oar-locks, the sputtering of a launch, nor the rhythmic dip and swish of paddles, yet it moved slowly toward the shore.

"It is a whale-boat—Togola's whale-boat!" whispered the princess, so affrighted that Keegan felt it his duty to draw her to him with an arm, protectingly.

"What 's doing?" he asked tenderly.

For answer she hurried him back with her into the grove, then along its shadowed edge until they reached a place beyond the landing toward which the boat seemed to head. It sheered off outside the reef surf-line, and coursed up and down, as if waiting for a landing-signal. "There are Germans in the boat," the princess said, "and cases."

"Cases of arms!" cried Keegan, a sudden thought revealing to him both the cause of her excitement and of the boat's muffled stealth. "Pali-ulee," he said, overlooking her title in his hurry, "can you count the number of men in the boat?"

"Six," she replied. "A German steering, two Germans and two Kayans rowing, and a Kayan at the bow piloting."

"And do you want them done?"

"Done, dear?" She, too, was hurried.

"Do you want them—oh, gee! what 's the word?—frustrated?"

"Yes, frustrated."

"Wait for me here. I 'll get a gang of frustraters." He ran through the grove, and out upon the lawn of the lauoah-dancers. He found his friend Jack of the *Cleveland*, and in language which employs but few words told Jack to get six or seven good boys who knew the joy of a fight.

As Pali-ulee waited, the whale-boat ignored whatever had been the cause of delay, rose on the shoulder of a wave, swept over the reef, and silently made for the beach. The natives went overboard in waist-deep water, lifted out the cases, which they laid on the sand, and had the last of the heavy boxes landed when Keegan and his party reached the princess. The boat, lightened of its load, was dragged up on the beach, and all its crew gathered around the cases in earnest discussion.

"Now!" whispered Keegan to his eager companions, "remember the rule for gang fighting: tackle the man opposite you, get in the first blow, and, when free, help your side partner. Ready!"

The charge was so sudden and fierce, and the enemy so unaccustomed to defend a fist attack, that Keegan's force soon won in a turmoil of tumbling Germans and natives. The latter were chased down the beach, the Germans into the water.

"Say," cried Keegan, when the sailors were in their boat, "I 'm the secretary of the American legation, if you want to know who you 've been introduced to."

"My minister will demand explanation of this in the morning," replied a man in the boat.

The cases of arms were removed to Minister Monroe's house, where he received them with miserable misgivings. "Really, Keegan," he protested, "this is an awful mess you 've got me into. You should have let the thing go on. Then we could take it up diplomatically."

"Excuse me, sir: we can diplomatize better with the guns in our office than with Togola firing at our gang."

"Our gang?"

"Koo-la-koo's, sure. Have you seen his daughter?"

"But suppose the Germans demand explanation?"

"Explain nothing, sir. They were caught with the goods. It 's not up to them to make a holler. They were n't playing ball according to rules."

"Ignored the status quo, you mean," corrected Mr. Monroe, a gleam of light brightening his outlook.

"Sure! Broke the statty ko all up, sir."

Diplomatically the incident was overlooked. Humanly it was the talk of the ships and the shore. The German minister did, however, refer to it hypothetically, in an interview with Mr. Monroe. "If such and such a thing should happen," he said, fairly stating the case, "what would the Americans do if the Germans complained?"

"The Americans," responded Mr. Monroe, carefully recalling Keegan's view, "would consider it an unfriendly act for the Germans to furnish arms to a pretender

"'ONE MUST ACCEPT CARE WITH CAREER,' SHE COYLY REPLIED"

who threatens to disturb a governmental entity the Americans desire to perpetuate."

"Ah," said the German minister. "Ah."

Keegan made friends fast and far. Most he sought those prominent natives suspected of leaning toward the pretender, and sounded them on their political ambitions. One would be an army officer—the uniforms were so gay. Another liked the customs service, because but two or three ships traded at Ka, and the duties were light. A third thought Koo-la-koo too devoted to cards and wine to rule so proud a people as the Kayans, and should abdicate in favor of the Princess Pali-ulee, beloved of the nation, as was her mother before her. With this sage Keegan discoursed often. He learned that the late Queen, sister of Togola, the pretender, was hereditary ruler, and Koo-la-koo had been her consort. Under the law of Ka, a surviving royal consort ruled if the heir apparent was a female. Had there been a royal prince, he would have succeeded on the Queen's death, but a princess must wait until the King dies or abdicates. Keegan no longer had to seek discontented natives: they sought him, because his ideas of politics were practical—and filled with hope. He hinted that the organizers who worked at the primaries, and took care of the polls when a parliament friendly to the King was to be elected, deserved the reward of victors. That was an electric spark: the organizers had been overlooked by Koo-la-koo in favor of personal friends.

Keegan began to see a light.

Months passed, and with each mail put off by passing steamers the situation grew more tense and grave. It was not clear why, but the tenseness and gravity grew. In the event of a certain possible war, it now seemed to cabinets that the balance of power at Ka would determine the balance of world power. Ministers at the court of Koo-la-koo went wan from futile conferences; the commanders of the war-ships were peaked by stress of everlasting vigilance. Only Keegan was calm. He was much in the company of Princess Pali-ulee; learned to play her plaintive-toned stringed instruments, to sing the songs she sang, to eat the creamy bread of Ka from his fingers without conveying it to his outer bosom instead of to his mouth; and the winsome, weaving dances of the Kayans were to him as the jigs of that far, far away life he once lived on the half-forgot island of Manhattan.

"Pali-ulee," he said to her as they sat in the palace veranda, "it 'll be up to you to be boss of Ka one day: how do you like the looks of the job?"

"One must accept care with career," she coyly replied, as taught by her preceptor. "Yet it would be less repelling if I were sure to have—to be helped by one wise in politics." She paused, and gazed out into a somber cañon where a vagrant shower was disclosed by a broad and brilliant rainbow. Then she added tentatively, "My people tell me that you are wise in politics, Ke-ga-na." She blushed to pale the reddest flower of the la-al she fash-

ioned, all her maidens sighed, and Keegan thought her eyes the darkest, deepest, dearest he had ever looked into.

He answered gently, "Oh, I 'm not so worse. I 'd like to get a knock-down—introduction—to your uncle, Togola; for I think I could put things right in his district. All he wants is recognition and a fair rake-off. If he gets that he 'll be regular, and not knife the party. Is n't that about the lay, Pali-ulee?"

"My uncle's heart is heavy because his followers are not received with favor at court," responded Pali-ulee.

"Sure!" assented Keegan. "I think I could put Togola wise if I could get next to the old boy."

"I make my yearly visit to him soon," the princess said. "He would welcome a secretary of legation."

Minister Monroe made an official occasion for Keegan's visit to Togola, so he had the *Cleveland's* launch and a marine guard for the trip. Pali-ulee and some of her maids voyaged in a catamaran canoe paddled by sixty men, and they loafed at their work to let the launch keep up with them in the thirty miles' trip to Togola's village. The marines pitched a large tent on the beach for the secretary; and after paying his call on Togola, Keegan had the pretender to his quarters for a talk.

"I hear you are a brave man, Ke-ga-na," said his guest. He had heard the story of the captured rifles.

"Oh, don't mention it," said the secretary, offering the warrior a glass of legation wine.

"The Germans talk well," Togola said. "They would expand the commerce of Ka, but the King is not for commerce. What am I to do? I own the only whaleboat on the island, and if there was more commerce there would be more lighterage work for me. The Germans promise commerce."

"Sausages and sauerkraut!" Keegan commented, making a wry face. "You could n't eat it. But if you do business with us—my, my!"

"Would the Americans give me commerce?"

"Commerce!" Here he thought hard. "Something you can stand for: breakfast food and harvesters."

Breakfast food appealed to the noble Kayan. But what were harvesters?

"Harvesters!" exclaimed Keegan, with a rapturous look. "Harvesters are machines that do all your work: plant your totai, hoe it, irrigate it, drain it, dig it, and then turn it into flour. The latest style cooks it, too."

"It is wonderful!" exclaimed Togola. "Food, and no work!"

"It has sauerkraut beat to a finish," commented Keegan. Then he winked at Togola, smiled, and said, "You 'd make a grand general of the army." Togola, who was a statesman as well as a warrior, smiled also. Then Keegan remarked, "Look here, old top; let 's you and me get together and caucus."

When Keegan departed the next day the whole village saw him embark with song, tears, and laughter, after their kind; and Togola, holding the hand of his beloved niece Pali-ulee, smiled at the secretary, standing in his smart white clothes in the stern of the launch, and said something to Pali-ulee which made her blush and the natives laugh boisterously.

"'YOU 'D MAKE A GRAND GENERAL OF THE ARMY'"

Even Mr. Monroe found it difficult to contend that Koo-la-koo was a model ruler, though he deemed it part of his diplomatic program so to hold. Pleasantries of civilization had addressed themselves so ardently to the King that he was like to melt in their warmth. His only interest in government was in the work of the tax-gatherer; his nights were devoted to bridge and brandy, his days to sleep and complainings. He gave no heed to Monroe's good advice, and would conclude no treaty, holding off for a bribe. But the despair of the reformers and the rejoicings of the evil were alike forgot in the excitement caused, a short time after Keegan's visit to Togola, by the theft, on the same night, of the arms in the American legation and those of the army of Ka. None so indignant at the outrage as the American secretary, none wept more than Pali-ulee. Search was made everywhere, except in the camp secretly established by Togola, where Keegan was a nightly visitor. The French and Germans rejoiced, the British were puzzled, and Minister Monroe had a hunted look and neglected his lunches.

"THE LANGUAGE THRILLED MONROE, WHO HAD WRITTEN THE SPEECH FROM POINTS BY KEEGAN"

"I tell you, Keegan, that Washington will call me down hard if I lose any point to the French or Germans. The eyes of the nations are upon us! You say that you and the princess stole the arms, and that Togola now has them. This is awful, Keegan!"

"Mr. Monroe, just stand pat and we 'll win in a walk. First I get Koo-la-koo to chase himself—"

"Abdicate," murmured Monroe.

"And show him it does n't look like a crawl."

"Save his face," suggested Monroe.

"Yes, and put Pali-ulee in the job."

"Seat her on the throne."

"Sure! Then I 'll make good for your Uncle Sammy."

"Guarantee exclusive privileges for the government at Washington," Monroe muttered.

"Exactly. Pali-ulee will do right if you get the other ministers to sign affidavits to stand for any treaty Koo-la-koo's successor makes. They 'll think that Togola will be it—see?—and will let them butt into the game on their own percentage of the gate receipts. On?"

It was after this conference with his secretary of legation that Mr. Monroe began to look hunted and neglect his lunches.

Timely passing of mail-ships brought prompt responses from four governments that the plan proposed by Mr. Monroe, for all to abide by any treaty the successor of Koo-la-koo might make with the nations represented at Ka, had been accepted by the cabinets concerned. Privately, the European ministers were congratulated on their skilful outwitting of Monroe.

Then, one day when the American marines chanced to be ashore to stretch their

legs at land drill, Togola, at the head of two hundred armed troops, marched into the capital and demanded the abdication of Koo-la-koo. The perturbed monarch sent to the American legation for protection, and Keegan responded to the call. He had private audience with the King, to whom he said: "It 's like this: you 're up against a condition, not a theory, as Shakspere says."

"Abdicate in favor of Togola? Never!" cried the King. "I wish now I 'd never given him monopoly of the lighterage business. It pays too much."

"Well," replied Keegan, "if you insist, we 'll cut out Togola. I 'll send the marines here if you 'll abdicate in favor of her Royal Highness Princess Pali-ulee. That 's a fair compromise."

"Where do I come in?" asked the King.

"Pali-ulee gives you the lighterage monopoly, and Togola gives you the whale-boat."

"Done!" said the King.

"Sign!" said Keegan, laying before the King a document expressing in full all the terms suggested.

In an hour the officers of government were summoned to attend at the palace to swear allegiance to the new sovereign, and the ministers were invited to an audience. The American minister was accompanied by General Togola, who was also appointed collector of customs and taxes, prime minister, and chamberlain. Upon the assembled company being ushered into the throne-room, they beheld in royal robes woven of tiny, brilliant feathers—the only two such robes in the kingdom—Pali-ulee, Queen, and her consort, King Ke-ga-na, for so he was proclaimed. In his address from the throne the King referred to his marriage that morning, by the chaplain of the *Cleveland*, to the Princess, now Queen Pali-ulee. This happy event, he said, lent a tinge of sentiment to the satisfaction he felt in "signing a treaty with the representative near our persons of the people of the United States."

The language thrilled Monroe, who had written the speech from points by Keegan.

The King continued, saying that while the treaty would give exceptional political and commercial privileges to the country so ably represented by his Excellency Mr. Franklin Monroe, it was their Majesties' wish to remain on terms of amity with all nations. As evidence of that wish, their Majesties cordially invited the representatives of other powers present to attend the coronation ceremonies as guests of honor.

After listening to a concert of patriotic American airs played by the band from the *Cleveland*, the French and German ministers walked away together. A silence of some length was broken by the German, who remarked: "Das ist ein geschickter, ausgezeichneter junge Mann, nicht wahr? A keen youngster, Keegan, eh?"

"Oh, you said that before," replied the French minister, with some show of annoyance.

"'YOU SAID THAT BEFORE,' REPLIED THE FRENCH MINISTER"

THE SECLUSION OF ROSALIA

A "SEXTON MAGINNIS" STORY

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

WITH PICTURES BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

RS. THEOBOLDS, wife of the president of Collamore College, had determined to enjoy herself. She was a tall, graceful woman, sufficiently old to have two sons among the sophomores and juniors at Yale, but, being a blonde, she would have looked younger if it were not for the two deep, upright wrinkles on her forehead, caused, the frivolous said, by twenty years' association with the wives of the members of the faculty of this celebrated "fresh-water" college. The long vacation was a week old, and Mrs. Theobolds had now no fear of the educators and students that are the necessary evils of college life. She could now wear the blue kimono, cut rather low in the neck, which Willie Curtice had sent to her from Manila, and imagine herself, on this lovely June morning, young again. At the breakfast-table, which sparkled and glittered about a big blue bowl filled with yellow roses, she waited for the president, who was taking a leisurely shave. The room was filled with the scent of magnolias from the back garden, while through the French window the red glow of a big bed of peonies seemed to tint the air.

Mrs. Theobolds was a woman of high principles; she discouraged gossip among her equals, but she believed that it was good for her inferiors to open their hearts to her. Lewis Maginnis had come over, as usual on Saturdays, with a basket of chickens and fresh eggs from the Curtice place, which he and Mary Ann, his wife, managed with varying degrees of success. As usual, Maginnis had been shown into the presence of "Madam President," as some of the wicked ladies of the faculty had called this long-suffering woman. Collamore College, by the way, is three miles from Bracton, so that Maginnis's walk was not a long one, and a somewhat shorter distance from the city in which the bishop lived. The monastery of St. Thomas Celino was visible from the college. There Maginnis often rested in his walk for converse with his friend Brother Felix, who was unlike in all ways the friend of his dreams, the sympathetic Brother Gamborious.

"'T is not for the likes of me to complain to the likes of you, ma'am," said Maginnis, as he fixed on the basket at his feet his brown eyes, the gentle innocence of expression of which had made Mrs. Theobolds his firm friend; "but if ever a man was tormented, it 's me. Women are a saycret society among themselves, ma'am; and the man—savin' your presence—is always on the outside. I don't say that my mother-in-law is n't a good woman; but, after drivin' me and Mary Ann out of the house, ma'am, to seek our own little home, Herself writes last week that she 's dyin' with the misery in her back, and Mary Ann must go to her at once, with the twins. 'It 's a trick,' says I, knowin' the ways of the world. 'Herself 's no more sick 'an I am.' Then Mary Ann howls with grief. 'It 's a broken heart she has, Maginnis,' says she, 'for the loss of the twins; 'an I 'll go to her if it costs my life,' and off she went. And here I am, with the boarder, the little colored orphant, and the other three children with me. 'It 's my

duty,' says Mary Ann. It 's a saycret society—savin' your presence, ma'am—the women are."

"I trust that your boarder, Mrs. Wetherill, is in good health," said Mrs. Theobolds, evasively.

"Rosalia O'Keefe keeps to herself," answered Maginnis, raising his eyes and blushing, for he felt the thick sandy stubble on his cheek as he raised his hand; "and she 's good to the children. She was gloomy enough when she came. Her husband has lost his money,—Herself wrote it to Mary Ann,—and he has left her," added Maginnis, with a sigh, "for no reason at all except that the ladies over here did n't like her."

"I trust, Maginnis, that you will contradict that," said Mrs. Theobolds, severely. "Dr. Wetherill was called away to read a paper before some learned societies in the North, and his wife closed her house on the campus and, as you know, went over to board with you. Dr. Wetherill has not been very long a member of our faculty, but both he and his wife are highly respected. Two friends of his from a German university have been visiting my husband. They are eminent professors, and they are in search of an American doctor for a special branch; but all our younger professors are unmarried or have no children, and they want, it seems, a man with a family. Believe me, Dr. Wetherill has had no money difficulties."

"Herself knows," said Maginnis, doggedly. "'T is natural enough," he added, "that even the Dutch should n't want a doctor without experience. 'Maginnis,' said Mary Ann, just before we expected the twins, 'I 'll have no whipper-snapper of a doctor that has no children of his own.'"

Mrs. Theobolds abruptly changed the subject.

"Some of the Italians on the railroad would be better if they went to church, I fancy,—any church. Perhaps, if you would speak to your priest, he might look into the matter."

"Is it of the Dagos you 're talkin', ma'am?" asked Maginnis, his face catching the tint of the peonies. "There 's no religion in them—livin' on garlic and tomatoes, as they do, and hangin' St. Joseph by the neck if he does n't give them what they want."

"Ah," said Mrs. Theobolds, with a sigh, "I often think that if they could be taught to go direct to their Creator—" She paused, for she feared that she was approaching delicate ground.

"Sure, you don't expect the Almighty to waste his time with the likes of them!" exclaimed Maginnis. "Has n't he given them enough Eye-talian saints of their own kind, with just enough sense to understand them? Father Blodgett—but he 's a convert, with the Protestant drop still in him—thinks like you, ma'am; but he 'll find out. And, sure, ma'am, I 'm sorry that poor Rosy O'Keefe's pride has had a fall; I suppose that her and the doctor just had a bit of a row, as most married folks have—the best of us, ma'am?"

Rather ashamed, Mrs. Theobolds assented; and Maginnis, having discovered, as he thought, that Rosalia's husband was a doctor out of a place, and that there had been a lovers' quarrel, stooped to show his patroness the symmetry of the eggs and the freshness of the chickens. His heart went out to Rosalia.

"Sure," he thought, "even Herself could never hold anything against Rosalia, now that she 's down in the world."

Before he left, Maginnis managed to permeate the air with so much reverence for beauty that Mrs. Theobolds felt that the blue kimono had indeed made her young again.

A little later, Maginnis, with his empty basket, stepped into the monastery garden to see his friend Brother Felix, with whom, on various accounts, he had opened business relations. Brother Felix, with his brown robe tucked up, was clipping the box hedges that bordered the main approach to the monastery. An amiable smile shone on his placid face, and he received with a nod of the head the twenty-five nails Maginnis had borrowed from him a month before.

"I 'm not envyin' you," said Maginnis, pulling up his blue overalls and looking thoughtfully at the stout brother; "but I 'm just wonderin' whether you 'd look so much like a smilin' baby if you had a mother-in-law. It was n't till after Eve ate the apple that mother-in-laws came into the world at all, at all."

Brother Felix shook his head and tried to dig up a stiff bit of plantain from the gravel with his big toe, a process which

his sandal made easier. Brother Felix was stout and cheerful, but he took life seriously and silently.

"Atam might have been better by his lone self," he said at last, tying the white cord more tightly around his waist, and clipping a few feet of the hedge. "But I do not know. It is foolish to think. It is better to pray."

Maginnis asked after the German professors, who, one of Mrs. Theobold's retainers had told him, were sojourning in the monastery. "If your wife makes not long away," said Brother Felix, "I will send them to board with you. They are very learned men, and they bring letters from Germany to the father abbot. At first," continued Brother Felix, wiping his shears with a wisp of hay, "I thought they came to our holy house for religion; but I find out that it was for the beer. We make good beer; they are infidels, but *gemüthlich*."

Maginnis waited while Brother Felix silently shook his head until his little brown skullcap threatened to fall off.

"*Ach, sehr gemüthlich*," he added. "They are professors from Prussia—Herr Doctor Brachstein, who is old, and Herr Doctor . Scherm-Weinhausen, who is younger. They lived at the college, seeking for a doctor to take home with them who knows the American ways; they talk to me when I take water to them. They liked not the American ways at the college. The ladies were too fine, and there were no children about; there were many dinners at night, but no *Gemüthlichkeit;* there was no home. They will give much money to our American doctor; but they do not like to have at home their wives, who are as grand as court *Damen*, who cannot care for the home or the children. Such doctors' wives would be a bad example to the female youth of the fatherland. They are infidels," said Brother Felix, slowly, "but about women they are right."

"Is it truth you 're tellin' me?" demanded Maginnis, intensely interested.

Brother Felix unearthed a small sorrel root.

"Germans do not lie: the Irishers cannot understand that. Shall I get you some beer?"

The monastery was prevented, by the prejudices of the bishop, from selling the excellent beer, the secret of which its friars had imported; but there was no law against giving it to the neighbors, and some of the neighbors, consequently, seemed to love the friars as themselves.

"All in good time," exclaimed Maginnis, his face intent; "tell me about these Dutch."

"They are not Dutch," said Brother Felix; "they are Prussians."

"It 's no time for nonsense," answered Maginnis. "The Dutch are all the same. Am I to understand that they 're lookin' for a married doctor with children? and that they would n't take one from the college? It 's wantin' to be even with the black Orangemen up there I am! There 's that stuck-up O'Keefe girl marryin' out of her own people," he soliloquized, while Brother Felix patiently cleaned the path of almost invisible weeds. "I warned her,—the saints know I warned her,—and the college people don't think she 's their equal, and the proud Irish blood in her has rose up against her husband, and she 's a lone woman again! Sure, she 's only a Tip; but blood 's thicker than water any day. The black Saxon crowd at the college shall see our Irish girl go ahead of them, or I 'm not Maginnis."

"They are not bad people," said Brother Felix. "You speak too much against holy charity. The herr professors—I have heard them talk—find many learned men at the college; but they do not like the ladies: they are too *amerikanisch*. They like women who take care of the children, who make the coffee, and who will not corrupt the manners of the good German female youth."

"Oh, holy Moses!" said Maginnis, "I wish they 'd take Herself! You 'll send them to me as boarders, though what I 'm to do with them, with only the little nigger to help, I don't know."

"*Ja wohl*," answered Brother Felix, amiably. "Their beer can be sent to them every day. They have been with us long enough."

"If Rosalia O'Keefe only had a child or two! Bad cess to him! Why did n't that Wetherill meet her four years ago? It 's a great chance entirely for a young doctor to get a big practice in a foreign country, and Rosalia will be best away from the college upstarts. Do these Dutch, or Prooshins, speak English at all?" Maginnis asked gloomily.

"A few vorts," Brother Felix replied; "but they speak Irish already."

Maginnis's face clouded: for a moment it seemed as if not even the sacred robe of Brother Felix could save him from vengeance; but the friar's face was so bland that the insulted one controlled his wrath.

"You 're an omadhaun to believe it; sure you know they 're Dutch!"

Brother Felix always left the truth to itself. He did not repeat his assertion; the abbot had said it.

"But if Rosey O'Keefe *only* had children!" said Maginnis, meditatively.

Brother Felix had been told that Professor Brachstein was the author of the well-known monograph on the Celtic element in Basque, and that the great Scherm-Weinhausen had thoroughly analyzed all the noun-prefixes in a remote Kerry dialect; but he had forgotten this. Brachstein read old Irish, but Scherm-Weinhausen, who had spent several summers in Ireland, spoke modern Irish with a pronounced Berlinese accent. They had learned no English, as they had been informed that Boston and New York were Irish cities. They had come to America for amusement. Incidentally, they hoped to consult with an American doctor of philosophy about the advisability of founding a chair for the study of American institutions in their own university.

"And do you mean to say that the Dutch know the holy Irish speech?" Truth was plainly written on the face of Brother Felix. "Sure, it beats the world!"

"And you must now go to Germany to learn Irish," Brother Felix said, with a gleam of chastened triumph in his eyes. "That I know already."

Fire came into the face of Maginnis. The friar stepped aside, for on the path from the monastery were the two savants.

Herr Doctor of Philosophy Brachstein seemed to be over sixty years of age. A stiff brush of gray hair, in which his keen blue eyes were almost lost, covered his head and nearly all his face; his gray cloth sack-coat was rumpled, and his soft hat and baggy gray trousers were of the same slightly soiled tint. He swung a big oak stick and talked rapidly. Scherm-Weinhausen was about ten years younger; he wore an Alpine hat with a green feather in the black band, a white waistcoat, a dark-green sack-coat, with extremely tight trousers and yellow spats. A pointed blond beard, a wide and sympathetic smile, and heavy gold spectacles completed the aspect of a man who, in his own domestic circle, was considered a model of fashion.

"*Ach*, then, beloved friend," Doctor Brachstein was saying, in a deep voice that suggested cool caverns of rippling beer, "I admire the soul-myths; and if Christianity is, as our own Von Schleicher says, only an invention to influence men who have no taste for virtue moral, yet—"

Brother Felix could stand this no longer; he made up his mind to rid the monastery of the infidels. He turned from Maginnis and explained him in good Hanoverian.

"*Ach*," said Brachstein, beaming benevolently at Maginnis, "he will take us to lodge—so? And his house is quiet, and there is a *Hausmutter* with little children there; and our beer will be sent—*so?*"

Herr Doctor Scherm-Weinhausen also beamed, and began to talk in fluent Irish as to terms.

"Holy saints!" murmured Maginnis, "the creature would speak well enough if he had n't had the bad luck to have a Dutch mother."

Scherm-Weinhausen was very bland; the terms suited him. No, there were no other boarders? The Frau Professorin Wetherill, whose husband he had known in Germany? *Ja wohl.* And the Herr Doctor Wetherill had no children, and his wife was a too fine court *Dame*, like the wives of the others, doubtless?

Maginnis's face became illuminated as by the passing of a great thought.

"Is it a fine lady she is?" he exclaimed in his native speech. "She can do her own washin'—and she has three of the most beautiful children you ever set eyes on!"

"That is well. I like the shrill voices of children in the house," said Scherm-Weinhausen, who had six of his own; "but not in the night."

"Not in the night," echoed Professor Brachstein, solemnly, in German. "I love better music in the night."

"Is the Frau Doctorin Wetherill musical?" asked Scherm-Weinhausen.

"She sings like an angel!" declared Maginnis.

"So?" exclaimed Scherm-Weinhausen, and the arrangement was complete, much to the delight of Brother Felix, who gladly guaranteed that a sufficient supply of the

monastery beer should be conveyed to the Brierly spring-house twice a day.

Late in the afternoon the two professors, with long and capacious pipes in their mouths, strolled up the rocky lane which led to Brierly. The great bed of pink and crimson peonies on the ill-kept lawn delighted them; and catching the two older Maginnis children, who were playfully teaching a captive toad to jump over oak twigs, they began to romp like two big boys. Life was *gemüthlich* at last.

Just at this time Rosalia Wetherill was in her lowest spirits. Confident in her riches, she had tried to enter a new world, and her coin, valuable as it seemed, was looked upon as counterfeit. She was sure that Guy loved her; she knew that he believed that she was the most beautiful woman in the world. On the very last morning, before she had gone away from him to eat her heart in anger, he had quoted from his favorite sonnet:

"You were so slow to draw the graceful shade
Of tremulous eyelash which deep shadows made
That from the darkness shot a star's long ray."

She was not sure that she understood it, but she wanted to understand it; she wanted to be a part of Guy's mind, of his soul. Mere beauty, she knew now, could not secure *that*. She remembered, with hot blushes, that one of the women at the college had pronounced her "crude." If she had not felt herself to be crude in comparison with these more cultivated women, she would not have gone off, in silence, irritated with him, with herself, with all things. While the women of the faculty were arranging competitive courses of Little Neck clams and soft-shell crabs for the Germans, she had fled to this retreat in desolation, with the word "crude" ringing in her ears. Would Guy ever come to *think* that word when he thought of her? She had left him before he *could* think it. Her first longing to return scorn for scorn had died out. If Guy had married a woman of his own set, his wife might have held her own. That masterful father of hers—the last appeal in all cases since her babyhood—could not aid her in this new world. When she saw Brachstein and Scherm-Weinhausen coming up the lane, she powdered her face lightly, encircled her waist with a new satin girdle, and went downstairs, a vision of beauty, clothed in diaphanous white. Little Mary, the youngest of the Maginnis children, wept aloud, and she returned to comb the child's golden hair and make it presentable.

Rosalia's brunette color, set off by the glowing reddish hair above, and illuminated by one of those soft white frocks which only women in the South understand, seemed to cloud the splendor of the peonies, as, with the pretty little blue-eyed Mary by the hand, she dawned upon the vision of the Germans. They dropped the Maginnis boys, and clicked their heels together.

Scherm-Weinhausen said nothing; he merely blushed and, an unusual sign of emotion, took his pipe from his mouth. Maginnis, watering-pot in one hand and a pan of young peas in the other, stood watching the effect.

"And the lovely little child-angel! How like she is to her mother! Ah, the gold of the hair! She is so like!" said Scherm-Weinhausen to Maginnis.

"She is," said Maginnis, relapsing into English; "she is the very spit of her."

Rosalia was not unaware of the impression she had made, and her heart began to soften. They were, it is true, uncouth persons, who could not speak her language, and yet they were not without taste. She, who loved children, dragged the small Maginnis boys into the house with much laughter.

Scherm-Weinhausen followed her with admiring eyes.

"*Ach*," he said slowly, "I am homesick"; and then to Maginnis, in his own Kerry dialect: "The beautiful Frau Wetherill is a good mother; I can see that she loves her children. She is a noble mother."

"True for you," answered Maginnis, forgetting, in the artistic fever of the moment, that the learned man knew no English. "She 's a mother all over. Sure it do be bringin' tears to my eyes to see her workin' with thim children. They 're the apples of her eyes. She 'll not let them out of her sight. 'Maginnis,' she says to me one day, 'it 's as lonely as a lost soul I 'd be widout me three young ones. Maginnis,' says she, the tears runnin' down her nose, 'it 's only three I have, but they 're like the three leaves of the shamrock.' And, as to her husband, he has n't much practice,

Drawn by A. I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'I 'M JUST WONDERIN' WHETHER YOU 'D LOOK SO MUCH LIKE A SMILIN' BABY IF YOU HAD A MOTHER-IN-LAW'"

because he is young, but a better doctor does n't exist." Maginnis was obliged, by the blank look on Scherm-Weinhausen's face, to translate this speech into Irish, which he did, with variations suited to the theme.

After tea, in which mugs of beer played a prominent part, Rosalia carried the sleepy little Mary up to bed.

"Charlotte!" murmured Brachstein. "*Ach*, dear friend, I read the 'Sorrows of Werther' again, as in my youth."

"She made the salad of potatoes," said Scherm-Weinhausen, strophically; "there was enough onion in it. It is so soothing with the good beer!"

A week of clear days passed, each like the other; but every day the weight on Rosalia's heart grew heavier. Maginnis watched her and chuckled.

On the night before the day of their departure, the two professors sat on the rickety porch and smoked until the moon came up and Rosalia appeared. Maginnis, puffing at a clay pipe, seated himself on the lowest step. The soft rhythm of insects, broken by the distant chant of frogs, smote the silence, and the air was rich with the scent of honeysuckle and of heliotrope.

"It is *gemüthlich*," said Brachstein, looking at the profile of Rosalia as she stood near the peony-bed.

"There was enough onion in the potato-salad," murmured Scherm-Weinhausen, happily.

"It may be that the frau would something sing?" suggested Brachstein, after a long pause of comfort. Scherm-Weinhausen repeated the suggestion to Maginnis.

"Whisht!" said Maginnis; "she 'd be afraid of wakenin' the children. Her mind is just full of the children, day and night. If you wait awhile, maybe we 'll get her to sing 'The Harp that Wanst'; but it 's a sad song for her," added Maginnis, his artistic instinct fired by the receptivity of his auditors.

"She is young to be sad," said Brachstein, who caught the words. "She is young—so?"

"'T is the mother's heart," said Maginnis, pensively.

Drawn by A. I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

MAGINNIS'S INSPIRATION

"*Ach, so!*" answered the grizzled Brachstein—"the mother's heart."

Scherm-Weinhausen nodded responsively. "She has known sorrow, and a song is sad to her."

"The children were sick," said Maginnis, in a sepulchral voice; "and 'The Harp that Wanst' was their favor-*ite* song," he added, dropping unconsciously into English. "I mean the song she sang them asleep with."

Scherm-Weinhausen understood, and gave the version to Brachstein.

"Like Thekla," answered Scherm-Weinhausen, through the moist waves of the heliotrope scent, which even the pipe-smoke could not dissipate. "Ah, the soft heart!"

"Owls!" said Rosalia to Maginnis.

"Owls is no name for thim," promptly retorted Maginnis; "they 're more like bats with smoke-stacks—Dutch bats, at that." He chuckled; a week before he had written on a postal card to Wetherill: "Come home at once. Your wife needs you."

Of course Wetherill would come. Of course these German owls would choose him for the place in their benighted land. Rosalia had captured them. Maginnis shook with laughter until the rickety porch trembled. And the college people! They 'd be as mad as Cromwell was on the day he could n't hang a Limerick man!

While Maginnis chuckled, Rosalia went into the drawing-room and, opening the piano made for a Mrs. Curtice in the fifties, began to sing "Violets" in the German language.

"*Ach*, that is lovely!" said the impressionable Scherm-Weinhausen, waking suddenly from a slight sleep. "The English speech is sweet!"

When she had played the "Stephanie Gavotte" and Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," Rosalia said good night very amiably. She went into the room of the sleeping children, and solaced herself by such maternal cares as warding off drafts and replacing coverings.

"You hear her beyond?" asked Maginnis.

"I hear," said Scherm-Weinhausen.

"She is sayin' her prayers over the chil-

dren," said Maginnis, pathetically. "The saints forgive me!" he breathed piously.

"The mother-soul is truly divine," said Scherm-Weinhausen. "If religion did not exist, the mother would make us invent it," as Von Schleicher says. And the salad with the onions, Maginnis,—a small portion with beer would be truly *gemüthlich*."

"Thou didst know the Herr Doctor Wetherill?" asked Brachstein, when the "small" portion of the delectable salad had been produced.

"At Schleswigstein," answered Scherm-Weinhausen. "He was as a soul-brother to me."

"You seldom spoke of him before," said Brachstein, between two long draughts of beer.

"*Ach, Himmel!* no," said Scherm-Weinhausen, artlessly; "I did not know I loved him so much until I saw his well born wife."

"Maginnis," called out Rosalia, before breakfast the eighth morning, "I would whip those boys of yours within an inch of their lives if I could. They 've torn down all the wild grape-vines in the lane!"

And then, as their father did not move, she made a dash at Thomas Francis Meagher Maginnis, just as he had jumped into the peony-bed, and held him fast. He was a stout boy of five, but Rosalia was not only strong but scientific; and, as she manipulated Thomas, her sleeves rolled up from her beautiful arms, Brachstein, startled by the outcry, came out upon the gallery. With precision the strokes of Rosalia's large white hand delivered their message physiologically and psychologically.

Drawn by A. I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'ACH, THE MOTHER-HEART!' SAID BRACHSTEIN"
"'ACH, THE MOTHER-HAND!' REPEATED SCHERM-WEINHAUSEN"

Brachstein called Scherm-Weinhausen, and they stood in the shaking gallery in ecstasy. Rosalia's face was almost as pink as the peonies, but she gave chase to Dominic Raymond, and the succeeding operation was even more effective.

"*Ach*, the mother-heart!" said Brachstein.

"*Ach*, the mother-hand!" repeated Scherm-Weinhausen. "It is a pity we must leave to-day. We have been happy."

After breakfast the professors packed their bags; their trunks were already on the way to the steamer. Brachstein, looking out of his window, saw a tall, spare young man with gold-rimmed spectacles and long legs suddenly appear from the lane and put his arms about Rosalia, who had been narrowly examining the young grape-vines.

Brachstein called to Scherm-Weinhausen to witness the moving sight. They both sighed.

"*Ach*," Brachstein said, "if the Herr Doctor Wetherill was not a specialist in physiological psychology, we might have suggested him for sociology at Schleswigstein."

"*She* would be a good example for our female youth," said Scherm-Weinhausen, with a kind of divine despair; and they watched the lovers.

"Guy!" said Rosalia—"oh, Guy! I have been so lonely! But why did you come? I don't deserve it. A minute ago there seemed nothing in life for me."

Guy looked proudly down upon her.

"We two, we two—and what 's the world?"

"Will you always think that?"

"To be sure!" he said ecstatically.

"If I had been more worthy, if I had been more like the others—oh, Guy, I have failed you, I have failed you, and I can never be worthy of you! I wish—and I hope you 'll understand, dear—that we could get away from here." She paused for a moment, and he looked disquieted, and then she added, with the old decision that had deserted her of late: "Guy, I *must* go abroad—I must have my chance to learn the things those other women know. Why, they laughed—I know they did—at my German!"

He did not answer in words. After a time he said, "You are foolish, dear; you are too humble."

She sighed and shook her head.

"Later," he said. "There is no chance at present."

She sighed again.

"It is a blessed sight!" said Brachstein. "Let us see that the beloved children of their heart are with them at this moment."

Scherm-Weinhausen nodded. He went out upon the rickety gallery, where the Maginnis children were now playing, and seized the amazed Mary and Thomas Francis Meagher. Brachstein followed with Dominic Raymond. Maginnis, leaning on his spade in the shade of the oaks, watched this scene. Rosalia and Wetherill were in an atmosphere of all delight.

Scherm-Weinhausen thrust the two children forward, while Brachstein tried to force Dominic Raymond into Wetherill's arms.

"O friend of my youth," Scherm-Weinhausen exclaimed, "I welcome thee! And now let the children of thy heart greet thee!"

"Good morning," said Wetherill, rather stiffly. "I did not know that you were here." And then he noticed with amazement the struggling Maginnis infants.

"Thou art fortunate in thy wife and thy children," said Brachstein. "We have been of thy household. We wished that thy children should share in thy happiness."

Rosalia, who did not in the least understand, frowned slightly.

"Whose children?" asked Wetherill, stunned.

Maginnis came forward hastily. What had been said, he did not know; but his artistic soul whispered to him that it was time for a climax.

"The buggy is waitin'," he said; "your bags are in it. Sure, you 'll be late if you don't go."

The puzzled professors dropped the children, turned, and said farewell in German. "The Herr Doctor Wetherill is mad," said Brachstein.

"He is mad," said Scherm-Weinhausen.

Wetherill turned angrily to Maginnis, whose soft brown eyes, full of reproach, met his.

"What does this mean, sir? Father Blodgett has told me before this of your outrageous—"

"Stop, doctor," said Maginnis, meekly. "Don't say anything you may be sorry for. You are a gentleman, or I 'd never have lent my own children to you. D' ye mind that now? I 'll say no more."

And Maginnis walked over to the potato-

Drawn by A. I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"ROSALIA, WHO DID NOT IN THE LEAST UNDERSTAND, FROWNED SLIGHTLY"

patch, with the halo of martyrdom over his sandy head.

"'T was fine while it lasted," he said, an artistic glow in his soul; "and if he 's missed spoilin' the Dutch and gettin' his fees among the foreigners, it is not my fault. Rosalia O'Keefe is only a Tip, after all. But," he resumed, "if ever I did a good turn, even to the length of sacrificin' my own innocent children, this was one—may the saints forgive me! I 'll never tell anybody but Mary Ann. Och!" and he chuckled until the spade in his hands trembled. "'T was *fine* while it lasted!"

In the afternoon of this eventful day Maginnis, at the point of a metaphorical bayonet, was forced to make an ornate *apologia*. For others it would have been an embarrassing confession; for him it was as the act of a martyr.

"Is it ashamed of havin' such fine children you'd be?" he asked at last; and Guy was obliged to extenuate his own conduct.

It was not until August that conscientiously written letters of explanation reached the doctors at Schleswigstein. These learned men sat in the town concert-garden, in the cool of the evening, and talked the matter over. They were bewildered, but edified.

"His well-born wife has the mother-heart," said Brachstein; "and he is worthy. I am thinking."

"I have thought," said Scherm-Weinhausen.

Brachstein inadvertently allowed the lid of his stein to remain up. By this token his friend knew that he was indeed thinking deeply.

"Sociology is, after all, but the highest philosophical expression of physiological psychology," Brachstein remarked, when the band had played the overture to "Tannhäuser" and a transcription based on Bach. "To write such a letter he must be ethical, and he knows the American tendencies."

Scherm-Weinhausen nodded. "With such a wife, he must be ethical. We will recommend him to the faculty—so?"

"It is done, then," said Brachstein, closing the lid over his beer with a click.

And so it happened that Rosalia had her wish,—the gods and the Irish having fought for her, as they generally fight for a lady in distress,—and late in September she stood, expectant, timid, triumphant, on the threshold of the Inn of the Crowned Eagle, very near the famous university of Schleswigstein, to the precincts of which her husband had recently been invited.

DEATH, THE ANGEL FRIEND

(IN MEMORIAM—G. F. WATTS, R. A.)

BY H. D. RAWNSLEY

FROM the clear heights where Love his life had brought,—
Love of his fellows, love of all the good
Whose fire revivifies a nation's blood,—
He saw the farther heights his spirit sought.
There fame and name were neither sold nor bought,
There pride and even Mammon's mighty brood
Might be transformed, through power of brotherhood,
To give, not get, and think as Christ had thought.
Tireless he toiled in hope, whose harp's last string,
Unbroken, made sweet music to the end.
The "Utmost for the Highest" here below
Was truth enough for any man to know.
And, working, oft he heard an angel's wing;
Then rose at last and went with Death, his friend.[1]

[1] The painter told me that often, as he worked at his easel, he heard the sound as of an angel's wing, and looked round, thinking that Death, his friend, had come to call him.—H. D. R.

KOREA AND THE KOREAN EMPEROR

BY W. F. SANDS

Formerly Adviser to the Imperial Household of Korea

ONE might more easily write a book upon Korea than an article, there is so much to be said by one who has studied the country, so much to be compressed into a short space, so many false impressions to be removed.

Korea is uninteresting to the tourist, unless he comes from China. The natural scenery, the green of the valleys, the groves and forests, the chains of hills and mountains extending in every direction "like the waves of a petrified sea," as one of the French missionaries writes—all have a soothing and grateful appearance to the eye wearied with the immense yellow-gray monotony of China. Still, there are no "resorts," no places of public interest, no shops or "curios," to charm the traveler in search of novelty; nothing but the delightful climate and beautiful landscape, the picturesque but wretched thatch villages, and gray-walled, tile-roofed, one-storied cities; nothing but a simple people arrested in their development two thousand years ago, who stand blinking, one might say, and stunned in the brilliant light of modern civilization, into which they have too suddenly emerged.

This stupefaction—I can think of no better term to express their mental attitude—and hesitancy to adopt that which they do not yet understand, offend the up-to-date Occidental; the slowness and uncommercial spirit of the Koreans, their patriarchal simplicity, are compared with the restless activity of Japan, their near neighbor, vastly to the disadvantage of Korea.

The corruption of the ruling class is cited as a proof of their utter degeneracy; and yet the business man who condemns this does not fail to use it to his own advantage. Even the unusual submissiveness of the people to their rulers, their respect for authority, does not meet with approval; and they are condemned as lacking in spirit, as unfit to govern themselves, because they submit patiently to great abuses, knowing no other form of government.

One cannot but receive a different impression, however, when, studying them sympathetically, one sees them as they really are. The causes of Korea's unprogressiveness and general wretchedness are not far to seek, nor is this state irremediable, in spite of first impressions.

The task of introducing the reforms necessary is undoubtedly a difficult one, rendered doubly so by the conflicting political and territorial interests of Korea's neighbors; but I maintain, nevertheless, that it is very far from being a hopeless and impossible task, and I am supported in my opinion by such men as General Legendre and Mr. Greathouse, who preceded me in Korea.

Oppressed by her neighbors for centuries, and overrun with war; her people decimated; her cities, her temples, and her libraries sacked and destroyed; her nobles and maidens driven off to China, and her artisans to Japan; the most ambitious and unscrupulous of her subjects constantly stirred to intrigue and conspiracy by foreign powers, it is small wonder that Korea has endeavored to shut herself off from the world, and, by becoming the "Hermit Kingdom," has effectually barred the way to all progress.

From the painting from life by Hubert Vos

THE EMPEROR OF KOREA

That the Korean is uncommercial, unwarlike, and submissive is no good proof that he is unfit for self-government.

He comes of stock entirely different from that of his two great neighbors,—China, the merchant nation, and Japan, the warrior,—and shows entirely different characteristics.

The Koreans are essentially an agricultural people; their customs and traditions seem to demonstrate that they were at one time pastoral nomadic tribes. They are undoubtedly of Turanian origin, with a strong admixture of Chinese and Manchu, in consequence of the many invasions to which they have been subjected from the very beginning of their history; but they seem to lack the strain of fighting Malay blood which is so evident in the composition of the warlike Japanese.

On the contrary, they are characterized by a peaceable and hospitable disposition, though they have fought well when they have had to fight, and have showed themselves at times far ahead of their neighbors in inventive genius.

It was the Korean Admiral Ye who invented the iron-clad ram modeled like the back of a turtle (probably not unlike the Confederate ram *Stonewall*), "mounting two heavy guns forward," and firing shells, by means of which he defeated the Japanese war-vessels, destroyed their convoys, and, cutting off their provisions, forced the Japanese armies, in 1592, to withdraw to Fusan at the height of their victorious campaign, leaving the country a wilderness and the resistance on land annihilated. So bloody, according to tradition, was this campaign that the first Korean troops entering Seoul after the evacuation were attacked by packs of savage dogs become wild from feeding on the victims of the Japanese soldiery. Not one of its inhabitants was left alive in the city.

To indicate the extent of the ravages wrought all over the country, it is sufficient to mention the "Mound of Ears" which was built in Kioto during the campaign. It is said that the ears and noses of over two hundred and fourteen thousand persons were cut off, packed in salt, and sent to the capital of Japan as trophies. In the retreat to the sea, during which this ghastly harvest was gathered, the Japanese warriors destroyed Kyeng-Ju, the wonderful old city from which their country had drawn its art, its literature, and its religion: for the Koreans at that time were on a much higher plane of civilization than the Japanese. The old archives state that the troops were filled with awe and admiration; but they burned the city, nevertheless, with all the public buildings, libraries, and temples, and looted and destroyed three hundred thousand private dwellings as well.

It is to this campaign that we owe the perfection of the Satsuma ware of Japan. Colonies of Korean pottery-workers were transferred to Japan, where their art and skill were used in the development of the native ware. The Korean industry never recovered, and the country is still a land of ruins from that war.

Our navy has evidence of this. It is said in the official report of the fight at the Kang-Wha forts, in 1871, at which five of our war-vessels were present, that the "Koreans fought with desperation rarely equaled and never excelled by any people." In 1866, a force of French sailors from six men-of-war, after capturing and burning the town of Kang-Wha, were routed by the Koreans and suffered severe losses in spite of their superior armament. During the winter of 1901–02, when the Russians, organizing their "drives" after the English method in the Transvaal, had cornered the "red-beard" robber bands and what was left of the Boxers in the inaccessible mountains and forests of the upper Yalu and Tumen rivers, these brigands, forced to seek an outlet somewhere, crossed the border into Korea, looting and foraging and burning villages. A chain of frontier posts was organized, with from fifty to a hundred soldiers in each, supported by a militia formed of the tiger-hunters of these districts, to whom were issued Mauser rifles. These men, commanded by young officers trained under General Dye and his successor, General Ye Hak Kiun, in the imperial military academy at Seoul, did good service, and after a number of sharp skirmishes completely stopped the raiding parties and forced the robber bands back on the Russian lines. These tiger-hunters, by the way, are most excellent material for scouts and sharp-shooters. They are trackers and woodsmen from their early youth, untiring and absolutely fearless, as a man must be who will face a tiger with a matchlock smooth-bore gun carrying fifty yards

more or less accurately, and loaded with three rough iron pellets but little larger than buck-shot.

Yet these same men will submit to the greatest abuses on the part of the government, and to the most brutal ill-treatment from foreigners. One may, without provocation, strike in the face a man who has just shot a tiger without a sign of fear, and he will not defend himself. Oppression by his superiors is to him in the natural order of things; it is tradition with him that the "government"—that is, the nobles, or *yang-ban* class—may not work, and must be supported in idleness by the people. It "has always been so" in his own country, and he knows nothing of what goes on outside; he accepts the inevitable, and makes the most of it, well content if he can retain enough out of his earnings to feed and clothe himself and his family, and die quietly on the spot where his father was born.

But take the average Korean out of these surroundings, and he is a very different man. Educate him and leave him his earnings, give him one generation of clean, strong government, and Korea will cease to be the "bone of contention," the "plague spot of the East"; she will no longer "stew [I quote from the Japanese and English press of the far East] in her very unsavory juices," but will become instead the very garden-spot of the East. The country is rich in mineral and agricultural wealth, and nothing is needed for its progress and development but peace and education. All other conditions are favorable.

That the Korean people are capable of education has been proved by history, and it is being proved again to-day by mission schools and wherever their students go in America or in Europe.

They gave to Japan its art, its literature, and its religion; even printing in Japan received a stimulus from Korea, through the introduction of movable types.

The only student who has gone to England for his education graduated in London at the head of his class in mining engineering, and now occupies a trusted and lucrative position in the English mining concession in Korea.

Those who have gone through the Japanese military academy at Tokio have invariably led their classes, and earned the respect of the Japanese officers, their instructors and superiors.

There are many Korean students in America, and hundreds more not only willing but anxious to go there to study, if they could see any future field for activity in their own country. As long as they do not know whether their descendants are to be Japanese or Russians, they remain disheartened, and their country is too weak and too exhausted by centuries of fighting for them to decide their fate by arms.

In the midst of this wretchedness and the apparent hopelessness of ever reducing to order these varied elements of discord, the Emperor occupies, without doubt, the most unenviable position possible to a sovereign.

From my first audience I was greatly interested in his character, and endeavored, as far as the strict Oriental etiquette allowed, to penetrate his mask and reach his real self.

Though I saw him frequently, his conversation was always coldly formal; and it was not until two years later, when, at his request, I left the American legation to become his confidential adviser, that I realized that the "Son of Heaven" is, after all, a man, and has, in spite of his education and environment, very human ambitions and desires. Once in his service, the Emperor's whole attitude changed. It was no longer the impersonal manner of a sovereign toward the official of another country, but rather that of an intelligent but untraveled man, bound hand and foot by tradition and intrigue, on the defensive against every one, but seeking information of every kind, even the seemingly trivial, in order to enlarge his horizon and adapt the knowledge gained to his own needs. He rarely gives an opinion, but questions always, asking in what way certain measures might best be adapted to Korean conditions in order to obtain the best results.

He is painfully aware of his ignorance of the manners and customs of the Occident, and his desire to be in no way behind his royal and imperial cousins of Europe exposes him to constant mortification and expense. Taught by a lifelong experience, he is suspicious of every one, but his confidence may always be gained through his affections and religion. He appreciates

frankness, even if the subject is unpleasant; if he approves, he does not hesitate to say so; if not, he rarely shows displeasure, but dismisses the subject temporarily with a "Think it over carefully and report to me again." Everything he does betrays, in spite of occasional mistakes, his great desire to advance the best interests of his country—to be the founder of a new and progressive dynasty; but he is hampered on every side by the difficulty of breaking with century-old traditions, by his lack of modern education, the difficulty of striking the right course in the midst of the conflicting advice forced on him by each foreign legation at his capital, and by his lifelong and well-grounded fear of personal violence, which has necessarily affected his character. Four decades of this life have made him timid and distrustful. He endeavors, consequently, to do too much himself, thus overtaxing his strength and capacity. This he is the first to admit, but returns the same answer to all remonstrance: "Whom can I trust?" The great difficulties with which he has to contend are too little appreciated.

He is, of course, an absolute monarch, but one does not pause to think how greatly his actions must be influenced by his surroundings. He is little known by foreigners, and therefore greatly misrepresented. It is too easy for some disappointed concessionnaire, or some diplomat baffled in an enterprise redounding greatly to his own credit and incidentally to the commercial or political interest of his country, to throw all the blame for his disappointment on the "vacillating policy of the Emperor." It is too easy for the traveling correspondent, book-writer, or tourist, picking up his information in hotel lobbies from disgruntled place-seekers, or from hired interpreters and guides with a smattering of English, to depict the ruler of Korea as a libertine and weakling, or as a tyrant actuated solely by cupidity or fear.

I have known him, I may say intimately, through six most trying years, and other Americans have stood in the same relation to him before me, and several distinguished men have died in his service; but all who were disinterested have formed the same opinion of him: a kindly, courteous gentleman, deeply, almost morbidly religious, and sentimentally devoted to the memory of his murdered wife and her son; a ruler anxious to do his duty by his people, but greatly hampered by the difficulties of all sorts which have beset him since his earliest childhood.

In 1863 the King died without issue, leaving his country not yet recovered from the terrible devastation of 1592–98, and the internal troubles, famines, and disease which further decimated the unfortunate people during the following centuries. A distant cousin, the father of the present Emperor, an unscrupulous and mercenary prince, placed his thirteen-year-old son upon the throne, and declared himself regent, with the title of "Tai Won Kun," by which he became well known later to foreigners. The young King was secluded carefully, and kept, much as the Emperor of China has been kept, from all knowledge except such as he might gain from the Chinese classics. He was married, during the year after his coronation, to the daughter of one of the nobles of the Min clan, a powerful family of whose influence the regent was desirous. This young girl, well-educated, clever, and ambitious, took up, with the help of some of the members of her clan, a struggle with the regent for the emancipation of the King and the independence of Korea from Chinese suzerainty and from all other foreign influence, which ceased only with her assassination, at the instigation of the Japanese minister, by Japanese *soshi* (hired ruffians) and police in 1895. Although a pronounced friend of progress, she had decided ideas as to the means to be used; her motto seems to have been "Korea for the Koreans," and she wished the development of her country to come from the inside, and to be primarily for the benefit of her own people, whereas the Japanese, equally progressive, were preparing a future colony for Japan. They had driven out the Chinese and acknowledged Korea's independence in the name of civilization and progress, but for their own ends. The regent died in the following year, and the King, upon the invitation of the Russian government, whose influence thus appeared openly for the first time in Korean affairs, escaped from the Japanese, by whom he was held a prisoner in his palace, to the Russian legation. The Japanese withdrew from Seoul, their influence broken temporarily, and the King, taking the title of Emperor in token of Korea's independence and to show his absolute

equality with all other sovereigns, called about him a cabinet composed of the most liberal and capable of his nobles, and took up the work of reform. His reign properly dates from these events, as up to this time his life had been a continual struggle with the regent and with the Chinese government.

At the real beginning of his reign, in 1895, he consequently found before him a task almost beyond the strength of any one man. The poverty of the country, exhausted by war and bad management; the corruption of his nobles; the apathy and indifference of his people; and the ignorance, born of centuries of seclusion, of all classes alike—all, combined with the intrigues of neighboring and professedly friendly powers bent upon absorbing his little empire, or of exploiting it for the benefit of their own countrymen, formed a combination of adverse circumstances which would have taxed the powers of a stronger and better-equipped ruler.

In all this little drama Americans have played a very active part. Our treaty with Korea was signed May 24, 1882, and for nearly twenty years Americans have been the chief advisers of the government, a fact of which our government has, I think, taken too little account. General Dye, of Egyptian fame, recommended most warmly to Korea by General Grant, reorganized the army and founded the military academy. The work he did has not been entirely eradicated, in spite of the strenuous efforts of both Russians and Japanese. Judge Denny, sent to Korea by Li Hung Chang, at the request of the Queen; Mr. Greathouse, in the departments of justice and the Foreign Office; General Charles Legendre, who served with distinction in the Civil War and in our consular service in China, and was prominent in the work of reforming the Japanese government,—all men of great ability,—have done work in Korea which will be appreciated if the present crisis passes and the Japanese government, in accordance with its promises, withdraws its armies and leaves Korea to develop without fear of interference from its neighbors and take its place among modern civilized nations.

The Emperor has always had a strong leaning toward Americans. From the first he has shown it in every way. Immediately after the signing of the treaty, he received the American minister, Mr. Foote, with marked cordiality; whereas the Japanese Emperor refused to see the foreign representatives for fourteen years after entering into relations with the Western powers, and then consented only because literally forced to do so; and nearly thirty years passed after the signing of the treaties with China before the foreign ministers received their first audience. The Emperor has always had many friends among American missionaries, notably Dr. Horace Allen, who, attached to the Presbyterian mission at Seoul, entered the service of the Korean government, accompanied their first embassy to Washington, when Korean independence was recognized by the United States in spite of the protests of the Chinese, and was appointed later to the American legation at Seoul. He was made minister, a well-deserved promotion, at the request of the Emperor, and holds a unique position in the country, through the confidence placed in him both by his own government and by that of the Emperor. The American missionaries, who outnumber all others combined, have undoubtedly done much good through their hospitals and schools, in spite of the misplaced zeal of some, who endeavor to inculcate in the people ideas of liberty and equality which they cannot understand, and for which they are not yet ripe. In all the districts to which they have had access they have prepared the way for a national educational system based upon a judicious combination of the "learning of the East and of the West."

Since the beginning of his contact with Western civilization, the Emperor's one consistent policy has been to profit by the American spirit of commercialism, and to make of it a buffer against a too great Japanese influence on one side and Russian aggression on the other.

It was his opinion that there would be no danger to Korea from Russia until Manchuria had been assimilated, while the danger was very real and pressing from Japan, in search of an outlet for her surplus population, and threatened with annihilation should the Russians be before her in seizing the territory best suited to receive this surplus. Indeed, the Japanese "jingo" press, the Japanese inhabitants of Korea, through their chambers of commerce, and the military party in Japan,

have for the last two years openly advocated the annexation of Korea.

The Emperor is well aware of the value of commercial interests in modern diplomacy, and therefore endeavored to check the present danger and offset the future by creating a third power in Korean politics —an American party, based upon tangible commercial interests. Hence the number of American advisers always near him in all the most important positions open to foreigners.

For this reason, also, he has given liberal concessions for railways, banking and mining privileges, electric traction and lighting franchises, waterworks, and other public improvements. He has granted every facility for carrying out these works, and only insists that they shall be of the best. All the material for these works comes, as far as possible, from America. He has subsidized American mission schools and hospitals. For years it has been his object to create a heavy national debt held in America, so that, through the personal influence of the capitalists concerned, our government would be forced to take a special interest in Korean affairs.

Unfortunately for his work of reform, he has failed to secure the coöperation of the conservative party among the nobility, who fear the new ideas; the so-called "progressive" nobles being mercenary opportunists, who form a Russian party one day, and a pro-Japanese party the next, as their personal interest dictates. They are, when in power, as corrupt as they ever were under the old system. Of the real progressists there are very few, and all labor under the great disadvantage of insufficient knowledge of modern methods.

Characteristic of the Emperor is his appreciation of the fact that intelligence and worth are not necessarily confined to men of noble birth, which might, under the influence of foreign education, change this most despotic ruler of the world into the most democratic of sovereigns.

He has had for many years a number of men about him who come from the lowest ranks of Korean society—several of them lacking education and polish, but all noticeably energetic and practical. One of these, a miner, has risen, by his shrewdness in business matters and unswerving—I might say, unscrupulous—devotion to the imperial family, to the entire control of the revenues of the Emperor. Certain of the foreign diplomats in Seoul found this man extremely useful, and further strengthened his hand until, from managing the private affairs of his Majesty, he began to exert an enormous influence in every branch of the government, and became in consequence unbearable to the ministers of state and to the nobles. So strongly did the court disapprove of his meddling that the whole cabinet petitioned to the throne for his removal, and, in accordance with the century-old custom, knelt in a body, clad in sackcloth, at the main entrance to the palace, awaiting the imperial answer.

With all regard for their age and rank, the Emperor "regretted," and then told them, as they still did not disperse, that their action was distasteful to him. Finally, annoyed at the old gentlemen's trembling insistence, he said to the bearer of their memorial: "Go tell the prime minister and the cabinet that I have treated them as etiquette demands that high nobles shall be treated, . . . and that they have acted with the characteristic thoughtlessness of my nobles"; then, quite losing his temper: "Tell them that this one low fellow of whom they complain shows more ability and more devotion than they, with all their blood and all their finely worded petitions. Show me one gentleman who can take his place, and I will dismiss him. As for the members of the cabinet, I can find to-morrow a dozen members of the oldest and highest families who will embroil my affairs quite as successfully as they do."

This same "low fellow" was removed by the Japanese to Tokio soon after their occupation of Korea, where he is being schooled for future use.

A petition was brought to the Emperor one day from a ragged foreigner at the gate. The man was some stranded "beachcomber," probably a deserter, who, after exhausting the charity of the foreign community, had thought of this new way of raising money. The Emperor, after hearing his story, sent him a hundred yen (fifty dollars). One of his courtiers remonstrated at his sending so generous a present to a man who, had he been deserving, would have found relief at the consulate of his country. "That man," replied the Emperor, "has made me a more delicate

compliment than any of the professional flatterers I have about me; for he has come to me, as every loyal subject should, like a child in trouble to his father."

Allowing for the Oriental love of fine phrases in the one case, and in the other for the patent inadvisability of dismissing a valuable servant without prospect of replacing him, I still think that the Emperor is sincerely desirous, as far as his education permits, to be really a father to his people, and to infuse new life into his court by replacing the degenerate hereditary nobility by men of education and integrity, drawn from the more virile lower classes.

The finances of the country have been kept in a continual state of disorganization by the efforts of the Russians on one side and the English and Japanese on the other. Financial affairs are at present controlled by the British, who use all their influence to benefit the Japanese and to exclude every one else.

The other nations represented at Seoul, openly jealous of the favor shown to Americans, demand equal privileges under the most-favored-nation clause of their treaties, and have combined systematically to block all progress rather than allow the development of the country by Americans, seeing, no doubt, in Korea a miniature of the "American peril" in Europe.

Lack of unity in the American party brought about a total loss of American prestige during the period of acute tension which preceded the present war. The Emperor, in despair of achieving his object with the help of Americans, decided to throw in his lot with the less immediately dangerous of his aggressive neighbors, trusting to European intervention, later, to save him from becoming a vassal of the Russian empire. He came to an understanding with the Russian authorities, and asked for troops; and it was doubtless the knowledge of his intentions which urged the Japanese government to prompt action. This step was doubtless a mistake, but had his wishes met with the response in America which they deserved, it would not have been necessary, and Russia and Japan would not have had the Korean pretext for war.

Since the occupation of Korea by Japanese troops, American influence is again in the ascendancy. The railway operations undertaken by the Japanese since the outbreak of the war, the energy with which they are fortifying all the most important points, and the openness with which their officers speak of annexation do not reassure the Emperor as to their intention to evacuate his country when the war is over. The removal of pressure from other quarters has enabled him to recur to his original policy of securing the friendship and moral support of the United States. The recent exorbitant demands of the Japanese representative for salt, liquor, and tobacco monopolies, for sole forest and stream rights, and for the cession of all unoccupied lands in Korea to the Japanese government, together with the high-handed arrests of all who dare to disagree with him or to oppose these measures, have created an excitement in Korea which has not been equaled since the opening of the country, and any anti-Japanese or anti-foreign movement of the Korean people will be directly traceable to this cause.

Whether he succeeds or not in enlisting the aid of America, the Emperor, in his loneliness, cannot but command our sympathy. This war will decide whether Korea is to disappear before the tide of civilization in the East, or to float safely with it.

In the meantime we have lost what is more to us than the mere trade of so small a country—I mean the prestige of having proved ourselves the friend of the weaker nations struggling to take their place in the civilization of the world. It is too late now to take the position in the East which was offered to us through the friendship and confidence of the Emperor; for even if the Japanese government does not officially announce a protectorate over Korea, that unfortunate country will become more and more a Japanese colony through regulated immigration, and through the acquisition by Japanese capitalists, or by the government itself, of all foreign interests.

It is also to be regretted from a commercial standpoint, for the unique position which we enjoyed in Korea was a fulcrum for all the East, and, had we used our advantages, would undoubtedly have been of immense value to us, not only in the country itself, but more particularly in China and Japan.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

AND ITS FOUNDER, HENRY LEE HIGGINSON

BY RICHARD ALDRICH

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra is Mr. Henry L. Higginson's yacht, his racing-stable, his library, and his art gallery, or it takes the place of what these things are to other men of wealth with other tastes. It is a remark that he himself once made in disavowing any philanthropic ends when he set up in the city of Boston a musical organization that has few peers in the world of music anywhere. And though few will be persuaded to accept his disavowal as a complete expression of the case, it is true that Mr. Higginson has found in the establishment, the upbuilding, and the maintenance of a consummate artistic institution the keen personal delight that other men take in perfecting a collection or pursuing supremacy in a sport. If horse-racing is the sport of kings, there is also something regal, even imperial, in the possession of an orchestra. Kings had their court bands for their courtly pleasure a century and two centuries ago—bands which, in continental Europe, have evolved into royally endowed artistic establishments for the benefit of the people; and even into the nineteenth century the splendid Austrian princes, upon whom a fine old crust of feudalism lingered later than upon any others of the anointed, maintained for their own delectation, in their own palaces, great orchestras and great composers, whereof Joseph Haydn, serving the house of Esterházy as a liveried menial, is the classical exemplar. Mr. Higginson's orchestra, whatever he may declare as to his own motives, has been for twenty-three years as much for the benefit of his townsmen as for himself; and, in a way by no means indirect, for the benefit of his countrymen.

Henry L. Higginson, born in New York, but brought up in Boston as a scion of a Boston family socially and intellectually most distinguished, passed in his youth through the days of the Germania Orchestra and the Harvard Musical Association and the other local institutions that decorated the town with the epithet of "musical," and that contributed in large measure to that connotation of "culture" still inseparable from its name. The young Higginson, no doubt, like the good Bostonian he has always been, thought these things were all they should be or could be, till he was sent to Vienna to complete his education.

There he saw a great light. He associated much with musicians and musical amateurs, and heard what orchestral playing might be at the hands of accomplished musicians constantly in training under great conductors. Then and there he formed the resolution that when his time came he would give to Boston an orchestra on a higher plane than all its culture had ever known; an orchestra the members of which should not be summoned to its service upon occasion from other pursuits, but whose business should be its business; an orchestra that should not be dependent upon the caprice of the public, or limited in its scope by the conservatism of a clique.

His time came in the midst of a successful business career, when, moreover, Boston was ripe for the experiment he intended to try. The old Harvard Musical

Association had shriveled up to nothing. To take its place, there was a newly formed Philharmonic Society supporting an orchestra upon the casual basis that was the only possible one under existing conditions. Its purposes were sincere, but it was glad to retire from the field when, in February, 1881, Mr. Higginson made public his intention of establishing a new orchestra in a new way. There was in Boston at the time a clever young baritone singer, musical through and through, a man of uncommon intelligence and force, and in certain ways of rare accomplishment. To Georg Henschel, though he was without experience as an orchestral conductor, was intrusted the organization of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He proved, not unnaturally, to be far from an ideal conductor, since the art of conducting is not inborn, but is acquired by great toil and long experience; but he did well the pioneering work for the new orchestra.

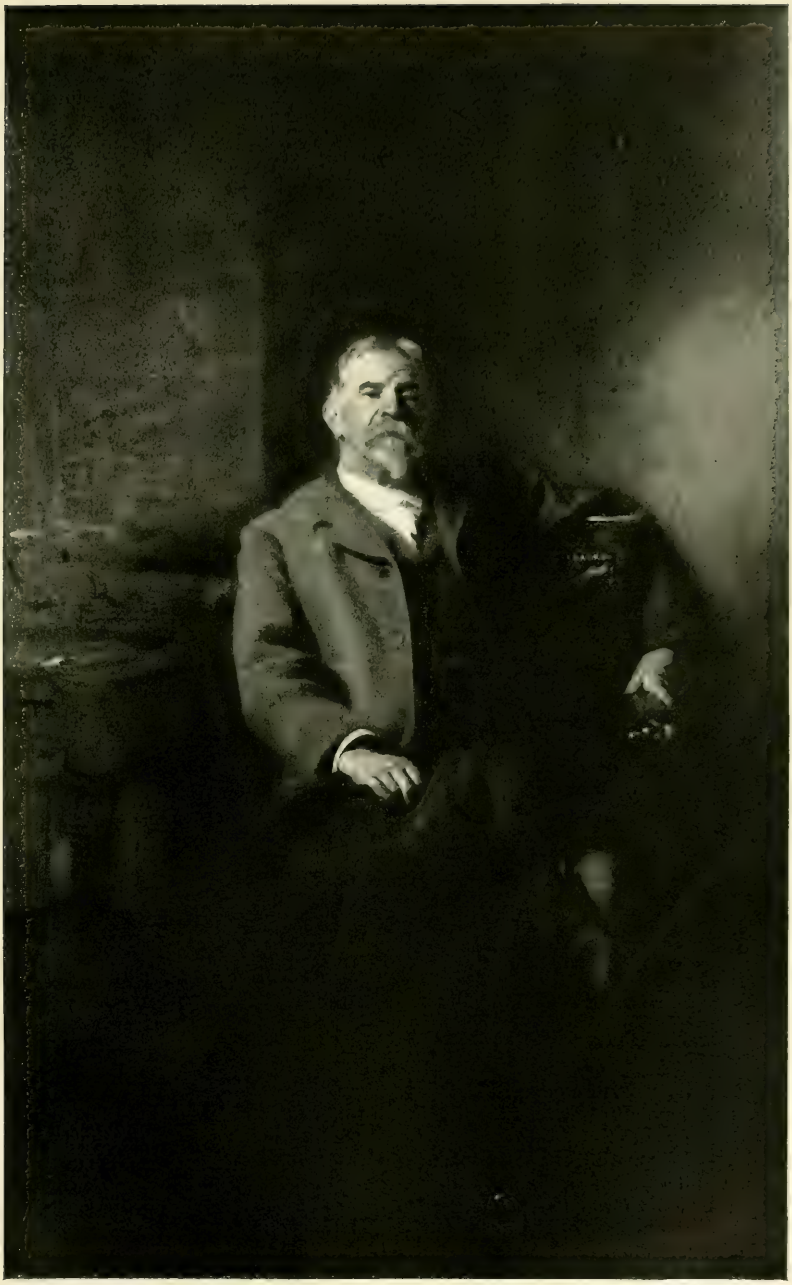
As he organized it, it numbered seventy performers. There were twelve first and eleven second violins, eight violas, nine cellos, nine double-basses, and the number of wood- and brass-wind players usual in a small orchestra.

The growth of the orchestra is shown by a comparison of these figures with those of its present constitution. There are now, when all the players are in requisition,—which, of course, they are only in the most modern compositions,—about ninety men; namely, sixteen first and fourteen second violins, ten violas, ten cellos, eight double-basses, four flutes, three oboes, one English horn, three clarinets, one bass clarinet, three bassoons, one contra-bassoon, four horns, four trumpets, three trombones, and one player each of the harp, tuba, timpani, bass drum, cymbals, triangle, and tambour. It gave its first concert on October 22, 1881. The purpose was at first to make it minister specially to listeners of limited purse. The best places cost fifty cents; at the so-called public rehearsals, on the afternoons of the day preceding the concerts,—really exact duplicates of the concerts themselves,—there were seats for twenty-five cents. But the concerts speedily became not only popular but fashionable. There was great competition for tickets among those of unlimited as well as of limited purse, and advantage was soon taken of this eagerness by the institution of an auction sale at the beginning of each season for the choice of places. Some have said that this has tended to restrict the popular privileges upon which emphasis was laid at first, and to increase the reliance put upon the support of wealth and fashion. Some have affirmed, too, that attendance upon these concerts is for many in Boston only a compliance with fashionable necessity. Yet for twenty-three years, week after week, the hall has been filled, often to the very limit of its capacity. Now, Boston is doubtless not to be judged as other towns; but it is hard to believe that, even in Boston, the necessity of being fashionable after the Boston manner can continue to constrain hundreds to weekly boredom unremittingly for twenty-three years, with few signs of relief yet in sight. It is almost easier to believe that love of music has really permeated the several strata of Boston society, and that the audience goes to the concerts because it wishes to hear them.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra was not founded to provide an instrument for any particular conductor, but its conductors have been summoned to fill the need it created—a fact that should be taken into consideration by zealous but not always wisely prompted orchestral founders elsewhere. It has had four different men at its head in the course of its existence, each a man of special qualification in certain directions, who has not escaped fiery ordeals of criticism for one reason or another, especially at home. It has been observed that the angel Gabriel would be disparaged by the American public if he came in contact with it long enough; and in Boston the critical faculty has always been highly developed.

At least Mr. Henschel's standard of taste was high and his temperament stood him often in good stead where skill and routine failed him. What he accomplished was worth the doing. He returned to Europe in 1884, to be succeeded by a man as different in type, in ideals, and in method as could well be imagined.

Mr. Higginson had seen and heard Wilhelm Gericke in Vienna as Hans Richter's colleague at the Imperial Opera, and as conductor, also, of the Society of Friends of Music. Keen, alert, of imperious and overmastering will, with all the technic and routine of the difficult art of conducting



From the painting by John S. Sargent, owned by the Harvard Union. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

HENRY LEE HIGGINSON

at his fingers' ends, not without a certain pedantic quality to restrain the musician's temperament, which increasing years have rather mellowed and softened than intensified, he found his orchestra a body of men loosely knit together and sorely in need of the rigorous discipline that makes for perfect mobility and adaptability in orchestras as well as in armies. There is something of the martinet in Mr. Gericke's nature, and he needed all he had in those first years of the formative period. The greatest distinctions of the Boston orchestra, its perfection of ensemble, its brilliancy, its plasticity, its beauty of tone, are his work. He achieved them not only through drill and the instillation of an ardent feeling of *esprit de corps*, but also, and in large measure, through the improvement of the personnel.

There were many veterans and some incompetents of the earlier dispensation in the orchestra when he came to it, who had found in it a "pleasant refuge" for declining years. Many new men came from Europe at his summons,—young men of eager blood, like the "young lions" of the Conservatory orchestra that were the delight of Berlioz in Paris,—for whom the orchestra was not a refuge, but a field for ambitious and energetic labor.

Drawn by S. Ivanowski

THE KETTLEDRUMS

It was a fortunate chance that brought Mr. Kneisel, Mr. Loeffler, Mr. Svecenski, Mr. Roth, Mr. Giese, the Adamowski brothers, Mr. Schuecker, and still others in the earlier years, and that has since

added such men as the ill-fated Pourtau, and Mr. Longy, to name only a few of many accomplished players who have helped make the Boston Symphony Orchestra admired as "a band of virtuosi." Their coming caused wailing and gnashing of teeth in certain quarters. It is not a pleasant task to dismiss veterans who have deserved well; but it sometimes must be done, and the need for it must never be lost sight of, as New York has found to its cost. The violinist's arm gets unsteady, his fingers uncertain; the oboist's throat and tongue muscles, continuously strained in forming the tone of his capricious and difficult instrument, become relaxed and inefficient; the clarinetist loses his front teeth and is as one bereft of hope; the trumpeter's and the hornist's lips forget their cunning, and as musicians they must all give way long before, as men, they are used up.

Strange though it may seem, it is a difficult undertaking to secure the best men from abroad as orchestral players in the

Drawn by S. Ivanowski

AN OBOE

Drawn by S. Ivanowski

THE LEADER

American Promised Land. There is a stronger force than the Musical Union to keep them out. Seasons are short, engagements are limited, opportunities for players of other than the stringed instruments, in case they should lose their positions, are few. Nor is it possible to pick out good men abroad with certainty. Not all the undertakings of the Boston Symphony conductors in this direction have been fortunate. It stands upon the records that, having heard many aspirants during a certain summer in Europe, one of Mr. Higginson's conductors personally chose and brought over sixteen new men. Every one of them proved quite incompetent and had speedily to be sent back. On another occasion it was desired to obtain a new clarinetist to take the place of one of the veterans just mentioned. The old one was dismissed with an indemnity for the breaking of his contract. The new one was sent, at the conductor's request, from Vienna by a celebrated conductor, who certified to his competency, truly believing him, no doubt, to be "good enough for America." Before he had gotten half through his first rehearsal with the orchestra it was clear that the new man would not do at all. He was

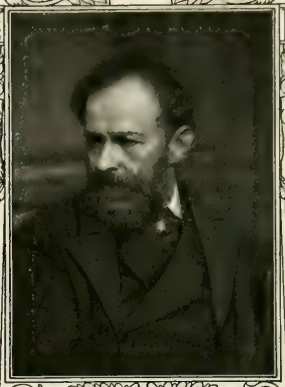
not even allowed to play at the ensuing concert, but was sent away with a blessing and the year's salary he had contracted for —shipped to a distant city where he could play in a theater and be as little as possible a thorn in the flesh of Boston. The veteran was hastily recalled and reëngaged, naturally at an advance in salary sufficient to assuage his wounded feelings.

The American life, and his strenuous part in it, caused Mr. Gericke, after the season of 1888–89, to return to the quieter atmosphere of Vienna; and to succeed him Arthur Nikisch was summoned from his post of conductor at the Neues Theater —the municipal opera-house—of Leipsic. He was just then emerging into that fame that has since made him one of the most distinguished, and, it may also be added, one of the most highly paid conductors in the world; but he had not quite arrived at it then, and the series of concerts that he had conducted the previous winter in Berlin had been a disastrous financial failure.

From a photograph
FRANZ KNEISEL

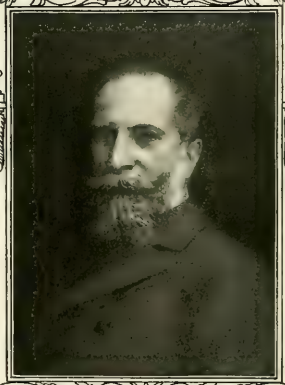
In Boston he did much in the next three years to bring himself into prominence as one of the most original, daring, and intensely subjective of the modern school of conductors—a man who, with certain exaggerations and affectations, is illuminated by the living flame of genius. As about his predecessor, so even more about him, was Boston rent into contending factions. So it was also about his successor, Emil Paur, who, having stepped into Nikisch's position at the Leipsic opera, stepped into it again in Boston as one who came to tide over an emergency. For after Mr. Nikisch's contract had been canceled in 1893, under circumstances of some stress and strain, Mr. Higginson fully expected to secure for his orchestra Dr. Hans Richter. It is not perhaps generally known by how narrow a margin the great Viennese conductor, then as now recognized as one of the most gifted and authoritative in the world, failed to come to this country. He had just had trouble in the intriguing court circles of the Austrian capital, where the strings that direct the management of the Imperial Opera are pulled. He was disgusted and ready to leave Vienna. He had actually signed a contract with Mr. Higginson and was expected in Boston. Then came salve to his wounded feelings, *auf hohen Befehl*, in the shape of a decoration and an appointment to the post of *Hofkapellmeister* at the opera on the death of Hellmesberger. So he calmly ignored his American contract and stayed. Mr. Paur exercised a rude but vigorous sway for five years, when he was succeeded, in 1898, by Mr. Gericke, who returned to a place that had been kept warm in the hearts of his admirers during the nine years of his absence.

It would be wrong to neglect the part that was played in the upbuilding of the Boston Symphony Orchestra by Franz Kneisel, whom Mr. Gericke took as a lad of twenty from the post of concert-master of Bilse's orchestra in Berlin, and put in the corresponding post in Boston in the autumn of 1885. To the eye of the audience the concert-master—so we somewhat unintelligibly translate the German word *Konzertmeister*, ignoring the more descriptive French name of *chef d'attaque*—is the



Photograph by F. Hollyer
GEORG HENSCHEL
1881– 1884

Photograph by E. Bieber
ARTHUR NIKISCH
1889–1893



Photograph by Hollinger & Co.
WILHELM GERICKE
1884–89 1898–

Photograph by Aimé Dupont
EMIL PAUR
1893 1898

THE CONDUCTORS OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY SOCIETY

Drawn by S. Ivanowski

A SOLOIST

man who plays at the forefront of the first violins at the left of the conductor. But he is a much more important personage than that fact alone would imply. Now, the importance of the concert-master's function depends on a number of things, largely the nature and habits of the conductor, and the personal force of the concert-master himself. It is rather the fashion nowadays to try to belittle the importance of the concert-master, as a result of the growth in the artistic position of the conductor. But where the best relations exist, the concert-master is given a responsible burden in the carrying on of the orchestra. He is, in a way, the autocratic conductor's grand vizir, his executive officer, one of his chief means of making effective his wishes; and, where the right relation exists, his best friend and right-hand man. His functions resemble those of a constitutional monarch's prime minister. The king can do no wrong. If all goes well in the orchestra, it is the conductor's achievement; if anything goes amiss, it is very likely to be the concert-master's fault. He must always see that all the instruments are in tune with one another before rehearsals and concerts begin. In most cases he sees that the violin parts are properly marked for bowing and phrasing, which he determines himself, in order that all shall play alike—though not always is uniformity of bowing considered indispensable. If there is a misunderstanding between the conductor and a player, the concert-master's good offices are invaluable in setting it right. He advises the conductor as to the deficiencies or excellences of individual players, and may often be called upon to assist in engaging new men. If the conductor makes a mistake,—and even the greatest conductor does,—the concert-master is there to see that the force of it is broken in some way. Few conductors are thoroughly familiar with the details of the technic and the limitations of all the orchestral instruments, their possibilities in the way of phrasing and the production of special effects; for, though most conductors have begun their careers as performers upon some instrument, their playing days are past and they have other things to think of. So, if the conductor gives a direction as to phrasing or accentuation that is im-

Drawn by S. Ivanowski

A CLARINET

practicable, or if he demands something that cannot be done, the concert-master must be ready, after the rehearsal, to explain to the bewildered or derisive player that he is not to understand thus and so exactly as he thought, but rather this and that, which was what the conductor really meant; and likewise adroitly to intimate to the mistaken autocrat that some slight modification of his desires would be advisable. In case of direst need, should conductor and orchestra lose touch with each other in a public performance, the concert-master must divine the cause of the trouble, and, through his intimacy with the men and his knowledge of the conductor's wishes as well as of the score, bring them together again with the sound of his instrument, at a critical moment more potent than the conductor's stick. Or, should a soloist miss a cue or make a false entrance, he must, if possible, give such a hint or catch up such a missing strand as shall set the unlucky one right. In short, his office is of an importance to the prosperity of the orchestra only less than that of the conductor himself. It may easily be seen how valuable a man of force and tact, of accomplished musicianship and fertile resource, may be in such a place, or how futile one must be who has not these qualities. It is only needful to say that Mr. Kneisel, during the eighteen years he was concert-master, was the very ideal of what a concert-master should be; and that, without services such as his, the Boston Symphony Orchestra could scarcely have attained the perfection it has. The orchestra has at present, in Professor Willy Hess, a player of style, authority, and technical accomplishment, and a man of the vigorous and commanding personality needed for its concert-master—one who is carrying on the best traditions of his office in the economy of the orchestra.

Drawn by S. Ivanowski

THE BOX-CIRCLE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is the creature of Mr. Higginson's will, and never has been anything else; and if he should choose to-morrow to disband it, it would cease to exist. He has made it what he

Drawn by S. Ivanowski

THE ORCHESTRA, MR. GERICKE LEADING

desired; but he has never interfered with the absolute authority of his conductors, and he has always upheld their hands and met their wishes in a way that has often entailed great and sometimes extravagant expense. Indeed, the price of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has never been measured by the guarantee of salaries and rentals. There was once one of Mr. Higginson's conductors who thought that the tone of the violins—the greatest glory and strength of the organization—would be improved if all the players had instruments of the same make and quality, instead of such as each individual had chosen or been able to possess himself of. Nothing would do, therefore, but that he should send to Germany and import for the score or more of his violinists a set of violins by one maker. The experiment was tried for a time, but the results were not what were expected, and most of the instruments are now packed away in the store-room, gathering dust. Again, that the orchestra should have the assurance of a home from season to season and from week to week, it was necessary to secure control of the old Music Hall, and Mr. Higginson found himself a real-estate owner by virtue of possessing an orchestra. But even ownership did not bring peace and quiet. The Boston elevated railroad was projected, and one of its surveys took its line directly through the sacred statue of Beethoven, threatening the demolition of the ancient, barn-like, and drafty, but acoustically excellent, auditorium. An immediate movement toward the erection of a new hall was necessary; and though the proposed line was changed and the hall was left untouched, the movement, after some years, resulted in the erection of the new hall in another quarter of the city—a hall erected, to be sure, by a company, but one whose financing approached in one way or another close to Mr. Higginson's pocket.

An orchestra is a kind of microcosm, a miniature of the outside world, in which there are the leaders, the aristocrats, and the followers, the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, though a spirit of civic unity must inform them all. And, as in the outside world, the material rewards vary with the powers and the position of

the individuals. The terms under which the Boston Symphony players are engaged are very various. The rank and file are for the most part under annual contracts for a season of twenty-nine weeks (of which twenty-four are devoted to the Boston concerts, and five to traveling), at a salary of from thirty or thirty-five dollars a week upward. The chief players—the first violin, or concert-master, and some of the other best violinists, the first cellist, the first performers on the other instruments—receive more, up to an annual salary of five thousand dollars, with engagements of several years. Some receive weekly salaries of various amounts guaranteed for various periods of time beyond the regular season, sometimes as long as forty-five weeks in the year. The conductors have received salaries of about eight or ten thousand dollars.

The contract that each member has to sign requires that he shall have "a good and suitable instrument and keep it, at his own expense, constantly in the best condition"; that he shall "support to the best of his ability all rehearsals and performances," and "play to the best of his ability as a musician." He shall comply with the instructions of the conductor as to music, deportment, and order; shall play at no balls and at no other orchestral concerts or rehearsals in Boston or elsewhere without permission. One proviso that seems a little curious at first is that "the conductor shall have full power to regulate the pitch of the orchestra," until it is remembered that in case of some of the wood and brass instruments a change of the standard of pitch would mean the procurement of new instruments. There are fines imposed for lateness at rehearsals: five dollars for a period not exceeding fifteen minutes, ten dollars for a longer one, and ten dollars for absence, unless there is sufficient excuse. There are certain penalties and indemnities which Mr. Higginson is entitled to claim on the non-fulfilment of contract stipulations. It may be remarked, however, that the contract is much more severe than Mr. Higginson is; and the pound of flesh is rarely exacted, and then only for the sake of discipline.

Such a thing could never happen, for instance, as happened to Dr. Richard Strauss in New York last spring, when he was rehearsing his enormously difficult "Symphonia Domestica" for the eighth or ninth time with an orchestra supposed to have some claims to at least a season's permanency. An unlucky horn-player made a mistake that the composer had repeatedly corrected at previous meetings, and when Dr. Strauss angrily threw down his baton and reproached the musician for inattention and neglect of his directions, the culprit replied: "But, Herr Doctor, I have n't been here before—I 'm a substitute!" Playing in the theater orchestras is forbidden; but if, in a few occasional instances, it is tolerated, it is because a special necessity is recognized. Many of the players teach; but few beyond the violinists and cellists have that resource open to them. The purpose is—and it is effectively realized—to make the orchestra, during the season, a united body of men with but one main object in view and free to devote themselves to it—following a single director's counsels of perfection, with as little as possible to weary them or to distract them from it. How high an ideal that is, and how few of the great orchestras of the world make any pretense of reaching it, is perhaps not often realized. Mr. Thomas's Chicago orchestra is one of them. The orchestra of the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam is one. Are there many others? The Gewandhaus players in Leipsic, those of the Vienna Philharmonic, and those of the great Paris orchestras have their operatic and other duties; the members of the Berlin Philharmonic are subject to the wear and tear of almost daily popular concerts. Mr. Henry J. Wood has just fought his way through almost bloody strife to the point of forbidding the men of his Queen's Hall orchestra in London to rehearse through substitutes. The orchestras that are so entirely devoted to the sole object of their orchestral concerts are indeed rare.

But twenty-nine weeks' salary is not enough to support the rank and file of Mr. Higginson's men throughout the year. Hence arose the "Pops" of the early Boston summer-time. Not chiefly to supply his fellow-citizens with fantasies on "Carmen," Strauss waltzes, and sarsaparilla, but to lengthen the period of his men's earnings, Mr. Higginson, twenty years ago, began to give a series of concerts of light music in the Music Hall, lasting for eight weeks after the close of the regular season. The leading players take no part in these,

except that upon one of them is annually bestowed the brief glory of conducting. But even when these eight weeks are ended, the lesser players of the orchestra find that they still have a famine period to reckon with before the rehearsals are taken up again in the autumn. There remains for them the "summer snap," the orchestra of the summer hotel, in which four or five players whom the proprietor proudly advertises as "from the Boston Symphony Orchestra" provide agreeable diversion for the guests. The matter is harmless and unimportant, except for the specter of the Musical Union that it has evoked, and that has in recent years increasingly troubled the serenity of the orchestral brotherhood, touching chiefly the interests of the lesser men. Mr. Higginson's position as to the union is very positive. He thinks that unions are an excellent thing; he believes in them—but not in the "closed shop." He is willing that his men should belong to the union, but not that they should compel the unwilling to do so. He has told the players frankly—and they all know that he means it—that if the union undertakes to dictate in the Boston Symphony Orchestra, or to interfere in any way with its management or the freedom of its members, he will pay off all hands and disband the organization on the spot. Recent events, resulting in the resignation from the Union of all of the Symphony men who belonged to it, seem to have relieved this situation.

Within a couple of years the members of the orchestra have had still another resource to look forward to in time of need, in the shape of a pension fund established in imitation of the general practice in Germany. Such a fund in such an organization has certain features of doubtful expediency, into which it is not necessary here to inquire too closely; but it has also its obviously advantageous ones. And as it has also the sanction and support of the founder, there is good reason to hope for its increase in usefulness.

It might be supposed that, after twenty-three years, everybody who knows the orchestra knows that back of it stands Henry L. Higginson. Yet it was only a few months ago that its manager, Mr. Charles A. Ellis, who with his assistant, Mr. F. R. Comee, has guided its fortunes skilfully and in the spirit of Mr. Higginson's purpose from the very beginning, received a note from an unknown but ardent admirer of the orchestra, who thought that it was such a very good thing, such a great public benefit, that some rich man like Mr. Carnegie ought to back it up and support it.

Mr. Higginson knew, when he embarked upon the scheme of his orchestra, that it would cost him heavily; and it has. He recalls with a certain grim amusement a conversation with a local musical *entrepreneur* who anxiously tried to dissuade him from it as from a mad folly. "Why, Mr. Higginson, you will never be able to make it pay," was the final argument. And it never has "paid." He estimated that it would burden him, on the average, $20,000 a year, which it has—and more. Mr. Higginson has never taken the public into his confidence as to the orchestra's finances, but it may be said on the highest authority that it has cost him as much as $52,000 in a year; that in one season it paid its expenses, and only one, though in another it lacked only $2000 of doing so; and that last season, after several more prosperous ones, the deficit mounted up again to $40,000. It may also be said, on the highest authority, that Mr. Higginson has made provision for the continuation of the orchestra on the same lines after his death. Mr. Higginson is not a wealthy man in the modern acceptation of that term, and what the orchestra costs him in money comes out of his annual earnings. What it has cost him in time and trouble, in annoyances great and small, in perplexities, in demands upon his patience, wisdom, and sense of justice, no man may know. He is always accessible to his players, in his busy hours and out of them, and they seldom have shown any hesitation in coming to him as to an unfailing friend, counselor, and guide, or as to a tribune of last resort.

According to the founder, however, the establishment of a Boston Symphony Orchestra is a perfectly simple thing. "All you have to do is to set the game going and back it up. It does n't require anything more than that." It is not necessary to talk about it; and as for New York's annual chatter about a "permanent orchestra," so long destitute of results, he says there are plenty of men in New York who could start and maintain such an orchestra as his as well as he could, if they wanted to. The essential, besides wisdom,

is liberality. When a well-known wealthy amateur of London, desirous of carrying out a similar plan, consulted Mr. Higginson about some of the details of his expenses, he was told not to worry too much about the bills. "You don't worry about your wine bills nor about your cigar bills, nor about your wife's dressmaking bills," —Mr. Higginson was addressing a millionaire,—"and you must treat your orchestra's bills in the same way."

What a permanent orchestra may involve in expenditure above what its public pays to hear it may be judged from the reports of similar organizations that do reveal the facts. In one recent year the Philadelphia Orchestra acknowledged a deficit of nearly $80,000. The comparatively modest Pittsburg Orchestra, a year ago, called upon its guarantors to make up a loss of about $40,000. In the first ten years of its existence the Chicago Orchestra sank about $300,000. In the beginning Mr. Higginson was heavily burdened; and especially a source of great expense was the visits to distant cities which the orchestra began to make in 1887. But since it first presented itself in New York in that year it has built up a very large and substantial body of admirers here—as large as the hall can accommodate; and in the other cities included in its five monthly pilgrimages—Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and Baltimore—it has met with similar success. It gives many concerts in all the large cities of New England that can be reached from Boston overnight, and it could play still more frequently to the advantage of its treasury did the conductor feel equal to standing the strain of more traveling.

It is in ways such as this that Mr. Higginson's achievements with the Boston Symphony Orchestra have spread their benefits far outside of Boston. He has raised the standard of orchestral playing in this country immeasurably, and has created a taste and a demand for what was unknown before he began his work. He has set Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and Cincinnati to an emulation of Boston; and has made many good people in New York very uneasy in their desire to do so. He has caused American music to be spoken of with respect and admiration by every European musician. And all the lovers of music in his own country ought to rise up and call him blessed.

A NEW DISCOVERY AT POMPEII

A FRESCO REPRESENTING THE ORIGIN OF ROME

BY PROFESSOR ETTORE PAÏS

[The new methods of illustration make it possible for us to present herewith, for the first time, a reproduction in color of the latest important pictorial discovery at Pompeii. The picture here reproduced in small was brought to light under the then director of the National Museum of Naples, and of the excavations at Pompeii, Professor Ettore Païs, who has prepared for the readers of The Century a popular account of this interesting painting. Signor Païs is now Professor of Ancient History and Classical Antiquities in the National University of Naples, and a member of the Academy of Sciences there. He is lecturing during the present year in America, before various universities and other audiences.—Editor.]

THE fresco which is here presented to the readers of The Century has never before been published in color. It was discovered recently at Pompeii, in that part of the buried city which faces Vesuvius. It was, under my orders, placed in the collection of Pompeian wall-paintings at the National Museum of Naples, which I had the honor of reorganizing. The fresco belongs to that inexhaustible series

of new paintings which are continually coming to light in the unearthing of the city of Pompeii. For it must be remembered that Pompeii was being rebuilt when it became so suddenly and tragically buried by the eruption of 79 A.D. Pompeii had, indeed, been seriously damaged by an earthquake which had visited it sixteen years before; and the citizens, on recovering from their great loss, had undertaken to rebuild their city.

Since that memorable year, Vesuvius has had many terrible eruptions, but not one has produced such vast and awful consequences. The inhabitants of Naples and vicinity have at last given their confidence to the grim monster. They erect their houses upon the very slopes of the mount, and Torre del Greco is constantly exposed to the greatest dangers. From this fact there has arisen the saying that Naples commits the sins, whereas Torre pays the penalty.

Recently, when all the foreign papers and journals expressed such terror at the fresh explosions, the Neapolitans tranquilly enjoyed the spectacle offered by the mount which renders beautiful that happy country.

On the whole, the scene represented by the new fresco is of easy and clear interpretation. There appears, in the background, the highest peak of the Alban Hills, namely, Monte Cavo, where, in the historic age, rose the temple of the Latin League, and on the slopes of which, in the legendary age, was situated the palace of the kings of Alba, mother of Rome. At some distance from the Alban Hills, the artist has skilfully represented the Palatine, on the summit of which is seen a small temple. By the side of this temple reclines the vestal virgin Rhea Silvia. Before her, and on another elevation of the hill, is seen a second temple; and, from the fire burning on the altar before it, it is evident that the temple is sacred to Vesta. In the center of the scene Mars appears, descending toward the sleeping vestal. The Sun, driving a chariot drawn by two white coursers, and three persons clothed in spotless togas are witnesses of his descent. It might be said that the latter are bewildered at the sight of the god descending from the sky; but it is more probable that they do not see the god, but are, instead, witnesses of the sin of Rhea, who has abandoned Vesta's holy fire.

To this scene there succeeds a second group, represented on another hillock. The vestal, whose guilt has been discovered, is thrust forward (together with another woman), wearing the aspect of a disconsolate and convicted person. It is easy to recognize in the former Rhea Silvia, who is being led out from the prison; in the latter, her faithful friend Anthos, daughter of King Amulius. Anthos, indeed, had obtained from her father a promise that her cousin Rhea Silvia should not be condemned to death. On the third hillock is seen the most noteworthy group of the fresco. A figure, which in the original is not clearly visible, is guided toward the Lupercal by Hermes, who bears the caduceus in his left hand, and with his right points to the twins Romulus and Remus. These are represented as being nursed by the wolf. Near them is the *ficus ruminalis*, and in the lower corners of the painting are two figures. Of these, the one which bears the aspect of a river deity sits near the shores of the Velabrum—that is, near the pool formed at the foot of the Palatine by the waters of the Tiber.

A careful study of the fresco offers inexhaustible material for discussion to the student of art, of topography, or of Roman religion. It will suffice us here to note that our painting presents in the main the officially recognized tradition of Rome's origin—a tradition accepted as early as the times of Hannibal by the earliest Roman historian.

Archæologists and topographers will surely find abundant material for discussion, whether endeavoring, with the aid of this fresco, to establish the primitive form of the Palatine, or questioning to which divinity was sacred the temple near which Rhea Silvia lay sleeping, or investigating the identity of the divinity by the side of the Lupercal and of Hermes. Perhaps the fresco joins to the original legend the version preserved by Ovid, in which Acca Larentia, the nurse of Romulus, and at the same time the mother of the Lares, was accompanied by Hermes. This version endeavored to connect the two Lares worshiped on the Palatine with Romulus and Remus. Finally, it is not improbable that the nymph Tiberina, who contemplates the scene, is Juturna, placed by Ovid in relation with Acca Larentia, her sister.

The fresco belongs to the last stage of

Color drawing after original in the Naples Museum

A POMPEIAN FRESCO

the development of Pompeian wall-paintings. Consequently, the traditions therein depicted represent the last phase of the evolution of the legend. The fresco was, in all probability, a copy of a famous painting preserved at Rome. In its varied and successive scenes, our painting, as other Pompeian frescos (such as that of Dædalus and Icarus), bears the most evident characteristics of Alexandrine art—an art which, as regards Pompeian frescos, has been most ably studied by Helbig.

However, there was more than one legend current concerning the origin of Rome, and the one represented in our painting, and briefly narrated by Livy, is far from being the most ancient. The legend which spoke of Rhea Silvia as the mother of Romulus became official only in the times of Hannibal (that is, in 204 B.C.), when, for political reasons, Rome thought fit to receive the cult of Rhea Idæa. To this goddess there was granted a temple on the Palatine only in 191 B.C. Before reasons of alliances induced Rome to accept this Asiatic cult, various other opinions had been expressed concerning the origin of Rome. It would take too long to enumerate them here. For our purposes it will be sufficient to state that the earliest legend represented Romulus and Remus as having been reared by a she-wolf. But the *lupa* was, originally, Acca Larentia herself, who later was transformed into the unchaste wife of Faustulus, the shepherd who found the twins on the Lupercal. Likewise, Faustulus, at first a god of the Palatine, was later, as the result of the fusion of myths clearly distinct, lowered to human level and declared chief shepherd of the Alban king.

In a volume concerning the most ancient Roman legends, shortly to be presented to the American public, I demonstrate that Faustulus and his wife, Acca Larentia, were in origin not human persons, but divine personifications of the goat and the she-wolf, the sacred totems of the Latin nations. With such religious conception is to be connected the sodality of the "Luperci," who, with their ceremonies, vividly recall the primitive cults. Side by side with this primordial element (present in all the transformations of the legend), there constantly appears that of the ficus ruminalis, to be found also in our fresco. The ancients considered the fig-tree as a symbol of fruitfulness. A wild fig-tree, or, as the ancients called it, the *caprificus*, was present in nearly all the most sacred places of Rome, such as in the Comitium, near the temple of Saturn, and at the Lacus Curtius. The shape of the fruit, and the milk which it gives, caused the ancients to apply to it the same name as that given to the breasts—namely, *ruma*. In its turn, the conception that trees were sacred and animated by divinities caused the belief that the fig-tree at the base of the Lupercal was sacred to Jupiter Ruminus and to the pastoral goddess Rumina. All favors the belief that, just as there were cities in Latium called Ficana and Ficulea, so the most ancient community of the Palatine should have called the city Rome from the sacred tree near the Lupercal and near the Porta Romanula.

This new Pompeian fresco, which serves to swell the number of monuments illustrating the origin of Rome, is a new proof that the Italian soil, archæologically speaking, is not by any means exhausted. On the contrary, it is destined for still many generations to disclose numerous documents proving the intensity and vigor of the ancient Italian civilization.

WHEN LOVE COMES

A GIRL'S LETTERS TO HER IDEAL

BY KATE WHITING PATCH

Author of "The Princess and the Boy"

I

THE FIRST LETTER

MY DEAR IDEAL: This is my birthday and I am seventeen. I have been so busy with other things all these years that I have not had much time to think of you; but now I am sure I ought to make up my mind about you and decide what you are like, so that I may be sure to know you when we meet. For of course I shall meet you some day. Some elderly people smile in a disagreeable way when a girl mentions her ideals, and declare that such things are not to be found in this life; but I do not believe it. I am sure the poets knew, and the happy people never say such unpleasant things. At any rate, I would rather believe in you and look forward to the day when you will come to love me in the way I want to be loved.

I am sure that I am old enough now to put away childish things and think seriously of the future, so I am going to write you this letter, my dear. It will help me to see you and think of you as a real person. Of course I can't send it to you now, for I do not know your name nor where you live,—unless it be in one of my "castles in Spain,"—but I will save it, and some day I shall give it you—perhaps.

I am sitting in the window-seat in my room, where I came to look over my birthday books. Perhaps they inspired me to write this letter, for Madeline gave me a dear little volume of love-poems called "Tender and True," and mother's gift was the little old blue-and-gold edition of Tennyson which father gave her before they were married.

I have been reading over the "Idylls of the King," and, oh, I think they are splendid! And I love the "Day-Dream," too, and "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," and the "Miller's Daughter."

I was talking about them to Miss Ireson, our English teacher, this morning. She is always lovely and sympathetic, though her hair is quite gray. "Ah, well," she said, with a smile and a little sigh, "we all have had our Tennyson days." I wonder what she meant? Has she missed finding *her* ideal? It 's a great shame, for she is so sweet and dear I am sure he would have loved her the way King Arthur's knights loved their ladies. Perhaps they did meet, and were parted again. Oh, I don't think I could bear that!

I sometimes wish that the world to-day was more like the world King Arthur lived in. It would be lovely to be wandering in some sylvan spot,—perhaps to have lost my way there, a damsel in distress,—and then to look up and see you riding through the woods in shining armor, ready to help me. Of course you would kneel before me and ask my troubles, and then you would lift me upon your powerful steed and mount yourself, and you would feel very tremulous when you felt my little hands clasping your arm (only they are not *very* little!), and I should feel so safe and happy; and I 'd love the wave of your chestnut hair, and the set of your broad shoulders; and when you turned to look at me, my eyes would look straight into your great gray ones (I think they are gray); and when you smiled, my heart would melt right into yours; and then we would ride away to King Arthur's court, and the queen would attire me for the bridal.

But I 'm a little afraid you might not love me at first sight, as the knights used to love, for I 'm not beautiful. Sometimes I think I am a little bit pretty, and Madeline says my hair is beautiful; but it is not so beautiful as hers. Hers is like curling threads of sunshine; but mine is darker, though it 's very curly, too—like sweet-pea vines, Madeline says. My eyes are yellowish brown,—perhaps you would call them amber,—and my nose is of the kind Tennyson describes as "tip-tilted, like a flower," which sounds ever so much prettier than to say it turns up a little.

And you? You can't be a knight in armor, and I do not know that I am sorry, after all, for fighting is dreadful; but I am sure you are knightly and chivalrous in spirit, and that you will wear my colors in your heart, even though it is no longer the fashion to flaunt them before the world.

Of course I hope you are handsome; but I shall love you just the same, if you are my ideal in every other way, even if you are plain.

There is a little poem in the book Madeline gave me which I like. It begins:

Pure and true and tender
My love must be;
Handsome, tall, and slender
My love may be;
But if the first be his
Who loveth me,
My heart will rest in bliss
And constancy.

I think that is the way I feel.

Pure and true and tender
My love *must* be.

It is that that would make me love you. And you would be strong, for Sir Galahad said:

"My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

And when you come to me you will say, as he did:

"I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine."

I think Sir Galahad was the finest of all the knights, and I should like your face to be like his.

"God make thee good as thou art beautiful,"
Said Arthur when he dubbed him knight.

I should like to see the quest of the Holy Grail burning in your eyes. I should like to know that "in the strength of this" you rode,

Scattering all evil customs everywhere.

But, ah! "my knight, my love," I should want you to let me help! I should want to polish your white armor and go on the quest with you.

Would n't it be beautiful to work together for some great good? And I suppose there is work to do, even though we are not so picturesque in our ways of doing it as they were in King Arthur's day.

But don't you think Sir Galahad could have been just as fine if he had loved Sir Percivale's sister the way you will love me, and made a little home with her somewhere in the world—a home to come back to when the day's quest was over?

I have been sitting here a long time thinking about you and writing this letter. There is a grape-vine growing about the window, and it is in blossom now, and, oh, so sweet! Down below a rambler-rose reaches its blossoms toward me. Any one could climb up the grape-trellis. If you were like Romeo you could come so on a moonlit night; but I 'd rather have you ride up bold and unafraid on your white charger. I 'd even rather have you run away with me, if it were necessary (Lochinvar was splendid!), than to be the least bit sneaky, even though you could say such beautiful things as Romeo did.

And where are you now, I wonder? Perhaps you are at college (I hope it is Harvard); and, sitting in your window there, maybe *you* are thinking of me, as Sir Edwin Arnold dreamed about his future wife. Don't you know the poem? It is in the little book Madeline gave me.

Where waitest thou,
Lady I am to love?

That is the way it begins, and I like the other verses, too:

It is the May,
And each sweet sister soul hath found its brother;

Only we two seek fondly each the other,
And, seeking, still delay.

. . . . . .

Thou art as I;
Thy soul doth wait for mine, as mine for thee.
We cannot live apart.

. . . . . .

'T is the May light
That crimsons all the quiet college gloom;
May it shine softly in thy sleeping-room—
And so, dear wife, good night.

I have quoted only parts, but it is all lovely; and do you know, as I read it, it seemed to me just as though you were talking to me.

But perhaps you are not in college at all. Maybe you only long to go, but have not money enough. Perhaps you have a poor mother and sisters to take care of, and have to do work that you dislike, and are wondering if you can ever do the things you want to do.

Oh, yes, you shall, dear; and I do not care a bit what you are, nor how poor and lowly, if only you are Sir Galahad.

Yes, I am going to call you that until I know your true name. It will make you seem more a real person to me; and I want you to seem real, for I can't write letters to a shadow. There is another reason, too, why I want you to seem real. I want to save all I have for you. I don't want to waste a bit of love on any one less worthy.

School-boy lovers don't count. They just make us begin to think of *you;* but it is sometimes easy, I 'm afraid, to play at loving when a young man is nice to you and dances well and says pretty things, and perhaps wants to take your hand when it is not necessary—and such things as that. If he is handsome and nice and all, a girl may forget sometimes and be silly; but, you see, if you are very real to me, O my knight, I sha'n't forget. I shall be looking for you always, and I think I shall know when it is *not* you, and I shall not want to be foolish, even in fun, and then be sorry. And I hope very much that you won't, either.

I wonder if you will ever really read this letter. I shall put it in the secret drawer of my desk to save for you; and I don't believe I shall even tell Madeline, though she is my dearest friend.

If I do not meet you before my next birthday, I will write again on that day.

What shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?

I suppose you won't be likely to come before I am through school. Girls used to know their fate at my age when mother was young, but it seems to be different now.

I shall not even think of you often, I 'm afraid; but deep down in my heart I shall remember that this letter is hidden in my desk, and that somewhere in the world you are waiting, as I am waiting here.

Good-by, my future dearest.

Your Sweetheart.

II

THE SECOND LETTER

I AM sitting out here in the woods, O my Sir Galahad. It is my birthday again, and I have come here to be alone and to think my own thoughts. I am sitting on an old log which is soft and mossy, and the ground at my feet is carpeted thick with the little green partridge-vine, all pink now with its sweet twin flowers. There are delicate young ferns, too, all about me; and everything is cool and quiet and green, and the soft air is full of that delicious woodsy odor.

It is a beautiful spot in which to spend one's eighteenth birthday. There is a dear little green path wandering away from where I am sitting off into the woods, and if I could only see *you* coming toward me down that path, I should be perfectly happy.

Oh, my dear, my dear—*have* I met you? If he is not you, he is so very like you that my cheeks grow hot and my heart leaps whenever I see him; but if he were you, surely he would know me—and I am not sure he knows.

He is older than I am,—six years older,—and he is very wise and good and fine. Every one likes him—the mothers and fathers and boys and girls, and the little children most of all. He is always doing kind and pleasant things; and yet he is not a bit of a prig. He loves fun and good times and outdoor things (you should see him play tennis!), and he rides a white horse as Sir Galahad should. I said he was wise. He can talk splendidly about great things, and his eyes glow when he is talking, as though he, too, had seen the Holy Grail. He has read a great many books, and he particularly loves Ruskin. "His writings are as beautiful as a summer

day"—that is what he said; and I have begun to read "Sesame and Lilies," and I love it, too. I wish I could be like Ruskin's ideal woman. Then, perhaps, he—*you*—would love me.

It is his face that makes me think he may be you, it is so full of light.

> Is thy face nobly radiant and as pure
> As e'en God could have stamped it?

And his eyes,—deep, wonderful gray eyes,—when they meet mine I feel as though they looked right through to the very heart of me.

Yet I do not think he knows.

This has not been a very happy year because of him. There have been some days, some hours, when my cup of joy has been full; but there have been other miserable hours—because I do not know.

If I were sure he was you, I could wait happily forever until he should find it out; perhaps I could even be happy if he never did, just because of the love in my own heart. I think I could say, like that woman in the poem:

> Not as all other women may,
> Love I my love; he is so great,
> So beautiful, I dare essay
> No nearness, but in silence lay
> My heart upon his path,—and wait.
>
> I would not lift it if I could;
> The little flame, though faint and dim
> As glow-worm spark in lonely wood,
> Shining where no man calls it good,
> May one day light the path for him.
> . . . . . .
> Yet if, some day, when passing by,
> My dear Love should his step arrest,
> Should mark my poor heart waiting nigh,
> Should know it his, should lift it—why,
> Patience is good, but joy is best!

Yes, I really think I could love like that.

Yet it would be sweet to be sure he knew, too. Once in a while I have caught a look in his eyes that seemed to understand what my eyes must try to hide. But even if he never did, so long as I could make life sweeter for him in any way, I could be content. Once he had a sorrow come to him, and I wrote a little note and tried to tell him how I grieved for him; and, oh, his answer was so dear! He told me I was a friend "a little different from other friends,"—those were his words,—and that he was grateful for me. I carried that letter about with me for a long time before I opened it; and when I did at last, and read his words, I was so happy it almost hurt. And that makes me think I could even be happy if he cared more for some one else, so long as I could give anything to him and be sure I was to him the friend he calls me.

You see, I tell you all this, my dear Sir Galahad, because I want you to know. If you and he *are* one, then I shall not mind his reading it some day; and if you are not he,—if you are to bring me a thing more glorious still,—why, then, dear lover-to-be, I shall still want to confess to you all the wanderings of my girl-heart in its search for you.

I have just been reading over the letter I wrote you a year ago. It sounds very sentimental; but I am afraid this is more so, because then I was only dreaming about you, and now I have caught the flash of your armor. No one knows about you except Madeline. She says Sir Lancelot is *her* knight.

> Who loveth me must have a touch of earth,

she quotes when I declare my reverence for you; but, oh! I 'd rather see the glory in your eyes than the burning love in Lancelot's.

I wonder if I shall ever write you another letter. I wonder what this new year holds for me. School will be over and done with in a few weeks, but there is still so much to learn—so much to do to make myself worthy of you.

> But my soul while it strives grows better,
> And I feel the stirring of wings
> As I stumble, doubting and dreading,
> Up the path of his stronger treading,
> Intent on his beckonings.

Oh, my dear, my dear, is this to be a happy birthday, a happy new year?

The "Unlessoned Girl" who waits for you.

III

AT NINETEEN

OH, MY DEAR SIR GALAHAD: I am so lonely for you! Madeline is engaged. She told me in the birthday letter she wrote me (for she is away visiting), and I have been crying about it up here in my room. I can't help crying, for I do not know him,

—the man she is engaged to,—and I am sure I have lost her. It just seems as though I could not bear it; but I suppose I could if *you* were only here. Then I should not feel so left out.

Madeline says *he* is a king of men—not Lancelot, but King Arthur himself. Perhaps, when the true one comes, he is King Arthur to every girl. Maybe you are not Sir Galahad, after all.

I always call *him* Sir Galahad to myself —the man I was thinking of last year when I wrote to you out in the woods. He has gone away now to Germany to study, and I miss him, though I did not see him often. I am not sure that you and he are one; but he must be your shadow, for I want you to be like him in almost everything. I still like him better than any other man friend I have. Yet I am not silly about him as I was last year.

Jack brings home some of his college friends almost every Sunday, and they are nice boys. I like to talk with them and dance and walk with them, and I don't mind their saying and doing pretty things; but, somehow, if I feel for a minute that any of them is really beginning to care in a way I do not—why, I just want to run away to you and hide.

Not but what some of them have ways like you; I suppose that is what makes me like them; and if I could only take the mind of one and the heart of another and the face of a third, and so on, I might make something like my ideal man out of the combination.

I can't bear girls who flirt and lead a man on and pretend to care, just for the fun of it. It frightens me to death when I think there is any chance of one proposing; and, anyway, I would rather keep them friends. But sometimes, when a man is nice and it is moonlight, or there 's a lovely waltz playing, or you are out in some woodsy place together, or something like that—well, it is hard not to feel that perhaps you do care a little yourself. I did not suppose I could ever have such foolish feelings or waste a bit of my heart on any one till I saw you; but I suppose I 'm just like other girls, after all, and perhaps my heart is just trying to find out what it wants.

But I want to tell you a strange thing. If ever I do get foolish that way, or likely to forget you, my future dearest, for a little, Sir Galahad—the Sir Galahad I have met—is sure to come in some way and remind me.

Sometimes I happen to see him or hear of him, or maybe it is a letter; but whatever it is, it makes me dissatisfied with anything less fine than he is, with anything less true than you will be.

So I cannot help but be glad and grateful for him.

I wish Madeline would come home. Perhaps I shall feel better when I see her and her "king." She says I am to be her bridesmaid when she is married, and that her "dearest" has a friend, a delightful Harvard man, whom she is anxious to have me meet. Well, I do not want to meet him, but I *should* like to meet you this day!

Thou comest! all is said without a word.

Will it be that way, I wonder? Are you thinking of me and longing for me, too? People are always talking of the joy of youth, but I think we can be very miserable when we are young. It is Madeline's letter that has made me miserable to-day, and that is why I turn to you for comfort.

Of course there have been lots of jolly, happy times this past year; but I have not been happy all the time, as I thought I should be the year I was eighteen.

There have been troublesome things to think out; the wise talk of those college boys has bothered me often; they seem to believe in so little, and when I begin to argue quote from great books I have never read. *You* won't do that, will you? You believe in the quest of the Holy Grail as I do.

I am going out for a walk now to try and get happy again, for I ought to be happy on my birthday.

Good-by, my dear Ideal.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
. . . . . .
Haply I think on thee.

And you are always shining and beautiful and bright whenever I turn to you.

IV

THE FOURTH LETTER

"THEN come kiss me, sweet and twenty;
Youth 's a stuff will not endure,"

sang Jack as I came down to breakfast this morning.

Yes, I have left my "teens" behind me. How old it seems—"twenty"! It makes me feel a little sober, too. Youth *is* slipping away.

Jack seemed to be in an Elizabethan mood, and a teasing one, for while I opened a little book that had come through the mail with birthday greetings, he looked over my shoulder and chanted dismally:

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.
. . . . . .
"Then be not coy, but use your time;
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry."

Jack thinks I am growing old and losing golden opportunities. In other words, he would like me to think I loved his dear chum and room-mate.

What confession have I to make this time, O dear waiting one? Well, two good men have been giving me much to meditate upon of late. One of them is this very friend of Jack's—a dear, good fellow. Much about him makes me think of you. He has not a face like Sir Galahad, but his eyes say things that his lips stumble over; for I have not encouraged him to be articulate in that way. I like best to have him talk about the books he likes, for I like them too, and he is as fond of poetry as I am. His college study is full of books—and, oh, such rare and interesting editions! I could spend hours browsing there, and find it all the pleasanter to have him for a guide and shepherd on such pleasant pasture-ground.

Madeline says a girl could almost marry him for his books, as some creatures marry for money.

Yes, and when I think sometimes of this, and of his good heart and chivalrous nature, there are moments when I feel very fond of him; yet when he begins to look unutterable things it makes me nervous.

You would not, I 'm sure.

The other man is Madeline's cousin, and he is jolly and likable, and has big, dark eyes, and a way with him that makes me glad I am a girl.

I am afraid I am not going to be at all a "new woman." I am not independent, and I don't want to be. I should always like you to hold my jacket and put on my rubbers or tie my shoe, even though I do know how to do those things for myself; and I hope you will like to bring me flowers often, and write nice little notes, and remember always the special days in our calendar. But oh, my dear, I was feeling blue the other day, and thinking of these two men and what they would have of me if I would let them ask for it; and then I remembered that I was quite twenty years old, and I said to myself that perhaps *you* would never come, after all, and that perhaps if I could only be "sensible," as Jack says, and tuck away some of my dreams, I might be happy—as happy as most people—if I should listen to either one and say, "Yes."

But that night I had a letter from across the sea—a letter from Sir Galahad (do you know, he is always that to me now, and you are—just *you*). It was written on a lonely evening when he was thinking of home, he said; and he talked of the old days in such a way that the letter made me happy and miserable both at once. I felt as though I had seen the ghost of something once very dear, and the vision was so precious I cried over it.

But the doubts were gone. I knew then that I could never say, "Yes," in that way. If you do not come, I must stay alone forever. But you will come.

V

AT TWENTY-ONE

I HAVE been setting my desk in order—destroying old letters, answering neglected ones, and preparing to begin the new year afresh. In the secret drawer I found the little bundle of epistles addressed to *you*, and as I read them they seemed so very foolish and ridiculous I almost decided to burn them with the other rubbish.

Oh, what a little goose-girl I was! Could even *you* refrain from smiling over such nonsense? And yet, do you know, while I smiled and my cheeks grew hot, the tears came rushing to my eyes; and the tears saved the letters. They seemed a piece of me, and I could not give them up. Instead, I am going to write you this once more, and tell you a truth that the rereading of these foolish things has taught

me. I know now that you are *not* Sir Galahad, but the good human king himself.

> Thou art the highest and most human too,
> Not Lancelot, nor another.

I have met Sir Galahad. In the beauty of his face and the loftiness of his spirit I thought I read the highest; but now I understand the king's sorrowful charge to his knights as they set forth on the quest that was for Galahad and Percivale alone, while the rest would but follow wandering fires.

> "Galahad, Galahad," said the king, "for such
> As thou art is the vision, not for these."

Yes, and with his eyes so full of the vision, how should he see the woman at his side, save as through a gentle mist? If Sir Galahad—my Sir Galahad—ever marries, he will be tender and true, indeed; but his wife will live in a great loneliness, as he must ever live. Nay, I think the warm, sweet human loves are not for him. Fit knight is he for the untried maiden heart, and her pure strivings for his sake make lesser loves unbeautiful. But the woman comes, and she, too, sees a vision—a vision in which heaven and earth must meet. It is her horizon. The maiden soul bows down before the light in Galahad's face, but the woman's heart yearns for something warmer, more human, to inwrap it.

Was Arthur's ideal of knighthood—

> To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
> To speak no slander, no nor listen to it,
> To honor his own word as if his God's,
> To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
> To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
> And worship her by years of noble deeds
> Until he win her—

less lofty than the vision of his maiden knight? Yet it found a place for the woman, and gave her also noble work to do.

And I think God meant us to walk hand in hand through this workaday world.

When you come, my king, I shall want to kneel and worship; but you will raise me to the warm level of your heart and we shall reign together.

Yet we must not forget him, the white-armored knight. When you come,—*if* you come,—the throne in my heart will be waiting because he saved the place for you, because the radiance of his spirit warned all lesser things away. There! I will say no more. This last word I will place with the others, and tie them together with the golden ribbon of promise, and henceforth they shall be a touchstone for the discovery of you!

Yes; when a man comes to me now with seeking eyes, I shall say to my heart, "Would he laugh at that little bundle of foolishness hidden away in my desk? Would I dare give it to him?"

If my heart trembles I shall turn away; but if I read in his eyes sweet pity and reverence for a girl's yearning dreams, I shall know, O Beloved, that I have found you.

Now I must indeed put away childish things and turn to meet life's serious problems. I must indulge in dreams only on nights like this, when the moon floods my chamber and the climbing rose whispers its secrets in dewy fragrance. When morning comes I must be ready for the work of a woman—for I shall be twenty-one!

And yet, for all these grave years and resolutions, I hope, I hope, that some day not far distant you will come to claim your letters.

VI

AFTERWARD

BELOVED, you have left me for a little space, and I must sit here with your roses brushing my face and lips and think with hushed breath of my blessedness, my blessedness!

You have left me, did I say? Nay, you will never leave me any more.

> The widest land
> Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine
> With pulses that beat double.

You have entered the inmost chamber of my heart, and I knew your coming by that sign. Others have knocked at its door, some have even stepped inside; but the door was never closed, and very soon they went away again. But when you came I heard your footfall, dear, so sure and firm; and when you entered that presence-chamber of love, the door swung to behind you,

Drawn by Blendon Campbell. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"WHEN LOVE COMES"

and I knew, I knew—I who waited breathless there—that you had come to stay.

Beloved, I am glad, glad! but I can't get over the wonder of it.

> That I should love thee seemeth meet and wise,

but that you should love me—yet why should I try and understand, since you tell me it is so? And now, dear, I have a little favor to ask, a little gift to bestow. Take them—these letters that are lying warm in my hand, and look at them with all gentleness in your eyes, for they are the shadow of a girl's dreams. They will reveal to you her unlessoned heart,—her yearning up the rainbow path which leads toward the ideal,—and they will confess more tolerantly than I could now the wonderings and wanderings of a heart in search of you.

They were written when you were but a vision, a dream. And these others whom she lingered by the way to question? Each one had some good grace that hinted of the king; each one, some gift that I would claim for you,—something that bade her turn to him for a wondering space; but You—You are the whole—You own every virtue these others only hinted of.

> Thou art my dream come true, and thou my dream.

For of course I was that dreaming girl.

The glamour of my "Tennyson days" is upon me again. Forgive the folly, dear, if folly it be; but drink you of the wine of love and youth before you read my letters.

I lay in your hands the heart of the girl—you who have come to inhabit the heart of the woman.

CHICAGO'S NEW PARK SERVICE

BY HENRY G. FOREMAN

President South Park Commissioners of Chicago and President Outer Belt Park Commission of Cook County and Chicago

WITH PICTURES BY JULES GUÉRIN

CHICAGO'S SECOND PARK-BUILDING ERA

IN 1869 Chicago began building a system of parks connected by boulevards. In 1880 it had two thousand acres. Twenty-three years later these parks were inadequate to the population, and, to meet the obvious need, Chicago entered upon a scheme of park extension divided into three enterprises: first, new internal parks, neighborhood-center buildings, improvement of Grant Park (enlarged five times), and an extensive addition to Lincoln Park; second, an outer belt of forest and meadow tracts connected by parkways; third, boulevarding the east edge of the city (the Lake Michigan shore), except where boulevards or parks already existed.

The Chicago River and its two branches form a wide-mouthed letter Y. They divide the city into three so-called "sides." The South Side is to the left of the Y; the West Side lies in the upper angle; the North Side is to the right of the Y. The base of the letter rests on the shore of Lake Michigan. The divisions of internal park authority are coterminous with the three geographical sides, so that the South Park Commissioners, the Park Commissioners of West Chicago, and the Commissioners of Lincoln Park (North Side) are carrying on the internal park expansion. Each of these bodies has received suggestions as to small parks from the Special Park Commission, a city organization which has established nine small playgrounds for children and has studied general local park needs.

The first step taken toward the present

WADING-POOL IN ARMOUR SQUARE

park expansion was to amend the Illinois law which permitted additions to recreation area only contiguous to existing parks and boulevards. Since 1869 new centers of population have developed. The great stock-yards district, with 100,000 people, was without park facilities. The region of Englewood, with more than 150,000; the great manufacturing district of the Calumet region, with a population of 100,000; and the congested river wards of the West and North sides, were all without parks.

When the statute had been amended by the Illinois General Assembly of 1903, the people authorized Chicago park boards to spend $6,500,000 for new parks.

The South Park Commissioners were the first to act. In the crowded quarters they found hordes of dirty and poorly clothed children swarming in the public ways—their playground. They found mothers with no green spot near by to refresh them and their little ones. They found young men and women in many localities with no neighborhood centers where they could meet and enjoy healthful and uplifting pastimes. They found men, weary from hard labor, with few places for beneficial recreation to break the monotony of their lives, but with avenues of disastrous amusement on every side.

Local stagnation blighted many districts. There was little or no neighborhood patriotism or pride. The public and parochial schools educated children only; they were open certain hours five days to the week and about nine months to the year. The churches, for the most part, were in service one day in the seven; they were tireless in their religious work, but were unable to provide facilities for physical culture.

The commissioners had started out to provide simple parks; but the conditions showed that such places, to be serviceable in a city where seventy per cent. of the people live in contracted quarters, must be more than breathing-spaces with grass, flowers, trees, and perhaps a pond and a fountain. They must afford gymnasia, libraries, baths, refectories, club-rooms, and halls for meetings and theatricals. They must be useful day and evening, summer and winter. The public must receive a continuous and ample return upon its investment—daily dividends in happiness, health, and progress.

NEIGHBORHOOD-CENTER BUILDINGS

Thus the idea of the field-house, or neighborhood-center building, had its birth.

Every field-house contains a gymnasium for women and girls, provided with apparatus, shower-bath, plunge-bath, and lockers. In another part of the building is a like gymnasium for men and boys.

There is also a refectory in each, where pure milk and plain, wholesome foods are

sold at first cost. The South Park Commissioners provide this service, as there are no concessions in the South parks.

Club-rooms, where meetings of athletic clubs, sewing-gilds, and other organizations are held, and an assembly hall, are also found under the roof of each field-house. The capacity, varying with the neighborhood served, is for from one thousand to three thousand persons. These halls are used for district meetings assembled for any good purposes, except political or sectarian. It is expected that these public meetings will replace the old neighborhood stagnation with neighborhood patriotism and unity of purpose and development.

But the field-house does not afford all the service in the new parks. Outside of it is a large swimming-pool, provided with dressing-rooms for men and women.

Branches of the Chicago Public Library are to be provided, thus bringing to the very doors of the people the means of advancement through knowledge.

In the new McKinley Park more than 121,000 men, women, and children used the swimming-pool during the season of 1904. This park is four miles from Lake Michigan, the bathing-beaches of which might as well not exist in so far as they are serviceable to the hot and work-worn people of the Brighton district. That these people might enjoy the healthful luxury of bathing, an out-of-door concrete tank was built, 350 feet long, 150 wide, and sloping to a depth of 9 feet. The water is tempered artificially, and the pool is surrounded with plantation effects. Dressing-rooms and bathing-suits are furnished free. Approach to the pool is through an Ionic colonnade of stone, roofed with a flower-garden. Within the colonnade is a shower-bath house, where patrons are cleansed before entering the public water. The pool has proved itself an undisguised blessing to the working people of the McKinley Park region. This district is familiar to the public, for it lies out the "Archey" road, made famous in the Dooley papers.

SHERMAN PARK RECREATION-HOUSE, SEEN FROM THE PARK LAKE—TYPICAL OF ALL THE SMALL PARKS

In addition to the swimming-pool, each park has a shallow wading-pool for children and a sand-pit where they may play. Each also has swings, giant strides, and other athletic apparatus.

In all the parks are running-tracks, and all have outdoor gymnasia, connected with the indoor gymnasia, for supplemental ser-

vice in summer. For the wise and systematic use of the gymnasia the commissioners have employed a director, a graduate of Harvard. This officer will give instruction, assist in organizing neighborhood clubs, encourage athletic rivalries, and make exercise attractive.

Such, briefly, is the service the commissioners afford in the new club-houses. All is free to any person who conducts himself or herself properly.

The large feature is the assembly hall, shared by men, women, and children as a shelter, and arranged for lectures and entertainments. The ceiling is high, showing open timbers. A stage is provided, and, in close communication, a refectory, a retiring-room for women, and a smoking-room for men.

Flanking this hall are the wings accommodating the social and athletic functions for men and women respectively. From

BESSEMER PARK RECREATION-HOUSE, SEEN FROM THE LAWN

These new parks were designed by the Messrs. Olmsted Brothers. The field-houses reflect in miniature the architectural beauty of the World's Fair buildings, for the designers of the White City—D. H. Burnham & Co.—drew their plans.

The buildings vary in size with the neighborhood and the area of the parks or squares. The walls are a concrete of Portland cement and crushed limestone. In the surface finish small particles of stone are visible, making the wall rough instead of flat and meaningless. The ornamentation also is concrete—pilasters and pillars with classic capitals. The roofs of the buildings are gray-green tile. The eaves are stained red, relieved by the whitened ends of the rafters.

The park building is placed near the promenade and the concert grove, the outdoor gymnasia for both men and women, and the natatorium.

the wings the hall is separated by entrance vestibules, controlled by attendants' offices and opening into the locker-room, the public toilets, and the staircases leading to a second story. Here are arranged the club-rooms, library, and class-rooms.

The out-of-door swimming-pool is screened by the main building and by vine-covered pergolas, is arranged with a southern exposure, and is inclosed by walls on the north, thus gathering and reflecting the sun's rays. This raises the temperature and prolongs the bathing-season. Flowering shrubs, vines, and lawns enrich the pool inclosure, and stretches of sand invite the swimmers to enjoy sun-baths.

The dressing-booths, in extended rows, are removed from the main building and are controlled by a special office. From the booths the swimmer passes to the pool through a shower-bath, where there are soap and brushes. Adjoining the booths is

TYPICAL ASSEMBLY HALL IN PARK RECREATION-HOUSE

the laundry, with the heating service. There also is a hair-drying room for women.

The building and pool in the smallest of these squares occupy an acre. In the larger squares and parks the area is considerably greater. Each building is designed to fit well into the landscape of the park. The average cost is about $90,000.

SOUTH SIDE'S NEW PARKS

THE new parks in the South Division are:

NAME	ACRE AREA
Armour Square	10.12
Bessemer Park	22.88
Calumet Park	57.41
Cornell Square	10.09
Davis Square	10.03
Hamilton Park	29.95
Hardin Square	4.95
Marquette Park	322.68
McKinley Park	34.33
Ogden Park	60.54
Palmer Park	40.48
Russell Square	6.57
Sherman Park	60.60
Mark White Square	11.00
Total	681.63

The small parks are called squares.

Marquette Park, nearly three hundred and twenty-three acres in extent, will be the Washington Park of the southwest part of the city. It is provided for the people of the town of Lake, the most populous township in Chicago, and heretofore without park facilities. Water service already has been installed, an eighteen-hole golf course has been laid out, and two buildings, standing on the property when it was purchased, have been equipped for the service of the players.

The great district of South Chicago, Pullman, and Kensington is provided with four parks, Calumet, Bessemer, and Palmer parks, and Russell Square. Calumet Park is located on the Lake Shore.

The populous district of Englewood has Hamilton and Ogden parks.

The congested, smoke- and stench-laden district of the stock-yards is given four parks—Sherman Park, Cornell and Davis squares, and a fourth east of the yards between Halsted street and Wentworth Avenue, now being acquired, but not included in the foregoing table.

GRANT PARK

WHILE the South Park Commissioners have added fifteen new parks to the public area under their care, the show-piece will be the enlarged Grant Park, the old Lake Front, of which Chicago has been ashamed for years. Its crowning feature will be the new Field Columbian Museum.

In the design and proportions of the building, special thought is given to the opportunities offered by the location. The building will be constructed of white granite reared upon a terrace.

The design calls for a building 1000 feet by 550 feet in ground measure. It is in

the form of two vaulted halls, crossing at right angles and surmounted with a dome at their intersection. Smaller halls and courts fill out the four angles of the cross, making the exterior a rectangle, with its long side toward the lake.

The main entrance portico of Ionic columns is opposite Congress street, facing Michigan Avenue. It is flanked by long Ionic colonnades, each terminating in an end pavilion. These pavilions are opposite the middle lines of streets, so that they, with the entrance portico and dome, will form points of view from far up the city streets.

The approach from Michigan Avenue to the main entrance is 200 feet wide and 1000 feet long. It is bordered with balustrades of stone, and contains a large water mirror. Scarcely less monumental approaches are placed at the other three entrances.

Provision is made on the Lake Front, opposite the central porticos and terrace of the building, for a statue of Columbus. Like provision is made opposite the south entrance for a statue of Washington. On the north of the building will be the Saint Gaudens statue of Lincoln, provided for in the will of John Crerar.

The interior has massive piers and arches, vaulted halls, and long arcades. The amount of floor space available will make the Field Museum among the largest in the world.

Another new building will be erected in Grant Park—the Crerar Library, for which $1,000,000 is available by the will of John Crerar. Already the park has the building of the Art Institute, one of the most beautiful and serviceable structures in Chicago.

A part of the improvement of the Lake Front involves widening Michigan Avenue to one hundred and twenty-five feet along the entire west front of Grant Park, and illuminating it brilliantly at night.

REHABILITATION OF JACKSON PARK

Few persons realize that the World's Columbian Exposition left Jackson Park a tattered wreck, and that the entire area, except the wooded island, required reconstruction. The labor of rehabilitating the

A PARK IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PACKING-HOUSE DISTRICT

big playground will be completed this spring, but the improvements there are a story in themselves.

WATERCOURSE IN THE MIDWAY

THE commissioners purpose making in the Midway Plaisance, where the vaudeville features of the fair held sway, a watercourse for recreation and aquatic sports. The location is ideal for such a feature.

The Midway is a long, narrow area connecting Jackson and Washington parks. It contains eighty acres. Along its northern edge are the picturesque buildings of the University of Chicago and the Blaine School of Education. It has long, parallel, boulevarded drives, with sunken lawn panels between.

The plan is to make the sunken spaces a watercourse, one mile long and a hundred and fifty feet wide, connecting the lagoons in Jackson and Washington parks. The water in the large lake in the latter park is five and a half feet above the level of Lake Michigan.

At the western extremity of the canal, water will be introduced either by a cascade tumbling over a terrace of rocks or by small locks, quickly operated, so that boats may penetrate from the big lake into the Washington Park lagoon.

The plan is to build a promenade on each side, with a stone balustrade at the water's edge, and to light the promenade with electricity. Over the watercourse, at street crossings, high-arched bridges will be built. The entire course is six miles.

PALMER PARK, SHOWING SWIMMING-TANK AND PERGOLA

On the side of local recreation this canal will add a Venetian feature to the park service in summer. By connecting the waters of Washington Park and Jackson Park, the monotony of a single pond will be obviated, for the water surface in the two parks thus connected will be nearly one hundred and twenty acres.

NEW STATUE OF WASHINGTON

THE Grand Boulevard entrance of Washington Park was remodeled last summer to make a square for the new bronze statue of Washington. It was a gift from Chicago citizens, and is a replica of French's equestrian statue erected in Paris by the Daughters of the Revolution.

EXTENSION OF LINCOLN PARK

THE commissioners of Lincoln Park are deep in the work of increasing their public recreation area. An extension of Lincoln

Park northward along the shore of Lake Michigan is now under way. The new tract, to be filled in, will comprise two hundred and thirteen acres. Opposite the present sand beach the plans call for a long narrow island, connected at the ends with the shore by bridges too narrow for the passage of automobiles or animal-drawn vehicles. It will be a place where persons who wish to get away from the noise and bustle of the city can find a quiet retreat. Next northward is a large field with plantation effects, the north end of which is a playground. In the middle is a large yacht harbor, with islands and an inlet from the big lake. The addition extends from Diversey Boulevard to Cornelia street.

At this writing the Commissioners of Lincoln Park are considering the purchase of three sites for small parks. The exact location of these sites has not been disclosed, but they are in the congested area bounded by the river, Wells street, and Fullerton Avenue.

DELAY ON THE WEST SIDE

New small parks in congested areas of the West Side have been recommended to the West Chicago Park Commissioners. One site favorably looked upon is bounded by West Chicago Avenue, Noble, Cornell, and Chase streets. It contains eight acres. However, a legal question has arisen about bonds authorized for new parks in the West Division. A test case is before the Supreme Court at this writing. Until that is decided no steps will be taken toward acquiring new small parks.

OUTER BELT PARKS

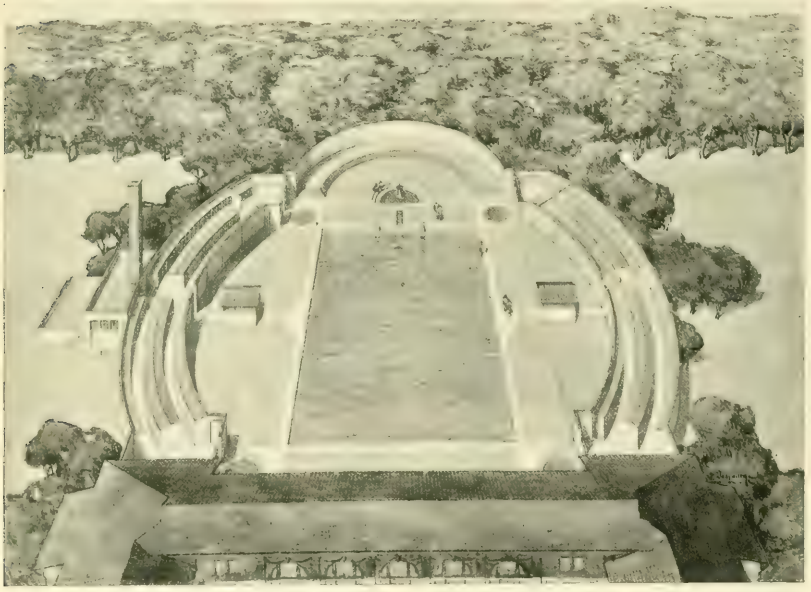
As soon as this internal park building had been started, a careful study was made regarding the need of a supplemental system of country parks, embracing forest and meadow tracts. After months of investigation of population and park conditions in other American cities, and of Chicago's own population problem and the material that outlying territory afforded, a commission was appointed to present a definite plan.

CALUMET PARK, FACING LAKE MICHIGAN AND SERVING THE HEAVY MANUFACTURING DISTRICT OF CHICAGO

This commission was informed that Chicago's population had increased from about 40 persons in 1830 to 1,873,880 (conservative Federal census) in 1903. The need of a larger recreation area, although

there had been a considerable growth, was recognized in 1869, when the present inner system of parks and boulevards was authorized. In 1880 we had 2000 acres. The population of Chicago in 1880 was 503,185, and in 1903, as stated, 1,873,880. The park area in 1903, with authorized additions, was 3169.06 acres.

The field-houses, as evidences of governmental aid to the people, are designed, above all other things, for the health and development of the city; but a final park work is to be done by the Outer Belt Commission. It is to provide the future



BESSEMER PARK, SHOWING SWIMMING-TANK AND ARRANGEMENT OF DRESSING-ROOMS

Chicago with a great country play-field, for recreation is as necessary to progress as are mental and physical work.

Contrary to the knowledge and belief of visitors to the flat and smoky city,—in fact, unknown to many of her people,—Chicago is provided with facilities for country parks. South of the city are Lake Calumet and the Little and Big Calumet rivers. Southwest, in the hilly Mount Forest and Palos region, are noble forests in their native state. West of the city is the Desplaines River valley, skirted with woods and meadows. To the northwest are hills. To the north is the great Skokee marsh, with its forest clumps that resemble islands. To the north also the Lake Michigan shore rises into high bluffs with wooded ravines between.

Out of these provisions of nature it is purposed to select country playgrounds for the people. The first rough plan is as follows:

In the north of the outer belt region a park of from 7000 to 10,000 acres.

In the west, in the healthful district between the Northwestern and Burlington roads, a reserve of at least 10,000 acres.

A preserve of the Desplaines River valley, 25 miles long and containing about 9000 acres.

In the southwest, in the hills of the Mount Forest and Palos region and the Sag, a park of from 6000 to 8000 acres.

A preserve of the Lake Calumet region to provide recreation ground for the masses of workingmen in the mills and factories of South Chicago, Pullman, and other towns in that locality.

When lands have been secured, they will be connected by parkways. The forests and meadows will be left in their native state.

SHERMAN PARK, IN THE CENTER OF THE MANUFACTURING AND TENEMENT DISTRICT

LAKE SHORE BOULEVARD

CHICAGO'S location gives facilities for water-front parks and drives possessed by few cities. The Lake Front in the city is 25.21 miles long. In this length are four parks and a few miles of boulevards. The shore frontages of each of the parcels are as follows:

NAME OR DESCRIPTION	MILES SHORE FRONTAGE
Calumet Park	1.15
Jackson Park	2.25
Grant Park	1.12
Lincoln Park	1.41
Actual shore boulevards	3.15
North shore park district	1.70
Total frontage	10.78

Of the 25.21 miles of lake shore within the city limits, 10.78 miles, or forty-three per cent., is now secured for the people. A stretch of 15.31 miles, from the river to the Indiana line, is serviceable to the people only along the shores of Grant, Jackson, and Calumet parks. I hope and expect to see, within the next decade, a grand boulevard, occupying, with the parks, all the lake frontage. This boulevard should be from four hundred to six hundred feet wide, with water between it and the shore. It should be composed of several drives separated by rows of trees and strips of park. It should be a park in itself.

CHICAGO'S PRESENT PARK SYSTEM

CHICAGO'S park and boulevard system, in 1904, with estimates as to small parks authorized for the North and West sides, is shown in the following table:

CONTROLLING BODY	NO. OF PARKS	PARK ACRES	NO. OF BOULEVARDS	BOULEVARD MILES
South Park Board	20	1872.96	10	17.28
West Park Board	17	644.41	12	23.14
Lincoln Park Board	9	549.69	12	9.22
City of Chicago	38	102.00	. .	. .
Totals	84	3169.06	34	49.64

Such is the system of to-day. But let me draw a picture of a completed park scheme for Chicago and its two hundred and seven suburbs, a scheme which I believe will be realized in all its details within a few years.

Grant Park is the axis of the inner and outer belts of parks and boulevards. In it are the buildings of the Art Institute, Crerar Library, and Field Columbian Museum.

From Grant Park, as the hub, the system expands in the form of half a wheel. The diagonal city streets are the spokes; the inner belt of parks and boulevards is the support of the spokes; the outer belt of preserves and parkways is the tire; and the inner and the outer systems are merged into the broad shore boulevard.

All parts of the great recreation area are accessible quickly by transportation lines at low fares.

When this system is a reality, Chicago will take its place at the head of American cities in park area and applied facilities. It will then be the Paris of America for artistic attractiveness.

THE CONFLICT IN FINLAND

BY DAVID BELL MACGOWAN

Author of "A Russian Lourdes" and "The Cossacks"

SEVERAL years ago, in Viborg, I made an inquiry of a business man in Russian. He answered in Swedish, then tried Finnish, and at last English. Upon my asking, with considerable surprise, if he did not understand Russian, he replied quite simply: "No; just German and English; no other foreign languages."

I soon discovered that it was not merely the Russian language that had stopped at the frontier thirty miles from St. Petersburg. Coming from Russia, where places of 30,000 inhabitants are usually unkempt villages, it was hard to realize that Viborg, with its handsome stone houses, well-paved streets, and air of bustling prosperity, contained only 20,000. Surface impressions were deepened by further inquiry. In Finland there were incorruptible and widely respected courts and officials, beyond removal except for proved cause; habeas corpus and jury rights firmly rooted for ages; a parliament representing all classes; and a citizenship so free from illiteracy that pastors refuse to marry persons who cannot read and write. I found advanced classes for adult peasants, university extension lectures, and agricultural experiment stations. Here, too, was a people worthy of its privileges, worshiping its laws, proud of its immemorial traditions of loyalty, and as little troubled by political discontent as it was ignorant of political crimes.

We have to ask, not why the crisis in Finland has arisen, but why it was so long delayed. What prevented the Russian ministers, whom the Russian laws handicap but lightly, from giving short shrift to the Finnish?

The answer is not the least attractive chapter of Russian history. Although he might have taken the grand duchy as a conquest, Alexander I raised it "to the rank of the nations," as he used to say with pride, and promised to maintain the liberties and privileges of the Finlanders forever. The absolutist, Nicholas I, whenever his Russian ministers tried to interfere in Finnish affairs, interposed an imperious "Finland governs itself." Alexander II, with the assistance of the Diet, improved the constitution and roused the country to all the activities of modern life. Alexander III, while setting the clock back in Russia, continued for a decade the policy of his father in Finland. Though he afterward began undoing the work of the Emancipator in the grand duchy also, he paused when he saw that his Finnish subjects were being alienated.

He and the Empress Marie Feodorovna were in the habit of cruising every summer off the Finnish coasts. The appearance of their yacht at Helsingfors was always

the signal of popular rejoicings. Their majesties would be greeted by bands of school-children, who sang selections from the fine popular poetry of Finland and came every day to decorate the vessel with flowers. Very different was the reception after the first unconstitutional step taken by the Emperor—the edict beginning the Russification of the postal service. No notice was taken of the presence of

COMMITTEE OF THE DEPUTATION WHICH WENT TO ST. PETERSBURG TO PRESENT THE FIRST POPULAR PETITION

Eugene Wolff, at the end of the table, is chairman. Mr. Wolff was banished for his speech at the Finnish chancery on this occasion

their majesties, and they never returned. The Empress was particularly hurt by this cold treatment, and all her influence was used to have the Finlanders left in peace.

It remained for Nicholas II, upon whom so many hopes were set in vain when he ascended the thrones of Russia and Finland, to put a new construction on the promise which he and his four predecessors had made, and to pursue the path that his father had abandoned.

In the struggle he began six years ago, the Finlanders have opposed, with remarkable consistency, their uncompromising notions of legality to the fast-and-loose application of the laws which is regarded as right and proper in Russia. General Bobrikov thought to overcome their resistance in a single charge, but every inch of ground has been stubbornly contested.

The conflict will probably enter upon a new phase on December 6, when parliament will meet again, after an interval of nearly five years. The Diet is the most cherished institution of the country; but, as the Finlanders hold the substance of liberty in greater esteem than the name, many fear that its summons now will prove as dangerous as was the gift of the wooden horse to Troy, since it is supposed that the Russian government will ask for the ratification of the encroachments that have been made upon the constitution. A number of those whom I saw recently pointed out that the manifesto of February 15, 1899, which was designed to reduce the Diet to the dependent position of a Russian zemstvo, put an end to the internal dissension on the language question and united the whole people in defense of the

country's privileges. However, since the removal of patriotic senators two years later, a senate group has arisen, composed of the relatives and personal following of the senators, new and old, who are willing to be the tools of the governor-general. Besides these and others who believe that, by yielding to superior force, a remnant of the national institutions may be saved, there is a numerous class of timid people who are simply weary of agitation. These elements form the so-called government, or Old Fennoman, party, which derives its strength mainly from the urban workingmen, and some former Old Fennomans.

The opposition chiefs believe that the Houses of the Burghers and of the Nobles will stand firm against compromises. There would, therefore, seem to be reasonable hope that no hasty action in view of peace at any price will be taken, since the assent of all four estates is required to amend the constitution, and three must agree to pass any law whatever. Nevertheless, it is supposed that the government would not have called the Diet if it had not hoped to gain thereby. It will probably offer certain concessions provided the military bill be accepted. It is insisted, however, that whatever attractions such a program might have are vitiated by the Russian theory that the autocracy is unable to make promises from

WENÇESLAS C. PLEHVE

GENERAL BOBRIKOV

PRINCE OBOLENSKY

clergy and the Finnish-speaking portion of the peasantry. It differs in temperament rather than in ultimate aims from the party of passive resistance, which comprises the Svecomans, or Swedish-speaking elements, the Young Fennomans, including

SENATOR LEO MECHELIN

BARON V. M. VON BORN

which it cannot afterward absolve itself. The grand duchy can have no hope of permanent liberty until the autocracy abdicates in favor of a constitutional régime in the whole empire.

Finally, it is asked, Can a legislature under a dictatorship be anything but a mockery? The governor-general, without giving any reason, can search any house, arrest and imprison, exile and deport any citizen, close any inn, hotel, or business enterprise, suspend or suppress newspapers, forbid meetings, and dissolve associations.

The Russian government, which has always fostered the impression that the majority of the Finnish people are satisfied with the present régime and that the opposition comes from a small group of "separatists," would have difficulty in making this view rhyme with the most recent utterances of the Old Fennomans. The day after he reached Helsingfors, Prince Obolensky, the new governor-general, received a deputation from them. Their spokesman said in part:

The benevolent disposition of the sovereigns from the time when the Emperor Alexander I confirmed the constitution will never be forgotten in Finland. It will be handed down from generation to generation that the rulers, coöperating with the representatives of the people, have developed our laws in accordance with our needs.

The recollection of this happy past has, during the latter grievous times, sustained our hope that, whatever changes in the relations between our country and the empire may be intended, his Majesty cannot design the abrogation of the assurance given on his accession to the throne.

The people of Finland eagerly desire the return of normal conditions. The

EUGENE SCHAUMAN

Drawn by T. de Thulstrup. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

THE DEPARTURE OF THE FIRST EXILES

estates are, no doubt, prepared to make sacrifices to obtain a condition of things responding to the vital requirements of our country and the legal conceptions of our people. We request you to study with sympathy our conditions, our laws, and our ways of thinking. If you do so, you will find that there lives in Finland a people desirous of fulfilling faithfully its duties toward the Sovereign and the empire, while determined to maintain itself as a separate people and to continue to develop its Finnish civilization and institutions on the foundations laid by its forefathers.

The rescript appointing Prince Obolensky reiterated that "care for the most intimate connection of Finland with the rest of the empire must ever remain an irreversible task of the state," and expressed the usual hope that it would be possible to maintain in the future the "special form of administration and internal legislation" of the grand duchy. If these well-worn words had any hopeful meaning, the recent dismissal of five more members of the Vasa appellate court for again refusing to recognize the validity of the military edict would suffice to neutralize it.

Prince Obolensky, in assuming office, declared that he would keep his ears open to the voice of truth and would make faithful reports to the Emperor on what he heard and saw. He has, however, avoided receiving any except Old Fennoman deputations, and has tried to ascertain in advance what was going to be said. A senator who accompanied him on a tour of inspection was asked why some deputations were received and others not.

"That is quite natural," he answered, with delightful candor. "The prince has promised his Majesty a truthful report, and of course such addresses as he has refused to hear could not be repeated to the Emperor."

One deputation succeeded in getting an interview without sending in its address beforehand. The organized workingmen of Tammerfors, "the Finnish Manchester," sent word that they had a few remarks to make, and would leave it to the prince whether they should be made to him, or be printed and spread broadcast throughout the country. He listened to their address, but he appeared greatly agitated.

"We are an honest, freedom-loving people, and cannot accustom ourselves to the miserable spying and the police interference in our private affairs that have been introduced in recent years. In this country, where personal liberty has been held inviolable from time immemorial, the very notion of it is likely to be forgot." After this prelude, the spokesman said the Finnish workingmen could tolerate tyranny no longer, and they desired the governor-general to transmit to the Emperor their demand for the immediate restoration of freedom of speech, press, and assembly.

The government has always sought to play off the unpropertied classes—the workingmen and landless peasantry—against those better situated, and it must have been a disappointment to hear such bitter language from this source. Prince Obolensky told the deputation that he was unable to consider their address, because it touched the interests of the whole people; but if the workingmen at any time had grievances of their own to present, they would find him ready to listen.

The spokesman replied that the workingmen wanted nothing but liberty, whereupon the governor-general retorted sharply that liberty was all right in its way, but the step from it to license was a short one. Could it really be supposed that his Majesty would change his policy in Finland?

Although the struggle has centered on the military question, the issue is Russification, the principal object of the military reform itself being the denationalization of the Finnish recruits. The Finlanders would doubtless have made the same resistance if any other measure had been used as a pretext for launching the February manifesto—the scheme for substituting legislation by ukase for legislation by the Diet which had been hatched eight years before.

The campaign against Finland was opened by the Pan-Slav newspapers, few in number, but very influential, and by several pamphleteers who about twenty years ago suddenly began charging the Finnish people with harboring separatist tendencies. The Finnish publicists made a vigorous defense, but soon discovered that the powerful arm of the censorship was supporting the pamphleteers. The Russian writer Ordin, who undertook to prove that the Finnish constitution was a myth, a hoax, or a forgery, or a mixture of all three, was rewarded with a high prize of the Russian Imperial Academy of Sciences. The reply of Senator Leo

Mechelin, one of the leading jurists of the grand duchy, was denied the right of publication in Finland or Russia. It will be unnecessary to examine the arguments advanced in support of Ordin's thesis, since they have been pronounced preposterous by every authority that has spoken on the subject.

The views obtaining in official circles were disclosed when a codification of the constitutional laws, prepared by the Senate upon the Emperor Alexander's order, was submitted to a mixed commission of five Russians and four Finlanders. Before proceeding to this task, the Russian members got permission to fill up an alleged gap in the constitution, which had a great deal to say about legislation by and for Finland, but was strangely silent on the subject of making laws in the interest of Russification. They set to work to frame a set of rules for legislation "common to Finland and the empire." Their project reappears almost unchanged in the February manifesto. The Finnish members of the commission and the Senate and Diet protested that these rules were designed to shear the Diet of all real power, and were a travesty on the constitution, which the commission had been appointed to codify. The Emperor, as stated, was far from enthusiastic over the results of earlier Russification efforts, and was led by these protests to reëxamine the Finnish constitutional position. He concluded to pigeonhole all the papers connected with the codification in the chancery of the imperial council, and issued strict injunctions against their withdrawal for discussion without special permission.

Soon after the accession of Nicholas II, Plehve,[1] then head of the chancery, sought and was refused this permission. The rules slept on, but not so the Russifiers.

Unsuccessful efforts had been made to induce Alexander II and Alexander III to introduce the Russian military service by edict, without consulting the Diet. General Kouropatkin took hold of the matter in earnest. A commission of the general staff prepared a new law and a report charging that the cunning Finlanders had tricked Alexander II into giving a portion of the last military law the sanction of a constitutional amendment. This commission provoked Homeric mirth among the jurists of Europe, when it ventured into publicity, by its naïve assumption that constitutional amendments were the only laws that required the assent of the Diet. Its work remained a secret, however, until the sudden resignation of the secretary of state for Finland warned his countrymen that trouble was brewing.

As the sole channel of communication between the Emperor and the grand-ducal government, the office of Finnish secretary was the keystone of the constitution. There had been only two secretaries, both ardent patriots, from the beginning of Russian rule until near the end of the reign of Alexander II, a circumstance that contributed to continuity of policy through three reigns. The office changed hands frequently during the last twenty-five years, but as long as it was held by a native the country was assured of a hearing with the Emperor. The small group of St. Petersburg officials that had taken Finnish affairs in hand did not feel at their ease until Nicholas II had appointed Plehve to this position, in disregard of the constitutional requirement that all officials except the governor-general must be Finlanders.

Soon after this appointment a citizen of Helsingfors went to St. Petersburg and was received with that display of gracious cordiality which the former head of the political police could so readily command. Plehve declared that he would conduct his office with the same sympathy as if he were a native-born Finlander, but the visitor was not convinced. Upon his return to Finland he told his associates that, in his opinion, the new secretary was not to be relied upon. Subsequent interviews confirmed this judgment, which was shared by all the opposition leaders. They say that Plehve's promises were intended merely to serve momentary ends.

This conviction was forced upon Baron Yrjo Koskinen, the fanatical leader of the Old Fennomans, and it caused a stroke of apoplexy that ended his life. Koskinen undertook to "let the Svecomans break their necks by opposition while the Fennomans saved the country and brought about the triumph of the Finnish language by timely concessions." He trusted Plehve's assurances that the language he championed would not suffer if the Fennomans refrained from opposition to the

[1] Plehve dropped the "von" to identify himself more completely with other Russians.

military edict, and he lived to see Russian made supreme by imperial manifesto and himself deserted by many of his best friends. So completely forgotten is the old language quarrel that Fennomans and Svecomans have often used the two tongues indiscriminately in their conferences to concert measures of resistance.

At the very moment when the Emperor was drafting his peace and disarmament manifesto a rescript announced the proposed increase of the Finnish troops. The appointment of General Bobrikov of Baltic fame as governor-general, with instructions to bring about the "closest union with the common fatherland," was made public only a week after the Hague Conference was convoked. General Bobrikov, in opening the special Diet called to consider the military bill, intimated that it would be enforced, whether accepted or not.

There could, of course, be no illusions about the acceptability of this measure, which, besides quadrupling the Finnish recruits, would disperse them in Russian regiments, under commanders whose language they did not understand, and subject them to treatment which, though borne with equanimity by the sons of serfs, would be intolerable to a people that had never known serfdom. The Diet was not given time to act on the bill. It had just been referred, without debate, to a special commission when the Emperor published his manifesto of February 15.

This document, which will probably supplant the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes as the classical example of the folly of sacrificing the weal of the state to an abstract idea, was hastily prepared by a secret commission, including the Grand Duke Michael Nicholaevitch, president of the imperial council, and Messrs. Pobedonostsev, Plehve, and Bobrikov. It was not submitted to the imperial council, and thus lacked the sanction not only of the Finnish constitution but of the Russian fundamental laws as well. Without mentioning the military bill directly, it turned the work of the Diet into a farce in advance by depriving its vote of binding force. What arguments were used to induce the Emperor to issue it is a matter for speculation. The published apologies justify the assumption that he was told that what one autocrat had given, another could take away; that his ancestor, out of good will and kindness, had agreed to respect certain local arrangements in Finland, but that nothing prevented his Majesty from modifying them in the interest of the Russification of the entire empire, which he had come to regard as his special mission.

The manifesto announced that, besides local legislative matters, there arose other questions in regard to Finland, which, on account of their intimate connection with the general interests of the empire, could not be decided exclusively by the grand duchy, and that serious difficulties had been brought about by the lack of definite stipulations as to how such questions were to be treated. The Emperor had therefore seen fit to establish a "fixed and unchangeable order" of procedure, and had reserved to himself the decision in what cases it was to be followed instead of the law of the Diet. The gist of the new procedure was that Russian ministers, not the Finnish secretary, would henceforth prepare legislation, which, before being laid before the imperial council for its opinion, would be transmitted to the Finnish Senate, and, in proper cases, to the Diet, for their opinions. The Finlanders thought any number of opinions a poor exchange for the constitutional right of the Diet to amend and adopt or reject any proposed Finnish law.

What it was intended to reserve to the competence of the Diet it is difficult to imagine, since such subjects as peddlers' licenses, tenure of office, railways, postage, coinage, education, police, and land tenure have subsequently been treated in imperial edicts. The "fixed and unchangeable order," however, has gone the way of most Russian laws. It has been followed only in the case of the military edict. General Bobrikov and other Russian officials in Finland, profiting by this example, have taken equal liberties with the Emperor's edicts.

The Russian apologists have not explained what were the serious difficulties, aside from the obstacles opposed to Russification by the constitution, that arose from the lack of legislation common to Finland and the empire. The Finnish troops, drilled in the Russian tactics, had often coöperated perfectly with Russian troops in manœuvers, and had won high praise for their discipline and marksmanship. The customs relations of the two countries had been regulated by a mixed

commission, the Finlanders being allowed to export, under high duties, limited quantities of goods to Russia, while all Russian goods enter Finland free of duty.

The Senate decided, by the casting-vote of the vice-president, to obey the Emperor's order to promulgate the manifesto, but all the senators signed a protest pointing out its illegality. The Emperor refused to receive it, and the speakers of the four estates of the Diet met with the same rebuff. It was decided to try the virtue of a popular petition. Runners on snow-shoes called at the remotest settlements scattered, far from the railways, on islands or among bogs and lakes, of which there are said to be ten thousand. The obstacles would have been insurmountable in most countries, but in Finland children often travel twenty miles to school. Within ten days, before General Bobrikov had an inkling of what was going on, more than 500,000 signatures had been secured from a total population of 2,800,000, and 500 delegates from the communes were aboard a special train bound for St. Petersburg. After spending nearly a week in the Russian capital, they were informed that the Emperor would not see them, but that "he was not angry." They could go home assured that their welfare was in the safe-keeping of their sovereign. Almost all the delegates had remained in their hotel rooms the whole time. Upon being asked later what they thought of the city, one of them said they had not gone there sight-seeing. A somewhat similar incident occurred when a Russian grand duke visited Finland several years ago. A peasant who had driven his carriage for two days was asked what his Highness looked like.

"I did not see him," was the answer.

The individual sacrifices necessitated by the policy of passive resistance, which was adopted by a delegate meeting from all parts of the country, have for the most part been made. The great majority of the state, municipal, and communal officials and judges, whenever the occasion has arisen, have risked their positions by refusing to do or to coöperate in any act that might even imply recognition of unconstitutional ordinances.

The calm and self-restrained attitude of the people was apparently not on the official program. General Bobrikov prepared to play the rôle of subjugator of a rebellious satrapy, introducing a swarm of spies and secret police, and ostentatiously garrisoning the larger towns with Asiatic Cossacks. There was no lack of provocative incidents, and it was believed that popular disturbances were not only expected, but desired. About this time a Russian official stationed in Helsingfors remarked in an aristocratic salon of St. Petersburg: "The Finlanders are a strange lot. We have done everything we could to make them rebel, but without effect." Russification has few friends in Russia even in nationalist circles, and it is reported that this cynical observation was followed by a painful silence, broken only by the voice of the host inviting the offender to withdraw.

Another story, pertinent in this connection, was related over his own signature by Prince G. Volkonsky, during Plehve's lifetime, and was never contradicted. Count Heyden, when governor-general, was asked by Plehve, then assistant minister of the interior, why the Russification proceeded so slowly. He pointed out the constitutional obstacles, whereupon Plehve is said to have replied: "Why don't you provoke a revolution? Then we could abrogate that constitution of theirs." Prince Volkonsky stated that the story could be substantiated by Count Heyden's son, an aide-de-camp of the Emperor.

Strong opposition to the fusion of the Finnish military service with the Russian was developed in the imperial council. Deeply impressed by an eloquent plea delivered by Mr. Witte, this feature was voted down by a decisive majority. The council adhered rather closely to the substitute proposition of the Diet, which offered 4000 recruits a year instead of 1920 under the law of 1878, and a peace footing of 12,000 instead of 5821.

The action of the council had no effect. The Emperor issued an edict which left the number of recruits to be fixed annually by the war minister, and abolished all distinctions between the Finnish and Russian forces.

That the plan to accustom the people gradually to Russian military service proved a failure was due to the intelligence of the people and the skilful organization of the opposition. Uncensored pamphlets and leaflets found their way into every cottage in Finland. The threat of

fines up to ten thousand marks for having more than one copy of such pamphlets, or for lending them, produced little effect. Plehve, as head of the imperial post-office, directed Postmaster-General Lagerborg to issue a circular requiring the opening of letters suspected to contain printed matter. Mr. Lagerborg was absent on his vacation, and his deputy refused to take the responsibility. Upon his return, Mr. Lagerborg resigned the position that he had held for a generation. After much seeking, some one willing to do what was required was found. The postal secretary then called his new chief's attention to the fact that all general orders had to be countersigned by himself, and handed in his resignation. Of course his place was also filled in time, but the order had been delayed eight months.

The difficulty of filling vacancies caused by dismissal or resignation continued to embarrass the government until Russians were finally made eligible for all offices in the grand duchy. An appellate judgeship was offered to a lawyer in Kemi, a town of 1500 people in the far north,—a man whose reputation as town drunkard was of long standing. Though burdened with debt, he refused the position, saying he knew he had forfeited the respect of his neighbors, but he had not fallen low enough to wish to be pointed at as a traitor.

The three appellate courts at Åbo, Viborg, and Vasa set an example in refusing to send in the usual lists of persons exempt from military service on account of employment in the courts.

The first direct obstacle to the enforcement of the edict, the refusal of many pastors to read it to their congregations, as custom requires, has scarcely yet been overcome. Threats and suspension from office by the consistory courts having failed, a young clergyman, who had been confined in an asylum as demented, was appointed to read it in their stead, but the congregations drowned his voice with hymns.

The state medical board declined to appoint medical examiners to attend the levy and resigned. Most of the communes refused to elect representatives to the conscription board, and when some yielded to arbitrarily imposed fines up to twenty-five thousand marks, those elected often refused to serve, or attended the levy only to protest. The government finally declared the communal representatives were not essential, anyhow. A final delay was caused by the resignation of communal secretaries, ex-officio recorders of the levy. The levy should have ended within a fixed time,—about six weeks,—but it was soon evident that it would have barely begun then, and the term was prolonged indefinitely.

When all the returns were in, a total attendance of only 11,000 could be shown, while nearly 15,000 had risked court-martial penalties by remaining away. In Helsingfors only 56 of 857, in Åbo 23 of 327, and in Viborg 22 of 218 young men of conscription age presented themselves, and they were nearly all physically disabled or legally exempt, as was partly the case elsewhere.

At Helsingfors a few boys jeered at certain senators who had made themselves unpopular by complaisance to the Russian government. This was seized upon as a pretext for loosing the Cossacks on the crowds assembled to witness the levy. The Cossacks sustained the reputation they had earned in Russia as suppressors of demonstrations, pursuing men, women, and children half a mile away, galloping through the entry of the principal Lutheran church, and even attacking convalescent patients in a hospital yard. I visited Helsingfors at this time and found the people smarting under this application of the *nagaika*, a kind of whip used by the Cossacks.

Meantime other Russification measures were being introduced. A manifesto requiring the use of the Russian language in the Senate and the governor-general's and provincial governors' chanceries, about which the Diet would doubtless have willingly given its opinion, was held back until the Diet adjourned. However, the opinions of the Senate and the imperial council were also dispensed with. Of the 370 officials affected, few possessed even a smattering of Russian, and the total Russian-speaking population of the country was only 8000.

Governor Kaigorodov, the first Russian-appointed provincial governor, tried to improve on the Emperor's orders by enforcing this ordinance in Helsingfors before the date set. His subordinates successfully defied him.

The employment of Russian officials

met with practical difficulties. A large new building in Helsingfors was pointed out to me as the "Russian house." It was explained that Russian officials, illegally employed, had been unable to find lodgings except in the homes of Russian residents, to rent apartments, or to buy food and drink, and this house had been erected for their accommodation. This episode and the refusal of the hotel-keepers to coöperate with the secret police were not forgotten when the dictatorship was declared. The impossibility of punishing the boycott only intensified the fury of the Pan-Slav newspapers. Their anger was still greater on account of the novel celebration of the anniversary of the February manifesto. It was observed as a day of mourning, the householders throughout Finland keeping their houses and places of business closely shuttered. In the evening no lights were burned in the houses. This original display was naturally more distasteful on account of its contrast to the frequent illuminations which citizens are "permitted" to make on the Emperor's birthday and numerous similar holidays.

Although Finland is a poor country, comparatively little emphasis has been laid on the illegal appropriation of Finnish funds. The last Diet estimated the army expenses for the ensuing four years at 27,000,000 marks. Owing to the disbandment of all but one battalion, a saving of 14,000,000 has been made. Of this sum 10,000,000 marks has been carried away to St. Petersburg as Finland's contribution to the expenses of the war, and the Senate has handed over another million to the Red Cross. The Russian telegraph agency occasionally announces that the Emperor has been graciously pleased to grant large sums for famine relief in Finland, for the founding of a peasants' land bank, or for like purposes; but it usually neglects to state that these grants are made from the grand-ducal treasury without the consent of the Diet.

The Finlanders have hitherto preferred to remain poor to risking even commercial amalgamation with Russia. The former finance minister of Russia, Mr. Bunge, once asked the Finnish members of a tariff commission why the Finlanders did not want to enter a customs union and grow rich, as the Poles were doing, rightly pointing out that their water-power would give them great advantages.

"Because we do not want to lose what the Poles have lost," was the answer. "Besides, suppose we ruined our farmers with high tariffs and made the whole country a land of manufactures, we do not suppose that this would please our Russian competitors. What assurance would we have that the union would not be dissolved some day with a stroke of the pen?"

And yet Finland is poorly adapted to agriculture. But little soil has gathered on the granite slopes laid bare in the ice age, and the climate is unusually fickle. The winter sustenance of the poorer people, except in the more fertile south and in the industrial towns, is mainly bread baked in the autumn and softened in coffee, seasoned often with salt instead of with sugar, or even in salt water. It is a fortunate cottager that has a little milk or mutton.

The Finnish peasant's constant anxiety lest the hopes of a year may be blighted at the last moment by a killing frost was used effectively in the speech made by Eugene Wolff of Viborg at the Finnish chancery on the occasion of the first mass petition. After describing to the unsuspecting officials how this fear hovered over the land like a specter, and, with the long winter, gave the national temperament its characteristic tenacity and its somber cast, he said the blackest frost of all had fallen on February 15. For this sentence he was one of the first exiles.

Every visitor to Finland is impressed with the sobriety of political discussion there. Of acrimonious references to the Russian government there is surprisingly little. The people talk less of the instruments of their misfortunes than of their vanishing liberties, and their tone is that of one mourning for the dead. In view of the proverbial stubbornness of this people, it was not doubted for a moment that the "further administrative measures" threatened by the Emperor would be required sooner or later to overcome its resistance. The administration was accordingly withdrawn largely from the Senate and concentrated in the chancery of the governor-general, who was also authorized to veto the action of city, town, and commune officials. The Finnish rule of dismissal only for proved cause was abolished, and not only were Russians made eligible for all offices, but the right of every Finlander to bring any official that had exceeded his

powers before the courts was abrogated. Henceforth officials might be prosecuted, as in Russia, only with the consent of their superiors. This rule was made retroactive, to stop the trial of policemen already begun.

Although the new ordinances provided that judges and some higher officials might not be dismissed without being given a chance to explain to the Senate, and that loss of pension was not to ensue in ordinary cases, three judges of the three appellate courts and four officials were at once relieved of their functions without pension and without a hearing. Sixteen more members of the Åbo court soon followed, this court having refused to dismiss cases against policemen. Since then more than one hundred of the highest officials of the country, besides the mayors and most of the officials of eleven cities, have been dismissed in the same manner.

Appetite comes with eating. General Bobrikov clamored more and more insistently for still further powers. Apparently the Emperor hesitated to grant them. Toasts were drunk to Bobrikov's downfall in the salons of St. Petersburg only a week before the dictatorship was proclaimed. The governor-general lost no time. Without waiting to promulgate the ordinances in the manner they prescribed, he sent soldiery and police to search the houses of a number of leading citizens by night and to serve them with orders to leave the country within a week.

Personal revenge weighed in the selection of the first exiles. Count Carl Mannerheim, a descendant of the head of the deputation that had persuaded Alexander I to call the first Diet, himself an influential member of the House of Nobles, had been marked ever since he caused the humiliating retirement of Governor Kaigorodov from a private musicale into which the governor had intruded.

Reguel Wolff, brother of Eugene, had kept aloof from politics; but on one occasion Russian political police, without standing in Finland, came to one of the factories which he managed, and tried to stop an entertainment being prepared for the workmen. Mr. Wolff used a fire-hose to hasten their departure. This seems to have given him the reputation of a Samson, for two hundred and fifty men came and cut the telephone wires before venturing to wake him and notify him to leave Finland. An almost equally large force visited Baron V. M. von Born, owner of a large estate near Helsingfors.

The departure of the first exiles from the capital was witnessed by many thousand people, who placed wreaths on the heads of the victims and decorated the train with flowers.

No charges have ever been made against persons sentenced to exile or deportation, of which there are now about sixty. The official newspaper, however, explained that they were dangerous parasites in the body politic, and assured the public that "those who followed the behests of honor, of their consciences, and of the laws" would have nothing to fear.

A number of citizens temporarily abroad were warned at the same time not to return. The most notable, Senator Mechelin, known as the "Finnish Gladstone," is almost idolized by his countrymen. Recalling the conversations I had with this kingly-looking man, and the fire in his sincere, kindly eyes as he discussed the succession of blows aimed at his country, I understand why the Russian authorities extended their hatred even to his portrait. An ordinance was issued forbidding the portraits of any persons except members of the imperial family from hanging in any public building without special permission, and the city of Helsingfors was ordered to remove the portrait of Mechelin which had long been hanging in the municipal-assembly hall. The city refused, whereupon thirty policemen solemnly marched to the city hall and carried away the offending canvas.

Since the exiles succeeded in getting a protest against the dictatorship into the hands of the Emperor while he was abroad, deportation to Russia has been mainly employed instead of exile. This punishment was used in at least one case to settle the private score of a subordinate official. The chief of police of Vasa, a town of 15,000 inhabitants, was thrashed by two men who escaped undetected. A year later suspicion fell upon two young men. No proof could be discovered that they had already beaten the town autocrat, but satisfactory evidence was forthcoming that they were quite willing to do so. A café waitress confided to them that the chief of police had written her an insulting letter proposing a meeting

the same night in the park, and she begged them to go there and whip him. They fell into the trap and were soon on their way to the Ural Mountains.

Having in mind the difficulties caused by the Russian students, the government long avoided antagonizing the Finnish. However, as no suitable way of punishing all the recalcitrant youths could be devised, it was decided to make an example of those who possessed a superior education. Although only a few were selected from each institution for suspension, protests were made by their companions, eighty-five per cent. of the students of the Polytechnic Institute declaring a strike. Unusual pains were taken to make the punishment of university students as unobtrusive as possible. Just before the last summer holiday, when most of the students had already left Helsingfors, Plehve, who was vice-chancellor, ordered eighty-one of two hundred offenders to be suspended six months, of which three and a half were vacation. They were to be allowed to attend lectures, however, being forbidden only to stand for examinations during this time. The students remaining in the city demanded the intervention of the university. The academical senate consented, and sent to Plehve, for transmission to the Emperor, a memorial, signed by all the members, stating that the absentees had been actuated by a profound sense of patriotic duty and therefore did not deserve punishment, adding that the course of the government was undermining public morality and respect for authority and law. Plehve was still trying to get this memorial withdrawn when Eugene Schauman's revolver ended the life of the governor-general and his own. There was a desire to punish somebody and to create the belief that there was a conspiracy. The deportation of three members of the academical senate, the needless arrest of two hundred persons, and hundreds of domiciliary visitations served these ends.

It appears that efforts are still making to sustain the fraudulent version of Schauman's letter to the Emperor, which caused his Majesty to speak of the "deed of a madman and a few accomplices." General Valdemar Schauman, the aged father of Eugene, after long and close confinement in the fortress of Sts. Peter and Paul, has been ordered to trial for complicity in the murder. Even if no evidence can be produced against him, as is firmly believed, his sufferings may deter other young men who, though reckless of their own lives, may not care to ruin their relatives.

Schauman's mention in his letter of the evils prevailing in Russia as well as in the grand duchy is only one of many indications that some of the Finlanders have begun to abandon their attitude of aloofness from Russian politics. At first they found their differing views and temperament were a barrier between them and the Russian malcontents. A Finlander who talked half the night with a group of Russians was asked: "Well, what do you expect to accomplish? What are your aims?"

"We want at least to keep the spirit of our people from being broken," he answered. The Russians made no reply, realizing that the greatest obstacle to their efforts is the spirit of resignation among the Russian masses.

It would demand exceptional boldness to attempt to pierce the clouds shrouding the future of this, the most northern, civilized country. Some truth might now be found in charges of irredentism, which were baseless when first preferred. A few dreamers have begun to speculate about a Scandinavian or greater Germanic empire in which they might have a place, or about neutrality guaranteed by the powers. The great majority, however, doubtless base their hopes merely on the firm conviction that the Finnish people will prove too tough a morsel for Russian digestion. The Finlanders are used to long winters.

NOTE: As this article goes to press the news comes that five members of the Diet, including Mechelin, have been permitted to return to Finland from their exile in Sweden for the meeting of that body, December 6. — EDITOR.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

AWAKENED JAPAN

MR. OKAKURA ON "THE EXALTATION OF WOMANHOOD"

AS the horrible but entirely scientific slaughter of human beings has gone on, month by month, in the far East, the qualities of courage and endurance have been displayed by the combatants on both sides to an astounding degree. As has often been said, the most amazing and unexpected display of warlike intelligence and preparedness has been on the part of the once "imprisoned nation." Those who watched closely the Japanese in their war with China, or who observed their methods at the time the allied armies marched to the Chinese capital for the relief of the foreign legations, were, of course, less surprised than others at the ability shown by the Japanese on sea and land.

The question that arises in the Occidental mind is, How were they able to do it? It is well known that the Japanese, for years past and ever since the chrysalis was first broken, have been going to school both at home and abroad. The first crop of scholars—afterward their honored leaders—had to break out of the country like escaping jail-birds. Since then young Japanese have been sent abroad constantly for training of every kind; and, in addition, some five thousand Occidentals have been teaching the knowledge of the West in Japan. But what we wish to know is, How was it that this people so hungered and thirsted after education in the civilization of the West, and how was it that they were enabled to avail themselves of this rapidly acquired education in statecraft, handicraft, and the various arts of peace and war?

The Rev. Dr. Griffis is the only American—we believe, the only Occidental—now living who saw Japan in the time of the feudal system, which was also the time of the pestilence and of the high and violent hand. He is a witness that it was not all *couleur de rose* in those days; perhaps there was less of rose-color than many of the leaders of the new Japan can now themselves realize or would be anxious to admit. But out of that old feudal Japan came the new Japan, with its national spirit, its liberal government, its accomplished diplomacy, its skill at arms, its general enlightenment.

It is because of these questionings that one reads with peculiar zest the new book by Mr. Okakura, author of "The Ideals of the East." His "Awakening of Japan" is a little volume, but big with information, interpretation, and suggestion. Many of us remember when, some sixteen years ago, a young Japanese scholar arrived in New York by way of San Francisco. He came on a governmental commission to look into the art of the West. He passed on from America to Europe, and returned to his own country. When here it was the wonder of those who made the acquaintance of the commissioner that among novel conditions he was intellectually at home. The art of Europe and America (all one in tradition) and our modern music he seemed to comprehend on sight and hearing. His training at home, along with an inborn perceptiveness, seemed to have fitted him for full comprehension of our esthetic principles and performances. He went back to Japan, apparently with a clear understanding of whatever is most valuable in Occidental art, ancient and modern; while retaining that enthusiasm for the exquisite art of the Orient which is shared by all men of taste in Europe and America.

Mr. Okakura has since, in various ways, been battling to maintain, unvulgarized by commercialism and unperturbed by alien standards, his country's finest art. His second visit to America was preceded by his volume on "The Ideals of the East," and since arriving here he has sought to do his country a service in writing this

brief but illuminating statement of the forces that have awakened and put new strength into the country of his fathers.

Several of his conclusions have peculiar interest. He derides the fear of a "yellow peril," declaring that "there is no reason for supposing that either Japan or China might suddenly develop a nomadic instinct and set forth on a career of overwhelming devastation." As to the native art he says: "We trust and hope that the tenacious vitality which it has evinced . . . will keep Japanese art intact in the future. . . . A great reaction toward native customs and art has been manifested since our victory over China ten years ago." But it is in relation to the future of women in Japan that the author strikes possibly the most welcome note. Says Mr. Okakura:

Another important feature of the reformation lay in the exaltation of womanhood. The Western attitude of profound respect toward the gentler sex exhibits a beautiful phase of refinement which we are anxious to emulate. It is one of the noblest messages that Christianity has given us. Christianity originated in the East, and, except as regards womanhood, its modes of thought are not new to Eastern minds. As the new religion spread westward through Europe, it naturally became influenced by the idiosyncrasies of the various converted nations, so that the poetry of the German forest, the adoration of the Virgin in the middle centuries, the age of chivalry, the songs of the troubadours, the delicacy of the Latin nature, and, above all, the clean manhood of the Anglo-Saxon race, probably all contributed their share toward the idealization of woman.

In Japan, woman has always commanded a respect and freedom not to be found elsewhere in the East. We have never had a Salic law, and it is from a female divinity, the Sun-goddess, that our Mikado traces his lineage. During many of the most brilliant epochs in our ancient history we were under the rule of a female sovereign. Our Empress Zingo personally led a victorious army into Korea, and it was Empress Suiko who inaugurated the refined culture of the Nara period. Female sovereigns ascended the throne in their own right even when there were male candidates, for we considered woman in all respects as the equal of man. In our classic literature we find the names of more great authoresses than authors, while in feudal days some of our amazons charged with the bravest of the Kamakura knights. As time advanced and Confucian theories became more potent in molding our social customs, woman was relegated from public life and confined to what was considered by the Chinese sage as her proper sphere, the household. Our inherent respect for the rights of womanhood, however, remained the same, and as late as the year 1630 a female mikado, Meisho-Tenno, ascended the throne of her fathers. Until after the Restoration, a knowledge of such martial exercises as fencing and jiujitsu was considered part of the education of a samurai's daughter, and is, indeed, still so considered among many old families. Among the commoners the various industries and trades have always been open to women as they are to-day, while we have already seen how, in spite of her apparent seclusion, the Tokugawa lady impressed her individuality on the state. Buddhism has its worship for the eternal feminine and Confucianism has always inculcated a reverence for womanhood, teaching that the wife should always be treated with the respect due to a guest or friend.

We have never hitherto, however, learned to offer any special privileges to woman. Love has never occupied an important place in Chinese literature; and in the tales of Japanese chivalry, the samurai, although ever at the service of the weak and oppressed, gave his help quite irrespective of sex. To-day we are convinced that the elevation of woman is the elevation of the race. She is the epitome of the past and the reservoir of the future, so that the responsibilities of the new social life which is dawning on the ancient realms of the Sun-goddess may be safely intrusted to her care. Since the Restoration we have not only confirmed the equality of sex in law, but have adopted that attitude of respect which the West pays to woman. She now possesses all the rights of her Western sister, though she does not care to insist upon them; for almost all of our women still consider the home, and not society, as their proper sphere.

Time alone can decide the future of the Japanese lady, for the question of womanhood is one involving the whole social life and its web of convention. In the East woman has always been worshiped as the mother, and all those honors which the Christian knight brought in homage to his lady-love, the samurai laid at his mother's feet. It is not that the wife is less adored, but that maternity is holier. Again, our woman loves to serve her husband; for service is the noblest expression of affection, and love rejoices more in giving than in receiving. In the harmony of Eastern society the man consecrates himself to the state, the child to the parent, and the wife to the husband.

One of the results of the war with Russia has been the entering of the women of the higher classes of Japanese society into the

field of public activity—as was shown by the illustrated article on "The Peeresses of Japan in Tableaux" in THE CENTURY for November, 1904.

Take such facts as this in connection with Mr. Okakura's above most interesting and remarkable statement on the subject of women in Japan, and we realize that Japan has indeed "awakened."

SOME STUPIDITIES OF THE TARIFF

THE DUTIES ON ART, BOOKS, AND LUMBER

IT is the well-known policy of THE CENTURY, while freely discussing political principles, to avoid even the suspicion of taking partizan ground; and for this reason we have refrained heretofore from any pronouncement on the tariff question, which might be said to have been, until November 8, at least, an issue between the chief political parties. Nor do we now purpose to discuss the main questions of the tariff—whether it is defensible in theory and in practice, what it has contributed to the prosperity of the country, or whether it is open to the accusation of being part of a "vicious circle" of political corruption. Whatever may be thought of free raw materials or rebates or infant industries,—and there are signs that there may be a realinement of parties on these points,—the forthcoming debates in Congress doubtless will adequately represent all shades of opinion.

It is, however, confessed that there are certain aspects in which the tariff has been a shelter for abuses, and to some of these we desire to call attention.

The tariff on art cannot be defended by any of the customary arguments of an economic sort. It is not desired by those whom it "protects"; it accomplishes nothing in the upbuilding of our industries; it does not result in the ultimate cheapening of something to the consumer; and thousands of protectionists desire its abolition. If such an absurdity could be conceived as the protection of our portrait-painters, for instance, through the tariff, it could be done only by excluding foreigners from plying their brushes within the boundaries of the country. To read the law, one would think that we had "Old Master" factories in full blast but in perpetual infancy, unable to compete with the Old Masters of other countries. So weak, indeed, is the economic basis of this tax that its defenders have nothing to urge in its favor but the argument that paintings and sculpture are luxuries, like champagne and diamonds, and that their importers should be made to pay roundly. This is "tariff for revenue only" with a vengeance: it is certainly a tariff for nothing else. Meanwhile the educational and civilizing value of art is left wholly out of the account.

There is probably no one thing that has so retarded the general development of taste in this country as this tax. The influence of a correct public taste upon the production of art is immense. As the recent Comparative Exhibition of American and Foreign Art has indicated, we have admirable painters; but, with few exceptions, they have formed their taste and received their culture abroad. That they are not more widely appreciated at home is largely due to the obstacles thrown in the way of the importation of great foreign art. The love of art and the taste for it are formed by a continual acquaintance with its best examples, and upon these the United States government puts a stigma amounting to a ban. The objection that we should be flooded with trash is specious. For educational influence all the trash in the world—and we have plenty of our own—could not weigh in the balance against one great Rembrandt. Not only is beauty "its own excuse for being"; it carries its own power and revelation and inspiration. How many soever artists we produce, we shall never be an artistic people until we live in closer access to the great art of the world. Every museum in the country is a standing rebuke to the short-sightedness of Congress in thus taxing the development of the people.

Another barbarism is the tariff on books. This is as much a tax on knowledge as if it were laid upon the public schools and colleges. By a curious anomaly, the books thus affected are mainly those of English origin, the expression of a civilization sympathetic to our own, while books in foreign languages are admitted free. The situation is something to be ashamed of. If any duty is kept on books, there should be a clause providing that all books sent for review to any periodical entered as second-class mail matter shall be admitted free under such regulations as the Secretary of the Treasury may direct.

A hardly less absurd theory seems to have inspired the tariff on lumber. On our northern border is a country of inexhaustible timber, able and eager to supply our wants. And yet, for the enrichment of a comparatively few, we prefer at enormous expense to destroy our own supplies—at many a point to "make a solitude and call it peace." The destruction of forests in Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan, New York and New England—by fire, and for the needs of construction and, latterly, for wood-pulp—is alarmingly on the increase. Against such influences the conservative tendencies of forest reservation in the far West, tree-planting and scientific cultivation and cutting, seem to be like "saving at the spigot and wasting at the bung." It is high time that Congress should look at this subject in truer perspective and should remember that its duty is to legislate not merely for its constituents to-day, but for the generations to come who are to preserve and defend the ideas for which this republic stands.

And, for the sake of decency, we should like to see the absurd one-hundred-dollar-limit clause as to clothing abrogated.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Devil on Wheels

PROFESSOR GADSDEN DISCOVERS THE TRUE SECRET OF THE TROLLEY-CARS

THERE was the greatest kind of excitement in Charleston when the trolley was first introduced there. The colored population particularly manifested the liveliest sort of interest in the new motive power, and the morning that the first car sizzled along the wire down Meeting street, that sedate old thoroughfare was lined with an eager and expectant crowd of citizens, male, female, big, little, Caucasian, African, and otherwise.

I met Professor George Washington Peter Manigault McLean Gadsden standing in the crowd under the porch of St. Michael's Church, looking suspiciously up the street in the direction from which the electric Juggernaut was expected to put in an appearance. When it finally hove in sight, attended by a whooping and yelling crowd of small black Arabs of every possible shade of complexion and degree of raggedness, there was a rush to the middle of the street from the pavements, and a complete blocking of the track, which would have resulted, in a minute, in several cart-loads of very fine African mincemeat, had not the trolley and wheels of the car just then shot forth a shower of the most dangerous-looking electric sparks, the fiery appearance and ominous cracklings of which sent the crowd flying helter-skelter back to the pavements again, as if an earthquake had been at their heels.

"Great cry-o!" exclaimed the professor, as the car whizzed past, and he mashed out his '76 beaver and counted eight new rents in his overcoat, gathered in the scuffle. "Great cry-o! Whuh kin' o' debil of a t'ing is dis yuh de Yankees sen' down yuh tuh cya've up de people o' Chaalstun wid? 'T would n't 'a' been a foot mo' 'fo' he would 'a' tuk me right slam een de pit o' de breadbaskit! Did n't you shum spit fire out he mout' an' flash lightnin' out he foot? He come right straight at me an' Jedge Banwell way we been duh stan' een de middle o' de road duh watch um, an' I sway tuh Scott ef we had n't git out he way, he would 'a' run right spang ober de two o' we, an' all de res' o' de nigger an' buckra een Chaalstun, an' not lef' a libin', breathin' soul fuh 'ten' we-all fun'rul! No, suhree, Bob; dat ain't no joke I 'm a-tellin' you. Dat t'ing got no respec' fuh w'ite *or* black, an' he jes as soon run ober de 'stocracy as de nigger or de po' w'ite trash. All *t'ree* got to look out way he 's walkin' een dis town now; I tell you dat.

"Now," continued the old man, "I jis wish you answer me dis queshtyun: W'at right is dem Yankees got to sen' anyt'ing like dat down yuh fuh mash up we-all wid? Dey ain't satizfy wid t'rowin' half de cullud race eento de Walley o' Distruction een front o' Battery Wagner endurin' o' de wah, an' tu'nin' w'at 's lef' out een de wurl fuh mek we own libin', same like we wuz n't no better dan a passel o' dawg or po' w'ite buckra, an' could n't git along een slaberyment wid de gentlemuns widout quarrelin' an' fightin' wid dem, but de nex' t'ing dey does dey tu'n roun' an' sen' deir ol' talegrafs an' talemuhfones an' bystickles down yuh an' 'stroy we-all support, w'ich we can't tu'n a nickel totin' a letter dese

days—dey ain't satizfy wid *dat*, please de Lawd, nor any o' deir udder tricks fuh t'rowin' de cullud race out a hones' libin', but dey gone off now, an' ketch de debil by he big toe, an' hahniss um up een dat street cah, an' tu'n um loose een de street fuh 'stroy de las' nigger een town off de face o' de yearth! An' *dat* ain't 'nough fuh dem, eeder! Deir spite don't res' dere. De nigger don't satizfy dem, but dey got to come at de mule too, an' t'row ol' Nickerdemus out o' 'ployment! W'at is de Lawd put mule een dis town for, I like tuh know, ef 't ain't to pull street cah wid? An' how Nickerdemus gwine tuh mek a libin' now, I jes like tuh know?"

(Nicodemus was the professor's mule, which he used to hire out to the street-car company before the advent of the trolley.)

"No, suh," he continued; "don't tell me nuttin' 'bout de Yankees! Dey ain't no fr'en's o' mine. Dey are fr'en's wid de debil—*dat's* who dey does business wid, an' needer me nor any o' my fambly is gwine to 'sociate wid dem, or deir trulley-cahs, or any o' de res' o' de t'ings de ol' boy put it eento deir heads to debil de citizens o' Chaalstun wid. You kin ride een ol' Satun's charriuts all you min' to, but I bet you one t'ing," concluded the old man: "you neber will ketch de cahcuss o' George Washington Mannyo Gadsden 'bode one o' *dem* contrapshuns—leastwise, not long as de good Sabeyuh gimme grace to draw my bre't' een *dis* hemisweer. Mebbe dey might t'row me abode w'en I lan' my foot een de *nex*' wurl, but I promise you one t'ing: 't ain't gwine to be as easy wuk as ketchin' crabs een crab season off de Batt'ry.

"No, suh; dey 'll lan' up 'longside a diff'runt kin' o' job w'en dey lan' up 'longside o' me, dat 's w'at dey will do, an' you kin ris' de las' 'tater een de patch on dat propagation; I 'm tellin' yuh dat."

Hereupon the professor crammed his red bandana handkerchief into his beaver, flourished his stick warningly in the air, coming within an ace of taking off the heads of a dozen small black Arabs who had stopped to listen to the conversation, and the next moment disappeared up the steps of the old steeple to try his hand on "A Hot Time in the Old Town" on the ancient bells the classic tintinnabulations of which have gladdened the hearts of Charlestonians these five or six generations past.

St. Julien Grimké.

The Salvation of Texas Peters

WE were hangin' "Rustler" Murphy for the stealin' of a horse:
It was in the cattle country, where the' was no law but force,
An' we had no courts an' lawyers t' steer justice fr'm its course.

We were hangin' Rustler Murphy just as dawn was showin' dim
In the eastern sky; we had n't nothin' personal 'g'in' him,
But a rustler takes his chances, an' his chance is mighty slim.

In the hills we heard a coyote sound his melancholy wail,
Like a dirge for Rustler Murphy as we led him from the jail,
Both his legs amazin' stiddy, though his face a little pale.

He was game, was Rustler Murphy, for he never said a word
As we marched him up the valley, where the long grass waved an' stirred,
An' the music of the coyotes was the only sound we heard.

We were hangin' Rustler Murphy just as genteel as we could,
For we had n't nothin' personal ag'in' him or his brood,
An' he walked along, resigned-like, just as if he understood.

There 's a pine-tree up the mountain, where we were a-leadin' him—
A tree that once was blasted by the lightnin', an' stood grim,
With a black an' shriveled body, but a most invitin' limb.

It was handy to the village, an' was fer enough away,
So the hangin' wa'n't offensive; an' the dawn was gettin' gray
As we halted our procession, so 's to give him time to pray.

Then up spoke Buckskin Davis, who was holdin' of the rope
When the rustler's prayer was finished, an' he hazarded a hope
That the man confess his sins afore 't was time t' mix the dope.

So Rustler Murphy answered, an' his voice was clear an' strong
As he said: "Well, yes, I killed him, an' it was a grievous wrong;
But I hope to be forgiven, for eternity is long."

"Killed him! Who?" cried Buckskin Davis, for he did n't understan'
(We were hangin' him for rustlin', not for killin' of a man);
An' while killin' 's repperhensible, it 's somethin' ye can stan'.

"What! Ain't you Rustler Murphy?" Davis asked him, wonder-eyed;

An' the feller looked confounded with surprise as he replied:
"No; my name is Texas Peters, an' I 'm in for homicide."

For it seemed, back in the jail there, where the candle-light was dim,
We 'd mistaken Texas Peters for the man t' fruit the limb,
An' in our agitation we had come nigh hangin' him!

So we humbly begged his pardon, an' we made him understan'
How we thought he was a horse-thief, when he only killed a man;
For, though killin' 's repperhensible, it 's somethin' ye can stan'.

J. W. Foley.

To a Cat

I WATCH you basking, sleepy in the light,
Majestic dreamer, humorously stern.
Your little scratch-scarred nose betrays you quite;
Yet how I long to know your thoughts, to learn
What magic dreams beget themselves and burn
Throughout your subtle nerves! For once I saw
A cat's form graven on an antique urn,
And round their god Egyptians knelt in awe!
Was once your hiss a blight? Was once your purr a law?

Perhaps through sentient chains of linkèd ages
Your soul has fled, yet, like a haunting dream,
Can recollect the prayers of swarthy sages,
Can hear the wash of Nilus' mystic stream.
It seems I see you basking in the gleam
Of desert dawns; majestical, you gaze
Into the eye of Ra and dream a dream:
Vast multitudes wait, breathless, in amaze,
For your oraculous purr to set their hearts ablaze.

Perhaps you think, "How stupid grows the world!"
And pine for godhood till you grow to be
A broken spirit, like a war-flag furled,
Or drought-drained river sighing for the sea.
What potent utterance do you waste on me,
When I am kind and stroke your glossy fur?
What do you gaze on that I cannot see?

Drawn by May Wilson Preston

THE POINT OF VIEW

SHE: What a sweep of country! It is higher here than in the White Mountains, is n't it?
HE: I don't really know. I have n't had my bill yet.

Perhaps if men could know the things that were,
Their petted faiths should quake and tremble at your purr.

John G. Neihardt.

A Successful Play

"WRITE me a play," said Manager B.,
King of impresarios he.

And the playwright bowed. He was ripe for it.
Skilled at dialogue, crisp in wit,
Master of intricate plot, and bold
With "situations" that turn one cold
And furnish the star a chance to pose
(Bringing the act to a thrilling close)—
He could write anything he chose.

And he wrote a tragedy dark and deep,
With a castle, a moat, and a donjon-keep,
Barons and bandits and such-like folk,
Who muttered "'S death" each time they spoke;
And a murder, out of the every-day,
Somewhat better than Shakspere's way.
All in all, 't was a stirring play.

"Utterly useless," said Manager B.
"Not one in a hundred would come to see,
And the critics would kill it with half a line;
I should have to hang out an auction sign.
Tragedy 's all out of date, you know.
Folks don't care for that sort of show;
Try something cheerful and not so slow."

So he wrote a comedy, brisk and keen,
Packed with incident, scene by scene,
Rollicking, witty, quaint, and wise,
Wholesome fun from the curtain's rise.
'T was the cleverest play, in scope and gage,
He had ever fashioned for any stage,
And certain, he thought, to become the rage.

But the manager frowned. Said he: "'T is quite
Too heavy. The public needs something light,
These days, and frothy. I want a play
Not for its merit, but built to pay:
Something to bring the gallery down,
Crowd the orchestra, storm the town.
Make it torrid and do it brown."

Then he made a jumble of jest and rhyme,
With music familiar since Adam's time,
An Amazon march and a topical song.
The jokes were ancient and dull and strong;
But the chorus was buxom, tall, and fair,
With little to do and less to wear,
And the dancers' garments were cut to spare.

The manager fell on his neck with joy.
Cried he: "'T is the play of the year, my boy!"

That playwright scratches the quill no more;
He cuts his coupons by the score,
Lives at the club in high disdain,
Smokes Havanas and drinks champagne,
While Manager B., who fumed and fussed,
Now smiles contented and bland. He just
Owns the whole Theatrical Trust.

Frederic B. Bard.

"And Others"

I SING a song in strains of minor:
"Why do reviewers so ignore us?"
And though I scorn a rank repiner:
"Dear editors, why do you floor us?"
Surely some readers must adore us:
Our sisters, wives, sweethearts, and mothers,
They have an ardent pity for us,
We who are rated with "and others."

One hates to personate a whiner,
Or ride upon a bristling taurus,
Nor is it just a penny-a-liner
Beseeching that they underscore us.
Such a petition would be porous,
The very thought unnerves and smothers;
But how it does afflict and bore us
To be job-lotted with "and others"!

How fierce to have some arch designer
With booming canon type implore us,
In language of the word-entwiner,
To "READ AN EPIC AFTER HORACE"
(A gem of rhymester and thesaurus!)
"BY CLIO COTTOLENE CARRUTHERS"!
While we, with naught of glamour o'er us,
Are relegated to "and others"!

ENVOY

Reviewers! Editors! Restore us
Right to be featured with our brothers—
We who now chant in fervent chorus
This little plea of mine "and others"!

Clarence Urmy.

The Man with the Dog

AWAY back in the good old long-ago when prospective passengers used to go and sit by the railroad-track until the train came along, there was a railroad in North Carolina known and distinguished as the Raleigh & Gaston. The two or three so-called coaches were constructed on the style (or lack of style) of the old stage-coach, and the little wheezing locomotive would look and act like a pygmy in comparison with a modern steam-thresher

engine; but the conductor of that train was the proudest man in North Carolina, and all the allurements of fame would have been wasted in an attempt to coax him from his unique and officious position. He was a genial soul, however, and if the governor of the State had seen fit to ride upon his train he would have beamed upon him in a generous, patronizing manner, as one is apt to look upon those who should be pitied and do not know it.

One day there was a passenger who had little enough sense of the eternal fitness of things to carry a dog into the coach. When the conductor saw the animal, he raged with righteous indignation, and immediately had the train stopped, so the offense against decorum could be removed. The owner of the hound calmly led him off and tied him to the rear steps; and as the train got under way, the passengers laughed gaily at the ludicrous scene of the dog jogging along, switching his tail at the flies, while the locomotive, in an effort at speed, was making a noise which could be heard for miles. That was too much for the conductor, and he hurried forward to urge the fireman to pile on the pine-knots, and in a few minutes the train had attained its maximum speed, and was lurching and shaking and creaking in such a way as to put all on board in fear of a calamity. Then the official walked into the rear coach in a grandiose manner, his hands crossed behind him, and pompously exclaimed, "Now where 's your dog?"

The man who had caused the trouble glanced around quickly, and then hurried to the door, only to find that the dog was not in sight; but as the laugh turned on him, he sank complacently into a seat, and pointing to a crack in the floor, said, with a sigh of relief: "Why, there he is—running along in the shade, licking the axles."

Bruce Craven.

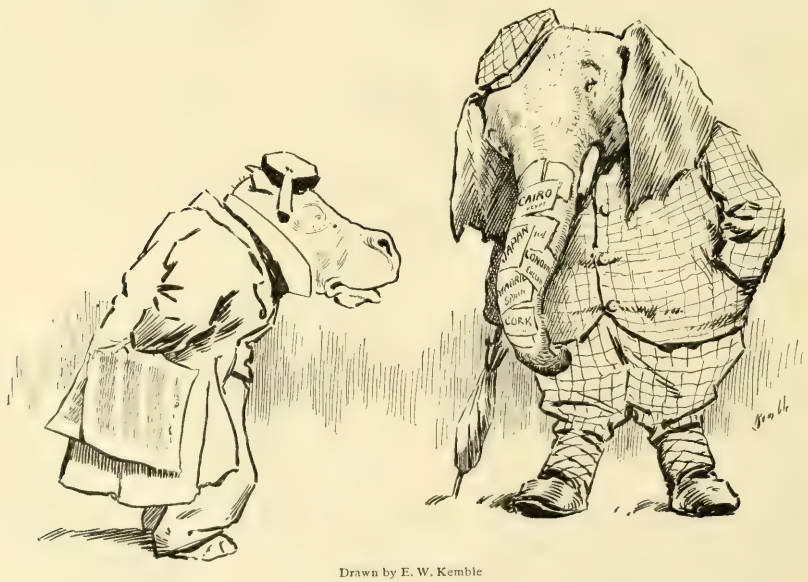
Corn-field Amenities

Br'er Rabbit come erlong, a-steppin' mighty gran';
Sezzee, "Mistaw Crow, you 's on my lan'."

Mistaw Crow wunk he eye, an' he look mighty quare;
Sezzee, "Br'er Rabbit, you 's a-breavin' my air."

Man in de fence-cornder shot off a gun:
Hyer dat crow holler—watch dat rabbit run!

Grace MacGowan Cooke.



Drawn by E. W. Kemble

TRAVEL UP TO DATE

The Elephant: You stay-at-home folks may not know it, but it 's quite the thing for those who travel nowadays to have their trunks checked.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

Color drawing by George Wright

"ROSE O' THE RIVER"

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXIX MARCH, 1905 No. 5

ROSE O' THE RIVER

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

Author of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE WRIGHT

I

THE PINE-TREE

IT was not long after sunrise, and Stephen Waterman, fresh from his dip in the river, had scrambled up the hillside from the hut in the alder-bushes where he had made his morning toilet.

An early ablution of this sort was not the custom of the farmers along the banks of the Saco, but the Waterman house was hardly a stone's throw from the water, and there was a clear, deep swimming-hole in the Willow Cove that would have tempted the busiest man, or the least cleanly, in York County. Then, too, Stephen was a child of the river, born, reared, schooled on its very brink, never happy unless he were on it, or in it, or beside it, or at least within sight or sound of it.

The immensity of the sea had always silenced and overawed him, left him cold in feeling. The river wooed him, caressed him, won his heart. It was just big enough to love. It was full of charms and changes, of varying moods and sudden surprises. Its voice stole in upon his ear with a melody far sweeter and more subtle than the boom of the ocean. Yet it was not without strength, and when it was big with the freshets of the spring and swollen with the bounty of its sister streams, it could dash and roar, boom and crash, with the best of them.

Stephen stood on the side porch, drinking in the glory of the sunrise, with the Saco winding like a silver ribbon through the sweet loveliness of the summer landscape.

And the river rolled on toward the sea, singing its morning song, creating and nourishing beauty at every step of its onward path. Cradled in the heart of a great mountain-range, it pursued its gleaming way, here lying silent in glassy lakes, there rushing into tinkling little falls, foaming great falls, and thundering cataracts. Scores of bridges spanned its width, but no steamers flurried its crystal depths. Here and

Copyright, 1905, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"GAZED STEADILY DOWN-STREAM"

there a rough little rowboat, tethered to a willow, rocked to and fro in some quiet bend of the shore. Here the silver gleam of a rising perch, chub, or trout caught the eye; there a pickerel lay rigid in the clear water, a fish carved in stone: here eels coiled in the muddy bottom of some pool; and there, under the deep shadow of a rock, lay big sleepy bass, undisturbed by the rural fisherman's worm.

The river lapped the shores of peaceful meadows; it flowed along banks green with maple, beech, sycamore, and birch; it fell tempestuously over dams and fought its way between rocky cliffs crowned with stately firs. It rolled past forests of pine and hemlock and spruce, now gentle, now terrible; for there is said to be an Indian curse upon the Saco, whereby, with every great sun, the child of a paleface shall be drawn into its cruel depths. Lashed into fury by the stony reefs that impeded its progress, the river looked now sapphire, now gold, now white, now leaden gray; but always it was hurrying, hurrying on its appointed way to the sea.

After feasting his eyes and filling his heart with a morning draught of beauty, Stephen went in from the porch and, pausing at the stairway, called in stentorian tones: "Get up and get your breakfast, Rufus! I 'm going down to work on the logs; the boys will be picking the side jams to-day. If you come along, bring your own pick-pole and peavey." Then, going to the kitchen pantry, he got together a pitcher of milk, a loaf of bread, half an apple-pie, and a bowl of blueberries, and, with the easy methods of a household unswayed by feminine rule, moved toward a seat under an apple-tree and took his morning meal in great apparent content. Having finished and washed his dishes with much more thoroughness than is common to unsuperintended man, and having given Rufus the second call to breakfast with the vigor and acrimony that usually marks that unpleasant performance, he strode to a high point on the river-bank and, shading his eyes with his hand, gazed steadily down-stream.

Patches of green fodder and blossoming potatoes melted into soft fields that had been lately mown, and there were glimpses of tasseling corn rising high to catch the sun. Far, far down on the opposite bank of the river was the hint of a brown roof and the tip of a chimney that sent a slender wisp of smoke into the clear air. Beyond this, and farther back from the water, the trees apparently hid a cluster of other chimneys, for thin spirals of smoke ascended here and there. The little brown roof could never have revealed itself to any but a lover's eye; and that discerned something even smaller, something like a pinkish speck, that moved hither and thither on a piece of greensward that sloped to the waterside.

"She 's up!" Stephen exclaimed under his breath, his eyes shining, his lips smiling. His voice had a note of hushed exaltation about it, as if "she," whoever she might be, had, in condescending to rise, conferred a priceless boon upon a waiting universe. If she were indeed "up" (so his tone implied), then the day, somewhat falsely heralded by the sunrise, had really begun, and the human race might pursue its appointed tasks, inspired and uplifted by the consciousness of her existence. It might properly be grateful for the fact of her birth; that she had grown to woman's estate; and, above all, that, in common with the sun, the lark, the morning-glory, and other beautiful things of the early day, she was up and about her lovely, cheery, heart-warming business.

II

THE BRIER ROSE

The handful of chimneys and the smoke-spirals rising here and there among the trees on the river-bank belonged to what was known as the Brier Neighborhood. There were only a few houses in all, scattered along a side road leading from the river up to Liberty Center. There were no great signs of thrift or prosperity, but the Wiley cottage, the only one near the water, was neat and well cared for, and Nature had done her best to conceal man's indolence, poverty, or neglect.

Bushes of sweetbrier grew in fragrant little forests as tall as the fences. Clumps of wild roses sprang up at every turn, and over all the stone walls, as well as on every heap of rocks by the wayside, prickly blackberry vines ran and clambered and clung, yielding fruit and thorns impartially to the neighborhood children.

The pinkish speck that Stephen Waterman had spied from his side of the river was Rose Wiley of the Brier Neighborhood on the Edgewood side. As there was an-

other of her name on Brigadier Hill, the Edgewood minister called one of them the climbing Rose and the other the brier Rose, or sometimes Rose of the river. She was well named, the pinkish speck. She had dull and foolish when compelled to undergo comparison with her bright eyes. As to her hair, the local milliner declared it impossible for Rose Wiley to get an unbecoming hat; that on one occasion, being in a frolicsome

Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"'STEVE WATERMAN 'S A TURRIBLE SMART DRIVER,' OBSERVED MR. WILEY"

not only some of the sweetest attributes of the wild rose, but the parallel might have been extended as far as the thorns, for she had wounded her scores, had the brier Rose—hearts, be it understood, not hands. The wounding was, on the whole, very innocently done; and if fault could be imputed anywhere, it might rightly have been laid at the door of the kind powers who had made her what she was. She had not a single silk gown, but she had what is far better, a figure to show off a cotton one. Not a brooch nor a pair of ear-rings was numbered among her possessions, but any ordinary gems would have looked rather

mood, Rose had tried on all the head-gear in the village emporium,—children's gingham "Shakers," mourning bonnets for aged dames, men's haying hats and vizored caps,—and she proved superior to every test, looking as pretty as a pink in the best ones and simply ravishing in the worst. In fact, she had been so fashioned and finished by Nature that, had she been set on a revolving pedestal in a show-window, the bystanders would have exclaimed, as each new charm came into view: "Look at her waist!" "See her shoulders!" "And her neck and chin!" "And her hair!"

Her lovely little person was a trifle below

medium size, and it might as well be confessed that her soul was none too large to be at all out of proportion; but when eyes and dimples, lips and cheeks, enslave the onlooker, the soul is seldom subjected to a close or critical scrutiny. Besides, Rose Wiley was a nice girl, neat as wax, energetic, merry, economical. She was a dutiful granddaughter to two of the most irritating old people in the county; she made wonderful pies and doughnuts; and besides, small souls, if they are of the right sort, sometimes have a way of growing, to the discomfiture of cynics and the gratification of the angels.

So, on one bank of the river grew the brier rose, a fragile thing, swaying on a slender stalk and looking at its pretty reflection in the water; and on the other a sturdy pine-tree, well rooted against wind and storm. And the sturdy pine yearned for the wild rose; and the rose, so far as it knew, yearned for nothing at all, certainly not for rugged pine-trees rooted in grim and rocky soil. If, in its present stage of development, it gravitated toward anything in particular, it would have been a well-dressed white birch growing on an irreproachable lawn.

And the river, now deep, now shallow, now smooth, now tumultuous, now sparkling in sunshine, now gloomy under clouds, rolled on to the engulfing sea. It could not stop to concern itself with the petty comedies and tragedies that were being enacted along its shores, else it would never have reached its destination. Only last night, under a full moon, there had been pairs of lovers leaning over the rails of all the bridges along its course; but that was a common sight, like that of the ardent couples sitting on its shady banks these summer days, looking only into each other's eyes, but exclaiming about the beauty of the water. Lovers would come and go, sometimes reappearing with successive instalments of loves in a way wholly mysterious to the river. Meantime it had its own work to do and must be about it, for the side jams were to be broken and the boom "let out" at the Edgewood bridge.

III

"OLD KENNEBEC"

It was just seven o'clock that same morning when Rose Wiley smoothed the last wrinkle from her dimity counterpane, picked up a shred of corn-husk from the spotless floor under the bed, slapped a mosquito on the window-sill, removed all signs of murder with a moist towel, and before running down to breakfast cast a frowning look at her pincushion. Almira, otherwise "Mite," Shapley had been there the afternoon before and disturbed with her careless hand the pattern of Rose's pins. They were kept religiously in the form of a Maltese cross; and if, while extricating one from her clothing, there had been an alarm of fire, Rose would have stuck the pin in its appointed place in the design, at the risk of losing her life.

She took her seat at the breakfast-table spread near the open kitchen door, a dazzling Rose and a wasted one, for there was no one present to observe her clean pink calico and the still more subtle note struck in the green ribbon which was tied round her throat—the ribbon that formed a sort of calyx, out of which sprang the flower of her face, as fresh and radiant as if it had bloomed that morning.

"Give me my coffee turrible quick," said her grandfather; "I must be down to the breedge 'fore they start dog-warpin' the side jam."

"I notice you 're always due at the breedge on churnin' days," remarked his spouse, testily.

"'T ain't me as app'ints drivin' dates at Edgewood," replied the old man. "The boys 'll hev a turrible job this year. The logs air ricked up jest like Rose's jackstraws; I never see 'em so turrible ricked up in all my exper'ence; an' Lije Dennett don' know no more 'bout pickin' a jam than Cooper's cow. Turrible sot in his ways, too; can't take a mite of advice. I was tellin' him how to go to work on that bung that 's formed between the gre't gray rock and the shore,—the awfullest place to bung that there is on the river,—and says he: 'Look here, I 've be'n boss on this river for twelve year, an' I 'll be dog-goned if I 'm goin' to be taught my business by any man!' 'This ain't no river,' says I—'as you 'd know,' says I, 'if you 'd ever lived on the Kennebec.' 'Pity you hed n't stayed on it,' says he. 'I wish to the land I hed,' says I. An' then I come away, for my tongue 's so turrible spry an' sarcustic that I knew if I stopped any longer I should stir up strife."

"There 's lots o' folks as have made a good livin' by mindin' their own business," observed the still sententious Mrs. Wiley, as she speared a soda-biscuit with her fork.

"Mindin' your own business is a turrible selfish trade," responded her husband, loftily. "If your neighbor is more ignorant than what you are,—partic'larly if he 's as ignorant as Cooper's cow,—you 'd ought, as a Kennebec man an' a Christian, to set him on the right track, though it 's always a turrible risky thing to do."

Rose's grandfather was called, by the irreverent younger generation, sometimes "Turrible Wiley" and sometimes "Old Kennebec," because of the frequency with which these words appeared in his conversation. There were not wanting those of late who called him Uncle Ananias, for reasons too obvious to mention. After a long, indolent, tolerably truthful, and useless life, he had, at seventy-five, lost sight of the dividing line between fact and fancy, and drew on his imagination to such an extent that he almost staggered himself when he began to indulge in reminiscence. He was a feature of the Edgewood "drive," being always present during the five or six days that it was in progress, sometimes sitting on the river-bank, sometimes leaning over the bridge, sometimes reclining against the butt-end of a huge log, but always chewing tobacco and expectorating to incredible distances as he criticized and damned impartially all the expedients in use at the particular moment.

"I want to stay down by the river this afternoon," said Rose. "Lots of the girls will be there, and all my sewing is done up. If grandpa will leave the horse for me, I 'll go down with the drivers' lunch at noon and bring the dishes back in time to wash them before supper."

"I suppose you can go, if the rest do," said her grandmother, "though it 's an awful lazy way of spendin' an afternoon."

"But it 's such fun to watch the logs!" Rose exclaimed. "Next to dancing, the greatest fun in the world."

"Specially as all the young men in town will be there, watchin', too," was the grandmother's reply.

"Steve Waterman 's a turrible smart driver," observed Mr. Wiley; "turrible reckless, too. He 'll take all the chances there is, though to a man that 's lived on the Kennebec there ain't what can rightly be called any turrible chances on the Saco."

"He 'd better be 'tendin' to his farm," objected Mrs. Wiley.

"His hay is all in," Rose spoke up quickly, "and he only helps on the river when the farm work is n't pressing. Besides, though it 's all play to him, he earns his two dollars and a half a day."

"He don't keer about the two and a half," said her grandfather. "He jest can't keep away from the logs. There 's some that can't. When I first moved here from Gardiner, where the climate never suited me—"

"The climate of any place where you hev regular work never did an' never will suit you," remarked the old man's wife; but the interruption received no comment: such mistaken views of his character were too frequent to make any impression.

"As I was sayin'," he continued, "when I first moved here, I lived neighbor to the Watermans. Steve an' Rufus was little boys, always playin' with a couple o' wild cousins o' theirn, consid'able older. Steve would scare his mother pretty nigh to death stealin' away to the mill to ride on the 'carriage,' 'side o' the log that was bein' sawed, hitchin' clean out over the river an' then jerkin' back 'most into the jaws o' the machinery."

"He never hed any common sense to spare, even when he was a young one," remarked Mrs. Wiley; "and I don't see as all the 'cademy education his father throwed away on him has changed him much." And with this observation she rose from the table and went to the sink.

"Steve ain't nobody's fool," dissented the old man; "but he 's kind o' daft about the river. When he was little he was allers buildin' dams in the brook, an' sailin' chips, an' runnin' on the logs; allers choppin' up stickins an' raftin' 'em together in the pond. I cal'late Mis' Waterman died consid'able afore her time, jest from fright, lookin' out the winders and seein' her boys slippin' between the logs an' gittin' their daily dousin'. Then, when Steve was about twelve or fifteen, he used to help the river-drivers spring and fall, reg'lar. He could n't do nothin' but shin up an' down the rocks after hammers an' hatchets an' ropes, but he was turrible pleased with his job. 'Stepanfetchit,' they used to call him them days—Stepanfetchit Waterman."

"Good name for him yet," came in acid tones from the sink. "He 's still steppin' an' fetchin', only it 's Rose that 's doin' the drivin' now."

"I 'm not driving anybody, that I know of," answered Rose, with heightened color, but with no loss of her habitual self-command.

"Then, when he graduated from errants," went on the crafty old man, who knew that when breakfast ceased, churning must begin, "Steve used to get seventy-five cents a day helpin' clear up the river—if you can *call* it a river. He 'd pick off a log here an' there an' send it afloat, an' dig out them that hed got ketched in the rocks, and tidy up the banks jest like spring housecleanin'. If he 'd hed any kind of a boss an' hed be'n trained on the Kennebec, he 'd 'a' made a turrible smart driver, Steve would."

"He 'll be drownded, that 's what 'll become o' him," prophesied Mrs. Wiley; "specially if Rose encourages him in such silly foolishness as ridin' logs from his house down to ourn, dark nights."

"'Pears to me, mother, you ain't very grateful for that nice pig-pen Steve built ye last month," remarked Old Kennebec.

"I wa'n't a mite deceived by that pig-pen, no more 'n I was by Jed Towle's hen-coop, nor Ivory Dunn's well-curb, nor Pitt Packard's shed-steps. If you hed ever kep' up your buildin's yourself, Rose's beaux would n't hev to do their courtin' with carpenters' tools."

"It 's the pig-pen an' the hen-coop you want to keep your eye on, mother, not the motives of them as made 'em. It 's turrible onsettlin' to inspeck folks' motives too turrible close."

"Riding a log is no more to Steve than sitting in a wagon," interposed Rose, to change the subject; "but it does make me kind of dizzy to watch him."

"And, land! you can't drownd some folks," said her grandfather, "not without you tie nail-kags to their head an' feet an' drop 'em in the falls; an', anyways, log-ridin' ain't no trick at all to a man of sperit. I 've rid logs down the b'ilin'est rapids o' the Kennebec an' never lost my head. I remember well, the year o' the gre't freshet, I rid a log from—"

"There, there, father, that 'll do," said Mrs. Wiley, decisively. "I 'll put the cream in the churn, an' you jest bring the butter for us afore you start for the breedge. It don't do no good to brag afore your own women-folks; work goes consid'able better 'n stories at every place 'cept the loafers' bench at the tavern."

And the baffled raconteur, who had never done a piece of work cheerfully in his life, dragged himself reluctantly to the shed, where, before long, one could hear him moving the dasher up and down sedately to his favorite "churning tune" of

"Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But Wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler."

IV

THE EDGEWOOD "DRIVE"

JUST where the bridge knits together the two little villages of Pleasant River and Edgewood, the glassy mirror of the Saco broadens suddenly, sweeping over the dam in a luminous torrent. Gushes of pure amber mark the middle of the dam, with crystal and silver at the sides, and from the seething vortex beneath the golden cascade the white spray dashes up in fountains. In the crevices and hollows of the rocks the mad water churns itself into snowy froth, while the foam-flecked torrent, deep, strong, and troubled to its heart, sweeps majestically under the bridge, then dashes between wooded shores piled high with steep masses of rock, or torn and riven by great gorges.

There had been much rain during the summer, and the Saco was very high, so on the third day of the Edgewood drive there was considerable excitement at the bridge, and a goodly audience of villagers from both sides of the river. There were some who never came, some who had no fancy for the sight, some to whom it was an old story, some who were too busy, but there were many to whom it was the event of events, a never-ending source of interest.

Above the fall, covering the placid surface of the river, thousands of logs lay quietly "in boom" until the "turning out" process, on the last day of the drive, should release them and give them their chance of display, their brief moment of notoriety, their opportunity of interesting, amusing, exciting, and exasperating the onlookers by their antics.

Heaps of logs had been cast up on the rocks below the dam, where they lay in hopeless confusion, adding nothing, however, to the problem of the moment, for they too bided their time. If they had possessed wisdom, discretion, and caution, they might have slipped gracefully over the falls and, steering clear of the hidden ledges (about which it would seem they must have heard whispers from the old pine-trees along the river), have kept a straight course and reached their destination without costing the Edgewood Lumber Company a small fortune. Or, if they had inclined toward a jolly and adventurous career, they could have joined one of the various jams or "bungs," stimulated by the thought that any one of them might be a key-log, holding for a time the entire jam in its despotic power. But they had been stranded early in the game, and, after lying high and dry for weeks, would be picked off one by one and sent down-stream.

In the tumultuous boil, the foaming hubbub and flurry at the foot of the falls, one enormous peeled log wallowed up and down like a huge rhinoceros, greatly pleasing the children by its clumsy cavortings. Some conflict of opposing forces kept it ever in motion, yet never set it free. Below the bridge were always the real battle-grounds, the scenes of the first and the fiercest conflicts. A ragged ledge of rock, standing well above the yeasty torrent, marked the middle of the river. Stephen had been stranded there once, just at dusk, on a stormy afternoon in spring. A jam had broken under the men, and Stephen, having taken too great risks, had been caught on the moving mass, and, leaping from log to log, his only chance for life had been to find a footing on Gray Rock, which was nearer than the shore.

Rufus was ill at the time, and Mrs. Waterman so anxious and nervous that processions of boys had to be sent up to the River Farm, giving the frightened mother the latest bulletins of her son's welfare. Luckily, the river was narrow just at the Gray Rock, and it was a quite possible task, though no easy one, to lash two ladders together and make a narrow bridge on which the drenched and shivering man could reach the shore. There were loud cheers when Stephen ran lightly across the slender pathway that led to safety—ran so fast that the ladders had scarce time to bend beneath his weight. He had certainly "taken chances"; but the crowd loves daring, and Stephen was only doing his duty by the company, only showing the Saco that he was master, only keeping the Waterman name in good repute.

"Ye can't drownd some folks," Old Kennebec was saying, as he stood in a group on the shore; "not without you tie nail-kags to 'em an' drop 'em in the Great Eddy. I 'm the same kind; I remember when I was stranded on jest sech a rock in the Kennebec."

"We 're well acquainted with that rock," exclaimed one of the river-drivers, to the delight of the company.

Rose remembered the scene well, for Stephen had clambered up the bank, smiling and blushing under the hurrahs of the boys, and, coming to the wagon where she sat waiting for her grandfather, had seized a moment to whisper: "Did *you* care, Rose? Say you did!"

Stephen remembered that question, too, on this August morning; perhaps because this was to be a red-letter day, and sometime, when he had a free moment,—sometime before supper, when he and Rose were sitting apart from the others, watching the logs,—he intended again to ask her to marry him. This thought trembled in him, stirring the deeps of his heart like a great wave, almost sweeping him off his feet when he held it too close and let it have full sway. It would be the fourth time that he had asked Rose this question of all questions, but there was no perceptible difference in his excitement, for there was always the possible chance that she might change her mind and say yes, if only for variety. Wanting a thing continuously, unchangingly, unceasingly, year after year, he thought,—longing to reach it as the river longed to reach the sea,—such wanting might, in course of time, mean having.

Rose drove up to the bridge with the men's luncheon, and the under-boss came up to take the baskets and boxes from the back of the wagon.

"We 've had a reg'lar tussle this mornin', Rose," he said. "The logs are determined not to move. Ike Billings, that 's the han'somest and fluentest all-round swearer on the Saco, has tried his best on the side jam. He 's all out o' cuss-words and there hain't a log budged. Now, 'stid o' dog-warpin' this afternoon, an' lettin'

the oxen haul off all them stubborn logs by main force, we 're goin' to ask you to set up on the bank and smile at the jam. 'Land! she can do it!' says Ike, a minute ago. 'When Rose starts smilin',' he says, 'there ain't a jam nor a bung in *me* that don't melt like wax and jest float right off same as the logs do when they get into quiet, sunny water.'"

Rose blushed and laughed, and drove up the hill to Mite Shapley's, where she put up the horse and waited till the men had eaten their luncheon. The drivers slept and had breakfast and supper at the Billings house, a mile down-river, but for several years Mrs. Wiley had furnished the noon meal, sending it down piping hot on the stroke of twelve. The boys always said that up or down the whole length of the Saco there was no such cooking as the Wileys', and much of this praise was earned by Rose's serving. It was the old grandmother who burnished the tin plates and dippers till they looked like silver; for, crotchety and sharp-tongued as she was, she never allowed Rose to spoil her hands with soft soap and sand: but it was Rose who planned and packed, Rose who hemmed squares of old white table-cloths and sheets to line the baskets and keep things daintily separate, Rose, also, whose tarts and cakes were the pride and admiration of church sociables and sewing societies.

Where could such smoking pots of beans be found? A murmur of ecstatic approval ran through the crowd when the covers were removed. Pieces of sweet home-fed pork glistened like varnished mahogany on the tops of the beans, and underneath were such deeps of fragrant juice as come only from slow fires and long, quiet hours in brick ovens. Who else could steam and bake such mealy loaves of brown bread, brown as plum-pudding, yet with no suspicion of sogginess? Who such soda-biscuits, big, feathery, tasting of cream, and hardly needing butter? And green-apple pies! Could such candied lower crusts be found elsewhere, or more delectable filling? Or such rich, nutty doughnuts?—doughnuts that had spurned the hot fat which is the ruin of so many, and risen from its waves like golden-brown Venuses.

"By the great seleckmen!" ejaculated Jed Towle, as he swallowed his fourth, "I 'd like to hev a wife, two daughters, and four sisters like them Wileys, and jest set still on the river-bank an' hev 'em cook victuals for me. I 'd hev nothin' to wish for then but a mouth as big as the Saco's."

"And I wish this custard-pie was the size o' Bonnie Eagle Pond," said Ike Billings. "I 'd like to fall into the middle of it and eat my way out!"

"Look at that bunch o' Chiny asters tied on t' the bail o' that biscuit-pail!" said Ivory Dunn. "That 's the girl's doin's, you bet; women-folks don't seem to make no bo'quets after they get married. Let 's divide 'em up an' wear 'em drivin' this afternoon; mebbe they'll ketch the eye so 't our rags won't show so bad. Land! it 's lucky my hundred days is about up! If I don't get home soon I shall be arrested for goin' without clo'es. I set up 'bout all night puttin' these blue patches in my pants an' tryin' to piece together a couple of old red-flannel shirts to make one whole one. That 's the worst o' drivin' in one o' these places where the pretty girls come down to the bridge—you can't git no chance at the rum-bottle, you hev to keep rigged up jest so, an' you even hev to go a leetle mite light on swearin'."

V

"BLASPHEMIOUS SWEARIN'"

"STEVE WATERMAN 's an awful nice feller," exclaimed Ivory Dunn just then. Stephen had been looking intently across the river, watching the Shapleys' side door, from which Rose might issue at any moment; and at this point in the discussion he had lounged away from the group, and, moving toward the bridge, began to throw pebbles idly into the water.

"He 's an awful smart driver for one that don't foller drivin' the year round," continued Ivory; "and he 's the awfullest clean-spoken, soft-spoken feller I ever see."

"There 's be'n two black sheep in his family a'ready, an' Steve kind o' feels as if he 'd ought to be extry white," remarked Jed Towle. "You fellers that belonged to the old drive remember Pretty Quick Waterman well enough? Steve 's mother brought him up."

Yes; most of them remembered the Waterman twins, Stephen's cousins, now both dead: Slow Waterman, so moderate in his steps and actions that you had to fix

a landmark somewhere near him to see if he moved; and Pretty Quick, who shone by comparison with his twin.

"I 'd kind o' forgot that Pretty Quick Waterman was cousin to Steve," said the under-boss; "he never worked with me much, but he wa'n't cut off the same piece o' goods as the other Watermans. Great hemlock! but he kep' a cussin' dictionary, Pretty Quick did! Whenever he heard any new words he must 'a' writ 'em down, an' then studied 'em all up in the winter-time, to use in the spring drive."

"Swearin' 's a habit that hed ought to be practised with turrible caution," observed old Mr. Wiley when the drivers had finished luncheon and taken out their pipes. "There 's three kinds o' swearin': plain swearin', profane swearin', an' blasphemious swearin'. Logs air jest like mules: there 's times when a man can't seem to rip up a jam in good style 'thout a few words that 's too strong for the infant-classes in Sunday-schools; but a man hed n't ought to tempt Providence. When he 's ridin' a log near the falls at high water, or cuttin' the key-log in a jam, he ain't in no place for blasphemious swearin'; jest a little easy, perlite 'damn' is 'bout all he can resk, if he don't want to git drownded an' hev his ghost walkin' the river-banks till kingdom come.

"You an' I, Long, was the only ones that seen Pretty Quick go, wa'n't we?" continued Old Kennebec, glancing at Long Abe Dennett (cousin to Short Abe), who lay on his back in the grass, the smoke-wreaths rising from his pipe, and the steel spikes in his heavy, calked-sole boots shining in the sun.

"There was folks on the bridge," Long answered, "but we was the only ones near enough to see an' hear. It was so onexpected, an' so soon over, that them as was watchin' up-stream, where the men was to work on the falls, would n't 'a' hed time to see him go down. But I did, an' nobody ain't heard me swear sence, though it 's ten years ago. I allers said it was rum an' bravadder that killed Pretty Quick Waterman that day. The boys hed n't give him a 'dare' that he hed n't took up. He seemed like he was possessed, an' the logs was the same way; they was fairly wild, leapin' around in the maddest kind o' water you ever see. The river was b'ilin' high that spring; it was an awful stubborn jam, an' Pretty Quick hed be'n workin' on it sence dinner."

"He clumb up the bank more 'n once to have a pull at the bottle that was hid in the bushes," interpolated Mr. Wiley.

"Like as not; that was his failin'. Well, most o' the boys were on the other side o' the river, workin' above the bridge, an' the boss hed called Pretty Quick to leave the jam till mornin', when they 'd get horses an' dog-warp it off, log by log. But when the boss got out o' sight, Pretty Quick jest stood right still, swingin' his ax an' blasphemin' so 't would freeze your blood, vowin' he would n't move till the logs did, if he stayed there till the crack o' doom. Jest then a great, ponderous log, that hed be'n churnin' up an' down in the falls for a week, got free an' come blunderin' an' thunderin' down-river. Land! it was chock-full o' water an' looked 'bout as big as a church! It come straight along, butt-end foremost, an' struck that jam, full force, so 't every log in it shivered. There was a crack,—the crack o' doom, sure enough, for Pretty Quick,—an' one o' the logs le'p' right out an' struck him jest where he stood, with his ax in the air, blasphemin'. The jam kind o' melted an' crumbled up, an' in a second Pretty Quick was whirlin' in the white water. He never riz,—at least where we could see him,—an' we did n't find him for a week. That 's the whole story, an' I guess Steve takes it as a warnin'. Anyway, he ain't no friend to rum nor swearin', Steve ain't. He knows Pretty Quick's ways shortened his mother's life, an' you notice what a sharp lookout he keeps on Rufus."

"He needs it," Ike Billings commented tersely.

"Some men seem to lose their wits when they 're workin' on logs," observed Mr. Wiley, who had deeply resented Long Dennett's telling of a story which he knew fully as well and could have told much better. "Now, nat'rally, I 've seen things on the Kennebec—"

"Three cheers for the Saco! Hats off, boys!" shouted Jed Towle, and his directions were followed with a will.

"As I was sayin'," continued the old man, peacefully, "I 've seen things on the Kennebec that would n't happen on a small river, an' I 've be'n in turrible places an' taken turrible resks—resks that would 'a' turned a Saco River man's hair white;

but them is the times when my wits work the quickest. I remember once I was smokin' my pipe when a jam broke under me. 'T was a small jam, or what we call a small jam on the Kennebec—only about three hundred thousand pine logs. The first thing I knowed, I was shootin' back an' forth in the b'ilin' rapids, hangin' on t' the end of a log like a spider. My hands was clasped round the log and I never lost control o' my pipe. They said I smoked right along, jest as cool an' placid as a—"

"All right, boss," called Ike Billings, winking to the boys; "we 'll be there in a jiffy!" for the luncheon hour had flown and the work of the afternoon was waiting for them. "You make a chalk-mark where you left off, Mr. Wiley, an' we 'll hear the rest to-morrer; only don't you forgit nothin'! Remember 't was the Kennebec you was talkin' about."

VI

THE GAME OF JACKSTRAWS

In a moment all was activity. The men ran hither and thither like ants, gathering their tools. There were some old-fashioned pick-poles, straight, heavy levers without any "dog," and there were modern pick-poles and peaveys, for every river has its favorite equipment in these things. There was no dynamite in those days to make the stubborn jams yield, and the dog-warp was in general use. Horses or oxen, sometimes a line of men, stood on the river-bank. A long rope was attached by means of a steel spike to one log after another, and it was dragged from the tangled mass. Sometimes, after unloading the top logs, those at the bottom would rise and make the task easier; sometimes the work would go on for hours with no perceptible progress, and Mr. Wiley would have opportunity to tell the bystanders of a "turrible jam" on the Kennebec that had cost the lumber company ten thousand dollars to break.

There would be great arguments on shore, among the villagers as well as among the experts, as to the particular log which might be a key to the position. The boss would study the problem from various standpoints, and the drivers themselves would pass from heated discussion into long consultations.

"They 're paid by the day," Old Kennebec would philosophize to the doctor; "an' when they 're consultin' they don't hev to be doggin', which is a turrible sight harder work."

Rose had created a small sensation, on one occasion, by pointing out to the under-boss the key-log in a jam. She was passed mistress of the pretty game of jackstraws much in vogue at that time. The delicate little lengths of polished wood or bone were shaken together and emptied on the table. Each jackstraw had one of its ends fashioned in the shape of some sort of implement—a rake, hoe, spade, fork, or mallet. All the pieces were intertwined by the shaking process, and they lay as they fell, in a hopeless tangle. The task consisted in taking a tiny pick-pole, no bigger than a match, and with the bit of curved wire on the end lifting off the jackstraws one by one without stirring the pile or making it tremble. When this occurred, you gave place to your opponent, who relinquished his turn to you when ill fortune descended upon him, the game, which was a kind of river-driving and jam-picking in miniature, being decided by the number of pieces captured and their value. No wonder that the under-boss asked Rose's advice as to the key-log. She had a fairy's hand, and her cunning at deciding the pieces to be moved, and her skill at extricating and lifting them from the heap, were looked upon in Edgewood as little less than supernatural. It was a favorite pastime; and although a man's hand is ill adapted to it, being over-large and heavy, the game has obvious advantages for a lover in bringing his head very close to that of his beloved adversary. The jackstraws have to be watched with a hawk's eagerness, since the "trembling" can be discerned only by a keen eye; but there were moments when Stephen was willing to risk the loss of a battle if he could watch Rose's drooping eyelashes, the delicate down on her pink cheek, and the feathery curls that broke away from her hair.

He was looking at her now from a distance, for she and Mite Shapley were assisting Jed Towle to pile up the tin plates and tie the tin dippers together. Next she peered into one of the bean-pots, and seemed pleased that there was still something in its depths; then she gathered the fragments neatly together in a basket, and, followed by her friend, skidded down the banks to a shady spot where the Cram-

bry family—mother, three young children, and a half-grown boy and girl—were "lined up" expectantly.

It is not difficult to find a single fool in any community, however small; but a family of fools is fortunately somewhat rarer. Every county, however, can boast of one fool-family, and York County is always in the fashion, with fools as with everything else. The unique, quotable, and undesirable Crambrys could not be claimed as indigenous to the Saco valley, for this branch was an offshoot of a still larger tribe inhabiting a distant township. Its beginnings were shrouded in mystery. There was a French-Canadian ancestor somewhere, and a Gipsy or Indian grandmother. They had always intermarried from time immemorial. When one of the selectmen of their native place had been asked why the Crambrys always married cousins, and why the habit was not discouraged, he replied that he really did n't know; he s'posed they felt it would be kind of odd to go right out and marry a stranger.

Lest "Crambry" seem an unusual surname, it must be explained that the actual name was French and could not be coped with by Edgewood or Pleasant River, being something quite as impossible to spell as to pronounce. As the family had lived for the last few years somewhere near the Killick Cranberry Meadows, they were called—and completely described in the calling—the Crambry fool-family.

Stephen knew a good deal about them, for he passed their so-called habitation in going to one of his wood-lots. It was only a month before that he had found them all sitting outside their broken-down fence, surrounded by decrepit chairs, sofas, tables, bedsteads, bits of carpet, and stoves.

"What 's the matter?" he called out from his wagon.

"There ain't nothin' the matter," said Alcestis Crambry. "Father 's dead, an' we 're dividin' up the furnerchure."

Alcestis was the pride of the Crambrys, and the list of his attainments used often to be on his proud father's lips. It was he who was the largest, "for his size," in the family; he who could tell his brothers Paul and Arcadus "by their looks"; he who knew a sour apple from a sweet one the minute he bit it; he who, at the early age of ten, was bright enough to point to the cupboard and say, "Puddin', dad!"

Mrs. Wiley had once tried to make something of Mercy, the oldest daughter; but at the end of six weeks she announced that a girl who could n't tell whether the clock was going "forrards or backwards," and who rubbed a pocket-handkerchief as long as she did a sheet, would be no help in her household.

The Crambrys had daily walked the five or six miles from their home to the Edgewood bridge during the progress of the drive, not only for the social and intellectual advantages to be gained from the company present, but for the more solid compensation of a good meal. They all adored Rose, partly because she gave them food and partly because she was sparkling and pretty and wore pink dresses that caught their dull eyes.

(To be continued)

Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"HE HAD CERTAINLY 'TAKEN CHANCES'"

MR. BURBANK IN HIS STUDY

A WONDER-WORKER OF SCIENCE

AN AUTHORITATIVE ACCOUNT OF LUTHER BURBANK'S UNIQUE WORK IN CREATING NEW FORMS OF PLANT LIFE

BY WILLIAM S. HARWOOD

FIRST PAPER

DR. HUGO DE VRIES, the distinguished Dutch botanist, at a dinner to European scientists given in San Francisco last July, said of the man with whose work these articles are to deal:

The flowers and fruits of California are less wonderful than the flowers and fruits which Mr. Burbank has made. He is a great and unique genius. The desire to see what he has done was the chief motive of my coming to America. He has carried on the breeding and selection of plants to definite ends. Such a knowledge of nature and such ability to handle plant life would only be possible to one possessing genius of a high order.

Scarcely a decade ago Luther Burbank was virtually unknown to the world. He was held in derision by his relatives, in pity by his friends, in scorn by his enemies. He was denounced by scientific men as little less than a charlatan, a producer of spectacular effects, a seeker for the un-

canny and abnormal, an enemy to all true scientific progress, a misleading, though powerful, prophet of a new order of things that could never come to pass.

One day a minister in Santa Rosa, California, where Mr. Burbank lives, invited him to attend church, that he might listen to a sermon upon the work he was carrying on. He accepted the invitation, and was forced to listen to an address violently denouncing him as a foe to God and man, one who was interrupting the well-ordered course of plant life, destroying forces and functions long established and sacred, reducing the vegetable life of the world to a condition at once unnatural and abnormal.

Going a little further back in his history, to the period in which he first attempted to carry out the work of his life, we find him more than once perilously near starvation in a land of plenty, but rising by sheer force of noble ideals above all temporal ills.

To-day Mr. Burbank has become the foremost man in the world in the production of new and interesting forms of fruits, trees, flowers, vegetables, grasses, and nuts. He has carried his investigations far beyond the point that he had reached when the minister assailed him. Last year more than six thousand men, embracing among them the very pick and flower of the scientific life of two hemispheres, made the pilgrimage to his Santa Rosa home to study the lines of his investigations, to see with their own eyes many things which their scientific minds could not accept as truth without visual demonstration, and to learn some details of the supreme results achieved. During the year thirty thousand letters were received, coming from every quarter of the globe, asking for more light upon his work.

His recognition has been tardy. First came visitors from foreign lands, where his experiments were first appreciated; then seedsmen and scientists of his own country, many of whom came to scoff, but stayed to pray. Later came a certain perfunctory recognition from his townsmen, many of whom had looked upon him as a strange mystic raising millions of flowers and shrubs only to tear them up by the roots and burn them in great bonfires. Now, latest of all, in some measure, comes

THE IMPROVED AUSTRALIAN STAR-FLOWER

recognition from the people of his State and his country. The president of one of the great American universities the other day, in introducing him to an audience of five hundred professors and post-graduate students to whom he was to make an address, referred to him as the man who had produced more new forms of fruits, nuts, trees, flowers, and plant life in general than any other man who had ever lived since the dawn of creation. As this article goes to press, comes a further recognition in the shape of a subvention from the Carnegie Institution to the amount of $100,000, available in sums of $10,000 each year for ten years.

Notwithstanding the marvelous creations which Mr. Burbank has already accomplished, a summary of which will follow, he has new work under way, and nearing completion, more wonderful than anything he has yet achieved, and more fruitful of good for the race, while the work he has projected and begun, but which may not even be referred to, has even greater possibilities.

There are millions of acres of arid land upon the globe, much of it, even with the most persistent irrigation, yielding but scantily, and enormous reaches of it devoid of all growth but the cactus, a foe to man and beast; but Mr. Burbank resolved that he would reclaim it, not by irrigation, though welcoming its aid, but by means of the desert itself—the desert and its cactus, its heat, and its sun. So for a period of over ten years he has worked with the utmost persistence and skill until at last he has developed a cactus plant which will convert the desert into a garden. He has made the cactus thornless, taking from its leaves the hard, woody substance, the spicules, so dangerous to animal life. More than this, he has made it adaptable to any climate. It will thrive on the hot desert, but it will grow with marvelous fecundity when irrigated or when planted in a richer soil.

But this is not all of the marvel. He has bred this dreaded scourge of the desert, this pariah among plants, until it has become the producer of a delightful, nutritious food for man and beast—until, in his estimate, considering the unused areas of the world where it will thrive, it will afford food for twice the people now upon the earth. Millions of beasts for food and for the burden-bearing of man may be sup-

A HEAP OF BERRY BUSHES READY FOR BURNING

One of fourteen such heaps, each containing twenty-five thousand bushes, none of which was considered fit to live

MR. BURBANK BY THE SIDE OF HIS THORNLESS CACTUS

ported from the food this plant can now be relied upon to give.

I do not know that I can better illustrate in concrete form the wonderful work Mr. Burbank has done in the reclamation of the desert than to cite, on his proving-grounds at Santa Rosa, the example of a cactus of the average desert type protecting its fruit by means of the most deadly thorns, its leaves filled with fibrous substances that bring death to the cattle feeding upon it, while beyond it stands a perfected cactus, not a thorn upon its great green thalli, not a spicule within its rich meat—a huge storehouse of hundreds of pounds of food.

And yet this can tell nothing of the edible qualities of the huge leaves, nor can the picture tell of the delicious flavor of the fruit—fruit which has been bred into a degree of perfection which the wild cactus of the plains never attains.

A quaint smile comes over the thoughtful face of this grave man as he plucks one of the few priceless fruits, the seeds of which are worth far more than their weight in gold, and are the net results of long years of the most patient study and persistent toil.

THORNLESS CACTUS LEAF AND CACTUS FRUIT

"If you swallow one seed," he says to my companion, as he cuts the luscious fruit with his pocket-knife, peels away the covering, and discloses the crimson meat, "I may possibly forgive you; if you swallow two, I must choke them out of you; if three, then, alas! it must be death."

So we eat the fruit, and religiously preserve the seed. The flavor is something quite unknown to the tongue before—a combination of the flavors of half a dozen fruits, suggesting to some a pineapple, to some a melon, to some a peach, to some an apricot, but still wholly without definition or identification. It is full of nutri-

CACTUS FRUIT GROWING IN A CLUSTER

ents, too; in fact, it has been found that the natives of some Southern climes virtually live upon the fruit of one of the crude, partly developed cacti, and maintain a truly Japanese vigor.

But Mr. Burbank opens one more fruit. This time the longitudinal slit of the knife reveals a golden meat wholly different in flavor. Each fruit is in form like a fat cucumber flattened at the ends, say two and a half inches in diameter by three and a half inches in length.

One of the more highly developed plants, grown to gigantic stature in three years, has over six hundred pounds of nutritious food for man and beast upon it, and as you look upon this one plant and think of the vast multiplication of it now possible, you begin to see something of what is to come to pass in the reclamation of the waste places of the earth. You call to mind the quotation which he made to a friend as he looked out upon the future of this, but one of the hundreds upon hundreds of works he is engaged upon for the welfare of man: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."

I asked Mr. Burbank if there might not be in this wonderful growth something of interest to the paper-maker: might not the leaf contain a prodigious amount of cellulose fiber suitable for manufacture into paper?

"No," he said; "that is precisely what I have bred out of it. I am making it an intensive, as well as an extensive, food, eliminating as far as possible the cellulose as it appears in woody, fiber-like material, and making the whole plant, from root to crown, a reservoir of food. Nature will do her part always. She never lies; she never deceives; but often, in the sight of man and from his standpoint, she fails. She failed, in this negative sense, in giving to the cactus the thorns and spicules. Nature has her secrets, her disappointments, if you will, and you must listen close to her great heart if you would hear them; then with all haste and power come to her aid. In the cactus very much, from our point of view, was wasted on the spicules and thorns. I have simply helped her by taking away from her the necessity of producing them, and have left her free to put all her energy upon producing food. It is food, not fiber, that I have sought in the cactus."

The cactus now becomes a definite, practical food. It may be eaten raw or cooked. The leaves may be put up and preserved, as ginger or melon rinds or citrus. They may be eaten in a variety of ways, while the fruit itself will prove one of the delicacies of the markets.

But not only has the constitution of the cactus plant been cared for so that it needs only to be adopted by the world to become

CACTUS GROWING BOTTOM SIDE UP

Six weeks after planting

a new source of food-supply, but it has in the meanwhile been made so hardy that it will endure the coldest climates; it may be grown from the equator to the pole, or as far north as any vegetation can be produced. The new plants preserve their type also, never reverting, but always persisting. There is apparently no degeneracy, no return to its coat of mail, but a steady persistence in its new life-habits and its physical structure.

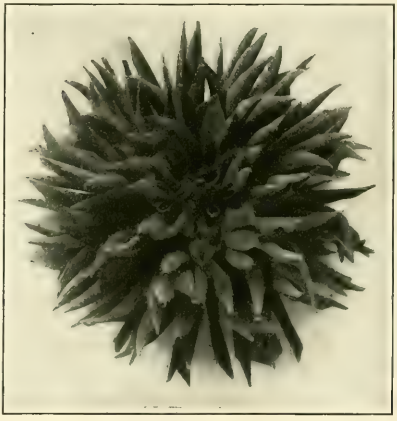
It is a most curious plant, too, in that it

CURIOUS POPPY LEAVES AND SEED-BALL

will grow alike from seed or leaf. All that is needed is to put part of a thick leaf into the soil or even to throw it down and let it dry in the sun; in due season it will root itself and spring into green life. Strangely enough, as the illustration on page 661 shows, it will grow upside down with little consideration for the conventionalities of plant life.

Mr. Burbank's talk about the cactus has a whimsical quality characteristic of the man. He says:

If we invite Mr. Thistle or Mr. Cactus into our gardens and patiently and earnestly teach and thoroughly convince him that all the marauding animals shall be kept out, it will not be very long before some member of his tribe will see fit partly to discard some of those exasperating pins and needles and put on a more civilized suit of clothes; and by further careful selections from this one varying individual others are produced which are absolutely spineless, to remain so as long as the marauding animals do not disturb them, often becoming useful members of our parks and gardens.



THE FRAGRANT DAHLIA

It is great effort on the part of the plant to produce all these spines, and when this effort is made unnecessary the plant will at once become more docile and pliable, and can be easily led into almost any useful occupation in which plants are employed.

Roses, blackberries, raspberries, and gooseberries can also be made as free from thorns as strawberries or apples are, by the same education and individual selection. At present, however, the authors of new fruits and flowers are fully employed in improving the size, abundance, and perfection of form, color, and fragrance in flowers and the abundance and lusciousness of fruits, otherwise the thorns would have been eliminated long ago.

Apropos of this, Mr. Burbank asked me to bend over a blackberry bush and rub the thorny stems against my cheek. To my surprise, the thorns were gone. Out of thousands of plants he has selected and bred until now, he has a blackberry without thorns.

Among his many creations the regenerated cactus promises to do more in a material way for the world than anything he has yet done, not excepting the potato that bears his name, a product of his boyhood days. This potato yielded him one hundred and twenty-five dollars. It has already added greatly to the nation's wealth.

Along the Atlantic seaboard, dipping down to the Gulf of Mexico and thence upward again to portions of the fruit-producing Pacific-coast States, is a strip of land, varying in width and

distance from the sea, where fruit-trees start into growth early and are subjected to late spring frosts. On account of these conditions, certain fruits, as the peach, nectarine, and plum, become problematical crops. Mr. Burbank, who sees far as well as deep, looked at the needs of this frost-troubled region. He saw the conditions, and determined to breed the fruit to fit the climate, not only sturdy and prolific, but frost-resistant. Now, after years have elapsed, he has produced fruit-trees of these types that will withstand absolute freezing in bud and flower. The foliage and petals may be stiff with ice; yet when the warm sun has come again, the leaves show no sign of the deadly blight of the frost. How shall we estimate, even in dollars, what such a feat as this means to the world?

THE WALNUT-TREE, THE FASTEST-GROWING TREE IN THE TEMPERATE ZONES OF THE WORLD

The new tree reached its present height in about thirteen years; the normal tree by the picket-fence has been growing a generation

But consider another new achievement,

performed not so much as a duty to the world as for the world's delight. Among all the diverse elements of Mr. Burbank's nature, none is more conspicuous than his love for the beautiful. He stood looking at a bank of flowers one day when the golden glory of the California poppies had turned the brown mesa to a mass of splendid color—a gorgeous, imposing bloom, with the utmost rigor; none was allowed to live which persisted in wearing its yellow coat.

At last, after years had elapsed, the test was brought to a successful end; and in the season of 1904 a new floral wonder was produced—a brilliant crimson poppy made from a yellow one, the other characteristics, length and shape of petal, size

A BED OF RHUBARB, OR PIE-PLANT

This is rhubarb which has been specially ordered for the King of England and is now growing in his gardens. It is a continuous bearer throughout the year, and of peculiarly delicate flavor.

taken in the mass. His quick eye caught sight of one poppy that bore a faint stain of red—a narrow pinkish line drawn down its satin chalice of gold.

This single poppy was jealously guarded. Next season its seeds were planted. From them came a brood of poppies, some as yellow as their forebears, some showing still greater hints of the crimson. The yellow ones were destroyed and the others retained, and their seeds in turn planted. An increasingly large number of reddish ones appeared the next generation. Day by day through the years, as the poppies opened to the sun, they were challenged of flower, and integrity of all its parts, being left undisturbed.

Other members of the poppy family have interested Mr. Burbank. By crossing the common garden poppy, which is a short-lived annual, with the Oriental poppy, a perennial, he has produced a new race of poppies combining every desirable quality of both species in one, and developing numerous wholly new forms having enormous size, greatly enhanced beauty of colors, improved lasting qualities, and possessed of perpetual blooming powers. He is now carrying on some remarkable experiments with these flowers. He has

THE IMPROVED FRENCH PRUNE — THE NORMAL FRENCH PRUNE AT THE LEFT

so far transformed the ordinary poppy that it measures fully ten inches across, an enormous bloom, preserving all its original beauty, immensely enhanced by its size.

The production of these great blossoms has been accompanied by some of the strangest developments in all this wonderful work. In November last, in a plot of ground perhaps fifty feet square set apart on his testing-field at Santa Rosa for experimentation in poppies, I saw growing two thousand poppy-plants, and no two of them were alike. Nothing stranger in plant life ever before developed. Some of them bore great quantities of seeds, but not a single flower. Some bore beautiful flowers in great profusion, but not a single seed. Some bore flowers arranged in the most fantastic shapes, as flowers surrounding the seed-capsules and seed-capsules surrounding the flowers. Some strange ones bore neither seeds nor flowers.

When Dr. de Vries visited Mr. Burbank last summer, he was amazed at the sight of these poppies. They were not simply unlike in color, but in habits of growth, the various individual plants seeming to represent in form and foliage nearly every order of plants known. Mr. Burbank astonished Dr. de Vries by handing him a poppy-stem bearing fifty-six seed-capsules.

Taking in his hand a late poppy-bloom, a splendid scarlet flower, though the season was fast waning, Mr. Burbank held it up and said:

THE PLUMCOT

A rare fruit created from plums of various types and the apricot

"If you wish, I can quarter the seed-capsule within this flower, and, by pollenizing sections, grow from one quarter annual plants, from another quarter perennial plants, from the third quarter crimson poppies, from the fourth white ones."

Yet never for an instant has Mr. Burbank set claim to anything but the application of unalterable laws — laws discovered by

THE PITLESS PLUM

In this specimen the pit shows merely as a seed which a knife will cut through

AN EXAMPLE OF DOWNWARD BREEDING

The tiny, perfectly formed calla by the side of one of normal size has been bred downward to less than an inch and a half across

him in new relations that are overturning some laws long held by the scientists, but laws immutable to the end of the chapter.

The initial work on the poppies began with the pollen of a single Oriental flower, *Papaver orientale*, a perennial, and the seed of the opium-poppy, *Papaver somniferum*, a short-lived annual. The first generation showed little variation except in color; the second and succeeding ones leading up to the marvelous variations already noted.

Leaving untold much that is of deep interest concerning the work, one may not more than suggest here a few of the other achievements of Mr. Burbank. It must be borne in mind that he has under way investigations which promise greater results for the beauty and the utility of the world than anything he has yet done. So far he has carried on over two thousand five hundred distinct species investigations, the problems of many of which are yet unsolved. The following is a recapitulation, necessarily brief, of things already done, in addition to those which have been under consideration:

The creation of the fastest-growing tree in the temperate zones of the world —a walnut which in thirteen years has grown to six times the size that an average walnut has grown in twenty-eight years. The shells of the walnut were bred so thin that birds could pick holes in them, so that it became necessary to reverse the process, breeding back until the shells have become of the requisite thickness. The meat of the walnut has been made white, all the tannin, or bitter quality, having been driven out.

The "plumcot," a combination of the common American wild plum, a Japanese plum, and the common apricot, producing a fruit, unknown to the world before, with a delicious flavor, unlike either of its ancestors, and plentiful in nutrients and beautiful in color. Incidentally, the plumcot, with the primus berry, disproves the dictum of scientists that new species cannot be produced by man.

An amaryllis ten inches in diameter, maintaining the beautiful colors of the choicest small blooms. Rare and beautiful

gladioli, also, Mr. Burbank having compelled the gladiolus to bloom around the entire stalk, like the hyacinth, a thing never before known.

Many varieties of plums of rare color and quality as well as of great vigor, among them the Wickson, which is supplanting other plums and has already added greatly to national wealth in various parts of the world.

A numerous family of plums with no pits and only the suggestion of seeds within them, the fruit of which can be cut in twain with a penknife. Further work to improve them in size, color, and quality is now going on.

A chestnut-tree which bears nuts at eighteen months of age, and which has borne them at six months. The tree bears when not over three feet in height.

Many varieties of lilies of great beauty and improved character, which will be introduced as soon as a sufficient stock can be produced.

The smallest calla ever known, less than an inch and a half in diameter, bred downward to show that plants can be reduced as well as enlarged to suit the wishes of man.

A dahlia bred from the old, ill-smelling type up to a flower having the odor of the magnolia. In addition, the flower itself has been led to take on new forms of beauty, some of them strangely like the chrysanthemum.

A CHESTNUT EIGHTEEN MONTHS OLD BEARING NUTS

The Shasta daisy, a blossom from five to seven inches in diameter, brought up from the tiny field-daisy, one of the pests of the Eastern farmer.

Rhubarb which yields every day in the year, and of rare quality. The leaves of a single stem measure four feet in length by three feet in width.

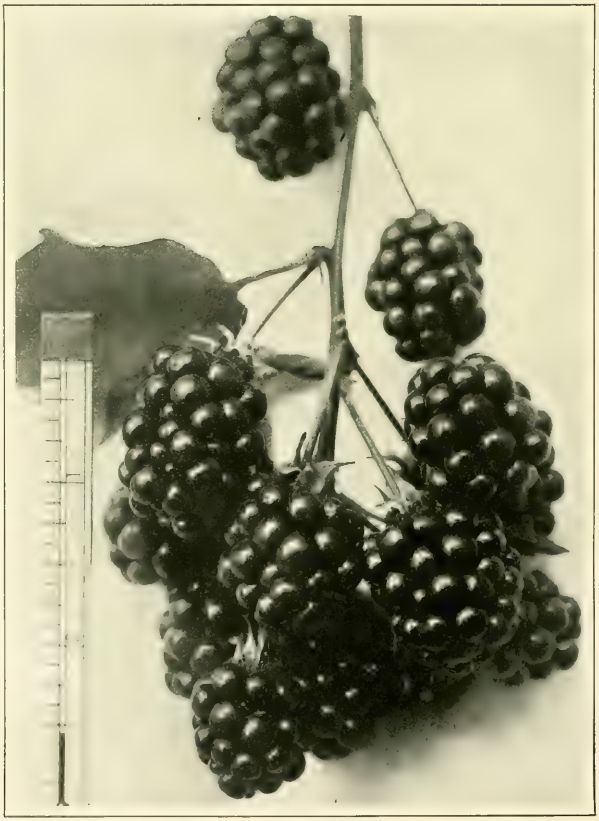
An improved prune averaging from four to six times the size of the French prune from which it sprang, and very rich in sugar.

The "pomato," one of the most wonderful creations, now under way. This may be called a tomato growing upon a potato. It produces in abundance a white, fragrant, succulent, delicious fruit upon the potato-tops, something unlike any fruit ever known before, and may be eaten cooked or as a salad, or as other fresh fruits, the flavor resembling the "po-ha" berry of the Hawaiian Islands.

A blackberry without thorns. Other thorn-bearing berries and roses are to be denuded of their thorns as soon as time can be given to the work.

The Australian star-flower, so improved that it now bears a beautiful rose-pink and white blossom, much larger than the original. It is a new, fragrant, "everlasting" flower, and can be introduced in the decoration of ladies' hats and for other millinery uses, reducing greatly the cost of artificial flowers.

A wholly new larkspur, much enlarged in size, and given a delicious odor. The

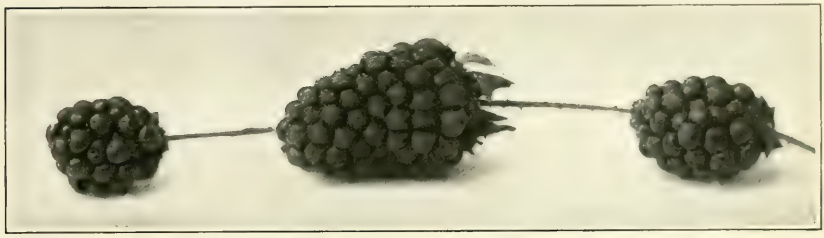


THE PRIMUS BERRY, A CROSS BETWEEN A RASPBERRY AND A BLACKBERRY

color combinations are far finer than those of the common larkspur, but still of intense shades.

These are only a few of the new creations already achieved, or upon which Mr. Burbank is engaged. The work already accomplished or yet to be done covers a field of life in the vegetable kingdom rich in beauty and service to mankind.

But how does Mr. Burbank work his wonders? Here are two plants—one from Australia, perhaps, the other from Siberia. Each plant has its characteristics, its life habits, its structure, its hereditary tendencies—a life distinct from all others. Each has preserved its identity a thousand years, perhaps ten times ten thousand years, not varying to any great extent through the long centuries. He takes these two plants and gives them the opportunity to unite. Struggle as each may, with the fervor of ten thousand years of habit all powerfully upon it, it cannot overcome the change.



BLACKBERRIES—THE MIDDLE ONE IS THE CHILD OF THE SMALLER PARENTS

The pollen from one of the flowers has found its way to the stigma of the other, borne by the sensitive finger-tips of a man accustomed to wait with patience the outcome of his projects. A year passes. The seed from the new plant is planted. From it may come a plant like both of its ancestors, or like neither, like nothing yet born in the vegetable life of the world.

And this is what is sought: to make it different, to break up its life tendencies, to recombine the hereditary influences of its ancestry. In the breaking-up it may produce a whole series of monstrosities, the most strange and grotesque plants that ever took root in the soil of the earth. Some of these plants are hideous, and all such are put to death. For the object is not to produce abnormality, but a splendid norm, a plant which shall have the best characteristics of both parents and become a new and powerful factor in the beauty or the utility of the race. The next year and the next there are more seeds and more plants; and in a few years, so great is the progression, there may be five hundred thousand. Bear in mind that some of the greatest botanists of this and other days have carried on their investigations into plant life and made their deductions and formulated their laws upon a working basis of perhaps a dozen plants. Mr. Burbank has used as many as a million plants for a single test, and he has more than once rejected every one of the million, save, perhaps, half a dozen or even less.

When the great mass of plants in a given test is ready for the final scrutiny to see what ones shall be allowed to live, then comes the exercise of the most wonderful faculty of the man. He must go over every one of these plants, be it ten thousand or a million, and select from them such as are fit for use in a continuation of the test. This he does with marvelous rapidity. With aids to bring him the plants, he passes upon them with such rapidity that a hundred thousand may be decided upon in a single day.

If all of these plants had to be tested in the usual way, it would cost at least a million dollars. Each would have to be set out by itself, covering a considerable surface of valuable land; each would have to be cultivated and cared for for four or five years; each would need to be grafted. In a single day this one man accomplishes what could be reached otherwise only by years of waiting and by an enormous attendant expense, his masterly judgment, backed by a wonderful intuition, enabling him to accomplish that which indeed seems little short of a miracle.

THE WHITE BLACKBERRY WHICH MR. BURBANK CREATED

A friend of Mr. Burbank some years ago, having heard of this wonderful facility, suggested a test. He did not doubt Mr. Burbank's word; but, still, how could such a thing be possible? So several thousand plants—a series of plum seedlings—were selected and turned over to Mr. Burbank in the usual way. As they came before him they were instantly separated into three classes—good, mediocre, and worthless. Then all were planted to decide the matter. When the plants had been growing long enough—several years—they were all tested, and in every instance the result tallied precisely with Mr. Burbank's selection.

Said a friend to him: "How can you tell, among a hundred thousand young fruit-trees or flowers or vegetables, those that are fit to live, saving only perhaps a single one out of the whole mass?"

The answer came quickly: "You see a face on the street, a thousand faces, ten thousand. Instantly, as you see each one, without thinking how or why you do it, your mind shows you the difference in those faces—there are no two alike. If you are a shrewd business man, you can tell almost unerringly whether any one of those ten thousand is the one you want. You cannot tell all the details of the life before you, but the general characteristics you may read at a glance. I read these plants as easily as I could read human beings."

Selection means choosing for virility, for fecundity, for beauty, for resistance to disease. In one experiment—the production of the "white blackberry"—Mr. Burbank chose one plant out of sixty-five thousand. All the rest were found wanting and were burned at the stake; from the single bush came one of his most marvelous creations. Not another one in the sixty-five thousand had so far maintained the course laid out for it by the leader that it could be trusted to itself.

Sometimes it is two plants of the same species that are used. They and their fellows are not so thrifty, not so productive, not so beautiful, as he would have them. He sees their imperfections; he sees their possibilities. Here the same process of selection follows year after year, until, at last, the old has given way to the new and a powerful life has replaced a weak one.

It may have been only a common wild flower at first; now it is a noble bloom. It may have been a wild native fruit, small, sour, acrid, distasteful; now it is a splendid product, with a delicious flavor, a meat rich in nutrition, with a rich coloring. It may have been a tree stunted, slow-growing, virtually worthless; now it is a splendid figure in the forest, growing as much in a decade as its forebears did in a generation.

Or it may be the creation of an entirely new species. It is the primus berry, rightly named, a combination of a raspberry and a blackberry.

Two lines of work are followed:

1. Cross-pollination, which includes crossing, the mingling of strains within a species, and hybridization, the breeding together of members of different species.

2. Selection, choosing out such plants as are best adapted to the purposes of the experimenter.

Under the first head Mr. Burbank says: "By crossing different species we can form more variations and mutations in half a dozen generations than will be developed by ordinary variations in a hundred, or even a thousand, generations."

What are the instruments of this great work? In most cases only a watch-crystal, or a small saucer, and the finger-tips with which to take the pollen, which has been dusted upon the crystal, and place it upon the waiting stigma.

For all these untold centuries the plant has been going forward upon an unbroken line; now it is suddenly disturbed, its life habits are broken up, it receives the most powerful shock nature can give. It is vaster than the shock of death, for it is death swiftly blent into a new life. The new plant sets out upon its journey, never to return to the old ways. Thousands of its kind fall by the way or are ruthlessly put to death.

As the work progresses, results are hastened, whenever practicable, by grafting and budding. The ability of Mr. Burbank to act with tremendous force and rapidity, when needful, was early shown in his work and in this line of grafting. It was in the days when he was struggling to make both ends meet in carrying on a nursery. He was sadly in need of funds. A rush order came for twenty thousand prune-trees. It would take two years and a half to grow them in the ordinary course of affairs, but he could get the order only by turning them out in nine months. He

called in a small army of men and put them to work planting over a hundred thousand almond seeds. The almond grows rapidly. In a few months the young bushes were ready; the best were selected, and twenty thousand prune cuttings were grafted upon them. In nine months the order was filled, and to-day one of the largest prune-orchards in the world is growing and yielding from these selfsame almond-trees.

Some idea of the vastness of Mr. Burbank's work may be obtained from the fact that there are now growing at Sebastopol three hundred thousand distinct varieties of plums, different in foliage, in form of fruit, in shipping, keeping, and canning qualities; sixty thousand peaches and nectarines; from five to six thousand almonds; two thousand cherries; two thousand pears; one thousand grapes; three thousand apples; one thousand two hundred quinces; five thousand walnuts; five thousand chestnuts; from five to six thousand berries; with many thousands of other fruits, flowers, and vegetables, in all cases different from all the others.

Speaking in general of such work as he is carrying on, Mr. Burbank says:

> In pursuing the study of the universal and everlasting laws of nature, whether relating to the life or growth, structure or movements, of a giant planet or the tiniest plant, or the psychological movements of the human brain, the same conditions are necessary before we can become one of nature's interpreters or the creator of any valuable work for the world. Preconceived notions, dogmas, and all personal prejudice and bias must be laid aside. Listen patiently, quietly, and reverently to the lessons, one by one, which Mother Nature has to teach, shedding light on that which before was mystery, so that all who will may see and know. She conveys her truths only to those who are passive and receptive, accepting truths as suggested, wherever they may lead. Then we have the whole universe in harmony with us.

The obstacles in the way of the accomplishment of Mr. Burbank's life-work have been many and desperately hard to surmount. Lack of funds at critical periods, the enmity and jealousy of those who should have been his stanchest friends, the attempts of men saturated with selfishness to rob him of the fruits of his labors, the failure of costly experiments carried on through long years of patient toil, attempts even upon the part of specialists to take unfair advantages—the list may not here be elaborated. There have been proffers of aid in the past, but they have in large measure been those to which a selfish string was attached. He has set his face like steel against any plan, no matter how tempting, that will take from him one jot or tittle of his independence; to do otherwise would be fatal to the work. Since 1893, when he sold his large and flourishing nursery business that he might thereafter give his entire time to plant-breeding, there has not been a year when he has not run behind in expenses. So he has gone forward all these years, hampered and half shackled, but every day advancing, if ever so slowly.

The man who has known what it is to feel the cruel pangs of hunger, who has slept in noisome places when he could call no roof his own, who has done the most repugnant and disagreeable labor to earn a pittance to keep soul and body together, who has fought off fever when he had not money enough to pay for the daily pint of milk which stood between him and possible death, who has steadily denied himself all the minor luxuries of life and many of its comforts; the man who, until a few years ago, never owned a microscope, so important an instrument in his work, and then only a cheap and inadequate one,—this man, who has sacrificed at every possible point and made constant inroads upon his hard-earned savings, after perilously near complete physical breakdown as a result of overwork, and all that he might beautify and glorify and make more habitable the world about him,—this man is as brave a figure as ever went forth to battle.

(To be continued)

THE LIGHT-SHIP

BY WILLIAM HERVEY WOODS

SHE lies far out along the bar,
A ghost by day, by night a star
That sways and swings and dips;
Though chained, she knows no anchored ease—
Though tides are full and fresh the breeze,
She rides, but may not sail the seas,
This sentinel of ships:
Hers but to watch by ruin's lair,
And lift her warning light in air.

Her sides are oak of triple strength,
Her mast a pine-tree's sturdy length,
Unhelped of boom or spar
The lantern bears, her only sail;
Yet naked thus she dares the gale,
With plunging prow and buried rail,
Or breasts the breakers' war—
An amazon of courage high
Who may not fight and will not fly.

Her sister ships their wings have spread,
Perhaps by dark Magellan's head
Or on Ionian seas;
Dim Greenland's isles of ice they knew,
They sailed Hawaii's waters blue,
And Aden's shallows loitered through,
Along the dying breeze;
And she, in calms when cables slack,
May drift five fathoms out—and back.

Not hers in glassy bays to seem
A dream-bark mirrored in a dream,
Nor hers the joy to feel
Her black hull on and onward whirled,
The rush of winds, the waves upcurled
High o'er her bows, as round the world
She sweeps on bounding keel,
While ocean 'neath her laughs and swings,
And ropes are songs and sails are wings.

And yet no bulk of senseless stone
Is she, on some stern cliff alone—
A ship's heart in her beats;
She thrills to every tide that turns,
Her naked mast for canvas yearns,
And each proud timber in her spurns
The chain that still defeats
Her forward plunge, and holds her slave
Whose will is tameless as the wave.

She will not always fettered ride—
Some night at turning of the tide,
When God's great winds are out,
A lightning bolt her bonds will rive,
And she, unchained, alert, alive,
Will on her one mad voyage drive,
And, 'mid the mighty rout,
While heaven and earth commingled roar,
Pass—to be seen of men no more.

SUZANNE'S CATECHISM

BY MAUD WILDER GOODWIN

Author of "Four Roads to Paradise," etc.

IT was evening at Menaggio. Two women were seated on the terrace beside a white iron table on which stood empty coffee-cups. The moon was rising over Lake Como, its white light contrasting with the yellow gleam from the windows of the inn close at hand.

The women were speaking in low tones, but with that American insistence of accent which carries far.

"Don't you think," the elder one was saying, "that you are a little—just a little—"

"A little what?"

"Oh, nothing."

"A little nothing, my dear aunt—how absurd!"

"One cannot be serious with you, Suzanne."

"And yet I am quite serious myself."

"You should be. The subject is a serious one. What are your intentions? That is the question."

"Oh, it is the man who must have intentions. The woman's rôle is masterly inactivity."

"Till the crisis comes."

"Yes, till the crisis comes."

"The crisis has come—in fact, the crises, since there are two. Maurice is quite at the end of his patience, and the count insists on a definite answer. You really cannot put off the decision. You must make up your mind."

"The first requisite for making up one's mind is to have a mind to make up. Sometimes I think I have n't any."

The aunt tapped impatiently on the edge of the iron table with her tortoise-shell lorgnon.

"What do you intend to do?" she insisted, with the air of one determined to put a stop to fencing and close with the subject.

The girl beside her laughed a light little laugh.

"That 's just the question, is n't it?" she retorted. "What *do* I intend to do?"

"Surely you must know yourself. You are only feigning uncertainty."

"I assure you there is no certainty in the matter. You see, the rival merits of the two men balance so evenly."

"Still, you must have a preference."

"A preference—exactly—of course I have; but it wavers all the time. Now it dips in the direction of Maurice, now of the count. In the morning I admire Maurice's sterling uprightness, his energy, his simplicity. As evening comes on, he bores me. His simplicity gets on my nerves. The something of subtlety in the count appeals to me; and then, he is so good-looking! He has such distinction of manner! I should be so proud of him on social occasions! If I were to sum up the two men, I should say that Maurice was more acceptable, but the count more presentable. Less trustworthy? Perhaps; but more interesting. I really must have something to decipher in the man I marry."

"You will find plenty to decipher in the count."

"Yes; I set that down to his credit."

Mrs. Hunter opened and closed her lorgnon several times; then she said tentatively:

"There are drawbacks to marrying foreigners. The more I see of international marriages, the more I think so."

"You don't consider that point of view at all provincial, Aunt Harriet?"

"Not at all. It is no criticism of foreigners."

"I see. Only a criticism of the American girl."

"Precisely. I see a great deal to criticize in her."

"You don't consider her adaptable?"

"Adaptable rather than adoptable. An American girl adapts other ways to her own. She never merges herself in others, and that is what a foreigner expects of his wife. He is the merger, she the merged."

"How piquant for him when he marries an American girl and finds that she can't be!"

"How piquant for her if he declines to take that view of the situation!"

"Oh, well, of course he would, you know."

"H'm! possibly."

"Certainly. If I marry the count, I shall say: 'My dear count, never forget that we are married on the American plan.'"

"To which he will respond: 'My dear Suzanne, bring me my shoes.' He would n't mean it unkindly, either; only he would n't understand."

"Then you advise me not to marry the count?"

"Oh, no! no!" Mrs. Hunter replied hastily. "Every one speaks well of the count. Your father approves of him."

"That is distinctly against him. I distrust papa's judgments. I don't believe in them, but I am afraid of them, as Madame de Staël said of ghosts. In fact, confidentially, I will confess to you that I distrust papa."

"Suzanne!"

"Yes, I do. He regards me as a business venture on which he is determined to realize. I would rather marry without his approval than with it."

"But he approves of Maurice, too."

"That 's just it. I get no help there, you see. If it were n't for that, I could easily develop a sentiment."

Mrs. Hunter's face brightened.

"Ah, now we are getting at it. What sentiment, Suzanne?"

"A sentiment of indifference with latent possibilities of passion, or perhaps of passion with a background of indifference, for—"

Her aunt leaned forward and placed one elbow on the table. Turning to her niece, she asked eagerly:

"For which? For Maurice or the count?"

"That is precisely what I can't make out—at least not with that definiteness which would warrant a final decision."

"Yet the decision must come."

"It must, and I have resolved to make it; but I must have something convincing to determine me. While I have been sitting here listening to you—"

"Talking to me, you mean," interrupted Mrs. Hunter, who was sensitive on the subject of garrulity, which she regarded as a symptom of advancing years.

"Whichever you like," assented Suzanne, with a deprecating turn of the wrist. "At any rate, you have helped me to a decision."

"The right one, I trust. But I should be sorry to have you guided by my advice. Your father says it is n't worth anything, and has almost made me feel so myself."

"I don't mean so much a decision as a way to make it. What you were saying just now of foreign marriages suggested it. I shall write to Maurice and to the count, asking each what he thinks on three questions which vitally affect the happiness of married life. On their answers my decision will hang."

"Be careful! Men don't like transcendentalism, my dear."

Suzanne's eyes followed the path of moonlight which lay like a rippling band of quicksilver across the dark steel of the lake.

"Love is transcendental," she said meditatively.

"But you are not in love."

"No? I 'm not sure. I asked Maurice the other day what it was to be in love. He said it was living in purgatory, with occasional hours in heaven and hell. I observed that it must be a very uncomfortable condition; but he insisted that the hours in heaven paid for all the others. For my part, I prefer solid earth all the time."

Mrs. Hunter shook her head and sighed.

"I can only repeat what I said before—you are not in love."

"I could be—I shall be. Whichever man I choose, I shall love him as soon as I let myself go. But I mean to keep a tight rein till I am sure."

Mrs. Hunter smiled; it was impossible not to smile at Suzanne.

"And the questions?" suggested the aunt.

For a moment the girl seemed not to

hear her. Then she began slowly and methodically, as if she were arranging them in her own mind:

"The questions are these: 'Should the career of the man or that of the woman be the first consideration in married life?' That's one. The second—don't be shocked—is this: 'Who should feel the responsibility of bringing up the children?'"

Mrs. Hunter blushed. It is only the middle-aged who blush in these days. She strove, however, to make her tone diplomatic rather than didactic as she observed: "Delicate ground, Suzanne! Are you sure it is wise?"

Her niece threw her head back a little, so that the moonlight marked the edges of her flaxen hair and etched her profile against the box-tree in a tub behind her. "It is very solid ground," she answered, with an indrawing of the lips which brought out a look of her father in her face, "and a very vital question. The third is something like it. Perhaps you won't approve of that, either."

"Still, let me hear it."

"Well, then, it is this: 'Suppose either one of us tires of the other, is separation desirable, or should we go on together making-believe all our lives?'"

"Upon my word, Suzanne, you do not lack candor!"

"Why should I when the happiness of my life is at stake? If there were more candor before marriage, there would be less scandal after. I am going in now to write the letters. Don't sit up for me. Good night."

Suzanne rose as she spoke, with a furtive pat at her placket-hole. Satisfied that her gown was rightly adjusted, she threaded her way among the groups surrounding the little tables sprinkled along the gravel-walks. Her aunt sat with her head resting on one jeweled hand, from which the old Mechlin lace of her sleeve fell away at the wrist. She watched the lithe figure till it disappeared in the glassed doorway, and noted with pleasure the glances which followed the girl as she passed.

She herself admired Suzanne; but the admiration was tempered by disapproval. Even now she found herself wondering whether, if Suzanne's mother had lived, the girl would have been so self-confident, so *modern*. "Modern" was the word which Mrs. Hunter always used vaguely to sum up objectionable qualities. Her meditations were interrupted by the appearance of a man—a large, oppressively impressive man—who sank heavily into the chair which Suzanne had vacated.

Mr. Ketcham was a type of the American business man whose gray hairs are found in the path of success, and therefore are held worthy of honor. His bearing was not without distinction, in spite of the excessive stoutness which suggested time devoted to business and withdrawn from exercise. He had the head of a Napoleon on the figure of a Gibbon.

"Alone, Harriet?" he exclaimed with the brisk accent with which he might have interrogated a clerk. "Where is Suzanne?" Mrs. Hunter withdrew her hand from her head and sat up straight. She was aware that her brother disliked too much ease of attitude.

"Suzanne has just left me," she replied; "she has gone to her room to write letters."

"Letters to whom?"

"To Maurice and the count."

"To both? She does not mean to accept them both, I suppose, thereby vitiating both contracts."

"No, not both; perhaps not either. The fact is, she cannot make up her mind. I never saw such indecision. It is almost a disease."

"But she must marry."

"*Must*, Walter?"

"Decidedly. She will be happier, and so shall I."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Hunter. Her thoughts reverted rapidly to Suzanne's words of a few moments ago: "He regards me as a business venture on which he is determined to realize."

Her brother paid little attention to his sister's thoughts. Indeed, he seldom gave her credit for having any. He regarded thinking as a masculine prerogative of which the feminine equivalent was intuition, and he had little use for intuition.

More to himself than to his companion he went on speaking. "Yes, I 've given up to Suzanne and her affairs all the time that I can spare."

"You wish to get back to your clubs."

"To my business, Harriet—to my business. This shilly-shallying does n't suit a man of my temperament."

Mrs. Hunter sat quite silent for some

moments. Then she exclaimed almost plaintively: "Don't hurry the child!"

"I 'm not hurrying her," her brother responded testily. "I 've no idea of hurrying her. If those men were n't satisfactory, I should n't say a word; but Suzanne is getting on—getting on, Harriet. Twenty-four is not an age to trifle with, and it is the first principle of a successful business career to close with a satisfactory offer without waste of time. No good comes of hanging fire."

"Which man do you wish her to marry?"

"Upon my soul, I don't care. Maurice has money and position enough; the count has position and money enough; Maurice has talent."

"So has the count."

"Of a kind—of a kind, though the Jonah of his talent is swallowed up by the whale of his laziness."

"Still, placed as he is in life, he can afford laziness if he likes."

"Yes, yes. Really there is nothing to be said against either Maurice or the count."

"No; more 's the pity. I wish there were."

"Now, Harriet, what do you mean by that?"

"Why, don't you see? Then she could decide. That 's the trouble in her mind. They 're so evenly balanced. However, she means to judge them by their answers."

"Their answers to what?"

"Dear me! I hope I have n't betrayed Suzanne's confidence! Perhaps I 'd better not say any more."

"Answers to what?" her brother repeated in a tone which said plainly: "It is too late to think of that." And, indeed, a confidence is like a flask of attar of roses: when the paper over the stopper is once broken, the liquid might as well be poured out at once.

"Answers to her letters," Mrs. Hunter responded tremulously. "She has written asking for replies to three questions, and she means to take the man whose views meet her liking."

The man beside her drew out a note-book and a fountain-pen, which he shook twice against his left wrist and then tested on the paper.

"What were the questions, Harriet?" he asked.

Mrs. Hunter smiled deprecatingly. "You know Suzanne is eccentric," she said; "you must be prepared for eccentric questions."

Her brother frowned. "D—— eccentricity!" he muttered, and then added aloud: "Let me hear them."

Mrs. Hunter repeated the first. Mr. Ketcham wrote it down, and paused with suspended pen, awaiting the second. Mrs. Hunter, too, paused. She belonged to a generation which did not discuss such matters—certainly not so prematurely.

"Well, Harriet?"

In answer to this impatient ejaculation, Mrs. Hunter stammered out the second question.

Mr. Ketcham laughed so long and loud as to attract the attention of neighboring groups. His sister laid a blue-veined hand on his sleeve. "Hush!" she said softly. "You will be overheard. Consider!"

"I don't care who hears," Mr. Ketcham replied, wiping the perspiration from his forehead with one expansive sweep of his handkerchief; "the thing is too ridiculous. And what, pray, was the third question? Settling the fate of the grandchildren, I suppose. The girl is out of her head—gone clean daft. Out with it, Harriet! What was the third?"

"She wished to know whether they approved separation if either the husband or the wife tired of the other."

"Oh, she did!" Mr. Ketcham observed, with a fine irony in his tone. "What foresight! What caution in one so young! Really, Suzanne has no need of a guardian. I may as well return to America at once."

"You are not angry with Suzanne?" queried Mrs. Hunter, aghast at the effect of her volubility.

"Angry? How could you think it! I only regret that I have not taken Suzanne in as partner. Her cheerful audacity and business head ought to have been worth millions to the firm."

"I 'm sorry I spoke."

"My dear Harriet, this is one of the few occasions when you 've no need to be. For once you 've said something worth listening to."

"Suzanne will never forgive me."

"There is something much better than being forgiven, and that is not being found out. I shall not mention this conversation, and I advise you not to; but of course you will. You 'd rather confess a murder than not talk."

"You 're very unkind, Walter."

"Not at all; not at all. I accuse you of nothing more than being a woman. They 're all alike. If they can't betray a confidence in any other fashion, they do it by way of illustration, without mentioning names, as if the listener were an idiot who could n't put two and two together. However, this time you 've done no harm. In fact, Suzanne may owe her happiness to you. Maurice is still in Menaggio, I suppose."

"Yes, Maurice is here. At least he returns to-morrow."

"And the count is at the big hotel over yonder?" He pointed with his thumb across the lake to the twinkling lights of the settlement opposite.

"The count is at Bellaggio—yes."

"Very well. Thank you, Harriet. And do you know that it is getting late?"

The widow rose at her brother's suggestion and strolled toward the inn. Her mind was tremulous with misgivings; but she dared not say anything more on the subject. She confined herself to wondering, which, being a vague process calling for no action, is a favorite one with people of weak wills.

The next day Suzanne spent alone with her sketch-book on the shore of the lake. At meal-times she was so aloof that her aunt found it impossible to reopen the subject of the evening before. Once, in the midst of the silence which had fallen between the fruit and the finger-bowls, Suzanne looked up and asked sharply: "Where is papa?"

"Off on the lake somewhere," Mrs. Hunter answered, drying her fingers one at a time with great care.

"Was he going to Bellaggio?"

"My dear Suzanne, how should I know? Your father, as you understand perfectly, will never submit to any questions about his plans."

"Ah!" said Suzanne.

Through the evening the girl was consumed with restlessness. She could not be still, but walked aimlessly up and down; and though she went to her room early, under pretense of being sleepy, her aunt heard her pacing the floor for hours.

The next day it was as bad. The restlessness grew. At length Suzanne proposed a trip on the little steamer touching at Menaggio. Mrs. Hunter assented, as she always did. Her niece had a positive force which lent a glamour to her plans. Nevertheless, the aunt found the trip tedious. Suzanne was moody and silent, while Mrs. Hunter was perpetually asking herself what she would say if she knew that her father had been told.

Both women were glad when they disembarked at the starting-point. Never had Menaggio seemed more attractive than then, with its shadows lengthening out into the water and the little inn showing in delicate contrast to the caravansary across the water, like the slender younger sister of an overblown beauty.

At the desk Suzanne inquired for letters. Two were handed to her. She glanced hastily at them, then quietly turned and went to her room without a word. Her aunt was disappointed—more than disappointed, aggrieved. We may put aside our own lives to live those of other people; but it involves confidences. Distinctly it involves confidences.

Mrs. Hunter was too much in fear of Suzanne to follow her, so she waited. At dinner, though she and her niece dined alone, nothing was said; but afterward on the terrace she had her reward. Suzanne drew the two letters from her pocket and sat looking down at them, her long lashes falling pensively over the swell of her cheeks.

"You have prompt answers, dear," Mrs. Hunter ventured.

"Very," Suzanne responded absently; and then, with a quick upward glance, she added: "Did papa know that I had written?"

This was unexpected. For one perilous moment Satan assailed the soul of Harriet Hunter with the temptation to answer with a downright denial. Then evasion, that guardian angel of amiable and semi-truthful souls, came to her aid.

"One of the men may have told him," she said; "and, after all, he *is* your father."

Suzanne thrust out a little mutinous chin. If she had suspicions of her aunt's share in the matter, she thought it wiser to suppress them.

"Was he anxious about the result?" she continued.

"I dare say. He had this matter very much at heart. But the answers, Suzanne—are they satisfactory?"

Drawn by Harrison Fisher. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"TWO WOMEN WERE SEATED ON THE TERRACE"

"They ought to be; at least, one of them ought to be."

"Do you mean to let me hear them?"

Suzanne twirled the envelops by their corners, but made no motion to open them.

"The letters are long," she said; "it is not necessary to bore you with the whole of them."

This, considering the agonies of curiosity which her aunt was suffering, was an unnecessary stab; but youth is cruel. "However," Suzanne added, "I 'll give you the substance."

Her aunt's heart fluttered; it had not been so perturbed for twenty years.

"Go on," she said breathlessly. "Begin with Maurice. What does *he* say?"

"Dear old Maurice! In his matrimonial creed everything is to give way to the wife. Her career should come first, because a man only wants a career for his wife's sake. She, and she only, should control the education of the children; for, as he says, it is only the leisure class who have time to consider educational matters, and in America women are the only leisure class. In regard to separation, he says that he should consider himself eternally bound; but he should be quite wretched if he thought that his wife stayed with him against her will."

"How like Maurice!" exclaimed Mrs. Hunter, her manner buttered with enthusiasm. "He is a true American. And the count?"

"His point of view is the reverse of the American. The man's career, he holds, is the more important because in the end it must become his wife's."

"There is something in that, Suzanne—there really is. I never thought of it before. But go on! How about the other questions?"

"Still just the opposite of Maurice's answer. 'The children,' the count says, 'should look to their father for intellectual training, to their mother for sympathy and direction in emotional matters, except where it conflicts with the church.'"

"The Catholic Church?"

"Yes; of course he would feel in that way: his family have been Catholics for generations, you know."

"And his answer to the third question?"

"He believes that marriage is a sacrament of the church, and cannot be dissolved by any human agency. So there you are!"

"At least, Suzanne," said the aunt, laying her hand tenderly on the girl's shoulder—"at least your difficulties are solved. The only question now is which view of life suits you best. Which man will you choose for your husband?"

For answer Suzanne tore both letters to bits, and with a sudden energetic movement threw the fragments over the balustrade into the lake.

"Neither!" she exclaimed; "they are too consistent. Papa has been tampering with them. Don't you see? He was determined that I should have two sets of answers so opposite that one of them *must* be to my liking. He has overshot the mark. I shall remain Suzanne Ketcham for some time to come."

SONG

BY GEORGIANA GODDARD KING

O LOVE, whose aspect grave and sweet
All lovers else may see,
The bent grass straightening from your feet
Betrays your way to me.

Flushed rose-leaves sail the flooded brook;
But, though I follow fast,
I only find the bough you shook,
The wood-thrush that you passed.

THE NEW SIEGE WARFARE AT PORT ARTHUR

USE OF MAIZE-STALKS—CONCEALMENT OF TUNNEL DIRT—NAVAL-BATTERY EMPLACEMENT—NEW COAST-DEFENSE WARFARE—SEARCH-LIGHT BATTLES—STAR-BOMBS—INVENTIONS OF IMAZAWA: (1) GRENADE GUN, (2) DYNAMITE WHEEL, (3) SAP-HEAD SHIELD, (4) BAMBOO GRENADE LIFT, (5) SCALING-LADDERS—EXTENSION OF SCIENTIFIC APPLIANCES: (1) HYPOSCOPE, (2) BOMB-PROOFS FOR GENERALS, (3) TELEPHONE—POST-OFFICE—SANITATION—ADOPTION OF MEDIEVAL DEFENSE

BY RICHARD BARRY

[Mr. Barry was the only American correspondent with the Japanese forces before Port Arthur from the beginning of the investment. His observations of the siege cover the first four months, during which he was an eye-witness of the use of the devices here described, which have made the approach to Port Arthur unique among siege operations.—Editor.]

ONE morning in August General Nogi stood before his battalion commanders at Port Arthur with a pick in his hand. Its nose and heel had been worn away until the shank of rusted iron resembled an earth-dappled cucumber. Fondling it, the general said: "Take a lesson from this Russian pick. Your men must dig. They are too eager to ask, 'Why intrench tonight when we are going forward in the morning?'"

Nogi here went to the heart of his problem. It had cost him 25,000 men to learn that the military engineer must precede siege assaults, as his brother, the civil engineer, precedes rapid transit in New York. The lesson, taught by Julius Cæsar to the legions in Gaul nineteen hundred years ago, Nogi and his heroes relearned before Port Arthur in 1904. The advance in that cycle of time has been not in digging, but in ways of digging. The Japanese had to cross a valley a mile wide and six miles long, dominated at all points by every degree of hostile fire. This did not appal them. They accepted the problem, grappled with it, and mastered it.

They honeycombed the valley, in the classic manner, with eighteen miles of trenches and tunnels. The chief element in the problem was to hide these from an enemy with lookouts above the plain. "Till Birnam wood do come to Dunsinane," the prophecy that sounded Macbeth's doom, had already been heeded by the Russians before Kuroki's northern operations. Here the witch, whispering in Stoessel's ear, might have warned him of his end when "maize-stalk fields shall climb the dragon's front"; for it was under the protection of maize-stalks, twisting through a shell-swept plain, that the sappers crept on their slow but inevitable advance.

The Japanese attaché in South Africa had seen the Boer commandos, under fire, suddenly vanish in waving stalks of corn, projected, screen-like, across a telltale front. It was a savage trick, learned by the Boers from the Kafirs; and though school-bred British minds sneered at a ruse

apparently so childish, yet many times their game was lost through such manœuvers. The Boers used their maize in wholesale fashion, covering their front with deep layers of whole sheaves. The Japanese improved on this. Students of nature, disciples of nature, they gave no gross imitations. In late autumn, over a field battle-tossed for three months, trampled by two armies, and sickled by the husbandman Death, they advanced, resurrecting the corn-fields as they went, till the Russian eye beyond could not guess the point where maize standing by chance left off and maize erected by besiegers began. Each angle of advance was concealed by these brown, withered sheaves.

But maize was only the screen, and could not hide the thousands of tons of earth which had to be taken from the plain. To throw the earth beside the trenches, thus bringing into Russian sight a furrow like that of a gigantic plow, would have revealed the Japanese position as clearly as a blue pencil could have diagramed it on white paper.

To hide the earth of this digging was the appalling task. It was done gloriously. The advance sappers threw their first trickle of mole-like progress backward between their legs from the furious indent of their tiny spades. Helpers behind immediately deepened and widened the rivulet of shelter thus begun. The infantrymen, closing in at daybreak throughout the hot sun, perfected it, but the reserves accomplished the new thing. As fast as the earth was displaced they carried it with gabions and bamboo stretchers back through the zigzag lines behind the mountain-range which concealed their own heavy guns. Here, parallel with the Russian defense, mile after mile of fresh-smelling mounds slipped up through the cautious, industrious months following that frightful August. Passing across the valley through these tunnels, deep enough to shelter regiments, three months after the Aceldama of midsummer, one could, in safety, be frowned on by hostile batteries, distant three hundred yards, or look into the plain gridironed with cunning trenches, and, like the foe above, see no evidence of life. The maize-stalks hid the trench turnings, and though the plain was alive with its thousands of armed men, even the practised eye that had just been among them could not tell where they lay. Where had the output of that enormous digging gone? As well ask the chipmunk where he puts the dirt from his hole. It was a new experience for the Russians to fight a foe who could wiggle through the earth as easily as he could cross it, and, underneath, escape the death that he met on top.

Both sides had sailors on land. The Japanese emplaced the navy six-inch guns in the bottom of a valley. The army field-guns were perched along the peaks in front, from which they could bark down like noisy house-dogs. But the savage bite came from the big guns, a quarter of a mile behind, the location of which was mistaken by the Russians as identical with that of the blustering field-pieces on the ridge. The sailors did not trust alone to the improbability of their hiding-place. They cut out earth the size of a ship's hull, mended the broken crust with timber balks, and thrust the noses of the six-inchers out of two square openings that might have been turret-holes. Thus, entirely protected, though within easy range of the enemy, they escaped serious injury. This was the most effective Japanese battery; it has become famous for tenacity.

For the first time coast-defense guns battled with each other. The Russians turned most of theirs landward. The Japanese learned that field artillery was useless against either the fleet or the permanent forts. Such knowledge prompted the assignment of a naval brigade to the initial bombardment, which, with the first grand assault, failed. Then they immediately turned to home for heavier ordnance. Mortars for coast-defense along the Straits of Shimonoseki and on the Bay of Yezo were all but completed in the military shops at Ozaka. Twenty-six of them were immediately sent by transport to Dalny, and thence by rail over the tip of the mended Trans-Siberian to the last station outside the zone of the Russian fire.

The shipment of these great guns, the mortar-barrel of one weighing eight tons, up to that point, where cranes, steamships, and locomotives of the finest type were available, was a gigantic undertaking. Arrived at the shattered station in the night,—for day work was impossible,—the task was only begun. From there the guns were hauled by hand, for horses or Manchu oxen could not be used where silence and

concerted intelligence were essential. Eight hundred men were detailed to each gun, which was mounted on skids such as lumbermen use in the north woods. Four abreast, with hemp thongs across their shoulders, and all attached to a long cable as thick as a man's leg, the men labored on through the mud, after dark, with the Russian shells flinging out searching challenge over their heads, occasionally a quart of shrapnel bullets spurting promiscuously into their ranks. Of the positions to which the guns were thus taken the nearest were a thousand yards and the farthest three and a half miles away. Once they were there, no emplacement of shale or earth, such as sufficed for field artillery and for naval guns, would do. So under each gun was laid eight feet of concrete, firm and deep; and when it had hardened the gun was emplaced. All this was done under fire, in the night, the men being spat upon frequently by the glare of the search-light, pelted sometimes by wind and rain, and, toward the end of autumn, seared by the winds howling in from two seas. It was prodigious toil, obscure heroism unbelievable. But it was successful, for it was this coast-defense artillery that sank the Russian fleet. None other could have done it. The monster labor of placing these guns on the bleak Manchurian hills, from which they have contested with the finest defenses in the world, is one of the thrilling engineering feats of modern times.

For the first time in history armies battled under search-lights. There had before been fights at sea, and at Kimberley a few skirmishes under search-lights; but in front of Port Arthur they have lighted up decisive engagements, extensive manœuvers, and vast losses. Science has intensified war. It has limited numerical loss, but it has increased individual suffering; and, as in modern city life, it strains brain and nerves to the breaking-point.

In August, for seven days and seven nights without cessation, a great battle was fought—the first grand assault, which failed and failed and failed until Nogi learned his lesson. Manœuvers as intricate and almost as extensive as those in the north at Liaoyang were conducted alternately under sun, moon, and search-light. The crux of this action rested on one of Stoessel's search-light tricks, played on the night of the seventh blow of Nogi's hammer, desperately driving a wedge into the fortress. All the afternoon the Japanese artillery had been fiercely bombarding the ridges of the Cockscomb, the Eternal Dragon, and the Two Dragons. One by one the Russian batteries ceased firing. It seemed that they were silenced. Night fell, with prospects fair for assault. A rising storm increased the Japanese hope, for in wind and rain the search-lights would be nullified. Then, as night and rain came down together, the search-lights struggling with both, the Japanese shrapnel opened up against the lights. They had tried before, unsuccessfully, to reach the dynamos hidden in the hills. This time the attempt apparently succeeded. The man behind the light waited until a Japanese shell burst in the line of vision between him and his foes, and then turned off the switch, giving the Japanese the impression that the light had been shattered. In this manner, one after another, three of the search-lights playing over the center of the field were "shattered." With lights and guns apparently out of the contest, and favored by the storm and the night, Japanese expectation rose higher.

After midnight the most desperate of the eleven assaults conducted through the seven days was made against the Cockscomb and the Eternal Dragon. Half-way up the slope of the Cockscomb the three "shattered" lights, converging at one point, threw the advance out in silhouette against the red earth and the white shale. At the same moment the "shattered" batteries opened up, every gun alive. Simultaneously a regiment of Siberian sharp-shooters sortied from the Two Dragons, caught the flanks in their onslaught, and all but annihilated the two regiments in front. Reinforced, bringing to the task that dour pluck that has given the Anglo-Saxon hold on his big corner of earth, a quality the possession of which by the Japanese was once questioned, the reserves hammered the Siberians into their trenches; and though the assault against the Cockscomb failed, shortly after dawn the Eternal Dragon fell. This was the tip of the wedge, driven at fearful cost into the Russian right center, and was the objective needed by the engineers to outline across the valley the vast mining operations of those three months.

Between the hostile lines, held all summer

and autumn with desperate determination, lay a zone on which the dead were not buried or the wounded succored. To send Red Cross men into this field was to lose two fighting units for every one saved, and no general would be guilty of such folly. The intensity of scientific conditions, the forces of which are the search-light and the star-bomb, the military engineer and the hyposcope, thus brought the fulfilment of Archibald Forbes's prophecy, made twenty years ago. The time has come, as he said it would, when wounded cannot be rescued from a battle-field.

Kimberley saw the dawn of the fireworks branch of warfare. It was left for Port Arthur to bring into permanent use this *feu de joie* of holiday nights, a delight in peace, in war a spy. Rockets, such as we use on the Fourth of July, bursting above the plain, threw phosphorus over the advancing sappers and lighted up acres as though by candelabra of stars. The Russians used three batteries of such star-bombs, and their dazzle added spectacle to horror. Some Japanese officers contended that they caused no annoyance, but my observation of the results was that they gave annoyance, but were not a decisive factor. By lying low, advancing troops could always escape being seen when the light came their way.

It was to be expected that a people like the Japanese, inventive, versatile, and industrious, would develop extraordinary resources when confronted with such a problem as Port Arthur, the reducing of which has caused them great agony and cost vast treasure. Archimedes would have rejoiced to know Colonel Imazawa. Major Yamaoka of General Nogi's staff once said: "The world makes too much fuss over the unreasoning bravery of the private soldier. It pays too little attention to the obscure effort of the engineer, who risks as much, but with full realization of what it means." Yamaoka was speaking of Imazawa. The two are friends.

Imazawa's most effective device was the wooden grenade gun, an invention to save assaulters from death by their own explosives. He found that a soldier carrying hand-grenades of guncotton up a slope under fire, if properly hit, became a more frightful menace to his comrades than an opposing mine. So he made a wooden barrel three feet long, erected it at an angle of forty-five degrees on a wooden upright, and by a catch-spring tossed the balls of guncotton from it several hundred yards into the Russian parapet.

After the taking of Hatchimakiyama (the Turban Fort), Imazawa found his men for the first time on a height above the Russian trenches. Then he invented the dynamite wheel. This is a steel cylinder containing five hundredweight of dynamite, with a projecting shield for soldiers who roll it forward under fire until it reaches the declivity down which it is hurled. The opposing trench precipitates the explosion.

Imazawa also improved the saphead shield, used by besiegers since the middle ages. Formerly it was a heavy log of wood, protected by armor-plate, behind which pioneer soldiers advanced their trenches when close to the enemy and under outpost fire. A solid log was too heavy for the Japanese purposes, so Imazawa contrived a framework of kiri-wood, both light and tough, over which he built a steel shield such as Maxim put on his machine-gun. The shield stuck out in advance of the framework like a cow-catcher on a locomotive. It was rolled out of the saphead one or two feet toward the enemy. Behind it two sappers, on their bellies, dug out from under their legs the beginning of a wide, safe trench in which, two days later, a regiment could find shelter. Nervous work this, with bullets raining overhead like hail on a tin roof; but Imazawa made it practicable.

Before he finally hit on his grenade gun, Imazawa employed a bamboo grenade lift, his first device to let assaulters hurl their explosives into redouts without danger to themselves. These were twenty-foot lengths of heavy bamboo, to the ends of which balls of guncotton were tied. Two soldiers carried one of these lifts up a slope, projected the grenade over a trench or a parapet, and let the furious Russians smash it and themselves into destruction.

The last thing Imazawa did was a mistake—not his, but still a mistake. In preparing for the third grand assault on October 29, after the sapheads had been worked to within a hundred yards of the parapet on the Two Dragons redout, it was found that a dry moat separated the Japanese from their prey. The width and depth of this moat were difficult to deter-

mine. In the most fiercely contested zone, and on a plateau so situated that it could not be accurately seen from any of the heights possessed by the Japanese, its exact nature remained a mystery. Scouting was difficult, for it was commanded not only by the batteries of the Two Dragons, but also by the batteries of the greatest forts at Port Arthur—the Chair, the Table, the Cockscomb, and Golden Hill. To reach it a scout would have to cross several hundred yards of red earth, bare to every sight, and commanded by sharp-shooters. Of those who went in for information about that mysterious dry moat, for a week none came back. Finally one scout, more cautious than the rest, returned and reported to Imazawa, "Ten meters." Thirty-nine feet is big width for a moat, and no one could wonder that, sneaking along there in the dark, with momentary fear of search-lights and sharp-shooters, the scout, finding a hole wider than his imagination, thought the distance great if it was ten meters. So Imazawa made his bamboo ladders fourteen meters long. On the day of the assault, everything having progressed favorably up to that point, the bombardment and the flank work against forts on each side being successful, the advance went in with Imazawa's fourteen-meter ladders. Under fierce fire nearly half of the men dropped from the ranks, and only enough were left to handle three ladders, the glacis of the redout being littered with four others whose bearers had been slain. The hardy scaling party at last placed their ladders securely on one edge of the moat and dropped them across, expecting the next moment to dash across them to victory, leaving the reserves crouched in the trenches, waiting for the word to follow. Judge of their dismay when the ladders fell from the perpendicular to the horizontal, from the horizontal to the perpendicular again! They failed to touch the other side, failed to touch bottom, and disappeared. The moat was fourteen meters wide. The dismayed assaulters hastened back to Imazawa. That night a party advanced and dropped a thousand bags, at one point, into this terrible moat. These sand-bags disappeared, and not a ripple of their indent could be seen. This sunken road of Ohaine baffled the army and was the chief reason that Port Arthur did not fall on the Emperor's birthday. Had they passed it, the Two Dragons redout would have fallen and the town could have been entered.

Those who charge the Japanese with suicidal folly should remember that when confronted with this crack in the earth they did not emulate emotional Frenchmen at Waterloo. They sat down and gave Imazawa a chance to study. They did not die in a climax of frenzy. Their sacrifice is for a grand and patriotic idea. Sensational despatches about losses spread the belief that they die like flies. The truth is, they never waste a life.

The use of many successful inventions showed the Japanese equal to all the progress of the age. The hyposcope enabled them to observe what went on in the town, and from 203-Meter Hill revealed the fleet. This is a telescope cut in half, the front elevated two feet above the rear by a further length of scope, and the line of vision between made straight past the angles by two mirrors. It gives a lookout within a few hundred yards of the enemy's line a chance to explore calmly at his leisure.

Bomb-proofs for the generals were cut in the solid rock a thousand yards in advance of the artillery and overtopping the firing-line. Thus commanding officers could get the traditional bird's-eye view of the battlefield. Instead of sitting at headquarters, miles in the rear, as the generals in the North were compelled to do, and directing the action from an office desk, as a train-despatcher regulates his system, the divisional, brigade, and regimental commanders with their own eyes could observe all that was going on. The commander-in-chief had a fine lookout in the rear center of his army, two and a half miles from the town of Port Arthur. From there his eye glanced over as grand a battlefield as the world has yet produced, for within an area of ten square miles was brought every possibility of modern warfare. Even cavalry manœuvered. While his optic vision was extraordinary, his mental horizon was vast and comprehensive. Telephones centering to a switch-board in the next bomb-proof connected him with every battery and every regiment under his command. He was in instant touch with the most outlying operations, and, almost with the ease and certainty of Napoleon at Austerlitz, could march and countermarch, enfilade and assault.

Telephone and post-office follow the

flag. In the advance of the Japanese army down the peninsula, telephone linesmen bearing on their shoulders coils of thin copper wire, not much larger and of no more weight than a pack-thread, followed through the kaoliang-fields on each side of the commander. The moment he stopped, a table was produced, a receiver was snapped on the wire, and a telegrapher stood ready. More remarkable was the advance of the telephone into the contested redout of the Eternal Dragon, where a station was placed and operated for four months, with the Russians holding trenches only forty meters distant and on three sides. At this station, along the front of which twenty men a day were slain by sharp-shooters, mail was delivered every time that a transport arrived, which was almost daily. Men on the firing-line received postal cards from their sweethearts and mothers an hour before death.

Telephone and post-office followed the flag; the Red Cross preceded it. The medical corps came, not in the wake of the army, but close on the heels of the pioneers. Before even the infantrymen entered a Chinese village it was explored, the water of its wells analyzed, its houses tested for bacteria, and the lines of encampment laid down. This unusual sanitation is looked upon by surgical authorities as perhaps the chief cause of Japanese success.

But one could find another cause of Japanese success, if the analytical probe is to be struck and the mystic impulse which gives men resolution for supreme sacrifice ignored. This great cause may be called originality. The record of superficial observers of her recent advance is that Japan to-day selfishly and slavishly reaps the values wrung from time and chance through many centuries by other nations. If this be true, she is original enough to survive the ordeal of imitation. Had a single person shown the qualities displayed at Port Arthur he would be charged with having the audacity of genius. This audacity did not hesitate to make use of anything, new or old, possible or impossible, conventional or unconventional, which might win success from desperate conditions.

Let me give an instance: the problem that faced Japan's soldiers when they had dared to capture a minor position in the fortress's line of defense. Audacity won it, originality held it. The trench-line of this bloody angle of the Eternal Dragon lay down the slope and thus beneath the opposing Russian trench-line. The maxims of assault declared it untenable unless the contiguous positions to which it was subsidiary could be immediately taken; wise generalship seemed to dictate that it be abandoned. To hold it would be hardly worth the cost. Napoleon thus laid down in general treatise and Von Moltke specifically so dictated; but not Nogi: give him an inch and he keeps it. Besides, he needed this inch for his engineers.

In the bloody angle the ordinary sandbag redout would not do. There was no opportunity to erect the permanent masonry or even the semi-permanent timber redout. The men must have some protection that would let their heads be sheltered a foot or more below the top of the trench, and yet give them loopholes for firing. Any conventional trench built from experience or laid down in the text-books was impracticable. A French, a German, an English, a Russian soldier would have thrown up his hands because his father and his grandfather knew no medicine for such a hurt. The American, had he been far enough away from red tape, might have improvised. The Japanese did not hesitate. Around the bloody angle he raised a trench modeled on the medieval bulwarks of his samurai fathers. It was built with ingenious quickness due to his twentieth-century training. He erected a front of rock, like the turret of a castle, and through the deep embrasures of this turret fired his machine-guns, while the ragged sky-line overtopped and kept him safe. On the spot he married old with new. He was following the destiny of his race—to tie the ages together.

SANDY

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lovey Mary"

WITH PICTURES BY W. L. JACOBS

XVI

THE NELSON HOME

WILLOWVALE, the Nelson homestead, lay in the last curve of the river, just before it left the restrictions of town for the freedom of fields and meadows.

It was a quaint old house, all over honeysuckles and bow-windows and verandas, approached by an oleander-bordered walk, and sheltered by a wide circle of poplar- and oak-trees that had nodded both approval and disapproval over many generations of Nelsons.

In the dining-room, on the massive mahogany table, lunch was laid for three. Carter sat at the foot, absorbed in a newspaper, while at the head Mrs. Nelson languidly partook of her second biscuit. It was vulgar, in her estimation, for a lady to indulge in more than two biscuits at a meal.

When old Evan Nelson died six years before, he had left the bulk of his fortune to his two grandchildren, and a handsome allowance to his eldest son's widow, with the understanding that she was to take charge of Ruth until that young lady should become of age.

Mrs. Nelson accepted the trust with becoming resignation. The prospect of guiding a wealthy and obedient young person through the social labyrinth to an eligible marriage wakened certain faculties that had long lain dormant. It was not until the wealthy and obedient young person began to develop tastes of her own that she found the burden irksome.

Nine months of the year Ruth was at boarding-school, and the remaining three she insisted upon spending in the old home at Clayton, where Carter kept his dogs and horses and spent his summers. Hitherto Mrs. Nelson had compromised with her. By adroit management she contrived to keep her, for weeks at a time, at various summer resorts, where she expected her to serve a sort of social apprenticeship which would fit her for her future career.

At nineteen Ruth developed alarming symptoms of obstinacy. Mrs. Nelson confessed tearfully to the rest of the family that it had existed in embryo for years. Instead of making the most of her first summer out of school, the foolish girl announced her intention of going to Willowvale for an indefinite stay.

It was indignation at this state of affairs that caused Mrs. Nelson to lose her appetite. Clayton was to her the limit of civilization; there was too much sunshine, too much fresh air, too much out of doors. She disliked nature in its crude state; she preferred it softened and toned down to drawing-room pitch.

She glanced up in disapproval as Ruth's laugh sounded in the hall.

"Rachel, tell her that lunch is waiting," she said to the colored girl at her side.

Carter looked up as Ruth came breezily into the room. She wore her riding-habit, and her hair was tossed by her brisk morning canter.

"You don't look as if you had danced all night," he said. "Did the mare behave herself?"

"She 's a perfect beauty, Carter. I rode her round the old mill-dam, 'cross the ford, and back by the Hollises'. Now I 'm perfectly famished. Some hot rolls, Rachel,

and another croquette, and—and everything you have."

Mrs. Nelson picked several crumbs from the cloth and laid them carefully on her plate. "When I was a young lady I always slept after being out in the evening. I had a half-cup of coffee and one roll brought to me in bed, and I never rose until noon."

"But I hate to stay in bed," said Ruth; "and, besides, I hate to miss a half-day."

"Is there anything on for this afternoon?" asked Carter.

"Why, yes—" Ruth began, but her aunt finished for her:

"Now, Carter, it 's too warm to be proposing anything more. You are n't well, and Ruth ought to stay at home and put cold cream on her face. It is getting so burned that her pink evening-dresses will be worse than useless. Besides, there is absolutely nothing to do in this stupid place. I feel as if I could n't stand it all summer."

This being a familiar opening to a disagreeable subject, the two young people lapsed into silence, and Mrs. Nelson was constrained to address her communications to the tea-pot. She glanced about the big, old-fashioned room and sighed.

"It 's nothing short of criminal to keep all this old mahogany buried here in the country, and the cut-glass and silver. And to think that the house cannot be sold for two more years! Not until Ruth is of age! What *do* you suppose your dear grandfather *could* have been thinking of?"

This question, eliciting no reply from the tea-pot, remained suspended in the air until it attracted Ruth's wandering attention.

"I beg your pardon, aunt. What grandfather was thinking of? About the place? Why, I guess he hoped that Carter and I would keep it."

Carter looked over his paper. "Keep this old cemetery? Not I! The day it is sold I start for Europe. If one lung is gone and the other going, I intend to enjoy myself while it goes."

"Carter!" begged Ruth, appealingly.

He laughed. "You ought to be glad to get rid of me, Ruth. You 've bothered your head about me ever since you were born."

She slipped her hand into his as it lay on the table, and looked at him wistfully.

"The idea of the old governor thinking we 'd want to stay here!" he said, with a curl of the lip.

"Perfectly ridiculous!" echoed Mrs. Nelson.

"I don't know," said Ruth; "it 's more like home than any place else. I don't think I could ever bear to sell it."

"Now, my dear Ruth," said Mrs. Nelson, in genuine alarm, "don't be sentimental, I beg of you. When once you make your début, you 'll feel very different about things. Of course the place must be sold: it can't be rented, and I 'm sure you will never get me to spend another summer in Clayton. You could not stay here alone."

Ruth sat with her chin in her hands and gazed absently out of the window. She remembered when that yard was to her as the garden of Eden. As a child she had been brought here, a delicate, faded little hothouse plant, and for three wonderful years had been allowed to grow and blossom at will in the freedom of outdoor life. The glamour of those old days still clung to the place, and made her love everything connected with it. The front gate, with its wide white posts, still held the records of her growth, for each year her grandfather had stood her against it and marked her progress. The huge green tub holding the crape-myrtle was once a park where she and Annette had played dolls, and once it had served as a burying-ground when Carter's sling brought down a sparrow. The ice-house, with its steep roof, recalled a thrilling tobogganing experience when she was six. Grandfather had laughed over the torn gown, and bade her do it again.

It was the trees, though, that she loved best of all; for they were friendly old poplar-trees on which the bark formed itself into all sorts of curious eyes. One was a wicked old stepfather eye with a heavy lid; she remembered how she used to tiptoe past it and pretend to be afraid. Beyond, by the arbor, were two smaller trees, where a coquettish eye on one looked up to an adoring eye on the other. She had often built a romance about them as she watched them peeping at each other through the leaves.

Down behind the house the waving fields of blue-grass rippled away to the little river, where weeping willows hung their heads above the lazy water, and ferns reached up the banks to catch the flowers. And the fields and the river and the house and the trees were hers,—hers and Carter's,—and neither could sell without the consent of

the other. She took a deep breath of satisfaction. The prospect of living alone in the old homestead failed to appal her.

"A letter came this morning," said Mrs. Nelson, tracing the crest on the silver creamer. "It 's from your Aunt Elizabeth. She wants us to spend ten days with her at the shore. They have taken a handsome cottage next to the Warrentons. You remember young Mr. Warrenton, Ruth? He is a grandson of Commodore Warrenton."

"Warrenton? Oh, yes, I do remember him—the one that did n't have any neck."

Mrs. Nelson closed her eyes for a moment, as if praying for patience; then she went on: "Your Aunt Elizabeth thinks, as I do, that it is absurd for you to bury yourself down here. She wants you to meet people of your own class. Do you think you can be ready to start on Wednesday?"

"Why, we have been here only a week!" cried Ruth. "I am having such a good time, and—" she broke off impulsively. "But I know it 's dull for you, Aunt Clara. You go, and leave me here with Carter. I 'll do everything you say if you will only let me stay."

Carter laughed. "One would think that Ruth's sole aim in life was to cultivate Clayton—the distinguished, exclusive, aristocratic society of Clayton."

She put her hand on his arm and looked at him pleadingly: "Please don't laugh at me, Carter! I love it here, and I want to stay. You know Aunt Elizabeth; you know what her friends are like. They think I am queer. I can't be happy where they are."

Mrs. Nelson resorted to her smelling-bottle. "Of course my opinions are of no weight. I only wish to remind you that it would be most impolitic to offend your Aunt Elizabeth. She could introduce you into the most desirable set; and even if she is a little—" she searched a moment for a word—"a little liberal in her views, one can overlook that on account of her generosity. She is a very influential woman, Ruth, and a very wealthy one."

Ruth made a quick, impatient gesture. "I don't like her, Aunt Clara; and I don't want you to ask me to go there."

Mrs. Nelson folded her napkin with tragic deliberation. "Very well," she said; "it is not my place to urge it. I can only point out your duty and leave the rest to you. One thing I must speak about, and that is your associating so familiarly with these townspeople. They are impertinent; they take advantages, and forget who we are. Why, the blacksmith had the audacity to refer to the dear major as 'Bob.'"

"Old Uncle Dan?" asked Ruth, laughing. "I saw him yesterday, and he shook hands with me and said: 'Golly, sissy, how you 've growed!'"

"Ruth," cried Mrs. Nelson, "how can you! Have n't you *any* family pride?" The tears came to her eyes, for the invitation to visit the Hunter-Nelsons was one for which she had angled skilfully, and its summary dismissal was a sore trial to her.

In a moment Ruth was at her side, all contrition: "I 'm sorry, Aunt Clara; I know I 'm a disappointment to you. I 'll try—"

Mrs. Nelson withdrew her hand and directed her injured reply to Carter. "I have done my duty by your sister. She has been given every advantage a young lady could desire. If she insists upon throwing away her opportunities, I can't help it. I suppose I am no longer to be consulted—no longer to be considered." She sought the seclusion of her pocket-handkerchief, and her pompadour swayed with emotion.

Ruth stood at the table, miserably pulling a rose to pieces. This discussion was an old one, but it lost none of its sting by repetition. Was she queer and obstinate and unreasonable?

"Ruth 's all right," said Carter, seeing her discomfort. "She will have more sense when she is older. She 's just got her little head turned by all the attention she has had since coming home. There is n't a boy in the county who would n't make love to her at the drop of her eyelash. She was the belle of the hop last night; had the boys about her three deep most of the time."

"The hop!" Mrs. Nelson so far forgot herself as to uncover one eye. "Don't speak of that wretched affair! The idea of her going! What do you suppose your Aunt Elizabeth would say? A country dance in a public hall!"

"I only dropped in for the last few dances," said Carter, pouring himself another glass of wine. "It was beastly hot and stupid."

"I danced every minute the music played," cried Ruth; "and when they played, 'Home, Sweet Home,' I could have begun and gone right through it again."

"By the way," said her brother, "did n't I see you dancing with that Kilday?"

"The last dance," said Ruth. "Why?"

"Oh, I was a little surprised, that 's all."

Mrs. Nelson, scenting the suggestion in Carter's voice, was instantly alert.

"Who, pray, is Kilday?"

"Oh, Kilday is n't anybody; that 's the trouble. If he had been, he would never have stayed with that old crank Judge Hollis. The judge thinks he is appointed by Providence to control this bright particular burg. He is even attempting to regulate me of late. The next time he interferes he 'll hear from me."

"But Kilday?" urged Mrs. Nelson, feebly persistent.

"Oh, Kilday is good enough in his place. He 's a first-class athlete, and has made a record up at the academy. But he was a peddler, you know—an Irish peddler; came here three or four years ago with a pack on his back."

"And Ruth danced with him!" Mrs. Nelson's words were punctuated with horror.

Ruth looked up with blazing eyes. "Yes, I danced with him; why should n't I? You made me dance with Mr. Warrenton, last summer, when I told you he was drinking."

"But, my dear child, you forget who Mr. Warrenton is. And you actually danced with a peddler!" Her voice grew faint. "My dear, this must never occur again. You are young and easily imposed upon. I will accompany you everywhere in the future. Of course you need never recognize him hereafter. The impertinence of his addressing you!"

A step sounded on the gravel outside. Ruth ran to the window and spoke to some one below. "I 'll be there as soon as I change my habit," she called.

"Who is it?" asked her aunt, hastily arranging her disturbed locks.

Ruth paused at the door. There was a slight tremor about her lips, but her eyes flashed their first open declaration of independence.

"It 's Mr. Kilday," she said; "we are going out on the river."

There was an oppressive silence of ten minutes after she left, during which Carter smiled behind his paper and Mrs. Nelson gazed indignantly at the tea-pot. Then she tapped the bell.

"Rachel," she said impressively, "go to Miss Ruth's room and get her veil and gloves and sun-shade. Have Thomas take them to the boat-house at once."

XVII

UNDER THE WILLOWS

Between willow-fringed banks of softest green, and under the bluest of summer skies, the little river took its lazy Southern way. Tall blue lobelias and golden flags played hide-and-seek in the reflections of the gentle stream, and an occasional spray of goldenrod, advance-guard of the autumn, stood apart, a silent warning to the summer idlers.

Somewhere overhead a vireo, dainty poet of bird-land, proclaimed his love to the wide world; while below, another child of nature, no less impassioned, no less aching to give vent to the joy that was bursting his being, sat silent in a canoe that swung softly with the pulsing of the stream.

For Sandy had followed the highroad that led straight into the Land of Enchantment. No more wanderings by intricate byways up golden hills to golden castles; the Love Road had led him at last to the real world of the King Arthur days—the world that was lighted by a strange and wondrous light of romance, wherein he dwelt, a knight, waiting and longing to prove his valor in the eyes of his lady fair.

Burning deeds of prowess rioted in his brain. Oh for dungeons and towers and forbidding battlements! Any danger was welcome from which he might rescue her. Fire, flood, or bandits—he would brave them all. Meanwhile he sat in the prow of the boat, his hands clasped about his knees, utterly powerless to break the spell of awkward silence that seemed to possess him.

They had paddled in under the willows to avoid the heat of the sun, and had tied their boat to an overhanging bough.

Ruth, with her sleeve turned back to the elbow, was trailing her hand in the cool water and watching the little circles that followed her fingers. Her hat was off, and her hair, where the sun fell on it through the leaves, was almost the color of her eyes.

But what was the real color of her eyes? Sandy brought all his intellect to bear upon the momentous question. Sometimes, he thought, they were as dark as the velvet

shadows in the heart of the stream; sometimes they were lighted by tiny flames of gold that sparkled in the brown depths as the sunshine sparkled in the shadows. They were deep as his love and bright as his hope.

Suddenly he realized that she had asked him a question.

"It 's never a word I 've heard of what ye are saying!" he exclaimed contritely. "My mind was on your eyes, and the brown of them. Do they keep changing color like that all the time?"

Ruth, thus earnestly appealed to, blushed furiously.

"I was talking about the river," she said quickly. "It 's jolly under here, is n't it? So cool and green! I was awfully cross when I came."

"You cross?"

She nodded her head. "And ungrateful, and perverse, and queer, and totally unlike my father's family." She counted off her shortcomings on her fingers, and raised her brows in comical imitation of her aunt.

"A left-hand blessing on the one that said so!" cried Sandy, with such ardor that she fled to another subject.

"I saw Martha Meech yesterday. She was talking about you. She was very weak, and could speak only in a whisper, but she seemed happy."

"It 's like her soul was in heaven already," said Sandy.

"I took her a little picture," went on Ruth; "she loves them so. It was a copy of one of Turner's."

"Turner?" repeated Sandy. "Joseph Mallord William Turner, born in London, 1775. Member of the Royal Academy. Died in 1851."

She looked so amazed at this burst of information that he laughed.

"It 's out of the catalogue. I learned the bit it said about the ones I liked best years ago."

"Where?"

"At the Olympian Exposition."

"I was there," said Ruth; "it was the summer we came home from Europe. Perhaps that was where I saw you. I know I saw you somewhere before you came here."

"Perhaps," said Sandy, skipping a bit of bark across the water.

A band of yellow butterflies on wide wings circled about them, and one, mistaking Ruth's rosy wet fingers for a flower, settled there for a long rest.

"Look!" she whispered; "see how long it stays!"

"It 's not meself would be blaming it for forgetting to go away," said Sandy.

They both laughed, then Ruth leaned over the boat's side and pretended to be absorbed in her reflection in the water. Sandy had not learned that unveiled glances are improper, and if his lips refrained from echoing the vireo's song, his eyes were less discreet.

"You 've got a dimple in your elbow!" he cried, with the air of one discovering a continent.

"I have n't," declared she, but the dimple turned State's evidence.

The sun had gone under a cloud as the afternoon shadows began to lengthen, and a light tenderer than sunlight and warmer than moonlight fell across the river. The water slipped over the stones behind them with a pleasant swish and swirl, and the mint that was crushed by the prow of their boat gave forth an aromatic perfume.

Ever afterward the first faint odor of mint made Sandy close his eyes in a quick desire to retain the memory it recalled, to bring back the dawn of love, the first faint flush of consciousness in the girlish cheeks and the soft red lips, and the quick, uncertain breath as her heart tried not to catch beat with his own.

"Can't you sing something?" she asked presently. "Annette Fenton says you know all sorts of quaint old songs."

"They 're just the bits I remember of what me mother used to sing me in the old country."

"Sing the one you like best," demanded Ruth.

Softly, with the murmur of the river accompanying the song, he began:

"Ah! The moment was sad when my love and I parted,
Savourneen deelish, signan O!
As I kiss'd off her tears, I was nigh broken-hearted!—
Savourneen deelish, signan O!"

Ruth took her hand out of the water and looked at him with puzzled eyes. "Where have I heard it? On a boat somewhere, and the moon was shining. I remember the refrain perfectly."

Sandy remembered, too. In a moment he felt himself an impostor and a cheat.

He had stumbled into the Enchanted Land, but he had no right to be there. He buried his head in his hands and felt the dream-world tottering about him.

"Are you trying to remember the second verse?" asked Ruth.

"No," said he, his head still bowed; "I 'm trying to help you remember the first one. Was it the boat ye came over from Europe in?"

"That was it!" she cried. "It was on shipboard. I was standing by the railing one night and heard some one singing it in the steerage. I was just a little girl, but I 've never forgotten that 'Savourneen deelish,' nor the way he sang it."

"Was it a man?" asked Sandy, huskily.

"No," she said, half frowning in her effort to remember; "it was a boy—a stowaway, I think. They said he had tried to steal his way in a life-boat."

"He had!" cried Sandy, raising his head and leaning toward her. "He stole on board with only a few shillings and a bundle of clothes. He sneaked his way up to a life-boat and hid there like a thief. When they found him and punished him as he deserved, there was a little lady looked down at him and was sorry, and he 's traveled over all the years from then to now to thank her for it."

Ruth drew back in amazement, and Sandy's courage failed for a moment. Then his face hardened and he plunged recklessly on:

"I 've blacked boots, and sold papers; I 've fought dogs, and peddled, and worked on the railroad. Many 's the time I 've been glad to eat the scraps the workmen left on the track. And just because a kind, good man—God prosper his soul!—saw fit to give me a home and an education, I turned a fool and dared to think I was a gentleman!"

For a moment pride held Ruth's pity back. Every tradition of her family threw up a barrier between herself and this son of the soil.

"Why did you come to Kentucky?" she asked.

"Why?" cried Sandy, too miserable to hold anything back. "Because I saw the name of the place on your bag at the pier. I came here for the chance of seeing you again, of knowing for sure there was something good and beautiful in the world to offset all the bad I 'd seen. Every page I 've learned has been for you, every wrong thought I 've put out of me mind has been to make more room for you. I don't even ask ye to be my friend; I only ask to be yours, to see ye sometime, to talk to you, and to keep ye first in my heart and to serve ye to the end."

The vireo had stopped singing and was swinging on a bough above them.

Ruth sat very still and looked straight before her. She had never seen a soul laid bare before, and the sight thrilled and troubled her. All the petty artifices which the world had taught her seemed useless before this shining candor.

"And—and you 've remembered me all this time?" she asked, with a little tremble in her voice. "I did not know people cared like that."

"And you 're not sorry?" persisted Sandy. "You 'll let me be your friend?"

She held out her hand with an earnestness as deep as his own. In an instant he had caught it to his lips. All the bloom of the summer rushed to her cheeks, and she drew quickly away.

"Oh! but I 'll take it back—I never meant it," cried Sandy, wild with remorse. "Me heart crossed the line ahead of me head, that was all. You 've given me your friendship, and may the sorrow seize me if I ever ask for more!"

At this the vireo burst into such mocking, derisive laughter of song that they both looked up and smiled.

"He does n't think you mean it," said Ruth; "but you must mean it, else I can't ever be your friend."

Sandy shook his fist at the bird.

"You spalpeen, you! If I had ye down here I 'd throw ye out of the tree! But you must n't believe him. I 'll stick to my word as the wind to the tree-tops. No—I don't mean that. As the stream to the shore. No—"

He stopped and laughed. All figures of speech conspired to make him break his word.

Somewhere from out the forgotten world came six long, lingering strokes of a bell. Sandy and Ruth untied the canoe and paddled out into midstream, leaving the willow bower full of memories and the vireo still hopping about among the branches.

"I 'll paddle you up to the bridge," said Ruth; "then you will be near the post-office."

Sandy's voice was breaking to say that she could paddle him up to the moon if she would only stay there between him and the sun, with her hair forming a halo about her face. But they were going down-stream, and all too soon he was stepping out of the canoe to earth again.

"And will I have to be waiting till the morrow to see you?" he asked, with his hand on the boat.

"To-morrow? Not until Sunday."

"But Sunday is a month off! You 'll be coming for the mail?"

"We send for the mail," said Ruth, demurely.

"Then ye 'll be sending in vain for yours. I 'll hold it back till ye come yourself, if I lose my position for it."

Ruth put three feet of water between them, then she looked up with mischief in her eyes. "I don't want you to lose your position," she said.

"Then you 'll come?"

"Perhaps."

Sandy watched her paddle away straight into the heart of the sun. He climbed the bank and waved her out of sight. He had to use a maple branch, for his hat and handkerchief, not to mention less material possessions, were floating down-stream in the boat with Ruth.

"Hello, Kilday!" called Dr. Fenton from the road above. "Going up-town? I 'll give you a lift."

Sandy turned and looked up at the doctor impatiently. The presence of other people in the world seemed an intrusion.

"I 've been out to the Meeches' all afternoon," said the doctor, wearily, mopping his face with a red-bordered handkerchief.

"Is Martha worse?" asked Sandy, in quick alarm.

"No, she 's better," said the doctor, gruffly; "she died at four o'clock."

XVIII

THE VICTIM

Some poet has described love as a little glow and a little shiver; to Sandy it was more like a ravaging fire in his heart, which lighted up a world of such unutterable bliss that he cheerfully added fresh fuel to the flames that were consuming him. The one absorbing necessity of his existence was to see Ruth daily, and the amount of strategy, forethought, and subtilty with which he accomplished it argued well for his future ability at the bar.

In the long hours of the night Wisdom urged prudence; she presented all the facts in the case, and convinced him of his folly. But with the dawn he threw discretion to the winds, and rushed valiantly forward, leading a forlorn hope under cover of a little Platonic flag of truce.

With all the fervor and intensity of his nature he tried to fit himself to Ruth's standards. Every unconscious suggestion that she let fall, through word, or gesture, or expression, he took to heart and profited by. With almost passionate earnestness he sought to be worthy of her. Fighting, climbing, struggling upward, he closed his eyes to the awful depth to which he would fall if his quest were vain.

Meanwhile his cheeks became hollow and he lost his appetite. The judge attributed it to Martha Meech's death; for Sandy's genuine grief and his continued kindness to the bereft neighbors confirmed an old suspicion. Mrs. Hollis thought it was malaria, and dosed him accordingly. It was Aunt Melvy who made note of his symptoms and diagnosed his case correctly.

"He 's sparkin' some gal, Miss Sue; dat 's what ails him," she said one evening as she knelt on the sitting-room hearth to kindle the first fire of the season. "Dey ain't but two t'ings onder heaben dat 'll keep a man f'om eatin'. One 's a woman, t' other is lack ob food."

Judge Hollis looked over his glasses and smiled.

"Who do you think the lady is, Melvy?"

Aunt Melvy wagged her head knowingly as she held a paper across the fireplace to start the blaze.

"I ain't gwine tell no tales on Mist' Sandy. But yer can't fool dis heah ole nigger. I mind de signs; I knows mo' 'bout de young folks in dis heah town den dey t'ink I do. Fust t'ing you know, I 'm gwine tell on some ob 'em, too. I 'spect de doctor would put' near die ef he knowed dat Miss Annette was a-havin' incandescent meetin's wif Carter Nelson 'most ever' day."

"Is Sandy after Annette, too?"

"No, sonny, no!" said Aunt Melvy, to whom all men were "sonny" until they died of old age. "Mist' Sandy he 's aimin' at high game. He 's fix' his eyeball on de shore-'nough quality."

"Do you mean Ruth Nelson?" asked Mrs. Hollis, snapping her scissors sharply. "He surely would n't be fool enough to think she would look at him. Why, the Nelsons think they are the only aristocratic people that ever lived in Clayton. If they had paid less attention to their ancestors and more to their descendants, they might have had a better showing."

"I nebber said it was Miss Rufe," said Aunt Melvy from the doorway; "but den ag'in I don't say hit ain't."

"Well, I hope it 's not," said the judge to his wife as he laid down his paper; "though I must say she is as pretty and friendly a girl as I ever saw. No matter how long she stays away, she is always glad to see everybody when she comes back. Some of old Evan's geniality must have come down to her."

"Geniality!" cried Mrs. Hollis. "It was mint-juleps and brandy and soda. He was just as snobbish as the rest of them when he was sober. If she has any good in her, it 's from her mother's side of the house."

"I hope Sandy is n't interested there," went on the judge, thoughtfully. "It would not do him any good, and would spoil his taste for what he could get. How long has it been going on, Sue?"

"He 's been acting foolish for a month, but it gets worse all the time. He moons around the house, with his head in the clouds, and sits up half the night hanging out of his window. He has raked out all those silly old poetry-books of yours, and I find them strewn all over the house. Here 's one now; look at those pencil-marks all round the margin!"

"Some of the marks were there before," said the judge, as he read the title.

"Then there are more fools than one in the world. Here is where he has turned down a leaf. Now just read that bosh and nonsense!"

The judge took the book from her hand and read with a reminiscent smile:

"When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast loved,
Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then;
Or if from their slumber the veil be removed,
Weep o'er them in silence and close it again.
And, oh! if 't is pain to remember how far
From the pathway of light he was tempted to roam,
Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
That arose on his darkness and guided him home."

The judge paused, with his eyes on the fire; then he said: "I think I 'll wait up for the boy to-night, Sue. I want to tell him the good news myself. You have n't spoken of it?"

"No, indeed. I have n't seen him since breakfast. Melvy says he spends his spare time on the river. That 's what 's giving him the malaria, too, you mark my words."

It was after eleven when Sandy's step sounded on the porch. At the judge's call he opened the sitting-room door and stood dazed by the sudden light. The judge noticed that he was pale and dejected, and he suppressed a smile over the imaginary troubles of youth.

"What 's the matter? Are you sick?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Come in to the fire; it 's a bit chilly these nights."

Sandy dropped listlessly into a chair, with his back to the light.

"There are several things I want to talk over," continued the judge. "One is about Ricks Wilson. He has behaved very badly ever since that affair in August. Everybody who goes near the jail comes away with reports of his threats against me. He seems to think I am holding his trial over until January, when the fact is I have been trying to get him released on your account. It is of no use, though; he will have to wait his turn."

"I 'm sorry, sir," said Sandy, without looking up.

"Then there 's Carter Nelson encouraging him in his feeling against me. It seems that Nelson wants the fellow to drive for him at the fall trots, and he has given me no end of trouble about getting him off. What an insolent fellow Nelson is! He talked very ugly in my office yesterday, and made various threats about making me regret any interference. I would n't have stood it from any one else; but Carter is hardly responsible. I have watched him from the time he was born. He came into the world with a mortal illness, and I doubt if he ever had a well day in his life. He 's a degenerate, Sandy; he 's bearing the sins of a long line of dissolute ancestors. We have to be patient with men like

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"BURNING DEEDS OF PROWESS RIOTED IN HIS BRAIN"

that; we have to look on them as we do on the insane."

He waited for some response, but, getting none, pulled his chair in confidential proximity and laid his hand on Sandy's knee. "However, that 's neither here nor there," he said. "I have a surprise for you. I could n't let you go to bed without telling you about it. It 's about your future, Sandy. I 've been talking it over with Mr. Moseley, and he is confident—"

Suddenly Sandy rose and stood by the table.

"Don't be making any more plans for me," he said desperately; "I 've made up me mind to enlist."

"Enlist! In the army?"

"Yes; I 've got to get away. I must go so far that I can't come back; and, judge —I want to go to-morrow!"

"Is it money matters?"

"No."

A long silence followed—of the kind that ripens confidence. Presently Sandy lifted his haggard eyes: "It 's nothing I 'm ashamed of, judge; ye must take me word for that. It 's like taking the heart out of me body to go, but I 've made up me mind. Nothing on earth can change me purpose; I enlist on the morrow."

The judge looked at him long and earnestly over his glasses, then he asked in calm, judicial tones: "Is her answer final?"

Sandy started from his chair. How finite intelligence could have discovered the innermost secret of his soul seemed little short of miraculous. But the relief of being able to pour out his feelings mastered all other considerations.

"Oh, sir, there was never a question.

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

"'EVERYBODY WANTS SOMETHING IN THE WORLD HE CAN'T GET'"

Like the angel she is, she let me be near her so long as I held my peace; but, fool that I am, I break me promise again and again. I can't keep silent when I see her. The truth would burst from me lips if I was dumb."

"And you think you would be better if you were out of her sight?"

"Is a starving man better when he is away from food?" asked Sandy, fiercely. "Heaven knows it 's not of meself I 'm thinking. It 's breaking her tender heart to see me misery staring her in the face, and I 'll put it out of her sight."

"Is it Ruth?" asked the judge.

Sandy assented with bowed head.

The judge got up and stood before the fire.

"Did n't you know," he began as kindly as he could put it, "that you were not in her—that is, that she was not of your—'

Sandy lifted blazing eyes, hot with the passion of youth.

"If she 'd been in heaven and I 'd been in hell, I 'd have stretched out my arms to her still!"

Something in his eyes, in his voice, in his intensity, brought the judge to his side.

"How long has this thing been going on?" he asked seriously.

"Four years!"

"Before you came here?"

"Yes."

"You followed her here?"

"Yes."

Whereupon the judge gave vent to the one profane word in his vocabulary.

Then Sandy, having confided so far, made a clean breast of it, breaking down at the end when he tried to describe Ruth's goodness and the sorrow his misery had caused her.

When it was over the judge had hold of his hand and was bestowing large, indiscriminate pats upon his head and shoulders.

"It 's hard luck, Sandy; hard luck. But you must brace up, boy. Everybody wants something in the world he can't get. We all go under, sooner or later, with some wish ungratified. Now I 've always wanted—" he pressed his fingers on his lips for a moment, then went on—"the one thing I 've wanted was a son. It seemed to me there was nothing else in the world would make up to me for that lack. I had money more than enough, and health and friends; but I wanted a boy. When you came I said to Sue: 'Let 's keep him a while just to see how it would feel.' It 's been worth while, Sandy; you have done me credit. It almost seemed as if the Lord did n't mean me to be disappointed, after all. And to-day, when Mr. Moseley said you ought to have a year or two at the big university, I said: 'Why not? He 's just like my own. I 'll send him this year and next, and then he can come home and be a comfort to me all the rest of my days.' That 's what I was sitting up to tell you to-night, Sandy; but now—"

"And ye sha'n't be disappointed!" cried Sandy. "I 'll go anywhere you say, do anything you wish. Only you would n't be asking me to stay here?"

"Not now, Sandy; not for a while."

"Never!—so long as she 's here. I 'll never bring me sorrow between her and the sun again—so help me, Heaven! And if the Lord gives me strength, I 'll never see her face again, so long as I live!"

"Go to bed, boy; go to bed. You are tired out. We will ship you off to the university next week."

"Can't I be going to-morrow? Friday, then? I 'd never dare trust meself over the week."

"Friday, then, if you like. But mind, no more prancing to-night; we must both go to bed."

Neither of them did so, however. Sandy went to his room and sat in his window, watching a tiny light that flickered, far across the valley, in the last bend of the river before it left the town. His muscles were tense, his nerves a-tingle, as he strained his eyes in the darkness to keep watch of the beacon. It was the last glimpse of home to a sailor who expected never to return.

Down in the sitting-room the judge was lost in the pages of a worn old copy of Tom Moore. He fingered the pages with a tenderness of other days, and lingered over the forgotten lines with a half-quizzical, half-sad smile on his lips. For he had been a lover once, and Sandy's romance stirred dead leaves in his heart that sent up a faint perfume of memory.

"Yes," he mused half aloud; "I marked that one too:

"Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
That arose on his darkness and guided him home."

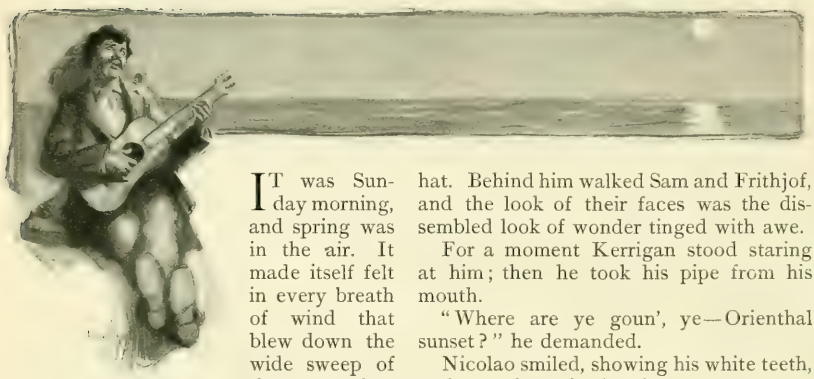
(To be continued)

KERRIGAN'S DIPLOMACY

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "Kerrigan's Christmas Sermon"

WITH PICTURES BY MARTIN JUSTICE



IT was Sunday morning, and spring was in the air. It made itself felt in every breath of wind that blew down the wide sweep of the tawny river from the scented pine-lands; it showed itself in the brooding sky, in the haze over the far, low, wooded hills, in the heart of man.

The sun was hot, and Kerrigan had moved the butter-tub in which he was washing his clothes to the shady side of the center-house, and spring had set its mark on him in the pensive droop of his eyes and just the whispered murmur of "Kathleen Mavourneen." From the galley came the muffled rattle of dishes: it was the only other sound aboard.

Kerrigan finished his work, and had hung his clothes in the rigging when Nicolao came around the corner of the center-house, and the desert of his workaday aspect had blossomed as the rose. He wore a brown velveteen jacket and a low-cut waistcoat that looked like the bleached white wool of an Angora kid. His shirt was pink, and a crimson tie overflowed the front of it; his trousers were pearl-colored, his shoes of patent leather, and the pinnacle of the temple was a soft brown hat. Behind him walked Sam and Frithjof, and the look of their faces was the dissembled look of wonder tinged with awe.

For a moment Kerrigan stood staring at him; then he took his pipe from his mouth.

"Where are ye goun', ye—Orienthal sunset?" he demanded.

Nicolao smiled, showing his white teeth, and waved an airy hand.

"'T is a Sunday; I go to make the *festa*," he replied. "Where iss the Cuney Islan' of the *cité* Charleston, my frien'?"

"'T is a zoo ye waant, ye flamingo," declared Kerrigan. Nevertheless, he went forward to the rail, drawing Nicolao gently with him. "Ye see yon sthrate? Follow ut till ye come to the throlley; thin walk aste till ye come to the ind av things, which they call ut the Batthery, an' thot 's the Coney Island of the city av Charleston. An' the blissud saints go wid ye, for ut 's a wild, harrd place for sthrays!"

"Therefore will I taka the trolley, the mo' sooner to arrive. I go to maka the beautiful time of the life," declared Nicolao. He dropped into the vernacular. "So long! Good day! Ah, there!" Then waving his hand in farewell, he sprang lightly to the wharf.

Frithjof went back to the forecastle, but Sam eyed Kerrigan doubtfully.

"What were you givin' him?" he asked. "I never heard the Charleston Battery called a lively place before."

"No?" said Kerrigan. He flung himself down upon the forecastle-deck, and Sam followed suit; and there they sat, their backs to the capstan, and watched Nicolao hurrying up the dusty road. "Nayther have I," Kerrigan went on. "'T is the sacrud abode av aristhocracy, an' barrun' the naygur nursemaids, an' the childer in aarms, an' the polace, 't is unmithigated silence. They 'll arrist the laad for disturbun' the p'ace. He 's clothed like a brass band."

"I see," said Sam, and grinned.

Kerrigan was watching Nicolao picking his way through the dust.

"An' there he goes," he murmured, "spring in his heart,—an' thot manes the love av woman, if he but knew ut,—an' his hair plasthered wid oil beyond all dacency. Have ye iver notuced how the two shtick togither? 'T is the way av the young. I mind me av thot."

"He 'll be comin' back to knife you," said Sam, "when he sees what it is. He 'll be touchy about that—your makin' a fool of him."

"I 'm thinkun' thot mesilf," Kerrigan answered. "'T is a swate-timpered little runt he is—whin he 's not a divil; an' aven the blissud saints in paradise c'u'd not know whin ut 's to be wan or the ither. He 's mosthly perambulathun' two ways at wance, like a sky-rockut, kickun' fire behint ut, an' l'adun' a bay'nut charge in front. I like the laad mesilf."

It was sunset before Nicolao returned, and his glory was further augmented by a rose in the lapel of his coat and another in the band of his hat. He dropped lightly over the rail, and seating himself on the hatch in front of his companions, stretched out his legs and sighed with weariness; but his face was the face of joy.

Kerrigan was sitting on the deck, his back to the center-house, his pipe in his mouth, and in his eyes the brooding look

Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"HER NAME WAS BETTINA FARARA"

that surveys far scenes. No one spoke for a moment; then Sam's curiosity became too strong to be longer borne.

"Have a good time, ol' man?" he asked, with assumed carelessness.

Nicolao looked up with a radiant smile.

"Yas," he said softly; "ver' nice time; *ver'* nice."

"Much goin' on?" asked Sam again.

"Heh?" Nicolao was dreaming; then he pulled himself together. "Oh, yas; ver' mooch. Ver' nice." He sighed happily, rose to his feet, and went to the forecastle. When he appeared again it was not to join his companions, but alone, on the forecastle-deck, in the moonlighted night, to twang his guitar in soft accompaniment to outlandish little songs in a minor key.

For a week he disappeared nightly, but on Saturday evening he returned at an early hour, and the woe of his face was beyond tears. It was a hot night, and Kerrigan was lying alone on the forecastle-deck, and there Nicolao sought him. He was clearly in a state of high excitement, and his voice trembled as he spoke.

"Missa Kerrigan," he said, "you my ver' bes' frien'. Tha' so. An' why, my frien'? Because you have that sym'thy. I know you, my frien'; an' tha' 's why I goin' as' you: you coma 'long weeth me to-mor', heh? I goin' as' you some advices."

"Sure," Kerrigan replied heartily.

"Aha!"—his face was radiant—"I think you goin' say that. Tha' 's ver' nice. To-mor' mornin' I as' you. Mooch oblige'." Then he slipped away.

He was up and dressed by daybreak the next morning, and he hung about the forecastle in ill-concealed excitement while the more leisurely Kerrigan ate his breakfast and made ready for the street; and when at last they took the road cityward, it was at such a pace that it drew a good-natured protest from Kerrigan.

"Is ut a foot-race ye waant?" he grumbled. "I tho't 't was advice. 'T w'u'd be cooler advice wid less haste, an' I hope ye tak' the hint; for we 're not over-fond av the runnin', we Irish. Our inimies c'u'd till ye thot. But belikes the rayport 's come to ye."

"'T is necessare to arrive with queeck-nees," Nicolao replied impatiently; and not until he reached the Battery, and by a bench near the sea-wall turned to look anxiously about him, did he slacken his gait. Then, with a little sigh of relief, he seated himself and swung around, facing Kerrigan.

"Missa Kerrigan," he said, "now I as' you: you goin' be willin' helpa me git mar. ret, heh?"

Kerrigan stared at him, his face blank with astonishment; then all at once he grinned.

"Married, is ut?" he said. "Why, laad, ye nade a wife no more 'n a cow nades a pockut." He looked down at his companion's gorgeous apparel, and shook his head. "I *knew* thim Knight Timplars' raimints w'u'd be l'adun' ye into throuble. Thim women are fair wake-mindud about fine feathers. Follow me example—dhress plain an' shpake rough. 'T is the only safe waay, me b'y."

Nicolao lifted a protesting hand.

"I tella you all; then you see," he said. "Here I coma las' Sunday—right here; an' here I wait. I waita ver' long; but where is the pipple what maka the festa weeth the gaynees, like the Cuney Islan', heh? I say I don' know. Bimeby mebbe I sleep; yas, I thinka tha' so, for somethings toucha my hand, an' I joomp like this—" he sprang clear from the bench; "an', behol', somebuddy laugh like the bells in the stipple—chu'ch stipple, you know. I think I goin' be to the chu'ch, an' I look aroun' ashemed, becaus' I un'stan' some pipple behol' me to sleep. Tha' 's ver' bad manner'. So I look roun', an' behol' me right here; an' one little kidda what toucha my hand she stan' behol'in' me; and over there—" he pointed to a bench across the path—"right there *she* was what laugh, an' a-callin' that little kidda to make her come 'way.

"So I think eet iss up at me, an' I take that little kidda by the hand, an' I walk her over, an' I say: 'Here you' little daught', leddy.' *Mæ de Deus!* ain't she laugh then! 'My little daught'!' she squeal. 'She my little sis-s-ster!' 'T was just like that, same 's I tell you. So we git acquaint'. Now you goin' help me git marret weeth her, my frien'?"

Kerrigan shook his head sadly.

"Forget ut, laad," he said. "Ye 're a good sailormon, an A.B. all right, me son; but this l'avun' little wives wid voices like bells to starve in out-av-the-way porrts is bad businuss. I know. Thim voices don't sound so much like bells whin they do be

Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

"HE WAS MAKING HIMSELF AGREEABLE"

w'apun', I 've been tould. An' how 's this wan goun' to live?"

"Tha' 's all explain'," Nicolao said eagerly, and he told his plans. Kerrigan was unconvinced.

"Thim schames hould wather like a sieve," he said. Then he added: "An' what dooes her faather say—an' the mither?"

Nicolao's face fell.

"They promise her to a Dago—an ol' Dago *seexty* year ol'. You thinka that right, my frien'—an ol' man lika that, eh? An' likewise they say they goin' put a knife een my back eef I git marret weeth her; they goin' make nice row."

"Why did n't ye say ut at wance, ye wool-gatherun', jabberun' monkey?" demanded Kerrigan. He rose to his feet. "Whin is ut to be? Av coorse I 'll hilp ye. Am I a fri'nd or a Dootchmon? Till me thot."

Nicolao pulled him back to the bench.

"Wait," he said. "They watcha her all time; but she say she sleep 'way from mass an' meeta up weeth me jus' a minute. Tha' 's why I hurry for to ar-r-rive you here."

"We 'll tak' her to the praste, an' thin we 'll tak' her home," said Kerrigan, happily, dreaming of war; "an' I 'll ask thim what they mane by blockun' the coorse av thrue love. Where do they be livun'?"

Nicolao waved his hand back toward the city.

"Over yonner—half-mile—mile. What dif'? I showa you," he said. "They Eyetalian—excited pipple. I don' care. You wait see Bettina."

So Kerrigan waited, looking about him. All at once he thought of his joke in sending Nicolao there, and wondered how near he had come to rousing his friend's anger. He turned to him, saying carelessly:

"Nice place."

"*Ver'* nice," assented Nicolao, enthusiastically; "so quiet an' refine'. Maka me think of the plaza back to home—een Porto Praya. Same sky, same wat', same kin' o' trees, same kin' o' feel—" he put his hand to his heart, sighing heavily; "*an'*, likewise, here I meeta up to *her*—right here, lika I tol' you."

spoke; but when she looked up at Nicolao her eyes were so full of love and trust that it made Kerrigan's heart ache for sheer loneliness.

"She 's far an' away too good for him," he thought; "an' thot 's the very raison I will be doun' all I can for thim; for he 'll see ut if he 's anny mon at all, an' 't will be the savun' av him; an' she will niver

Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"'WHY YOU NEVAIR GIT MARRET WEETH ANYBUDDY, MISHA KERRIGAN?'"

"M-m-m!" grunted Kerrigan, and said no more.

Suddenly Nicolao clutched his arm.

"Behol'! She ar-r-rive!" he whispered, and, jumping to his feet, darted away to meet a white-robed little creature hurrying along by the sea-wall. Kerrigan watched them with kindly but anxious eyes.

"Babes in the woods!" he muttered. "An' they don't know annythin' av the past, an' they don't care a dom for the future; an' there ye are, a-kickun' yer heels an' a-buttun' yer head ag'inst the f'undation-stones av creation, which ut is love."

Her name was Bettina Farara, Nicolao told him proudly when she came shyly forward. She was very young and pretty, and she was clearly frightened and scarcely

know she 's not gettun' her dasarts. An' thot 's a good thing, too. Mither av saints! but ut 's a quare worrld!" But what he said aloud was quite different.

"Miss Farara,"—his voice was very tender,—"I 'm happy to mate ye. Me fri'nd Nicolay here was a-tellun' me yer little joke, an' a-askun' me hilp. Av coorse 't is but nonsinse: ye 'll niver be the wan to marry a poor sailormon; ye 'll mind yer faather an' mither, an' ride in yer carriage yit. An' thot 's right."

Bettina looked at him wonderingly, and then at Nicolao; then suddenly she burst into tears.

"Hold harrd!" said Kerrigan. "I was but provun' ye. Thin ye 'll not mind yer faather an' mither?"

She shook her head stormily, like an angry child.

"An' ye 'll not marry the old parthy?"

"No, no!" she sobbed.

"An' how will ye hilp ut?" Kerrigan demanded.

She glanced up at him beseechingly, then seaward, and all at once her bosom began to heave and she cried softly.

But when she was quiet again Kerrigan said:

"Whin is the obsaquies to be?"

She looked up in bewilderment.

"I spika not ze lan-gwich mooch," she explained.

"I mane," Kerrigan said patiently, "whin are ye to marry the ither wan?"

She held up her hands and counted off on her fingers, that she might not be misunderstood.

"Een seexa week'," she murmured. "An' they locka me up. Ah! I goin' git crezzy!"

"Forget ut!" growled Kerrigan. He stared at the ground a moment, and then said: "Will ye go to the praste now?"

She shook her head and pointed across the square, where a small boy wandered aimlessly, his eyes upon them.

"My brozzer Beppo," she explained. "He watcha me."

Kerrigan turned to Nicolao.

"Till me what ye mane to do," he said. "What have ye done?"

So between the two lovers, in a sort of Greek chorus, he heard their whole story.

They had gone away together on Thursday evening, meaning to find a priest and marry then and there; but Bettina's father had followed them and carried his daughter home. Since then he had kept close watch over her. Beppo had been sent to mass with her, but Bettina had bribed him to allow her to see Nicolao a moment, as she had bribed him to tell Nicolao when and where she would meet him. Further than that, she explained, Beppo would not go; and at any sign of her going away with her lover, he would give the alarm and "putta a shame" upon her, she said. Besides, she had promised to return. Even then they heard the whistle of the impatient boy, and Bettina turned to go.

"Kape a shtiff upper lip, me dear," Kerrigan told her in bidding her good-by; "an' I 'll kiss the bride before the wake 's over."

He turned to Nicolao as Bettina hurried away.

"Dooes the ol' mon allow ye on the primises?" he asked.

Nicolao grinned.

"He invita me ver' polite," he explained modestly. "He say he ver' happy for to putta knife een me eef I coma eenside hees door. *An'* he holda the knife. So I say: 'No, thank. I goin' git marret weeth your daught', my frien'; I goin' call you papa. Bes' have no troub'.' So I *re*main *hout*side."

"Betther show me where he lives," said Kerrigan, as they walked away. "I 'll thry me diplomacy firrst. 'T is the cushtom av nations, though conthrary to me nature."

In the heart of the town, at a corner of a narrow street, Nicolao paused and, seizing Kerrigan's arm, pointed down the block.

"'T ees there," he whispered excitedly. "You behol' the orange an' the banan' all pile' up? 'T ees the place; yas. Tha' 's where Bettina live. You shall behol' her papa right at the shop. 'T ees hees. He sella the fruit." He shook hands almost tearfully as he bade Kerrigan good-by. "Gooda lucka, my bes' frien'," he added. "You satisfy now, heh? I thought so." Then he darted away, buttoning his coat excitedly as he went, and not looking back.

Kerrigan walked slowly on to the fruit-shop and entered. A clean-shaven, active little man with the look of old age already on his parchment-like face was putting bananas in a bag for a waiting customer; but he looked up smilingly at Kerrigan, and with a cheery "How do?" seemed already in the attitude of waiting on him as a prospective customer while he still attended to the one being served. Three or four small children were in the shop, and through a rear door Kerrigan caught a glimpse of a brown and wrinkled little woman coming out to serve him. He was in no haste.

He seated himself upon a keg, and, picking up an orange, began leisurely to peel it. The little man, his customer gone, came over to his wife's side, and together the two stood and looked at Kerrigan in an attitude of genial but deferential hospitality.

"Fine day," said Kerrigan.

"'T ees so; sure," assented Farara, enthusiastically.

"How 's businuss?" asked Kerrigan.

"Ver' good; firs'-rate," replied Farara. "Gentamans, leddies, little kidda coma all time buy banan', orange, ever'zing. Keepa ol' man ver' busy." He laughed, and patted Kerrigan on the shoulder.

"Ye sh'u'd have a horse an' a carrt," said Kerrigan, "wid a bhright young mon to dhrive ut—a handsome young mon wid a shmile for the childer an' a joke for the women-folks. Ye 'd be rich, Farara. Ye c'u'd sind him about the city on wake-days, an' l'ave him to tind the shop on Soonday afthernoons whilst ye took the missus an' the childer out for an airun'. The missus w'u'd like ut." He turned to Mrs. Farara, who nodded and smiled.

For an hour they discussed the subject in all its bearings, with growing enthusiasm on the part of Farara. Whether he was seriously impressed, was fond of purely academic reasoning, or thought it well to present a sympathetic front to so genial a well-wisher, who ate fruit and cracked nuts with his strong white teeth without a pause, and paid for everything with a liberality that left in Farara's mind a doubt as to his business shrewdness, Kerrigan could not know. He knew that he was making himself agreeable. He had in an eminent degree the quality that ingratiates: and before he left the shop he had the children hanging about his knees and was calling Mrs. Farara "Cousin Rosy" with a genial sincerity of manner that seemed to place the familiarity on the footing of a lifelong habit; and when he finally tore himself away, the family followed him to the door —Bettina alone had not appeared—and in a pleasant chorus invited him to come as often as he could.

Nicolao, with his heart in his throat, was leaning over the rail, waiting for him, when he went aboard at noon.

"I 've been playun' fairy godmither to the thribe av Farara," he said, in explanation of his long absence; but when Nicolao asked for more minute details he laughed.

"Wait a bit, laad," he said; "I 've laid the thrain; ye must bide till I light the fuse."

Late in the afternoon he went back again. The children greeted him with a shout, and Farara, busy with customers, smilingly waved him toward the living-room in the rear, where Mrs. Farara, Bettina, and a dark-browed, unsmiling man whom Kerrigan surmised to be Nicolao's hated rival, sat in gloomy silence. Bettina looked up with round, frightened eyes as he appeared; but he gave her no sign of recognition. He had brought little gifts for the children,—odd-looking shells and curiosities gathered in far lands, and a toy ship for Beppo, which he had whittled out and rigged in spare hours at sea,—and he made himself at home at once, to such good purpose that the little room was soon bright with unrestrained gaiety.

Once he leaned back in his chair and looked about him with a sigh of contentment. Farara had come to the door in a momentary lull of business, and stood smiling down upon them.

"'T is a blissud comfort to be wid ye all," Kerrigan said, glancing about the room. "'T is proud an' happy ye sh'u'd be, Farara, livun' so contaguous, wid wan fut in the bosom av yer fam'ly, an' the ither in the shop, a-pickun' up the coin conthinual. Think av the poor sailormon, who 's mosthly nayther here nor there, but spinds his days perambulathun' batwane the two, wid no front dure for the neighbors, which there a'n't anny, an' all the wires down to the rist av creation. I invy ye. An' how manny childer have ye, Farara?"

"Seex," answered Farara; then he chuckled, and nodded his head toward the stranger. "Have another kidda pret' soon. He goin' marry weeth Bettina there —him, Tristano."

Kerrigan tried to look his astonishment, and succeeded. He stared at Tristano a moment, and then roared with laughter.

"Mither av saints!" he cried, "I tho't ut was the gran'faather, though Hiven knows he favors none av ye." His eyes wandered over Tristano with a good-natured insolence that must have been maddening to the man; then he leaned forward and slyly poked him in the side.

"Ye 've got the tin, mon," he said in an aside that might have been heard in the street. "Don't till me ye have n't; I know betther. Yer face proves ut. 'T is not an old hunks like me an' yez thot a rosebud gyurl like Bettina w'u'd be choosun' but for the fine dhresses an' the jools they ixpict. Ut 's a good eye for beauthy ye 've got, ye shly dog; but ut 's a luxury thot 'll cost ye sore." He turned to Mrs. Farara, shaking his head sadly. "Times is changed, Cousin Rosy," he said. "The gyurls a'n't

what they used to be, are they? They 've grown thot purse-proud thot a ribbon to put in their hair is more to thim nor a bright eye across the table. 'T was n't so whin ye picked out Farara there, I know. Ye tho't av the smilun' face av him an' the lovun' heart."

There was a stir behind him, and he turned. Tristano had gone, and Farara and his wife were looking at each other with troubled eyes. Kerrigan's own face expressed only grieved astonishment.

"Is ut gone he is?" he exclaimed. "Sure, he 's not offindud by me philosophy? 'T is Hiven's more nor mine, as anny mon c'u'd see if he 'd not shut his eyes. Dooes he think Bettina is a-choosun' av him for his beauthy? Farara," he said solemnly, "do ye know the wan thing undher the canophy av hiven thot 's greather nor the vanity av women? 'T is the vanity av min. An' did ye iver know wan mon thot considered himsilf onaqual to winnun' anny gyurl thot iver stepped, if he but gave himsilf to ut? Till me wan. Farara, he was dead."

He stayed to supper, and he spent the evening; and Farara recklessly closed the shop an hour earlier than usual and came into the family circle like a school-boy from his tasks. Kerrigan sat in the middle of the room, with a child on each knee and the others leaning against him, and Mrs. Farara and Bettina had drawn their chairs near and sat leaning forward. He told stories of shipwreck and ghosts and of the Little People, till the children shuddered with fearful delight; and he sang pathetic love-songs and ballads in a voice that brought the sobs into Bettina's smooth, round throat; while Farara and his wife looked at each other and nodded smilingly through their tears, and openly held their wrinkled brown hands.

Then, when the children finally dropped off to sleep and lay sprawling about him and over him, he spoke of Tristano again, looking reproachfully at Bettina. "'T is a shame," he said sadly, "whin there 's more than a plinthy av young hearrts in the worrld." Then Farara made a confession: there *was* another. So the story of Nicolao and Bettina came to Kerrigan's ears for the second time that day.

He was very loyal, but to all that he could say Farara only shook his head. Light come, light go, he declared; and he was not sure of Nicolao, a wandering sailor from God knew where. And he thought his eyes shifty, untrue eyes. Neither could he see that he was the one to take into his shop and send through the city to make him rich, though it was undoubtedly a good plan with the right one. Kerrigan pleaded strongly, but to no purpose; and Bettina sat with downcast eyes and listened till her father sent her off to bed with the children.

But there was no resentment with Kerrigan. The old people shook his hand long at parting, and they followed him into the quiet street and watched him out of sight, waving their hands to him when he paused at the lighted corner where he turned down to the river. All in all, he was well satisfied with his progress.

Try as he might in the following week, he could not gain Farara's permission to bring Nicolao to the house with him. The old man would smile, pat him on the shoulder, and say soothingly:

"Hava the *pazienza*, Misha Kerrigan. Waita lit' more still; 't ees bes'; yas, eet ees so."

With Nicolao the time dragged. Sometimes he stormed and implored, and sometimes he went about the vessel in sad dejection, speaking to no one. Kerrigan visited the Fararas nightly, and at first Nicolao always went with him as far as the corner of the street; but later he refused to go, and Kerrigan asked him no more, but redoubled his efforts with Bettina's people.

On the morning of the second Sunday Kerrigan sauntered into the shop in his usual leisurely fashion, only to find Bettina alone. It was a drizzling morning, and few were abroad; and Farara had seized the chance to carry his wife and younger children off to church. In a white dress again, like a bit of sunlight in the sad-colored day, Bettina darted about the shop and arranged the fruit more showily, chattering with Kerrigan as she worked.

She was piling oranges in a glowing pyramid of color when, without looking up, she said:

"He dressa ver' nice, like a gentaman; but how you goin' think—you think that Nicolao *ver-r-ree* handsome, Misha Kerrigan?"

"Sure," declared Kerrigan, heartily. "I 'll till ye wan thing, Bettina: 't w'u'd spoil ye, if ye did not know ut betther nor

me nor anny mon. Whin ye two stood there togither on the Batthery last Soonday, says I to mesilf: 'Kerrigan,' says I, 'look for wance wid all yer eyes, for 't is a sight ye 're not likely to see iv'ry day; 't is the handsomest pair out av paradise—or in ut,' says I. An' whin I see ye alone, as now, 't is handsomer ye are than the two av ye togither, which is marvelous."

"M-m-m!" said Bettina, and did not look displeased.

She put the last orange on the apex of her pyramid, and stood back to survey it critically; but, with all her absorption in her task, she had room for other thoughts. Without turning, her back still to him, she said:

"Why you nevair git marret weeth anybuddy, Misha Kerrigan?"

"They niver asked me," he answered in a flash, but he stared at the back of his little interlocutor.

"You thinka that ver' nice—to as' gentaman to git marret weeth you?" she demanded severely.

"Thot daypinds," he answered cautiously; "but I 'm thinkun' thot annybody thot w'u'd be willun' to ask me to marry her w'u'd n't be annybody thot I 'd be willun' to have ask me." And with this Delphic answer she had to be content.

Kerrigan spent the afternoon aboard. It was high tide at six, and they warped the vessel around to another wharf, to be ready to begin loading in the early morning. The wind was fresh on the river, and it was dark before Kerrigan was free. He looked about for Nicolao, but he had disappeared; and so he went alone, walking slowly in the darkness along the bulkhead, with the river on his left and the great piles of lumber towering black above him on his right.

He had gone perhaps three hundred yards, and come to the roadway leading up to the street, when something moved upon him from the shadowed piles,—something darker than the darkness,—and he flung up his arm instinctively. He felt a blow along his forearm, and, turning savagely, grappled with a man. He saw an arm uplifted again, and struck at it so sharply that a knife dropped rattling to the wharf. The next moment he drew his assailant out from under the shadowing lumber and peered down into his face. It was Tristano.

"Ah," growled Kerrigan, "'t is yez, is ut? An' what do ye be doun' soliloquizun' by the wather-front wid a knife, Misther Tristano? Ye might git hurted." He shook the man as a terrier might shake a rat. "Can ye shwim?" he demanded. "I 'll tache ye." With that, he lifted him clear and dropped him over the string-piece into the river, and walked on without looking back.

But when he had gone a rod or more he paused, his rage already cooled. Beyond the initial splash he had heard no sound.

"If he can't shwim—" he thought, and hesitated. "No," he went on; "'t is the flood av the tide, an' he could rache the shtring-piece annyway, shwim or no. He 'd niver dhrown—a mon like thot, born for the halther." And with that comforting optimism he walked serenely on to the Fararas'.

There was a holiday aspect about the place that he noted at once. Bettina was in her white dress again, and her mother wore a blue gown with a broad purple stripe at the bottom, and over her shoulders and across her bosom she had folded a crimson silk scarf. For once she was without her knitting, and Farara was more or less completely disguised in a coat and a collar.

They were gay and obviously excited, and the little room was like a series of explosions—of laughter and staccato sentences. There was relief, too, in their greeting of Kerrigan.

"You meeta up weeth that Tristano, Misha Kerrigan?" Farara asked anxiously.

"I did," Kerrigan answered laconically.

"Where he goin' be now?" Farara asked again. His voice trembled.

"Can he shwim?" asked Kerrigan.

Farara's jaw dropped with wonder, but he said:

"I knowa not."

"Thin I don't know where he is," Kerrigan replied.

Tristano had come to the house in the afternoon in an ugly mood, Farara explained, and had gone away toward the river. They had thought little of it at first, but when Kerrigan had failed to return in the afternoon, as he had promised, they had grown uneasy, fearing trouble. Farara confessed that Tristano was hot-headed.

"He 's cooler now, or hotther, wan,"

Kerrigan said carelessly, and dismissed the subject.

Beppo had been left in the shop, and thither at times Bettina flitted out to his assistance. Farara had brought out a bottle of wine, and in one of Bettina's absences he filled their glasses and rose to his feet.

"I drinka your healt', my frien'," he said solemnly. "Longa, happy life to you!" He emptied his glass with a flourish, and for a brief moment it stood poised on his nose, while he gazed heavenward in deep emotion.

"The same to all av yez," Kerrigan responded gravely, and drank.

When he looked up again, Farara was gazing at him with kindly but nervous eyes.

"My frien'," he said, "I as' you how you lika coma here an' be pardner weetha me—sella fruit, driva hoss, gita reech. You lika? An' 't ees confess'—mebbe bimeby gita marret weeth lit' Bettina. Heh? She nice girl—Bettina? How you think?"

"The best in the worrld," Kerrigan answered solemnly.

"Ah!" Farara turned to his wife with a radiant look, then back to Kerrigan. "You satisfy? You lika?"

The heart of Kerrigan was pierced, but his tongue was as ready as of old.

"Farara," he said, and his voice shook and trembled over the *r*'s, "'t is a greather honor nor I iver ixpictud; but I 'm not worthy the lass. I say ut to me shame. I 'm old, an' I 'm—"

"Misha Kerrigan," Farara broke in eagerly, "how ol' you goin' be?"

"I 'm thirrty-siven in years, Farara; but I 'm twilve hundherd in expar'ensus—mosthly bad. I 've niver been bruk to harness, an' there 's times whin no woman c'u'd dhrive me. I say ut in shame, who c'u'd be lid like a cow the l'ave av the time. I 'm a common sailormon,—a tarry, salt-horse-atun', wanderun' sailormon,—an' I 'll niver be annythun' ilse.

"An' what c'u'd I be sayun' to the b'y Nicolay, Farara? 'I 'm sorry for ye, laad,' I 'd say lugubr'ous; 'but I 've done me best for ye: I 've marr'ed the lass mesilf.' An' how w'u'd thot be soundun' to the laad, Farara? Till me thot. Oh, I like ye well,—all av ye,—an' ut 's been like home to me, an' Cousin Rosy like a mither, an' Bettina—Bettina 's a dewdrop av a lass—like a dewdrop on the gorse av a marnun' whin the larks are splittun' their little throats wid the joy av livun', she 's thot swate. But I 'd be worse nor Tristano for her, Farara. Ye 'd see ut yersilf, come the time." He got to his feet and walked up and down the little room, but he could not say "No" outright; for once he was a coward. "I 'll think ut over," he went on—"I 'll think ut over by mesilf, an' come back to till ye if I c'u'd mind me ways." Then he wrung their hands and stumbled out of the room into the shop.

Bettina was there, busy with customers; but she looked up at him shyly as he passed, and in her eyes he saw only trust and love. "Mither av saints!" he thought; "'t is the look she gave Nicolay! They 're a quare lot—women." But he said aloud: "I 'm comun' back lather, lass." In his heart he had no thought of seeing her again.

He went out, marching slowly toward the river; but when he had gone half the distance he paused uncertainly.

"Lord!" he muttered. "I don't know what I 'm goun' to say to the laad! An' how am I goun' to look him in the eyes? I can't do ut." Turning, he walked back to the city by another way.

He passed into Meeting street, and came to St. Michael's as the chimes were ringing for nine. In the shadow of a wall near him a man and a woman had paused in the attitude of lovers. Kerrigan glanced at them carelessly, and then stared; the next moment he had caught the man by the shoulder and turned him sharply around.

"Ye young divil!" he roared; "what dooes ut mane? Till me thot. Have I been agonizun' for ye wid me diplomacy, ye thriflun' Portegee, to the ind thot ye putt me to shame before me fri'nds, the Fararas? An' to think av the macaroni an' the spaghetti thot I 've speared an' conthorted on me forrk, an' turned handsprings to convey to me mouth, an' the rid vinegar I 've shwallowed an' shmacked me lips over, Saint Usquebaugh forgive me! An' all for yez, ye wanderun' buttherfly! An' what am I to say to the little Bettina? Till me thot." This was sheer bluffing, but that Nicolao could not know.

For once that volatile young gentleman was thoroughly abashed. But it was only for a moment.

"'T ees thisa way, my frien'," he ex-

plained eagerly. "I wass *ver'* sad, an' you coma not for me to go to Missa Farara to be forgive'; an' so I meet up weeth Carlota. She Portugee, lika me,—Carlota, here,—an' she has the gr-r-reat sym'thy, lika you, Missa Kerrigan. 'T is what I alwis say—you have the sym'thy. Yas, 't ees so; 't ees true. That Bettina she ees ver' nice gal—*ver'* nice, my frien'; *but* she spik not my lan-gwich. When the heart iss full, the tongue shall spik. But if there shall be no lan-gwich, how that tongue goin' spik? You see how that goin' be ver' dif'cult, my frien'? You un'stan'—yas? 'T is necessare to disclose the heart. If not so—" He waved his hand hopelessly.

Kerrigan gazed at him for a moment; then he grinned.

"'T is the firrst time I iver heard mon contind thot the tongue av woman was the f'undation av love. Thin me best wish for yez is thot Carlota here may niver be sthruck dumb. An' thot 's me blissun' on ye, an' me last worrd." With that, he turned and walked rapidly back to the vessel.

A line of an old song came to him, and he repeated it aloud:

"Absince makes the heart grow fonder."

"Much he knew about ut," he growled, "whoiver 't was thot wrote ut!" He tried to recall the rest of the stanza, but could not, and a small doubt crept into his mind. "An' what 's the rist av ut?" he mused. "If I knew, I might know more. Ut might explain the discrepancy batwane thot lyun' po'thry an' the heart av mon—an' woman. Or is ut a joke? Thot 's raisonable. Thim po-uts is shly wans, I 'm thinkun'. But the greathest joke of all is diplomacy."

THE UHLAN

BY THOMAS WALSH

YOUNG Hugo 's an Uhlan,
An Uhlan so fine;
His horse is the Kaiser's,
But Hugo is mine.

To the cry of the clarion rides he away;—
'T is with softest of whispers I make him obey.

Though sunlight flash bravely on saber and lance,
I feel that he trembles in meeting my glance.

But fearless in battle my Hugo can be;—
As fierce to the foeman as tender to me.

Ay, flutter, light pennon, away to the strife;
On my tiniest finger I balance his life.

For Hugo 's an Uhlan,
An Uhlan so fine;
His horse is the Kaiser's,
But Hugo is mine.

THE DEACON'S DILEMMA

BY ANNE WARNER

Author of "Susan Clegg and her Friend Mrs. Lathrop"

ISS CLEGG was getting her own favorite tea. This always consisted of itself, toast, and a slice of bacon; and she apparently took as much pleasure in the preparation of the meal as if it were not the ten thousandth of its kind which she had cooked and eaten. As she hustled and bustled here and there, her manner seemed even more sprightly than usual; and it was only occasionally, when her glance fell upon the light shining across from her friend's kitchen window opposite, that her cheerfulness knew any diminution. But there seemed to be some sad influence in the effect of the rays of Mrs. Lathrop's lamp on this particular night; and even if its effect on Susan was merely transitory, it was not the less marked each time that it occurred.

Once, just as she was carrying the teapot from the stove to the table, she voiced her thoughts aloud.

"I shall have to tell her to-night, so I may 's well make up my mind to it," she said firmly; and then, after drawing up a chair by making a hook out of one of her feet, she sat down and sought strength for the ordeal in a more than ordinarily hearty supper.

It was a bleak, cold night in early November, and the wind whistled drearily outside. There was a chill atmosphere everywhere, and a hint of coming winter.

"I sh'll wear my cap 'n' my cardigan jacket to go over there," the neighborly disposed Susan reflected as she carefully drank the last of the tea. "Dear, dear! but it 's goin' to be a terrible shock to her, poor thing!"

Then she arose and carefully and scrupulously put the kitchen back into its customary order. Having removed the last trace of any one's ever having cooked or eaten there, she lighted a candle and sought her wraps in the icy upper regions of the house. As she passed the parlor door she shivered involuntarily.

"I expect he was cold," she murmured; "I know I was. But I could n't see my way to sittin' in the kitchen with a caller: I never was one to do nothin' improper, 'n' I was n't goin' to begin at my age."

Then she went up-stairs and got out the cap and jacket. It was a man's cap, with ear-tabs, and not at all designed to become the fair Susan's features; but she gave no heed to such matters and tied it on with two firm jerks.

"I jus' do hope," she ejaculated as she struggled into the cardigan, "'t she won't faint. It 'll surely come very sudden on her, too, 'n' all my talk 's to the advantage o' stayin' unmarried, 'n' the times 'n' times I 've said 's we was always goin' to stay jus' so—"

The termination of the jacket-buttoning terminated the soliloquy also. Miss Clegg went down-stairs and warmed her hands at the kitchen stove, preparatory to locking up. Ten minutes later she was tapping at Mrs. Lathrop's door.

"I must n't tell her too quick," she reminded herself as she waited to be let in; "I must lead up to it like they do after a railroad smash. Mrs. Lathrop ain't what you call over-nervous; still, she *has* got feelin's, 'n' in a time like this they ought to be a little steered out for. If she saw him comin' in or goin' out, that 'll help some."

Mrs. Lathrop not answering to the tap, the caller knocked again, and then tried to open the door from without, but found it to be bolted inside.

"I s'pose she 's asleep, with her feet in

the oven," Susan said in a spirit of rebellion and disapproval mixed, and then she battered madly for entrance.

Mrs. Lathrop was asleep, and did have her feet in the oven. She was particularly fond of finishing up her daily desultoriness in that manner. It took time slightly to disturb her slumber, more time yet to awaken her fully, and still again more time to get her to the door and open it.

"Well, *Susan!*" she said in a tone of cordial surprise when she saw who it was; "the idea of—"

"He wanted 's I sh'u'd see you to-night, rain or shine," said the friend, advancing into the middle of the kitchen.

"Who wanted?"

"The deacon. Did n't you see him this afternoon?"

Mrs. Lathrop furtively rubbed her eyes.

"Oh, yes, yes—I—" she began.

"Well, he wanted 's I sh'u'd come right over 'n' tell you to-night. 'N' I told him 't I would."

"Tell me wh—"

"I sh'll break it to you 's easy 's I can, Mrs. Lathrop; but there 's no denyin' 's it 'll come very sharp on you at the end."

Mrs. Lathrop ceased to rub her eyes, and a vague apprehension opened them effectually instead.

"I presume, if you saw him at all, you saw how long he stayed?"

"Yes, I—"

"All of two hours, 'n' his talk was 's dumfounderin' on me 's it will be on you. I 'd never thought o' any such doin's in this direction. I always looked on as a complete outsider, did n't you?"

"I don't un—"

Susan had shed her jacket and cap while talking; she now took a chair and surveyed her friend with the air of one who has pain to inflict and yet is firm.

Mrs. Lathrop looked frankly troubled.

"Well, Mrs. Lathrop, you 'd ought to know me well enough, after all these years, to know 's I sh'll make this 's easy 's I can for you. Perhaps the best way 'll be to go 'way back to the beginnin' 'n' speak o' when Mrs. White died. It 'll be a proper leadin' up; fer if she had n't died, he 'd never 'a' come to see me this afternoon, 'n' I 'd never 'a' come to see you to-night. Howsumsever, she did die; 'n', bein' dead, I will say fer her husband 's you won't find chick or child in town to deny 's a nicer, tidier, more biddable little man never lived; 'n' 's far as my personal feelin's go, I sh'u'd think 't any woman might consider it nothin' but a joy to get a man 's is always so long on the door-mat 'n' so busy with his tie 's the deacon is. He got some wore out toward the last o' her illness, fer she was give' up in September 'n' died in July; but even then I 've heard Mrs. Allen say 's it was jus' pretty to see him putterin' aroun' busy 's a bee, tryin' to keep dusted up fer the funeral any minute." Susan paused to sigh.

"Seems like she did n't die but yesterday," she said reminiscently; "don't seem like it can possibly be over a year. I never can but remember them last days: they stand out afore me like a needle in a camel's eye. Nobody could n't say 's everythin' was n't done; they had two doctors 'n' a bill 't the drug-store, but the end come at last. She begin to sink 'n' sink, 'n' young Dr. Brown said that way o' sinkin' away was always, to his mind, one o' the most unfortunate features o' dyin'. He said he knowed lots o' people 's 'd be alive 'n' well now if they could just o' been kept from that sinkin' away. Old Dr. Carter told Mrs. Jilkins his theory was 't while the pulse beats there 's life; but even he had to admit 's Mrs. White was about beat out. 'N' it was so, too; fer she died while they was talkin', 'n' the deacon just beginnin' on cleanin' the pantry shelves. He had to put all the dishes back on top o' the old papers; 'n' any one c'u'd see how hard it was for him, fer he 'd counted on havin' everythin' spick 'n' span at the end.

"Well, that was a busy time! It 's too bad you have to miss so much, Mrs. Lathrop; now, that day at Mrs. White's w'u'd 'a' done you a world o' good. There was a great deal o' company, 'n' the newspaper man led off, comin' to know what she died of. He explained he had to know right away, 'cause if she did n't die o' nothin' in particular, they needed the extra line for stars to show up a cod-liver oil advertisement. I said the deacon was the one to ask, 'n' we hunted high 'n' low for him until Mrs. Jilkins remembered 's he 'd took them keys Mrs. White always had under her pillow 'n' gone up attic to see what trunks they fitted. Mrs. Macy had to holler him down; 'n', my! but he was snappy. He said, 'Ask Dr. Brown,' 'n'

then he clumb straight back up his ladder; 'n' Dr. Brown said 's she died o' the complete seclusion of her aspirational 'n' bronchoid tubes. I c'u'd see 't the newspaper man did n't know how to spell it, 'n' he told young Dr. Brown any such doin's 'd squeeze the cod-liver oil over into next week, which could n't be considered for a minute. 'N' then he went on to say 't if folks want to die o' more 'n one line, they 've got to do it Tuesday night, or at the very latest Wednesday afore ten o'clock, if it 's to be got in right.

"Well, next come the funeral; 'n' I will say right here 'n' now 't the way 's the widows closed in around Deacon White was enough to send any man up a ladder. There was Mrs. Macy 's was actually ready 'n' waitin' to lay Mrs. White out afore she was dead. 'N' Mrs. Macy is n't one 's any one 'd rashly set about makin' love to, I should n't suppose. I 've always understood 's there 's a while 't they sit on laps; 'n' the lap ain't built 's could take pleasure in holdin' Mrs. Macy. But she was on hand, all the same, 'n' 's beamin' 's if she stood a show.

"'N' then there was Gran'ma Mullins! I was perfectly dumb did up at the doin's o' Gran'ma Mullins. I 'd always looked on her 's a very deservin' mother to Hiram, 'n' one 's any one c'u'd trust 's to doughnuts fer sociables; but when she come to Mrs. White's funeral with her hair frizzed, I give up. Gran'ma Mullins—at her age—at the funeral of a widower's dead wife—'n' her hair frizzed! Well, Mrs. Lathrop, if I was on my way to my own hangin' I sh'u'd still say 't to my order o' thinkin' it was n't proper mournin'.

"Not 's there was n't others up to the same doin's. The first night Mrs. Allen sent Polly over with one dish o' ice-cream 'n' one slice o' cake for the deacon's supper, —'n' me there 's plain 's day sittin' up alternate with Mr. Jilkins. 'N' Mrs. Allen did n't make no bones about it, neither; she said frank 'n' open 't her disapp'intment over Sam Duruy 'd aged Polly right up to where only a' elderly man 'd be anywise fit fer her, 'n' she said she was teachin' her 'Silver threads among the gold' 'n' how to read aloud 't the tip-top o' your voice. I did n't discourage her none. I told her 't there was n't many like the deacon, 'n' that come true right off; fer we heard a' awful crash, 'n' it was then 't he fell through the ceilin' into Phœbe's room, 'n' a pretty job we had sweepin' up his dust.

"The minister come in while we was sweepin'. He certainly does come to call always at very uncomfortable times; but I suppose everybody 's got to have a cross, 'n' ours 's him. Anyway, he wanted to know about if it 'd be agreeable to the family to have Mrs. White discoursed on 's a faithful handmaid, 'cause he did n't want to have to alter her after he 'd got it all copied. He said there was the choice o' a bondwoman o' the Lord 'n' a light in Israel, too. We had to go 'n' holler the deacon a long time, 'n' finally we found him out settin' a hen. I did n't think 's he 'd ought to 'a' set a hen the day o' his wife's funeral—I did n't think much o' settin' hens any time; it 's set 'n' set, 'n' then half the time all you get is a weazel.

"Well, he come in at last, 'n' he would n't hear o' havin' his wife called a handmaid, 'cause, he said, it was him 's had always done all the work. The minister said it was astonishin' what Liza Em'ly could get through in a mornin', 'n' then he coughed; 'n' Mrs. Macy said 't Liza Em'ly was very helpful for a child o' her age, 'n' then she coughed; 'n' then the deacon went back to his hen, 'n' the minister sighed 'n' went, too."

Mrs. Lathrop herself sighed as Susan paused.

"I remember—" she said slowly.

"It was a nice funeral, though," her friend continued; "I never see a nicer one, even if Mrs. White was n't able to look after nothin' herself. Mr. Kimball got down to business like it 'd always been his business, 'n' the way he hustled things through was a lesson to them 's takes a whole afternoon to one member of a family. He took all the table-leaves 'n' laid 'em from chair to chair, so 's everybody had a seat; 'n' then, 's folks come in, he had Billy hand 'em each a fan with his advertisement on one side 'n' two rows o' readin' on the other, so 's no one got dull waitin'.

"'N' then I never shall forget what a neat job he done with the dove. You know 's well 's I do 't it 's hard on the dove, 'n' always has been hard on the dove, to go to every funeral 'n' be the window advertisement between deaths. I 've told you before how it was freely remarked in the square, after Mrs. Dill's burial, as the way the dove looked there

was suthin' borderin' on scandalous. He 'd hovered with a motto till his wings was 's dirty inside 's outside, 'n' they 'd tipped his head back to look up resurrected or front to look down dejected till at Mrs. Dill's all he was fit for was to sit on the foot of her 'n' mourn, with the hat-pins 's held him steady stickin' out in all directions. Some folks as was really very sorry about Mrs. Dill 'most died when they see the dove, 'n' Mr. Kimball (he had n't bought the business then) remarked openly 's his view was as he 'd better go to two or three baptisms afore he tried another funeral. Such bein' the case, it was no more 'n natural 's we sh'u'd all feel a little worried thinkin' o' Mrs. White's bein' next to stand the dove; 'n' Mrs. Sperrit said frank an' open 't to her order o' thinkin' the deacon 'd ought to jus' forbid it. We all saw the sense in her view; but even if we did, you know 's well 's I do 't it 'd be a pretty delicate matter in this c'mmunity to be the first to deliberately skip the dove."

"I think he 's pret—" said Mrs. Lathrop, musingly.

"I won't say 't I don't think so, too," said Susan; "but I never was one to turn a blind eye to the dirt on the outside o' nothin',—'s you know to your cost, Mrs. Lathrop,—'n' such bein' the case, I certainly did feel to regret 's the dove 'd had such long wear 'n' tear afore it come Mrs. White's turn to be sat on. I was fond o' Mrs. White; we had n't spoke in years, owin' to her bein' too deaf to hear, but what I see of her from the street was always pleasant, 'n' I did n't like to think 's maybe anythin' 'd be left out o' the last of her. So we let it all go, 'n' we certainly had our reward for so doin' when we see the result; for Mr. Kimball did a fine job then 'n' there, 'n' when he was dry-cleaned inside 'n' out, 'n' his beak 'n' feet painted, 'n' new beads for eyes—well, all I can say is 't I wish you 'd been there to see him, that 's all. He took his wings completely off, so 's to give him the air o' bein' folded up; 'n' then he stuck a gilt arrow in his heart 'n' laid him cornerways on the deacon's cross o' tiger-lilies. 'N' he did n't stop 't that, neither; he took his wings 'n' sewed 'em to each side o' a red heart left over from a euchre-party, 'n' laid the whole on Mr. Jilkins's piller o' pansies, so the deacon could n't in conscience feel 't anythin' 's he 'd paid for was wasted. I 've said all along, 'n' I 'll say ag'in here 'n' now, 't it was all one o' the prettiest things I ever see; 'n' I was n't the only one 's felt that way, for I 've heard lots o' folks say since 's they 'll want the dove just so for themselves."

Mrs. Lathrop turned a little uneasily; Susan did not appear to notice the indication of a possible impatience.

"It was all a great success," she went on calmly. "The minister's discourse was very fine; only when he prayed for consolation we all knowed he meant Liza Em'ly. All but the deacon, that is. I guess the deacon was thinkin' more o' Gran'ma Mullins 'n any one else 't first; Mrs. Jilkins told me he asked how old she was, comin' back in the carriage."

"I allers thought—" said Mrs. Lathrop.

"So did a good many people. I don' know 's that was surprisin', either; for it 's a well-known fact 's they was fond o' each other forty or fifty years back. She 's got a daguerre'type o' him 's is so old 't you can't be very sure whether it 's him, after all. She says she ain't positive herself, 'cause she had one o' her cousin 's shot himself by accident on his way to the war, 'n' the wreath o' flowers stamped on the red velvet inside was just the same in both cases. You have to go by the light 'n' tip him a good while to say fer sure whether he 's got a collar on or not, 'n' you could n't swear to his havin' on anythin' else if you was to turn him round 'n' round till doomsday. She had that picture in a box with her first hair 'n' Hiram's first tooth 'n' a nut 't she said the deacon did a hole in with his knife when they was children together one day. She showed 'em all to me one time when I was there; I did n't think much o' the nut, I must say. Say, but it seemed to make her happy, so I jus' remarked 't it was surprisin' how foolish we got 's we got old, 'n' let it go 't that. It was a while after 's he took her to Meadville to the circus; it 's a well-known fact 's she was fool enough to look upon bein' took to a circus 's next thing to bein' asked out 'n' out. She come up to tell me all about it afterward."

"'N' yet—" said Mrs. Lathrop.

"It just shows the vanity o' feelin' sure o' mortal man," continued Susan. "She was sure, 'n' Mrs. Allen was sure, 'n' the minister had faith; 'n' then there was Mrs.

Macy, too. There was a while when it looked to me 's if swoopin' down 'n' then pinnin' flat c'u'd catch anythin', 't Mrs. Macy 'd have the deacon, she was so everlastingly on hand. Why, I never walked by his house but I met her, 'n' that was far too often to ever by any chance be called a' accident. But she was too open; my own experience is 't bein' frank 'n' free is time throwed away on men. If anythin' serious is to be done with a man, it 's got to be done from behind a woodpile. I had some little dealin's with men in the marryin' line once, 'n' I found 'em very shy; tamin' gophers is sleepin' in the sun beside grabbin' a man 's dead against bein' grabbed. I don't say 's it can't be done, but I will say 't it 's hard in the first 'n' harder in the last, when you 've got him 'n' he 's got you, like the minister 's got his wife."

"But Mrs. Macy ain't—" protested Mrs. Lathrop.

"No; 'n' it 's her own fault, too. He told me this afternoon 's the way she smiled on him right in the first days made the marrow run up 'n' down his back. He said he c'u'd 'a' stood lots o' things, but no human bein' but gets mad bein' forever smiled at. Then she knit him things. He says she knit him a pair o' snap-on slippers 's Heaven 'll surely forgive him if he ever see the like of. He said they stuck out 's far behind 's in front, 'n' all in the world 't he c'u'd do was to sit perfectly still in the middle of 'em 'n' content himself with viewin' 'em 's slippers. But he says the worst was, she cooked him things; he says he won't say what he 's paid young Dr. Brown for advice regardin' things 's she 's cooked him, not to speak o' that time he cut himself so bad pryin' at one o' her undercrusts. 'N', just between you 'n' me, Mrs. Lathrop, he says it 's a secret 's he will carry to his grave unsealed she give him a crock o' gherkins on his birthday, with a pair o' buttonhole scissors at the bottom.

"He said he jus' felt he 'd enjoy to have the revenge o' stayin' single. But he said it did n't take him long to see 's stayin' single is a privilege 's no woman 's goin' to allow to a man whose wife 's dead. He says the way he 's been chased 's all but killin'. He says there 's Mrs. Allen firin' Polly at him when he goes over there for his dinner, 'n' the minister tellin' him every Sunday 'n' prayer-meetin' how Liza Em'ly is shootin' up. He says Gran'ma Mullins is ferever referrin' to his youth, 'n' Mrs. Macy is ferever smilin'. He says he could easy keep his house alone,—he says he understands a house from moth-balls to quicklime,—but they won't let him. He says he 's not only town property, but he 's town talk 's well. He says Mrs. Craig stopped him in the square 'n' asked him point-blank if he 'd remembered to put on his flannels.

"I tell you, Mrs. Lathrop, it 's plain 't that man has suffered. If you 'd 'a' seen him, your heart would 'a' softened like mine did. 'N' him such a neat little bald-headed man without any wishin' o' anybody anythin'! I give him a lot o' sympathy. I told him 't I 'd knowed what it was to have a lot o' folks seem bound to marry you in the teeth o' your own will. I told him the whole community was witness to how I was set upon after father's death 'n' well-nigh drove mad. He said he wished he had my grit 'n' maybe he 'd make a try to fight like I did, but he said he was beat out. He said if he is n't up 'n' the smoke pourin' out o' his chimney at six sharp, all the single women in town is lined up in front to know what 's happened. He says if he was married, it goes without sayin' 's they 'd both be allowed to sleep in peace. He said if he lights a candle at night, he hears o' it next day. He said if he gets a letter in a strange hand, it 's all over town 's some strange woman 's made his acquaintance. He says the whole world feels free to dust his hat or w'isk his coat if he stops to chat a minute. He says, such bein' the case, he 's made up his mind 't he 's got to get married. He says he 's considered very carefully. He says he knows jus' the kind o' woman. He says he 's been fretted, 'n' he don't never want to be fretted no more."

Miss Clegg paused, as if the crisis had arrived. She surveyed her friend with a meaning eye, and Mrs. Lathrop rather shrunk together and endeavored to look courageous.

"Up to now 's been all preparin' your mind. Do you feel prepared? Are you ready?"

"Yes, I—" gasped the victim.

"Left to myself, I sh'u'd 'a' waited till mornin', but he wanted you to know tonight. He knows 's I 'm your dearest

friend. He said if I did n't tell you right off, it might get to you some other way 'n' be a' awful blow. He said he had to go to Meadville to-morrow, so he might mention it down-town to-night, 'n' 'most any one might let it drop in on you. I see the p'int o' his reasonin', 'n' so—"

"Susan," said the friend, her feelings completely overflowing all bounds—"oh, Susan, are you really a-goin' to marry—"

Susan's expression altered triumphantly.

"Why, Mrs. Lathrop," she said, with keen enjoyment, "it ain't me 's he wants to marry; it 's you!"

PHILADELPHIA'S CONTRIBUTION TO AMERICAN ART

BY HARRISON S. MORRIS

Managing Director of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts

I

INTO Penn's good old village of tree-bordered streets and undeviating angles, one day, about 1756, came Benjamin West, and founded American art. He had come from the neighboring Springfield, sequestered in the forest beside Ridley Creek, where he had struggled with a racial distrust of beauty, and overcome a thousand hindrances of the primeval woods. Destiny had marked him out for an artist, but she had ordained him to surmount obstacles severe enough to justify his birthright. He had neither the simplest tools of his calling, artistic associations, nor helpful traditions. Brushes and colors he found in primitive sources taught him by the red men, comradeship in aims and taste he formed among the enlightened merchants and scholars of Philadelphia, and traditions he himself made and left in the town.

To us of the Quaker City of to-day it is no new thing to take quiet satisfaction in the triumphs of our painters in the English capital. Sargent, at least by parentage a fellow-citizen, Abbey, John McLure Hamilton, and Mrs. Merritt, have carried our drab standard to the citadel itself. But in the middle eighteenth century, when Pennsylvania was a dependent colony and Philadelphia only a frontier hamlet, the spectacle of a colonial lad stepping from this obscurity and snatching honors from the elect was startling at home and an audacious trespass abroad.

West, however, was a darling of destiny. He had begun in Philadelphia a career which was to change, in many respects, the ideals of the art of his time. He spent a brief period in Italy, where his inclinations were confirmed by what he saw, and then in London took up that lifelong triumph which bloomed, under the royal patronage of George III, into noble compositions that enriched English art and dominated our own painting for a hundred years.

Yet West was at heart the simple Quaker he was born to be. In spite of a king's friendship and of successes that even the haughtiest English painters envied, his gentle nature turned with perennial affection to the dear land of his birth. He declined knighthood; he stood firm in his loyalty to his home in the war for freedom; and he sent back, as the twilight of his years closed about him, a rich token of his love in that impressive canvas, "Christ Healing the Sick," which hangs in the Pennsylvania Hospital, but is the heritage of the whole city. Even as late as 1809 it was characteristic of him to write: "Philadelphia I cannot name without being interested in all that has a connection with that city."

What wonder, then, that the youngsters of the brush should seek out this elder craftsman when the artistic tide of those

From the painting by Thomas Moran. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"MOUNT MORAN IN THE TETON RANGE, IDAHO"

From the painting by William T. Richards, in the possession of Edward H. Coates, Esq. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"FEBRUARY"

days landed them in London? He was gentle, hospitable, passably rich, and partial to his countrymen. They were not slow to learn this, and one after another they tempted the perils of those early seas and found a refuge either under his generous roof or in his unsparing patronage.

Philadelphia was then, as it always has been, the alma mater of artists; and thus, from her matronly side, set forth Pratt and Wright, the Peales, Sully, and Leslie, who, with Gilbert Stuart, fairly made up the American craft of painting in their day.

Stuart, who stands forth against the background of our history as perhaps the most masterly of the painters of his school, —a school conceived in England, though sufficiently individualized in him to be of native growth,—was not by birth a Philadelphian. He became one of the chief of the "tribe of Benjamin," as West's pupils liked to dub themselves, and was thus thrown in with the young Quakers both in London and at home. Afterward he was identified much with the town itself by residence and by the exercise there of his noblest ability. This was shown in those so-called "Athenæum" portraits of Washington and his wife, in which we know them best, and in the noble full-length figure of the first President, called the "Lansdowne" portrait, which was also the fruit of this productive period.

Whenever there was a youngster to develop or an artist to educate, there was not wanting in the conservative old town of Penn a group of gentlemen who went down into their pockets and found the means. There were those, to be sure, who deemed it a scandal thus to temporize with the carnal arts; but the twofold nature of the pious founder was not omitted from the character of his citizens, and the liberal and enlightened element was ever ready to trim the flickering lamp of beauty.

Thus we are told that when Charles Willson Peale desired, by right of talent, to follow West to England, "several gentlemen of that city," whose fame sleeps in the prevailing anonymity, were ready with

From the painting by Birge Harrison. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"MADISON AVENUE IN WINTER"

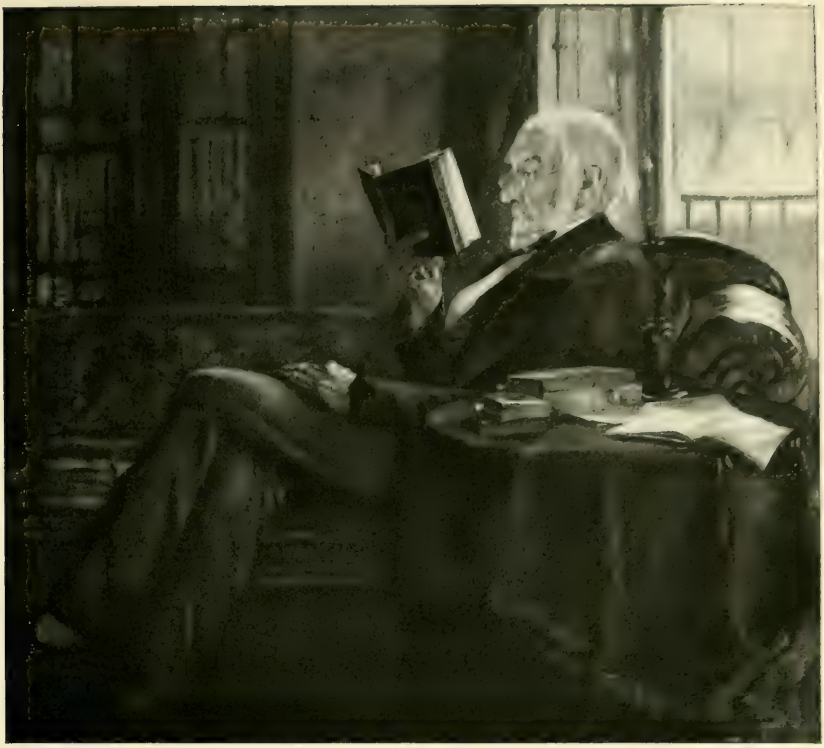
funds and a God-speed to send him abroad. As always, this proved a good investment. We are rather slow to acknowledge what is so evident, but there is no record of such generous enterprise that I know of which has not resulted in profit for the city whence it comes. Give support to the arts, and you win taste and beauty and the high things of life; deny your service, and you have but dollars. This Charles Willson Peale it was who came back from four years under West's happy roof-tree and, with William Rush, our first sculptor of American parentage, planned the earliest national institution of the fine arts, the Pennsylvania Academy. Peale's was a mind active beyond the borders of his art, and for two or three generations he affixed his name to those museums of national history and the arts which delighted our ancestors and live enduringly in the memory of elderly gossip.

From the painting by Thomas Eakins. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

PORTRAIT OF THOMAS KENTON

The genius who formed them lives no less securely in the portrait painted by himself, where, with the slight stoop of venerable age, he stands, lifting a huge curtain, under which lies the vista of the stuffed penguin, the portraits of celebrities, the caged specimens, and those antediluvian bones within the mammoth shelter of which Rembrandt Peale, his son, and "twelve other gentlemen," we are informed, "partook of a collation, all comfortably seated round a small table and one of Mr. Hawkins' patent portable pianos."

Thomas Sully, second only to Stuart in this honor-list, also owed his opportunity to visit London to "seven gentlemen of Philadelphia" who subscribed two hundred dollars each, for which they were to receive in return copies of noted works in the galleries abroad. He did his benefactors ample credit in Europe, and for half a century at home; and, from his celebrated portrait of the young and lovely Queen Victoria through all the countless effigies of stately old Philadelphia families, he shows the strong and genial character he was. Even the somewhat crusty nature of Stephen Girard unbent in the warmth of Sully's kindly association. He "caused to be built, in ad-



From the painting by John McLure Hamilton. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"MR. GLADSTONE IN DOWNING STREET"

dition to one of his houses, purposely for the artist, an exhibition and painting room"; and beside this hospitable hearth, "surrounded by his numerous family," Sully was prosperous and famous for many years of his long career.

The Quaker town at this tranquil day was busy enough with art. Trott, who painted miniatures only a step below Malbone, was Sully's cotenant; and John Neagle married Sully's stepdaughter, while Jane, his daughter, herself well remembered in native art, married the father of F. O. C. Darley, whom every American knows as our talented early illustrator.

Here, too, were James Peale, only less excellent than his brother Charles Willson; the Birches—William Russell, whose enamels are unique, and Thomas; Jacob Eichholtz and Bass Otis, portrait-painters of an imitative quality, perhaps, but deserving of distinct mention; John Lewis Krimmell, a sort of American Wilkie; Nicola Monachesi, who came from Italy in 1831 and was the first to paint fresco in wet mortar; Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist; Thomas Doughty, "at one time the best landscape-painter in the country"; Joshua Shaw, who brought over West's "Christ Healing the Sick," and was an accomplished inventor besides a talented interpreter of Pennsylvania landscape; Robert Fulton, the better-known inventor of the steamboat, if a lesser-known painter of portraits; Henry Inman, a portraiturist of distinct individuality; George H. Comegys, a genre artist who delighted his contemporaries with humor or pathos; and T. Buchanan Read, known as well for his painting as for his poetic vision of "Sheridan's Ride."

I have rambled on so freely about Sully and his lesser contemporaries that there is danger of doing scant justice to Rem-

From the painting by William Sartain. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"ARABIAN HEAD"

brandt Peale, whose renown came to him even before Sully won his own. Rembrandt, as he preferred to be called, in sublime disregard of a somewhat celebrated painter of the same name, was not so skilled a portraiturist as his father; but he left a precious deal of interesting work, including many heads of Frenchmen of celebrity, whom he went abroad to paint as features of the hereditary museum.

Rembrandt Peale, with his brother Raphael, enjoyed the intelligent patronage of the Quaker town; but after them the open hand went forth to a greater personality and painter who, though born a Philadelphian, made London his home, as West had done before him.

This was Charles Robert Leslie, who owed the first steps of his career to the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, which voted a purse of a hundred dollars as a contribution to the handsome fund gathered from other generous Philadelphia patrons. Under such auspices he went well equipped to the amiable West, and for twenty-two years he used his brush with ardor and won sufficient rewards. His election to a professorship in art at West Point, a post for which his inclinations unfitted him, and the examples we have of his humorous, delicate, and tender work, bear witness to his worth.

Leslie came at the end of a long line of skilled and earnest painters who derived their impulses from genuine sources. They had given Philadelphia preëminence in their day among the intellectual centers of the new land, and the Quaker town had

not ignored them. She had not been accounted specially a generous town, nor were her citizens of an artistic bias; but there was always a way of overcoming the drab in her blood when the higher calls were heard, and we have seen that no aspirant with a suggestion of talent was allowed to fare forth empty-handed. In return, they all loved the dear old city, and, even if absent, as some of them were for years, looked back to it always with loyalty and affection.

But after these progenitors came a lesser line—second sons, so to speak, who remind us of the response of Gilbert Stuart Newton, one of the same sort, to the rector of Grace Church in New York. "I think you will say my paintings are tolerable, Mr. Newton," said he. "Tolerable? Why, yes; but would you eat a tolerable egg?"

More than tolerable perhaps they were, deserve our remembrance and our respect.

In his own day—and this was a long one, extending from 1830 to 1897—no one did more to cherish these traditions than the venerable and much-loved John Sartain. He was an artist of prodigious industry and much skill, but his memory will live by reason of his benign influence and through his contributions to engraving rather than from the volume of his work with the brush. There was Isaac L. Williams, dear old gentleman, who, at seventy, still loved to trudge into the landscape he had pictured according to his traditions; Christian Schuessele, who, in 1848, was brought to Philadelphia from Alsace to teach at the Academy, and whose influence still lives in the work of more brilliant pupils like Abbey and Eakins; Emanuel Leutze, painter of ambitious

From the painting by Thomas Hovenden. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"IN HOC SIGNO VINCES"

these survivors from the greater era of old Philadelphia; but as men who loved the town and lived according to the light vouchsafed for art in the dark years between the forties and the seventies, they compositions, after the manner of his day; James Hamilton, follower of Turner, with half a genius in his erratic mold; Samuel B. Waugh, who came to be the artist-laureate of solid respectability; Russell Smith,

From the pastel by Mary Cassatt, owned by Durand-Ruel. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"L'ENFANT À LA ROBE BLEUE"

the scene-painter, who made that craft an art, and Mary Smith, his gifted daughter; James Read Lambdin and his son, George C. Lambdin, whose roses breathed the frail loveliness of the dewy hours; Paul Weber, whose "Landscape—Evening," known from childhood, gives me always the sentiment of sun-touched trees as few pictures ever do; William H. Furness, Jr., the gifted son of his noble father; Robert Wylie, one of the early adventurers to Brittany, whose pictures show the new influences of the approaching day; Howard Roberts, a sculptor, who ought to have lived in a less dreary age; and finally Peter Frederic Rothermel, whose compositions followed his predecessors, but whose color often makes me believe it the unconscious forerunner of the coming dawn. Into this he lived, but with the settled impulses of age which vibrate not to things new and strange.

II

So much, then, for the survival of English traditions in American art—the American art, let it be said, which up to this time had centered in Philadelphia. The painters I have been passing in such irreverent haste kept hallowed the memories of the grand style. They were respectful, if distant, followers of Raphael, whose glories came to them tempered by the Saxon phlegm of Benjamin West. Except Stuart, who could be a person even in the prevailing uniform, they painted by prescription, and nature was as alien to them as to King Louis's wig.

But the causes that brewed the caldron of the Terror were, in their milder degree, at work in the bloodless field of art. Liberty meant freedom from conventions, a return to Nature, the forsaken mother whose nakedness had offended. In France it was fit that the reaction should begin, and to the Romantic School of 1830 we owe the new impulses that have been molding native artists for a generation.

In Philadelphia there were not a few shoots from the old stem, which showed something was at work below the surface. William T. Richards began to paint the sea as he felt it, and to draw its masses and undulations with a precision which caused a great painter the other day, standing before a large marine of his, to exclaim: "I take my hat off to him—I lift my hat to him: he 's a master of drawing." Mr. Richards, too, brought to his art that knowledge and love of the kindred art of letters, which mean so much in subtlety of insight, but are ignored so often for paint alone. He will talk, if the mood takes him, with profundity shot through with lovable humor, on the meaning of Wordsworth, till one is suffused with that old-fashioned spirit of tranquillity which comes to men who know how to live in the spirit, and comes to none other.

Mr. Richards went abroad first in 1855; but at that day Düsseldorf had interposed in a mild interregnum between English and French impulses, and he was scarce touched by the newer movement. In 1856 he came to his native Philadelphia, and, notwithstanding seasons of life in Newport and many tours to the rocky coasts he loves to paint, he owns allegiance to the Quaker gray.

Others of his generation there are, or were, whose claim to recognition will be granted by their peers and even by those fellow-townsmen who valued, if they but too scantly encouraged, their efforts. Of such are the Ferrises (father and son); the Morans, Thomas, Edward, and Peter, the first of whom has won national repute for his painting of "The Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone" and "The Chasm of the Colorado," purchased by Congress, and now hung in the Capitol; Bernhard Uhle, J. B. Sword, William H. Willcox, W. A. Porter, E. Taylor Snow, Thomas B. Craig, Kirkpatrick, William Sartain, Alexander M. Calder, F. de B. Richards, De Crano, the two Schells, Milne Ramsey, Charles H. Stephens, and Linford. These kept alive the embers when there were few to stir the fire and little fuel to boil the pot.

Little by little the procession moved forward, and the new impulses ripened. Presently there came into view three or four gifted women, the first of their sex to take up the calling that now yields so much in honor and in reward. The ability of Anna Lea Merritt, Emily Sartain, Sarah Dodson, and Helen Corson (who afterward married the lamented Hovenden), must have astonished a generation stingy enough of its acknowledgments even to artists of the conventional sex. These were all women of unusual initiative, as they had to be in that day, and Miss Sartain's work with the etching-needle thus gave way to her instinct for administration. As her

richest contribution to American art she will summon from the designing-rooms of many mills a throng of girls educated under her guidance in the School of Design for Women.

With Mrs. Merritt it was a different story. She clung to the almost effaced traditions of England, and went to London for study. But her art is tinctured with another dye than that of West. She descends with the English lineage of Vandyke, and her lovely portraits of the patrician type seem meant for niches in wainscoted oak. Not a few laurels have fallen to her share, and her tender and graceful composition "Love Locked Out" hangs with deserved honor among the group purchased by the Chantry Fund in the Tait Gallery, London. Mrs. Merritt keeps true to another tradition of the loftier British painters: she can use her pen, as readers of THE CENTURY are aware, with the charm and skill made evident by her brush.

But in Philadelphia the first visible effects of the romantic awakening appeared among such artists as Daniel Ridgway Knight (so he then signed himself), Henry S. Bisbing, John J. Boyle, Carl Newman, Mary Cassatt, Clifford P. Grayson, Henry R. Poore, Thomas Eakins, Charles H. Fromuth, Gaylord Truesdell, and Alexander and Birge Harrison. All these, except Birge Harrison, were students in the Pennsylvania Academy schools, and in the seventies, or thereabout, they migrated to Europe, whence rumors of the return to Nature began to blow across the sea. Bisbing, I believe, went first to Munich, but later the tide took him to France, where the rest had gone. They were all born on the banks of the Delaware, in that city built, as its rivals pleasantly charge, of dormitories, and they have brought it honor by wearing laurels justly won.

To have given birth to an interpreter of the sea like Alexander Harrison is a distinct epoch in the history of a city. The triumphs of the dollar may seem to outstrip such quieter happenings for a time; but when commerce shifts to newer centers and values drop with the changing preferences of men, the achievements of the intellect are a saving grace. It is no wonder that France has showered decorations on Alexander Harrison. He is worth winning. But, even through our apathy, we also realize this, and shall continue with increasing conviction to value him as his years and abilities gather.

Indeed, it behooves us to make up for lost time and shelter under our civic wing the wandering brood, now almost too great, as well in number as in fame, to find refuge in the old home. We have been but a shrewish mother to them, proud enough of their honors when these cost us nothing, but offering scant straw with which to make bricks. We have educated them as no other American city could have done, and have taken with tranquil satisfaction the light reflected from their talents; but early we cast them adrift, and we are answerable, and, I fear, unrepentant.

What other town has such a list to show? Mary Cassatt, with her homely madonnas, which bring into human touch the sentiment of maternity without loss of artistic reserve; Eakins, with his massive and severe embodiments; Boyle, authentic in his rude strength; Poore, the portrait-painter of his comrade and servant the hound; Newman, experimentalist with day and candle-light and lover of flowers; Birge Harrison, who measures his capacity so unerringly in delicate snow-pieces; Knight, in his compositions of homely sentiment; Fromuth, with pastels of boats which have won the enthusiasm of Rodin and Thaulow. All these will stand as witnesses of our regard for beauty from the seventies to the nineties, and by them we shall be valued in the future as the older group had classified us in the past.

I link together Thomas Hovenden and John McLure Hamilton only because they happened to be contemporaries who responded to influences different from those that were stirring their fellow-townsmen. The lovable, self-forgetting Hovenden, whose closing act was an attempt to rescue a little child from an approaching train,—a heroic application of his lifelong principle of giving his best for the happiness of others,—held to the English traditions, modified by what he had caught from Düsseldorf. His picture of John Brown kissing the negro infant, and the pathetic masterpiece, "Breaking the Home Ties," belong, with much else that he produced, among the works safe from forgetfulness. But even were this less so, his noble qualities of mind and heart would keep his memory always green.

John McLure Hamilton has scarcely a

visible stem in the art of the near past. In his turn, he left the old schools on Chestnut street and packed his colors for Europe. He went first to Antwerp, where Eakins also tarried; but after a while the irresistible tide of those days bore him to Paris. Thence, by some affinity for the English way of seeing men and nature, he journeyed to London, where, with many visits to his old home, he has lived and painted for not a few years—painted masterly portraits of men who led English life: Gladstone, and Cardinal Newman, and Professor Tyndall. And yet recognition came to him finally from France, whose catholicity of choice saw in his smaller portrait of Gladstone those elements which link it with the achievements of other days. It hangs with the exclusive few American works in the Luxembourg, while a larger version, "Mr. Gladstone in Downing Street," represents its honored student in the Philadelphia Academy.

It was later still that Cecilia Beaux emerged from the Pennsylvania Academy schools and went to France; but she has been so closely identified with the life of Philadelphia that she holds a nearer relation than the others to the actual growth of taste. She has been a serene and intimate influence, without assertion, but with quiet firmness in the choice of things of beauty as opposed to things of fashion. Her example has made for elevated opinion and helped to form standards high and clear in those narrow paths between the ephemeral and the enduring which confuse the unelect. Doubtless she is as little aware of all this as are the passive objects upon which her character has reacted; but to those who have felt consciously the spell of her clear-headed personality, and know the true ring of her sense of beauty, it is no idle fancy. Her painting had won the approval and patronage of her fellow-townsmen long before her reputation had gone beyond the borders; and now that she stands forth as one of the three or four leaders of American art, the old affection has blossomed into frank admiration.

All the world joins us in this,—the cultivated world whose sentiments make opinion,—and in testimony I am tempted to quote a very few lines from a remarkable private letter written by a noted French critic when Miss Beaux's pictures first appeared in the Salon. "There is one name," he writes, "which you may conjure with, and around it the laurels entwine themselves—Madame Cecilia Beaux. She shows us a side of America free from hurry, retired, and tranquil; and we rest content and meditative in the atmosphere created by her admirable talent. This, to be sure, is but one phase of your country. Would all corners of America equally had their Cecilia Beauxs!"

But while the old Academy schools were thus equipping men and women whose faces were turned toward Europe, there was a group, no less eager and talented, who were destined to fulfil their promise by staying at home, at least during the period of early growth. These were the illustrators, who have created the first distinctive American vein in art, with a medium and method all their own. To Schuessele and Eakins, his successor, full honor must be given for their thorough-going instruction, their insistence on anatomy and drawing, their ardor for insight, and their ceaseless work. It was to Schuessele, in an arid day, that Eakins himself owed his earliest impulses; and Abbey has generously said that the principles laid down by that painstaking teacher have served him as no later study has done. You may see the traits thus acquired showing through the work of Arthur B. Frost, Howard Pyle, Joseph Pennell, Alice Barber Stephens, Thomas P. Anshutz, and Stephen Parrish. They know how to draw by principle, not by accident, and those of them who have taken the places left vacant in the schools by their elders have carried on the tradition with no visible break, saving perhaps that under the guidance of Henry J. Thouron a larger infusion of the spirit has found its way into the accuracy of the flesh.

I often wonder if any town but Philadelphia, with its Quaker conscience and self-effacement, could produce such teachers as Henry J. Thouron, Thomas P. Anshutz, and James P. Kelley. To them the brilliant young group who are winning back for us the lost prestige of half a century ago owe incalculable things. Thouron has put aside his own delicate work, and given devoted years, with the humility of a sacred calling, to the service of his students. He has, in return, gained a loyal and zealous attachment; but his own power of creation is only a memory which lies enshrined in half a dozen classic designs of enduring

beauty. Anshutz, no less devoted, has flung his talents a free sacrifice, with only the rich return which follows all renunciation; and to him the younger brood owe the traditional accuracy of drawing and the sincerity which his sturdy character implants. Kelley died too young to have given so much, but what he had he dealt out with open hand.

Under the teaching of Eakins and these three, joined at different periods with Robert W. Vonnoh, who is half a Philadelphian, Joseph De Camp, William M. Chase,—a citizen of Philadelphia two days a week,—and Cecilia Beaux, there have come forth in the last ten or a dozen years more than a score of young men and women of marked talent who have taken places in the catalogue of American art.

Charles Grafly is of these, a sculptor of whom a distinguished painter said to me the other day: "There are only two sculptors in the world, anyhow, to my thinking—Rodin and Grafly." He was talking the tall language of the studio, but there was a kind of truth below it, for Grafly has won the respect of all his American peers for modeling that says the last word and for imaginative designs that stimulate and uplift. He had a gold medal from France at the last exposition, and another from Buffalo; but he is as careless of such extrinsic honors as he is conscientious in his craft. The other day he refused a handsome payment rather than alter one jot of an artistic conception which his own taste approved. Modest and simple, he is as firm in the right as a law of nature.

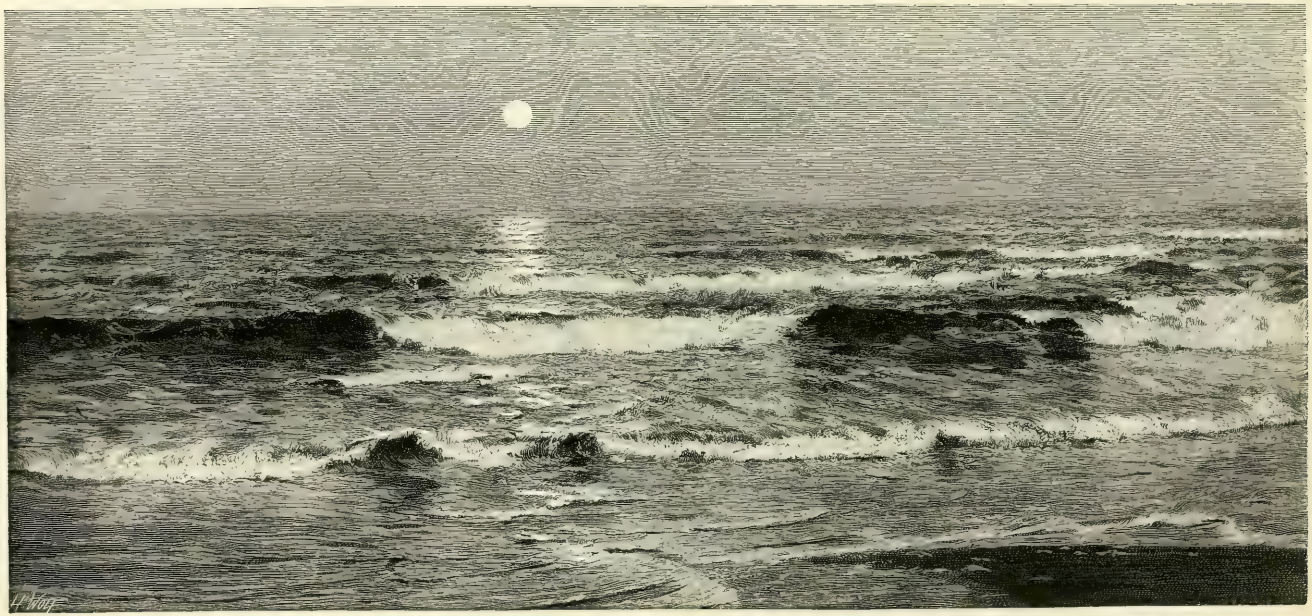
Henry O. Tanner, too, belongs to the same period. He has worked out a destiny, limited by many detriments, to high honor. His "Raising of Lazarus" hangs in the Luxembourg, and he takes rank with the best talent that America has sent to represent her in Paris. Colin Campbell Cooper, much a sojourner in Holland and Paris, keeps high the standard with his suggestive and busy street scenes, which give to an ephemeral subject that brilliant charm and symmetry of grouping which stamp it with permanency and show its painter to possess fancy and subtle resource. Then there is John Lambert, who shows year by year more mastery of his chosen field of portrait-painting. Those who remember the "Mrs. John Cadwalader," and have had the good fortune to see the "Mrs. Clement Newbold," will acknowledge his distinction of style and high-bred air. To him are related by artistic ties W. Elmer Schofield and Edward W. Redfield, the two "fields" whose borders march together in education, comradeship, and common aims. They know as few do the loveliness that lurks in unsullied snow by Pennsylvania brooksides, and they render this with a poetry worthy of the author of "The Luggie," homely celebrant of the like beauty in the Scottish hills. Charles Morris Young, though a trifle the junior of these, has found the same witchery in snow, but makes it yield a beauty consistently his own. Robert Henri and John Sloan must be classed with their comrades, both in aims and in antecedents; but superficially there is a difference, for Sloan and Henri are in search of tone and dark harmonies of color, with less care for form and sentiment.

Others there are, not a few, who have sprung from the land of Penn and sent their growing repute beyond its limits. Of these are A. Stirling Calder, sculptor of the bronze "Dr. Gross" in front of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington; William T. Trego, whose "Battery en Route" is remembered for its reality and handsome gray tone; Florence Esté, chosen recently for the honor of election in the New Salon of Paris; Ida Waugh, painter of a "Hagar and Ishmael" which shows mastery in sentiment and composition; Elizabeth Wentworth Roberts, whose "White Shawl" stands for a talent sensitive to the richness in simple color, the fullness of simple life; Samuel Murray, whose small, well-modeled figures in plaster and bronze unite uncommon accuracy and charm; Carol H. Beck, known by her conscientious portraits; Lillian M. Genth, rising into note for landscapes rich in tone; F. F. English and Charles E. Dana, skilled alike as water-colorists; and Edmund A. Stewardson, whose lamented death deprived us of a sculptor of high possibilities.

Now here are nearly a dozen artists, like a dozen shoots from the same stock, showing more or less the bias of their early training,—I believe all were at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts but Miss Roberts,—yet individual enough in outlook and in treatment. They have caught something from European study, no doubt; but this has helped, not hindered, them in car-

Drawn by Maxfield Parrish. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THE PAGE OF COUNT REYNAURD"



From the painting by Alexander Harrison, in the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington. Engraved on wood by H. Wolt

"LE CRÉPUSCULE"

rying forward the stream of influence which welled up in the young and isolated Benjamin West and came down to us through men and women of sterling performance. They stand for what we have done with our heritage of early renown in art, and I for one am willing to confide to them its preservation and its growth.

Cheerful news it is, too, that the current is not destined to perish with these; for out of the same soil, worked for more than

From the painting by Anna Lea Merritt. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"EVE"

a century and a half, are springing even a later breed with saucy independence and new airs and graces. Some of these, as Hugh H. Breckenridge, John R. Connor, W. H. C. Sheppard, and Frank Walter Taylor, were students chosen from the Academy for the annual foreign scholarship founded by the liberality of the late Charles Hare Hutchinson, long a director of the institution. Breckenridge has worked in pastel with noticeable results, and his ability as a teacher has been employed in the Academy schools. The others are in the hands of destiny, with Alice Mumford, Albert Barker, Elizabeth and Mary Bonsall, Paula Himmelsbach, Caroline Peart, Janet Wheeler, Eleanore Plaisted Abbott, Anne Whelen, Ethel Betts, Anna M. Richards, F. R. Gruger, and that graceful mistress of design, Ellen Macaulay—a waiting line who may or may not draw prizes in the lottery so alluring yet so dubious.

But the direction in which the artistic talent of the town has developed most of late is toward illustration and design. How short a time it seems to some of us since Henry McCarter, now an acknowledged master of this branch, came forth from the old schools and notified the magazines that he had a new and more striking, and quite as genuine, way of doing the age-old thing. He was a pioneer in the field, one of the first to seize the decorative elements in man and nature and adapt them to illustration. Then that child of genius, Maxfield Parrish—it seems only yesterday that he came up out of the schools of the Academy and in the twinkling of an eye became an original and established artist. He had found a way of his own, literally a self-invented method, even before he left the classes. There are still in the school-rooms compositions of his brimming over with humor and as fresh as bloom from an ancient bough. Such, indeed, he was, for the

From the painting by John S. Sargent. Engraved on wood by Henry Wolf

PORTRAIT OF BEATRICE GOELET

traditions in which he grew were as old as Peale's first school of 1791; yet with each season there comes a new artistic birth. Witness to this is furnished by Everett Shinn and his wife, Florence Scovel Shinn. They went over to New York fresh from the old portals on Broad street, and suddenly Gotham found new and rare interpreters. Shinn had been taught to draw by sincere guidance, and, like Parrish, had enjoyed the high advantage of Henry Thouron's teaching in composition. To these merits he brought an angle of vision turned curiously on a life new and fascinating to him, and out of this combination have come the busy pastels of the streets and squares. W. J. Glackens was also of this period in the old schools, and he is the artistic growth of almost similar conditions; yet how individual are his hustling city groups, how self-chosen and brimming with native humor!

At one, yet as widely separated in style and impulse as a group of wild saplings, are the youngsters emerging from this venerable nursery of West and Peale and Sully; and not the least encouraging symptom of the times—one which, perhaps, those progenitors of art would have wagged their heads over—is the predominance of women in the field.

Art is theirs by right of birth: they have instincts for color and native traits of taste; they belong to society and the household, where these are most employed; and they bring leisure and reflection to the study of the craft in a day when men are fast losing those needful attributes. What, for instance, could be more conducive to the growth of individual talent than retirement to such a retreat as the Red Rose Inn, where the gifted trio of latest fame have withdrawn from the inquietude of the city? There, in the shade of embowering roses and well within deep screens of privet, they are working out in happy comradeship destinies which are sure to be as enduring as they are delightful.

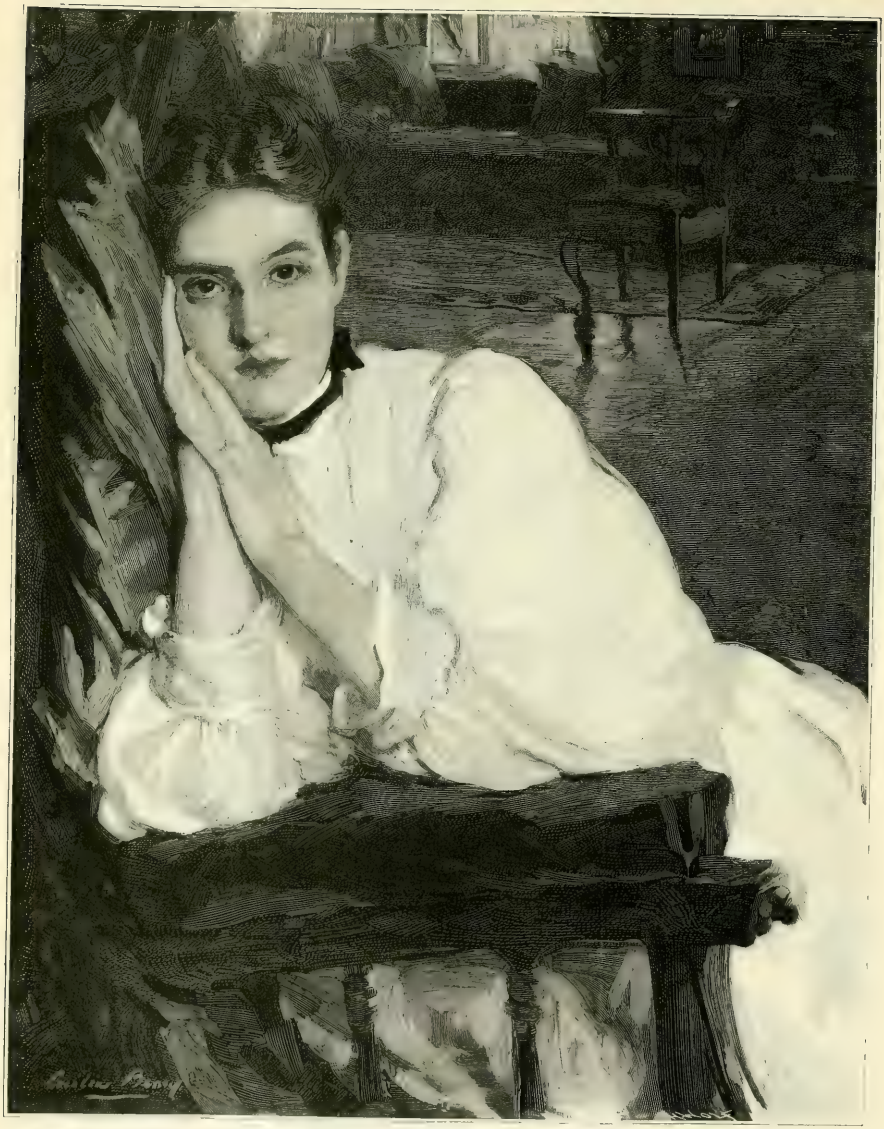
Everybody who reads the magazines has learned to know the distinctive work of these three—Violet Oakley, Jessie Willcox Smith, and Elizabeth Shippen Green. They invaded and conquered the monthlies at a stroke. They trace back to the same sources of instruction as the others, saving that there was the added grace of advice from Mr. Pyle; and they show their antecedents as kin show a central type, though each possesses charming elements of her own.

Miss Oakley has ventured much with stained-glass design and mural decoration. Her work in these mediums at the Church of All Angels in New York is a performance astonishing both in its large physical execution and in its devout and lofty conception. Miss Green touches childhood with peculiar sympathy, not forgetting its humor; and Miss Smith has been happy in this vein as well as in the illustration of books long known. These are, to be sure, rather arbitrary ascriptions for talents by no means limited; but the variety find unity in a common core of decorative treatment and in a refinement of conception for which sex might account were the technical robustness less marked.

With these three in their city studio, Elizabeth W. Ahrens was long a cotenant. Besides being a painter of uncommonly good portraits, she has many traits as a designer in common with her triple associates. Another talented illustrator of their own sex and day, and who is allied to them by many artistic ties, is Charlotte Harding. She was a student in the Academy schools, who came thither from the School of Design for Women, and has been occupying a studio for some years with Alice Barber Stephens. Quietly yet irresistibly her work has found acceptance in high places, and she is an acknowledged mistress of that sort of illustration which characterizes this entire new group of women, and consists in the emphasis of those decorative elements which lend themselves so much better to a magazine page than the portrayal of frank personality and conventional landscape. This is their discovery. They have taught us how rich and full of meaning the pictures in a magazine may be, and they have brought into the field of illustrative art a gracious accent of feminine personality which will forever dominate it.

Here, then, on the extreme limits of Philadelphia's contribution to American art, one may pause with no little satisfaction in a tradition unbroken from the beginnings of native painting, in achievement well established, and in promise of enduring growth.

When a garden has bloomed through a score of seasons, one does not have to plant it anew each year. Its most charm-



From the painting by Cecilia Beaux. Engraved on wood by Henry Wolf

"REVERY"

ing attribute is that genial age from which spring unbidden ever fresh and vigorous shoots. Such is the artistic garden of the lovable old Quaker City, maligned for a slowness which I would that Heaven might once again recall, so that in the tranquillity of sweet and true reserve she should fulfil her high artistic mission, and hold forth her quiet example to the clamorous nothingness of hurry.

TO A SEA-GULL, INLAND

BY CHRISTIAN GAUSS

COMPANIONLESS! how didst thou thus elude
Thy brave, storm-battling brothers, here to wing
Along this river's inland solitude,
Lone, songless pilgrim, on this day of spring?

Did warm land-scents allure, wave-weary gull?
One after one, thy fellows fall from thee
Till thou didst find the green shores wonderful
And miss the heavy tossings of the sea?

Or, storm-bewildered, didst thou hunt for peace
Up that still inlet that our river fills,
And fly to find from wave and tide release,
On toward this mastless harbor 'mong the hills?

Wild-hearted bird, why cam'st thou, on what quest
Startle our homely thrushes? Thou canst have
No solace here; thy sleep is flight, thy nest
The unabiding hollows of the wave.

Peace is not here; thy kingdom of the mist
Lies far behind thee, voyager, to-day.
No lifted wave thy gaunt wing here hath kissed;
And the tall ships thou follow'st—far away!

Aye, wheel! it is not here; aye, turn again!—
With sleepless eyes now full of mystery,
E'en as the heart goes back to its old pain,
Thou must return unto thy native sea!

So, white-winged wonder of a day, farewell!
To thy glad fellows of the restless tide
Fly back again; there in wild storm and swell,
In thine old battle doth thy peace abide.

Drawn by Maurice Greiffenhagen. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"'SUCH BEAUTY—SUCH WONDER—SUCH A HEART—TO DIE FOR ME!'"

MADELINE TRISTRAM

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

Author of "The Rescue" and "Paths of Judgement"

A GIRL was sitting in the room when Maverley entered—the delightful white room, with long windows opening on the golden greens of a hot summer afternoon; it was like the cool, pearly interior of a sea-shell, lapped round with translucent depths of water; and the tall girl sitting there, in her flowing dress of black and white, carried on a pretty water-sprite simile. Maverley, after his tedious, sweltering journey down from London, was in the happiest mood of relaxation.

The young lady, a fellow-guest evidently, rose, her book in her hand, and stood for a moment facing him, as though in doubt of a vicariously hospitable duty. Maverley, returning her look with one of genial anticipation, felt, however, that his mood was incongruous; something seemed to have snapped it right across; water-sprite similes left his mind. On the contrary, in this day of radiance and gaiety, the presence before him, now that he met its eyes, suddenly suggested a wraith crossing the radiance with a warning from an alien world.

It was ridiculous to feel an involuntary chill, to look at a young lady who was beautiful enough for any simile and feel afraid of her. Maverley was unaware of having nerves, and justifiably confident of being difficult to frighten.

She had smooth black hair, a narrow white face, and eyes oddly pale and oddly radiant. And now, after this confronting moment that seemed long, she turned away, and stepping from the window, disappeared into the dazzling day outside. Maverley almost laughed at himself; he needed the reassurance of a laugh, for he had certainly and absurdly felt a pang of terror.

His hostess saved him from an analysis of this trick of the nerves, coming in from her drive, eager to greet him. Mrs. Graham and Maverley were contemporaries, although the man, after his life in India, looked more than his forty years, and Mrs. Graham, among many other people, had thought that Maverley for long had bravely smiled under the disappointment of her choice of Graham rather than of himself. But Maverley was aware of no bravery in the smile, and any disappointment was a hazy memory that carried him back to unfamiliarly callow epochs. He was fond of this affectionate comrade, and fond of her husband, and felt a kindly solicitude in the welfare of the young Grahams.

Constance, as he told her, had hardly changed during the five years that had passed since their last meeting: the good blue eyes, the distinguished nose and chin, the rosy, active plumpness. A nose like Mrs. Graham's could carry off any amount of plumpness, and hers was as yet by no means unwieldy. The day was restored to its normal significance as he looked at her, as he sat talking to her while she gave him tea, telling her lazily of his own doings—his life in India as a prominent government official had large responsibilities—and vividly interested in her fresh points of view about the English life that these five years had dimmed for him.

"And now you will stay for a month at least, won't you?" she said. "Ted counts on it, and you can always fall back on him if people bore you: a good many will be coming and going."

Maverley had finished his tea and was leaning back in his deep chintz chair, his hands clasped behind his head.

"You are thinner and browner, but nicer than ever," said Mrs. Graham. "I like the

pointed beard, Vivian; it makes you look diplomatic—an excellent impression for such impulsive warm-heartedness as yours to give; it must keep people off a little more."

"I like them on, you know. Of the people coming and going, Constance, who was the extraordinary young lady who was sitting here when I came in?"

The day was normal again, and mere curiosity was, normally, his only feeling.

Mrs. Graham's blue eyes attached themselves to his for a swift moment, and seemed to question him with a curiosity deeper than his own; but they returned placidly to her tea-pot as she replenished it from the kettle and asked: "Which young lady? There are four in the house, including my own Gladys, whom you remember."

"She was tall and slender, and black and white, with very large, wide-opened eyes."

"Oh—my niece. You remember poor Hugh died two years ago. This is his girl, Madeline Tristram. I 've taken her to live with me. Her mother's people, who had her at first, did n't make her happy; they are of the merely fashionable type, and Madeline does n't care much about going out. She has been with me for a year. But why extraordinary?" Mrs. Graham added.

Maverley felt in the question an unconscious reproof of the absurd mood.

"Well, she is beautiful— extraordinarily beautiful."

"Yes, she is," said Mrs. Graham. And she went on after a slight pause: "She is a very clever girl, and, above all, a very good girl. She is always working at some dull drudgery for some dull committee. I almost resent her youth and beauty being dedicated to all the more thankless tasks of our modern highly organized charities; but she seems to like it."

"She is certainly wonderfully beautiful," Maverley repeated.

He did not see Miss Tristram again until dinner-time; and then, as she was the last to come in, he saw first the group in which Mrs. Graham had placed her,—three of the four girls: Gladys; and Mary Grey, who was ugly, intelligent, with prominent teeth; and Frances Goldworthy, who was pretty and very young, and engaged in a love-affair, not yet decisive, with young Collin Thornton. This group stood out in graceful freshness on a sober background of married couples. Sir Archie Fleetwood, an amusing, languid youth; Collin Thornton himself; and a cheerful, callow boy, son of a neighboring squire, were the bachelors of the party. The lamps had not yet been brought, and the drawing-room was cool with the twilight coolness outside. The cries and laughter of the younger Graham children came from the dewy lawns. Miss Goldworthy laughed on a sofa with her suitor, and talk flowed happily when Madeline Tristram entered. The girl, again in white, but an unrelieved white hardly distinguishable in the dusk from her arms and neck, gave Maverley the strangest impression of solitude as she walked down the long room, smiling calmly and steadily, but not as though she smiled at anybody. She was, indeed, extraordinarily beautiful, and that perhaps explained the sudden hush that greeted her. People naturally turned to look, and, naturally no doubt, stopped talking for a moment.

"Vivian, you have n't formally met my niece," Mrs. Graham said, detaining Madeline by the hand as the girl was passing her, on her way, apparently, to a solitary chair near the window.

"Not formally," said Maverley, smiling.

"This is an old friend of ours, Madeline," Mrs. Graham added, still holding the girl by her hand.

"I knew your father," said Maverley. The pale, shining eyes were on his, and, simple and unembarrassed in her silence, she still smiled; her delicate lips seemed set in that line of faint smiling. "I knew him in India; I 've spent a lot of my life out there."

"Madeline was born in India." Mrs. Graham softly tapped the hand she held upon her chair-arm.

"That was before my day. It must have been while I was at Eton." He paternally recognized Miss Tristram's youth.

"Yes, Madeline is twenty-three," Mrs. Graham assented to his chronology; "but you can hardly compare Indian notes—she left it when she was only a few months old."

"Ah, yes," Maverley repeated. He remembered that Hugh Tristram's wife had died in India. Quietly as the girl looked from one to the other while they spoke of her, he felt, before her silence, a growing discomfort—to call it by a tepid name. He must master it, or, once more, his nerves might play him that ludicrous trick;

and it was to reassure himself as to their soundness that he smiled at her again as he again met her eyes. For a moment, above Mrs. Graham's genial head, they held his. Then Mrs. Graham unclasped her hand, and she moved away, going to the solitary seat from which they had detained her, where, contentedly it seemed, she bent her head to watch the children playing on the lawn.

Maverley was asking himself what was the matter with him. What had he felt in that mute moment of encounter? He would not answer the question. He and Constance chatted, speciously he knew, and neither spoke further of Madeline Tristram.

At the dinner-table, from his place beside Mrs. Parflew, the rector's wife, he could see Miss Tristram far down the table. It was the dull boy who sat beside her, and he seemed to talk easily enough to her, while she turned to him the unvarying assent of her smile. Maverley imagined, as he watched, that the youth must be very dull, very self-centered, to talk so easily. Mrs. Parflew noticed his wandering attention, and her eyes followed his. She dropped her voice a little to say, "That 's an odd girl, don't you think?"

It was not his own imagination, then, his own unrecognizable nerves—he saw that in Mrs. Parflew's intelligent countenance; but he was sorry that it was not, distinctly sorry that Madeline Tristram stirred even this cheerful and obvious lady to surmise. He took refuge in the subterfuge of the afternoon. "She is extraordinarily beautiful."

"Yes, is n't she?" said Mrs. Parflew, good-humoredly willing to accept the evasion. She added, however: "She never talks; it 's so odd."

"Never?" Maverley could not control the startled quality of his voice.

"Well, I *have* heard her speak. I mean that it 's quite noticeable—her not speaking. She is a nice, good girl," Mrs. Parflew went on; "she is always helping us. She will do anything—all manner of dull things other people shirk; but it 's always in her own odd way."

"In what way do you mean? This mystery interests me."

"Ah, that 's it, you see; she is a mystery. One can hardly describe it. She never wants to be near people. She wants to help them, apparently; but it must be indirectly—at a distance from them."

He did not like to question, but he had to allow himself, "Does n't she care for people?"

"Oh, I should say she did, perhaps," said Mrs. Parflew. "It 's rather the other way round."

He was left to ponder this saying while Mrs. Parflew turned her talk on her right-hand neighbor.

For the three weeks that followed Maverley, quite uncomfortably, watched Miss Tristram, so absorbed in conjecture that he sometimes wondered, pulling himself up short, whether she must not guess that she was being watched. And he wondered if other people were watching, too; but though the others apparently assented to her avoidance of them,—perhaps furthered it by their own avoidance of her,—he could catch no signs of a brooding intentness such as his own. It seemed by tacit consent accepted that she was not one of themselves. On neither side, perhaps, was there conscious withdrawal. She was among them, but it was as if they were embarked on a speeding ship, all pennons, music, light, and dancing, and she was a white albatross flying in loneliness beside it. From decks where lanterns swung against the darkness Maverley seemed to himself to lean and gaze and gaze at the bird that followed in the desolate void of black waves and sky.

Miss Tristram apparently spent her mornings in the drudgery of charities to which her aunt had referred, for in the mornings she did not appear. After lunch she went into the woods with a book. After tea she rode alone. Maverley saw her depart once or twice, and found a reassurance in the sight. She made him less uncomfortable than usual when he beheld her cantering down the avenue in the flickering lights of late afternoon. She and her horse, graceful, supple, and strong, looked as if joy were with them. Was she so joyless that he, the mere onlooker, could feel the change in her when she rode away on her horse—away from people who grew silent when she came among them? He told himself more and more vehemently that he was growing morbid, and that if his thoughts continued so to brood on Madeline Tristram, he must frankly tell Constance of his folly, and frankly ask her if

there were any reason for it. Yet how define a folly so indefinite? He only knew that when he encountered that still presence, met those steady eyes, it was with a pang, a thrill—of what he could not tell.

It was on an afternoon, having seen Madeline Tristram ride away, that Maverley, sitting on the lawn near the three other girls, heard them talking of her.

"You have known her for a long time, have n't you?" Frances Goldworthy asked Gladys. Gladys was a blonde, bonny girl, slender and with her mother's nose and chin. She stooped to play with her Dandie Dinmont as she answered: "Yes. She has lived with us for a year. I never knew her very well before that. She and my uncle traveled a lot."

"Were they very devoted to each other?" asked Mary Grey, who was sewing.

"I suppose so," and Gladys turned the Dandie Dinmont on his back and rolled him from side to side.

"She 's awfully clever, is n't she? Knows heaps of languages and reads everything?" Frances asked.

"Yes, she knows a frightful lot," Gladys assented cheerfully.

"You see more of her, I suppose, when there are n't other people here. You talk more with her, I suppose?" It was Mary Grey's more probing question.

Gladys still rolled her dog; her young face had flushed. "Yes, I suppose I do. Madeline never talks much to any one."

There was a slight pause, after which, yawning with rather obvious affectation, Frances remarked, "She does n't seem shy."

"Oh, no; she is n't shy," said Gladys. Still with her flush, but cheerfully, she got up, whistled to her dog, and with her long, boyish step strode off to the house. The two girls, until she had disappeared, were silent.

"Do you like her?" Frances then inquired. She had glanced at Maverley before asking; but they evidently were all on the lighted deck together, and if he heard, it was only of the albatross they talked; fellow-feeling was taken for granted.

"Who?"

"Madeline Tristram."

"It is n't that I dislike her," Mary said, her eyes on her work.

"Well, I do; I don't like indifferent, superior-personish people like that. If you don't dislike her, what *do* you feel about her?"

Frances had been tilting in her chair and rocking it, her arms clasped behind her head; now she let it rest squarely, in an expectant pause.

"I can hardly describe it; it 's so ridiculous," Mary said.

"Well, say it, all the same."

"I hardly like to."

"Oh, but you must," said Frances, becoming urgent.

"One's imagination is so absurd—one can't of course trust it," Mary murmured, her kindly voice perturbed.

"Well, don't trust it—but tell me what you imagine."

"It 's what I can't help feeling," said Mary. "It 's horrible; but when I see her I can't help feeling almost horror."

In the long silence that followed, Maverley did not turn his head. He guessed a silent gaze. He could barely hear Frances Goldworthy's "I wish you had n't said it."

"Why? You don't feel it, surely?"

"No; but I see what you mean. I 'm afraid I shall feel it now."

Maverley got up and walked away. He felt that he must walk—walk in the sunlight and try to shake off this nightmare. For—yes, that was it; it was horror; but a horror deeper than any that a girl's imagination could frame; and with it, as he recognized it, was a passion of protesting pity.

He met Sir Archie Fleetwood as he walked.

"Hullo," said the younger man, "what 's the matter? You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"Do I?" said Maverley, with a pale smile. "The sun 's hot."

Sir Archie, as though he had found a suddenly propitious moment, put his arm through Maverley's and walked on with him into the terraced garden. There, in the afternoon's most mellow hour of sunlight, the flowers shone with color like translucent enamels. Stilly they glowed, in masses, streaks, delicate jewel-like sprinklings; and to Maverley the motionless splendor was gruesome.

"Speaking of ghosts, you know," said Sir Archie, "it 's the most awful rot, but does n't Miss Tristram freeze the blood in your veins?"

"My dear Fleetwood!" Maverley ejac-

ulated, as punctually as if he had been wound up to say it.

"I 'm positively ashamed of myself," Sir Archie assented ruefully; "but I can't stand it. She gets too much on my nerves. I 'm going to bolt."

"You 'll own that it 's not Miss Tristram's fault if you do."

"I 'll own that I 'm raving mad, if you will; but, to say the least of it, she makes me too uncomfortable. Her eyes are so big," said Sir Archie; "and she never speaks."

"I have heard her speak."

"You don't feel it, then?"

Maverley at once, with even a fierce quickness, lied. "No, I don't."

"I 'm cracked, evidently."

Sir Archie lighted a cigarette. "You don't mind humoring a lunatic and letting me tell you what an ass I am?"

"Talk on, my dear boy; it 's an interesting case."

"You 'll not speak of it, of course."

"Of course not."

"Well, just as an instance of what she does to me, I woke early this morning—at dawn; and when I got up and looked out of my window I saw Miss Tristram below here, in this garden,—I see it from my window,—gathering flowers—white flowers. It was hardly light, you know; nobody was stirring, and there she was. I assure you my hair stood on end."

"You need a tonic," Maverley suggested, with inane common sense, after a slight pause in which he had tried to quell the echoes of Sir Archie's narrative.

"Of course I do."

"What did she do then?"

"Left the garden and disappeared in the woods, carrying the flowers. Own it 's uncanny."

"Perhaps it is—when one needs a tonic. She was probably picking flowers for the house."

"There 's not a white flower in the house," cried Sir Archie. "I looked—on purpose. But it 's not anything she does," he added; "it 's she herself. It 's her eyes and her not speaking. I deserve a kicking for it, but I actually hate that inoffensive girl—actually hate her. I 'm going to bolt."

Dislike, horror, hatred—Maverley pondered the crescendo when Sir Archie left him in the garden. He alone, apparently, felt pity—that wild, heart-wringing pang and thrill of pity. The evening was falling as he walked on into the woods. A footpath led through them. He followed it. It brought him to the highroad. The rectory and its grounds lay not far up the road, and beyond them were the little church and the old churchyard. A sudden thought struck him. He walked on to the church. The evening was cool, serene; it seemed to still the folly in his brain; and something mild and beneficent passed like a breeze over his nightmare mood, as he stood before a grave on which were white flowers. The tall stone at its head was inscribed with the name of Hugh Tristram. Maverley uncovered his head. It was her father's grave. His eyes sought the date on the stone. To-day was the anniversary of his death. So much for Sir Archie. And yet he would have felt that fear had he seen her picking white flowers at dawn.

"Yes, I 'll tell you about her—tell you all I know. It 's a mistake—always, I think, a mistake—to blink things with one's friends."

Mrs. Graham and Maverley were sitting in the little morning-room sacred to her solitude. He had followed her there after breakfast, with a hint that she had understood.

"You see—it 's making me haggard," he confessed, with a bleak laugh.

"Perhaps it would make me—if I were a little less tough; but I have a robust common sense," Mrs. Graham replied. She no longer pretended to hide a mutual knowledge of the something extraordinary in Madeline that was other than her beauty.

"I hoped that perhaps you would be different from other people," she owned, though adding: "You are different in one way: you mind so much more. The children, now, merely find her queer, though Gladys recognizes that other people find her more than that, and resents it for Madeline; with people in general it is only, as a rule, shrinking and dislike. For myself, I am used to her now; I simply don't mind. And I am terribly sorry."

"But what is it?" Maverley almost groaned.

"It is just what you see and feel: that she inspires dislike, and sometimes dread. She is like a ghost."

"Is there any reason for it?"

"It seems to be her whole personality. One never gets near her. One can't. Even I, with all my common sense, have to nerve myself to kiss her. But there *is* a reason—at least it 's the only one I can think of—her mother, her life."

"What was her mother? What was her life?"

"Her mother was foolish, selfish, and beautiful. Before Madeline's birth she fell into a state of despairing terror. Poor Hugh, who adored her, told me about it all. She was convinced that she would die; she loved life, and she hated the child that was to rob her of it. No persuasion or reasoning could shake her, and it was apparently her mere terror that killed her; for she did die when Madeline was born. Madeline passed her life in wandering about the world with her father and governesses and masters. He did his duty by her unflinchingly, but he saw her as little as possible. Before he died he told me that Madeline, from the hour of her birth, was horrible to him."

"Good God!" broke from Maverley. He sprang to his feet, thrusting indignant hands into his pockets. "Is n't that reason enough! She has been blighted from birth—from before birth! She was born with a curse on her."

"Yes, she really was. Poor Madeline!"

"She knows?"

"She must know what her father felt. He told me that he used to try to force himself to tenderness when she was a child, and that she always shrank from him, as if she guessed his horror of her."

"Her mother's horror, her father's horror, are in her blood. That is why she seems horrible."

"Yes. It is all most unnatural, most perplexing," said Mrs. Graham, with a sigh, as if feeling the incongruity of her own connection with such morbidities.

"And what disgusts me with myself," she went on presently, "is that I never dare talk it out with her. After all, what could I say? 'My poor girl, why is it that people find you horrible?' My only hope is that she does n't know it."

"She seems to you happy, then?"

"She seems to me impassive and perfectly indifferent."

"Ah! But is she? Is she?" cried Maverley, striding to the end of the little room and back again.

"Well, that is the question; that is what I don't dare have out with her. If she is unconscious I might make her conscious, and that would be lamentable. But I can't think her really unhappy; a person so active can hardly be unhappy. She is always doing something. She never broods. If she were unhappy she would n't seem so uncanny. It 's her not seeing, not caring, that is part of her dreadfulness—her not feeling any of it."

"Ah! But does n't she?" broke again from Maverley.

Mrs. Graham, tapping her fingers on the table, watched their rapid rhythm.

"My dear Vivian," she presently suggested, "since you care—so much, why don't you find out?"

He stopped before her now, taking in the significance of her downcast eyes. It was only after a long pause that he said, putting the fact before himself as well as before her: "I suppose because she frightens nobody as she does me."

Mrs. Graham could not tell whether it was confession or repudiation.

"Why don't you try to get over being frightened?" was her final comment.

MAVERLEY was trying to get over it as he walked in the woods that afternoon. Madeline's story had raised a passion of pity that could no longer hoodwink itself, and it called upon all his manliness, all his courage, to trust it as a deeper instinct than his dread.

The test to his trust was almost immediately presented to him in the sudden sight of Madeline. He had emerged from closely growing trees and bushes upon a little grassy clearing, a sunny knoll, flecked with dancing shadows from three tall beeches crowning it like a group of slender nymphs metamorphosed into three woodland forms while they danced.

The sky above was blue, the grass was long and thick, and lying in it, a book before her, her hat tilted over her eyes, was Madeline, a streak of sunlit whiteness in the green. She had not heard or seen him. Maverley, as he looked at her, felt the pause of contemplation to be beautiful, beneficent, as he had felt the moment to be when he had recognized the white flowers on the grave. For this was a different Madeline. She was not faintly smiling—the difference that he first felt; her eyes

were raised and gravely watched a bird that fluttered with a flash of gold from branch to branch in the woods. She did not smile; she was grave; but in the contemplative gravity he saw happiness, and knew now, and surely knew, that he had never before seen her happy. Presently the bird, like a winged flower tossed into the air, flew up—away—over the woods. Madeline's eyes followed it out of sight. Her long white hand, passing softly through the grass, seemed to love its supple warmth and smoothness; she sighed deeply, happily.

She was happy. She was part of the day, part of the sunlight, the grass, and the flying bird. In her tragic aspect she had frozen his heart; she melted it now; he could have wept for the pathos of her happiness. He still gazed—gazed at its revelation. He still stood at the edge of the wood, holding his breath, unable to think beyond the golden moment. But as if she felt that tears were near her, as if some echo of his forgotten fear came to her, or else from some deep sense of the contrast this lonely happiness made with her other loneliness,—the loneliness filled with alien faces,—Madeline dropped suddenly her head on her arms and wept and wept and wept.

Her grief was the final revelation that struck all memory of ghosts from him. He sprang to her, forgetting everything but her sorrow and his love for her.

"Madeline—Madeline!" he said, and bent over her. "Tell me what it is."

For a moment she lay there, her face hidden, her weeping hushed, as quiet as an animal surprised and feigning death. A quick seeing of his own words, to an almost unknown girl, as amazing—amazing perhaps to the point of insolence in her eyes—flashed over him; but the instinct that had made them inevitable did not leave him. Only as she slowly raised herself on an arm, her face bent downward, slowly rose to her feet, did the strong instinct begin to ebb from him. It had urged him almost to the infolding of her in his arms; but now he drew back from her.

Madeline raised her head and looked at him, and as she looked his love stormed in his heart, struggling and strangely mingling with a terror of her, greater and more appalling than any he had ever felt. She looked at him, and her eyes were full of a ghastly fear. He could not infold this nightmare figure, but he could hold his courage over the abyss where her eyes suspended it. "Tell me what is the matter with you. I will know—I will know!" he repeated sternly. When he spoke to her she retreated; she put out a hand to the nearest beech-tree and leaned against it.

"Why do you look at me like that?" In his effort to face her, Maverley's voice was fierce. "Answer me!" he demanded.

"I am afraid of you," said Madeline.

"Afraid of me?"

"You almost kill me with fear."

"Why? Why are you afraid?"

"I am afraid of everybody." She answered him as a ghost might have answered, in a voice monotonous and soft.

'Why are you afraid of everybody?"

"Because they hate to see me—they hate me. But you"—she shuddered—"you are worse than all the rest—worse than my father! I can't bear it!"

"We are both mad. It 's a madness that your fear creates. You hypnotize everybody into a dread of you. It 's absolutely a case of suggestion. Take hold of yourself; conquer it. The whole world will change to you if you will stop being afraid.' Yet, as he spoke, his voice choked, for those eyes still looked—looked at him.

"I am not afraid when I am alone. Won't you leave me?"

What could love do when such terror met it, and when such terror was its home? It was like a flower rooted in a quicksand and shaken by a whirlwind. It lived, but it quaked from root to chalice; it lay upon the ground. Maverley turned from her. He went down the grassy knoll into the woods; and he, a man who had not wept for years, sobbed helplessly, angrily, his clenched hand at his forehead.

He must go next day. He could not face the disintegration of his courage—a courage so ready in all the normal crises of life; he could not face the madness that his torn mind menaced, the agony of his own craven helplessness before her awful need.

That was Maverley's conclusive thought, as he lay trying to sleep, on the night of the day that had crashed revelation after revelation upon him: Madeline's happiness, her sorrow, his love for her, her hideous fear of him, and his own more hideous fear that had answered it. For how could help—and a help weighted by such fear—reach her? All that she asked of life was

to be left alone, and her martyrdom was the facing of a world of eyes that dared not show their shrinking. As he thought of her, her youth and loveliness stretched on such a rack, he groaned. How could he leave her? And like the swing of a pendulum came the opposing question, How could he be near her?

He fell suddenly asleep, thought and feeling snapped through their long tension.

He was awakened from heavy dreams, where dull bells rang and under a heavy sky he and a great host of others, their horses panting beneath them, hunted a white animal that sometimes ran and sometimes rose in the air, passing swiftly and smoothly through great open spaces, or, as smoothly, as swiftly, through the high branches of dark and lonely woods. As he rode his heart was torn by pity for the quarry and by horror of its whiteness, its swiftness, its soft uprising in the air.

A hand was on his shoulder, and as he struggled with his dream, striving to cry, "Madeline!" a voice said, "Wake! Wake!"

He opened his eyes, to a stranger dream, it almost seemed, but in its strangeness a relief, a rapture—a delicious rapture of relief. His room was filled with a dim, rosy light, and near him a figure muffled in white shook his shoulder and cried to him.

"The house is on fire!" said Madeline Tristram.

It was not the soft, monotonous ghost-voice, nor the voice of impassive courtesy that he had known; this voice, curt, decisive, seemed never to have known fear or an empty courtesy. "Hurry! The stairs are on fire. There is no other escape."

While he sprang up and dashed on his dressing-gown, she tore a blanket from the bed and drenched it with water from the jugs. He found her fastening, with swift, steady fingers, a wet handkerchief across his mouth and nose.

"And now the blanket," she commanded. "Over your head; well around you. I have mine." He caught her hand to his breast. "We must not hesitate. To run through is our only chance," she said. He threw open the door. A cavern of flame was below them; the stairs were obliterated.

"Too late—too late. The window!" she cried.

Maverley had caught her back as she stood for an instant transfixed. He closed the door upon the coming death.

"My God! you have killed yourself," he said. "You came up those stairs? Through that fire? Alone?"

"Yes—yes! The window!"

"The window is impossible. This turret room looks on a paved court; it is one of the highest in the house. I always have it; I liked the view."

He was not conscious of the bitter irony of this fatal liking, merely explaining the fatality; it paralyzed all action: but he crossed with her to the window, looking out, down at the sheer, impossible blackness. Over the dark woods and hills the sky arched, softly red. The little lake shone like a rosy jewel. A cloud of sparks trailed overhead, drifting slowly downward.

"My God! my God!" Maverley repeated, "you have killed yourself." Unconsciously he still held her close. "Why did you do it?"

From the blackness beneath, the sky overhead, he looked back at her, seeing her clearly now in the growing, ominous brightness. Her hair fell, a heavy curtain of black, about her illumined face, over her shoulders, over his hands that held her,—tragic, melancholy hair: but in the illumined face was more than tragedy. She had seen their doom. She had accepted it. Her eyes looked into his deeply, fearlessly, with a noble gravity.

"I came to save you if I could. I came to die near you if you had to die."

"Madeline," he said, "did you know that I loved you?"

"I did not know."

"You came because you loved me?"

"Yes, yes," she gently said, leaning her face upon his breast. Softly, almost in whispers, as though their words raced with a pursuer in the dark, they spoke, their faces hidden from each other.

"I have loved you from the moment that I understood—from before then, perhaps," Maverley was saying.

"And I loved you, and knew you found me horrible. In all my life I have never been so afraid as when I heard your voice this morning. Nobody has ever loved me. Everybody has shuddered at me ever since I was born; before I was born my mother shuddered at me."

"A curse was on you. You only needed to see that some one was not afraid."

"Yes, yes; I have longed for one kind face. I have fought, fought, determining

never to let it master me, hoping that if I showed nothing I should conquer my own fear and theirs. I was always sick with fear and longing."

"And I—cruel coward, like all the rest—shuddered! Ah, Madeline, let me look at you while I may. It was this—this heavenly face that I feared."

Her smile at him went like a bird under a sky of tempest.

"I am glad the fire did not touch it. How horrible to have only reached you charred and shriveled! Your last thought of me could only have been a shrinking."

Before the unendurable beauty of her courage it was he who had hid his face upon her breast.

"I should not have shrunk had you come blind and featureless, my darling. Madeline! Madeline! Such beauty—such wonder—such a heart—to die for me!"

"But such suffering to end with such unimagined happiness," she said, bending her head to his; "such loneliness to end like this. Is n't this enough? Is n't everything explained, atoned for?"

The man stammered on, while her hand, strong, tender, consolatory, held his head against her breast, his rebellion, his remorse, his adoration. The roaring circle of doom about them had narrowed life to an instant. Maverley knew it to be the last. He kissed her, looking into her eyes, even his rebellion forgotten in the deep and beautiful recognition.

Yet, "Oh, if I could have lived for you!" he heard his own voice. A shivering crash shook the room. Dense smoke filled it. He could not see her. The sky was blotted out. Stifling, he only knew that darkness was about them; that they clung together. And suddenly, in the struggle of death, hearing her gasping on his breast, a gust of air swept to them. The smoke lifted. Voices called outside, approaching. "Are you there? Are you there?" they called. The door, crumbled with fire, fell in at a blow. Maverley, holding the unconscious girl, staggered to the air, the light, the voices. The fire was out, checked on the very threshold, and hands helped him over ruins that ran with water, down ladders, in the chasms of the wrecked house. He would not let these hands take Madeline from him. He still held her when, in the hall, strange and unfamiliar with its wet and blackened walls, hurrying lights, weeping, laughter, and blanched, uplifted faces, he knew that they were to live. A great shout had arisen, a babel of thanksgiving.

"Oh, Vivian! Vivian! You are together! She went into the flames—when you alone were missing. Is it possible—is it possible that she went through them alive?" Mrs. Graham, disheveled, tears on her cheeks, her lips trembling with half-hysterical smiles, clasped them both. "Darling—wonderful girl!"

"She found me—she found me!" He knelt beside Madeline in the chair they had placed for her, a deep chair; against the high back her face, wreathed in its black hair, seemed gently sleeping; her slender body seemed to sleep. Maverley now saw how charred was the blanket that half infolded, half fell from her; saw that her naked feet were scorched. Such an anguish of fear smote upon his joy that with both hands he clutched the chair to keep himself from falling.

"Tell me—tell me that she is only fainting," he gasped.

Mrs. Graham's hand was at the girl's heart, her lips on her brow. "Only fainting, my dear Vivian · but burned—badly burned."

"She never winced—all the time," he panted. "She must have been in torture."

"At such a moment she perhaps could feel nothing."

"Perhaps she only felt what I felt—only knew that we had found each other," Maverley murmured.

He looked around. Mary Grey's, Frances Goldworthy's, faces were there, worshiping as if before a shrine. Sir Archie was there, crying, actually crying, and so funny in his exquisite pajamas, holding a reckless candle. Ted Graham, at a little distance, hid his face in his hands. Gladys knelt at her cousin's feet, a reverent hand on the charred, wet blanket.

The cruel phantom that had dogged her life was gone forever, exorcised by her act of splendid love.

"There—she is coming back—her eyelids lifted! She is alive—alive!" Constance Graham almost chanted.

Madeline opened her eyes. They had last looked at death. Now life, the murmur, the light, the touch of life, was about her. More than life. Love, everywhere love, smiled at her; and from a new world she looked up into her lover's eyes.

THE MIND-CURE OF BROTHER PETER-PAUL

BY CAROLINE ABBOT STANLEY

Author of "Order No. 11"

DR. MELTON was puzzled. The case, simple as it had seemed at the beginning, baffled his skill.

"*I* don't know what to do for that old nigger," he exclaimed impatiently, after a visit to Uncle Sawny's home. "My medicines don't have any more effect on him than if I poured them down a rat-hole. Do you suppose it is possible that Aunt Tildy neglects him?"

"No," said Mrs. Melton, with scorn; "of course it is n't. She is faithfulness itself. Why, she 's devoted to him."

"Well, there 's something wrong. I 've carried him through six attacks of inflammatory rheumatism, and I thought I knew exactly what to do. But he does n't respond to any treatment whatever. I 'm up a stump."

He changed the medicine again the next day, but Uncle Sawny grew steadily worse, and the mystery deepened.

There would have been no mystery if the good doctor could only have overheard a conversation between Aunt Tildy and a neighbor in the incipiency of the disease. The long-suffering nurse of six previous attacks and one impending one had gone into Aunt Hannah's, her next-door neighbor's, for sympathy. The only thing that can mitigate the severity of an affliction like this is to be the first to announce it.

"Well, Sist' Hannah, mo' trouble! Sawny 's down wid de rheumatiz. Dat mean two good weeks of mis'ry fer me."

It is noticeable that the families of rheumatism sufferers always look upon themselves as the victims.

"You don't s'y so!" Aunt Hannah stopped the washing in her dismay. "Is he bad?"

"Been cussin' all day. He can't move his laigs, an' de swellin' 's risin'. I 'spec' by to-morrow I got to feed 'im."

The prospect was most lugubrious, and a soulful duet followed, in which "hot flannins" and "sody" and "wintergreen draps" took the leading part, the monotonous *rubadub* on the washboard sounding a mournful obbligato meanwhile.

At last Aunt Hannah wiped the suds from her water-soaked hands and took the chair opposite her companion. Then she looked cautiously around the room and dropped her voice to a confidential pitch.

"Sis' Tildy," she said, "why don't you go to de healer?"

Aunt Tildy stared at her in uncomprehending perplexity, having a dim idea that she meant the Great Physician, and in times of stress like this the healing of the seamless dress sometimes seems far away.

"Who do you mean?" she demanded.

"I mean dat man down hyarnder by de ole b'ewery—you sholy is hyeared of him."

"Dat 'n' what nominates hisse'f Brother Peter-Paul?"

"Yaas, 'm; dat 's de one. Why n't you try him?"

"What does he do?" Aunt Tildy asked.

"He kyores people—kyores 'em of all kind er diseases he say dey ain' got."

Aunt Tildy had been listening in the forlorn hope of receiving help. She turned upon her companion now in righteous wrath.

"Sist' Hannah, you sholy is losin' yo' mind. *I* don't want Sawny kyored of what

he *ain'* got; I want him kyored of what he *is* got."

"Well, dat 's how dey do it. You go to 'em an' say, 'I want to be kyored of a mis'ry in my back,' an' dey 'low, 'You ain' got no mis'ry in yo' back; dey ain' no sech a thing as a mis'ry.' An' some of 'em goes so fer as to say you ain' got no back—hit 's jes a notion er yourn. Dey 'sputes you scan'lous. Den dey say, 'Ef you *think* you ain' got dat mis'ry, you ain't.' Dat 's de way dey reasons—yaas, 'm."

Aunt Tildy emitted what might fairly be called a howl.

"How in de name er God I gwineter make Sawny think he ain' got de rheumatiz, an' him down tight an' fas' an' can't move? I ain' gwine have nothin' 't all to do wid sech foolishness, dat I ain't."

Even Aunt Hannah, stout defender of the faith though she was, was staggered at this vigorous presentation of the difficulties in the case.

"I don't know what dey gwine do when it come to buttin' up ag'in' 'flammatary rheumatiz," she said doubtfully; "but dey sholy does work some wonderful kyores when dey ain't nothin' de matter with you. I 'd try it, Sis' Tildy, ef I was you, 'fo' I 'd go thoo another prognostication wi' dat ole man. Hit can't hurt him, 'cause dey don't give no medicine. Dey jes sets an' thinks. You know 'Lizy Majors? Well, she went down dar fer a mis'ry in her wris'. She say he ain' do nothin' 't all but jes hol' her hand an' look at her. 'Lizy say it jes made de cole chills run up her spinal. But it kyored her."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Aunt Tildy, with an incredulous snort; "dey wa'n't nothin' 't all de matter with her. She jes want him to hol' her hand. You know dat gal, Sist' Hannah."

Then Aunt Hannah related other cures, some even more marvelous than this. She was not a full convert to the new school, but was investigating.

"Is he ever kyored you?" asked the doubter.

"Well, now, dey ain't nuver much de matter wi' me," said Aunt Hannah, regretfully. "He say I 'd make a mighty fine member. He 's been tryin' hard to git me," she added with pardonable pride; "he say he wants dem wha' 's got in*flu*ence. He 's gittin' a heap of 'em, too."

Aunt Tildy listened to all this with varying emotions. Incredulity struggled with an inborn faith in conjurers, and Hard-shell loyalty with a natural love of the mysterious. Above and beyond all these feelings was an indignant sense of injury that she should have been staying at home attending to her soft-soap and Sawny's ailments when all these other women had been sought (and gained) as persons of influence.

"An' de curiouses' part about it, Sis' Tildy, is dat dey gives you some sort er harangue dat 'll keep off all kind er sickness—or what dey usen to call sickness. Dey don't call it dat no mo'. I disremember jes what dat word is dey uses when dey mean sickness."

"Is you ever kep' off anything?" demanded Aunt Tildy, pointedly.

"Yaas, 'm. I 'm keepin' off fits now."

"Fits!" Aunt Tildy repeated. "Is you ever had fits?"

"No, 'm; I ain't. An' I ain' gwineter have. I 'm keepin' 'em off wi' dish yeah harangue. I been sayin' of it fer three weeks cornstant, an' I ain't had a fit yet. Dat 's how I know it works."

Aunt Tildy looked unconvinced. In view of Aunt Hannah's well-known immunity from disease of all kinds during her fifty years or more of life, the continued absence of fits did not seem quite conclusive.

"Is you ever kep' off anything else?" she asked—"anything dat you *is* had?"

"I kep' off a cold las' week," said Aunt Hannah, hoarsely. "Hit tuk some sev'al days, but I did n't give up workin' at it tell I kep' it off."

"Did you sneeze?"

"Oh, of co'se I sneezed."

"Nose run?"

"My Lord! yaas, 'm."

"Th'oat sore?"

"Some. But—"

"Den you had it," said Aunt Tildy, with triumphant conviction. "All dem symptoms is *it*. You settin' dar sayin' you ain' got it don't make it so. S'posin' I say I 'm white folks—dat gwine change my skin?"

About a cold Aunt Tildy was not to be browbeaten by any advanced woman among them.

Aunt Hannah admitted reluctantly that the charm had not worked perfectly this time; but she was loyal to it: the trouble was with herself. "I reckon I got a-holt

de wrong eend of de harangue," she explained.

While outwardly combative, Aunt Tildy was weakening. The more she thought of a form of words that would keep off disease, the more attractive did it seem. Her ancestors had come from the Congo coast; charms and incantations were matters of firm belief to them and to her by tradition and inheritance. She wore a rabbit's foot at all times, and entreated Sawny every winter to carry buckeyes in his pocket to ward off rheumatism. That he flatly refused to do this, and suffered thereby, was only proof of the buckeye's merit and his own hard-headed perversity. If she could get hold of something by which she could exercise the charm for him, it would be an untold gain.

"Why n't you try it, Sis' Tildy?" urged Aunt Hannah, seeing her indecision.

"Sawny 'd w'ar me out." Uncle Sawny was a big man and muscular.

"How Sawny gwine know it?" demanded Aunt Hannah. "S'posin' you an' me was to go down dar to-night,—I 'll go with you; I ain't afeard,—an' you tell Sawny you gone to de doctor's, who gwine tell him you ain't when you say you is? An' how he comin' arter you when he can't move his laigs?"

It was the voice of the tempter. The plan, with its spice of secrecy, had an attractive sound. But still Aunt Tildy hesitated.

"I don't know 'bout goin' to dese hyeah ongodly healers," she said; "I 's a Hard-shell."

"Well, Sis' Tildy, you *is* hide-boun'!"

It was a hard thrust. We hate to be thought narrow. It ended, as might have been expected, in an engagement to visit the healer that night. Then Aunt Tildy went back to her suffering spouse, so soon to be released from the grip of pain.

Brother Peter-Paul was a dapper, well-groomed mulatto of light hue, who magnified his shade. He was a little under size, but he was so erect, and carried himself with such a plethora of dignity, that it more than made up for his missing inches. As a child he had lived in this little Missouri town, where he had been known under the name of "Aunt Betsey Moore's Johnny." He had sat under the droppings (and occasionally the drippings) of the Hard-shell sanctuary, and had been duly baptized into the faith in the town creek.

It was a conservative locality, not given to speculation, but great upon controversy; and the most forceful sermons to which Aunt Betsey Moore's Johnny had ever listened in those early days had been on "infant babtism," "clost communion," and "fallin' from grace." Of "antichrist," and the "scarlet woman," and the "oppositions of science falsely so called," he had never heard.

Well, he drifted North in time, and there a charming world of "isms" opened up before him. He began to look back with a sort of self-pity upon the time when he supposed the whole religious world was bounded by the well-built inclosures of the Presbyterians, Methodists, "Babtises," and "Campbellites." He felt that he had grown up as a root out of dry ground. And the inevitable happened. His old childish conservative beliefs withered away, leaving a stem in prime condition to bud out with a growth of advanced leaves. The atmosphere favored the growth. There was first the blade of investigation, then the ear of acceptance, and when the time came for the full corn in the ear the recreant Hard-shell stood forth as a healer—a healer of the body through the soul, of the soul through the medium of thought.

Then it was that Aunt Betsey Moore's Johnny saw the absolute necessity for a new name. "Johnny Moore" was neither dignified nor symbolical. Retaining it was not to be thought of. He must have something that would indicate the nature of his mission.

"De name of John is all right," he mused. "John was de one what had de revelation. And I 'm jes like him—I 've had de revelation." But Moore was hopeless.

The inspiration came to him one night as he listened to the story of the healing at the Beautiful Gate. "Of co'se," he said —"of co'se. It 's cur'ous I did n't think of dat befo'. Brother Peter was de healer, of co'se."

But even John Peter seemed to lack dignity; and, then, it could so easily be corrupted into John Peters, which would be no more distinctive than John Moore. Suddenly it occurred to him that his mission was not only one of healing, but of proclaiming the new gospel as well. Then

the name, so logically evolved, so significant of all he was to do, was revealed to him as by a lightning flash. "John Peter-Paul." Of course. The hyphen was added later to bring the apostolic appellation up to date.

The name having been settled, the next crying need of the healer was somebody to heal. His thoughts sped back to the land of his birth. There they had ailments galore and reveled in them. There they worshiped still as their fathers had done, supinely satisfied to have it so. There, too, the yellow-legged chickens were as the sands of the sea, and the watermelons —where are they to be found like unto those of the Missouri River bottom? Without doubt it would be a fine field, and the only wonder was that it had not been worked long ago.

The memories of youth (especially those that have their roots in the gastronomic portion of the anatomy) are strong cords. They drew Brother Peter-Paul back to his childhood's home.

He settled himself (that is to say, he engaged rooms, to be paid for by treatments) in Aunt Maria's cabin down near the old brewery, a locality about given up now to those of his race. That he should immediately blossom out into a large practice was inevitable. A love of the marvelous is inborn in the sons of Ham, and his following had long ago learned to live by faith, eschewing means.

Brother Peter-Paul was sitting before the fire that night, in the quiescent attitude of body and soul necessary to his profession and dear to his race, when Aunt Hannah and Aunt Tildy appeared. Aunt Maria having gone over to a neighbor's, they had the house to themselves. He received them graciously, and he and Aunt Hannah were soon in full tide of conversation. Aunt Tildy sat awkwardly on the edge of her chair, overawed by his fluency and suave manner.

"Huccome you don't go by de name er Moore now?" Aunt Hannah asked at length. She had always determined to ask this when a convenient season came, and there would never be a better time than the present.

He explained what we already know. "And sence I tuk dat name, Sister Hannah," he added impressively, "dey don't seem no end to de meracles of healin' I can do. Seem like I got de power of all de 'postles b'iled down. I 'm lookin' any day now to be able to raise de dead. Yaas, 'm."

"You don't say so!"

"I don't see nothin' to hender it. I 'm gittin' dat speritual I don't hardly seem to be livin' in de flesh. Why, I jes sets here sometimes and lets de fire go plumb out, meditatin' on de sperit. Den Aunt Maria she comes and makes it up, so I won't have to break de threads of thought. Yaas, 'm."

"Ain't dat beautiful!" murmured Aunt Hannah, lost in admiration of this godly man.

Then her thoughts returned to what he had been saying.

"You think you gwineter be able to raise 'em when dey sho 'nough dead?" she asked anxiously; "or jes when dey gone off in a prance?"

"When dey sho 'nough dead," he said, with great emphasis. "Of co'se *we* know dey ain't really no sech a thing as death. It 's all in yo' eye—I mean in yo' mind. De mind is everything. Dey ain't no sech a thing as matter."

"Ain't no sech a thing as matter!" echoed Aunt Tildy, shrilly, surprised out of her self-consciousness. "My Lord! you ain't never had a bile, is you?"

He did not answer her. But the threads were snapped now without question, and they got down to business.

"H'm-m," he said later, when Aunt Tildy explained the object of the visit; "so your husband 's got a claim, has he?"

"Sir?"

"He 's got rheumatism in his mind, has he?"

"No, sir; hit 's in his j'ints. Dis de ole-fashion' kind—de 'flammatary rheumatiz."

"Don't call it by name," he exclaimed hastily—so hastily that Aunt Tildy jumped. She was a little nervous, anyway. "*Never* speak de name of de mis'ry you want to git shet of less 'n you want to give it de onder holt! Call it a belief. Dat 's de only safe way."

"Yaas, sir." Aunt Tildy could see at once that it was. "I ain' gwineter forgit dat ag'in. Well, dish yeah belief tuk him first in de heel. Den it clumb up his laigs and—"

"Stop!" cried her companion, raising his hand as if to ward off danger. "Git

dem symptoms outer your mind, sister, and hold de good thought."

Aunt Tildy drew back rebuffed. Her chief recreation through Uncle Sawny's periodical attacks, and between times, had been the retailing and detailing of his symptoms. It seemed as if all her pleasures were to be taken away. Well, of course he would want to know the cause of the attack, at any rate.

"You see, he got his feet wet," she continued; but he looked at her so sternly that she stopped in confusion.

"No, sir; I—I—I don't mean dat. I mean he got de belief wet—or—or—I don't know jes how is de safes' way to say dat. Anyway, he got wet, an' he 's so con*trar*y—"

Again her discourse was cut short.

"It was not wet feet give him dish yeah belief," said the healer, solemnly; "it was something inside of him."

"My Lord! a *tapeworm!*" breathed Aunt Tildy.

Brother Peter-Paul glared at her. Then he began to enumerate with the help of his fingers. "Bad temper—and contrariness—and—I gwineter prophesy now—Sister Tildy, ain't your old man obstinate?"

"Jes like a mule!" said Aunt Tildy, graphically. She was struck with amazement at his insight.

"A-ha!—and obstinacy. I knowed it. Bad temper and contrariness and obstinacy—dem 's de very ingrejencies dat perjuce rheumatism."

They fell back in their chairs, open-mouthed with astonishment. Such wisdom!

It opened up a wide field. Their knowledge of disease was intimate and circumstantial; his, of what caused it, was no less definite. They plied him with questions as to this and that, and his knowledge had no bottom.

"And cancer?" asked Aunt Hannah, fearfully. They had been searching their minds to see what belief germs they were harboring. "What make cancer?"

"Meanness, envy, and backbitin'," he announced promptly.

They looked in each other's faces. Then with one accord they gasped: "Well, huccome ole 'oman Jul'et ain' got it? She 's a plumb devil."

After this proof of the healer's skill in diagnosis Aunt Tildy could hesitate no longer about intrusting the case into his hands. Arrangements were entered upon at once for the treatments.

"Could you come and set up with him to-night?" she asked pleadingly. "Dat 'u'd give you de chance to hol' de thought an' turn him at de same time."

"I could n't think of it, sister," he said hastily. "I got to keep myself away f'om de in*flu*ence of disease. I 'm jes like de Master,—goin' about doin' good,—and I 'm 'bleeged to keep in good condition."

There was a confused thought in Aunt Tildy's mind that the Master spared not himself and feared neither danger nor disease, but she was not very well acquainted with the Scriptures and supposed she was wrong.

Aunt Hannah's knowledge was more available.

"You jes like de good Samaritan," she said; "you pass by on de other side."

He looked at her sharply, but she was wearing the pious expression we always assume when we quote Scripture to the point, and he let it pass.

"I must caution you, ladies," he added, "not to be goin' aroun' whar dey 's sickness—or de notion of it. Keep away f'om de in*flu*ence of dat thought." He spoke earnestly, doubtless aware of the gregarious habits of his race.

Aunt Tildy was bewildered at the intricacies of this new practice.

"An' who gwine ten' to Sawny whilst I 'm keepin' away f'om de in*flu*ence?" she asked. But he did not hear her.

They agreed upon absent treatment, Uncle Sawny to be kept in strict ignorance of it all on account of the difficulty of contending with his well-known strenuousness of thought.

Then Aunt Tildy thought of a new difficulty.

"What I gwine do wid de doctor's medicines?" she asked.

"Th'ow 'em away, sister; th'ow 'em away!" he answered. "You might give him some bread-pills to ca'm his sperit, but th'ow de p'isons away! 'T ain't no use to pay out money fer what can't kyore de mind."

He had forgotten that the healers of the old school had from time immemorial with his race reversed his order and given present treatment for absent pay.

But Aunt Tildy did not throw away the

medicines, and beyond doubt that was where she made her fatal mistake. "Ef it don't work," she said to herself that night as she put the medicine in the old tea-canister, "I gwineter have something to fall back on—dat I is." Alas! alas! this school is a jealous school and must be all or nothing. And she was trying to serve both God and mammon.

They were moving toward the door when the reverend gentleman's unctuous tones arrested them.

"My terms, sister, is inva'iably in advance."

Aunt Tildy's countenance fell.

"But ef you ain't got de change," he added, "and you happen to have a nice young pullet, jes bring it down and we 'll call it square."

This was in a section where chickens were as current as coin of the realm, and —to the impecunious—far more accessible. But Aunt Tildy had neither.

"'Pears like, ef dey ain't nothin' 't all de matter wid 'im, you would n't have to charge so much fer kyorin' him of it," she remonstrated feebly.

"Ah, de belief is dar, sister," he returned indulgently; "and some beliefs is harder to kyore than a spell er sickness—or what de ign'ant calls sickness. I lay I won't git a wink er sleep all night wrastlin' wid dat ole man's contrariness. But ef you want me to give up de case now—" he waved his hand and raised his brows to signify his entire willingness.

Aunt Tildy succumbed. Really, when one considered the patient's characteristics, the price was not high. But where would she get the chicken?

"Law, Sis' Tildy," said Aunt Hannah, lowering her voice, "you ain't but a little way f'om Jedge Henderson's, an' dey always got a full coop. You know dem good ladies ain't gwineter begredge you de kyorin' of Sawny. Dat dey ain't."

And Aunt Tildy promised the pullet, treatment to begin on delivery.

During that week the thought of health was held hard over the sick man—held by Aunt Tildy, with emotions varying from hope to despair, as she watched by day and foraged by night, held by the healer at the other end of the line in the fullness of peace.

There is no doubt that absent treatment has its advantages. It enables one to hold the thought with a continuity difficult at close range. Turning one on a sheet, for instance, and listening to his anathemas while you do it, weakens this continuity and engenders a doubt which is deadly in its effects.

Aunt Tildy did the best she could. She gave her patient bread-pills smothered in jelly as a placebo, administered decoctions of sassafras flavored with wintergreen to stifle inquiry, and kept up an even temperature. This relieved in part her perturbed conscience. She knew that ought to be done in any case.

But Uncle Sawny's belief grew into a certainty, and Dr. Melton was more puzzled than he had been for years. He sent Aunt Tildy off one day on some fictitious errand, and took the time to give his patient a searching oral examination.

Did Aunt Tildy give him the medicines?

Regularly.

Did she keep up the temperature of the room?

To summer heat.

Well, did she keep the flannels hot?

Uncle Sawny offered his parboiled legs in evidence.

"But, doctor," he said hesitatingly, "somehow dem medicines of yourn don't taste like dey useter. S'posin' you look in dat tea-canister up dar. I seed Tildy put somethin' in it dis mornin' when I was lookin' out de corner of my eye,"—his eyes were about all he could move now, —"an' I got de same notion you is dat she been projec'in' wid dat medicine."

Dr. Melton took down the innocent receptacle and looked in. There was every powder, pill, and pellet. Beside them was a full bottle bearing the unmistakable odor of wintergreen.

At this critical moment the door opened and Aunt Tildy appeared. The outraged physician turned upon her in a fury. This was what had cost him hours of anxiety and all these fruitless visits.

"You old black Jezebel!" he roared, "what have you been doing to my medicines? I 've a notion to have you hung for murder!"

Aunt Tildy sank in an abject heap on the floor

"Oh, Marse William, for God's sake don't hang me! I gwine tell de truth!" Neither of them remembered at that mo-

ment that the patient was still alive. Then she made a clean breast of it.

"Doctor,"—the voice came from the bed half an hour later; the old woman had gone sniffling to the woodpile—"doctor, I reckon Tildy 's got enough, or she will have when I git thoo." The doctor had given her such a tongue-lashing that it had stirred the sympathy even of the victim in the corner. "Hit showed mighty po' jedgment, but I reckon she done it fer de best, 'cordin' to her lights—yaas, sir. She ain' gwine put no mo' medicines in de canister. An', doctor, don't say nothin' 'bout dis, please, sir, whar it 'll git out."

The man was evidently in earnest. Dr. Melton turned short around and looked at him. Such magnanimity seemed a bad symptom.

"You don't want me to say anything to this rascally Moore, who is at the bottom of it?" he demanded.

"Naw, sir; I don't. Jes wait tell I git up f'om hyeah. I gwine ten' to dat man. An' I don't want a cold trail."

And Dr. Melton respected his feelings.

It was fully a month after he was up before Uncle Sawny made the slightest motion to pay off his debt. Like Samson, he was waiting for his locks to grow. Then he went one day and asked Mrs. Melton for a carpet to beat, the work to be applied on his bill. That he had ulterior motives in this might have been conjectured from his muttered words as he gave the first whack. "I gwine try my strengt' *first* on a cyarpet," he said.

The next day he went down to the house by the old brewery, selecting a time when, if ever, the neighborhood would be at work.

"Is you Brother Peter-Paul?" he asked grimly, appearing without warning before that gentleman in his sanctum.

Brother Peter-Paul acknowledged the "entitlement" and looked anxiously toward the door. It had been carefully closed. Uncle Sawny's reputation was known of all men. When he was roused, even the valiant took to the woods.

"You is, is you?" The visitor planted his stalwart form against the door and raised himself to the full height of his six feet two. "Brother Peter-Paul! A-ha! Well, I 'm Brother *Jehu-Samson*."

The bearer of apostolic names was not well versed in Old Testament history, but Jehu-Samson had an ominous sound. His knees smote together.

"Is—is dey anything I can do fer you, Brother J—J—J—?" he stammered.

"Naw, sir," said his tormentor, playing with him as a cat plays with a mouse; "I reckon you done 'bout all you kin fer me. I come to settle de bill. Dey tells me you lays claim to de kyore, an' you sholy ought to git de pay."

He spoke so quietly that the mouse lay still, hoping to escape, after all.

"Aunt Tildy paid de bill," he said faintly.

"So I hyeared—paid it in chickens; an' I got dem chickens to pay fer wid de sweat of my eyebrows. But she ain't paid it all. *I* gwineter pay de *in*trus'."

The repression of the man was beginning to break down. "I hyeared you was norratin' it aroun' dat I did n't have no sickness—hit was jes a claim. Well, I *is* got a claim. Hit 's ag'in' you—an' I gwineter collect it. When I 'm thoo, you 're gwineter have a claim. Yaas, sir; dat you is!"

He looked scornfully at the little mulatto, who shook with fear. Then he continued satirically:

"Brother Peter-Paul, you got some kind of distemper in yo' mind. I gwineter kyore it. Dey tells me you hol' dat de mind an' de body is—is—I done forgot dat word, —but, anyway, dey kinder works on one another. Dat 's de doctrine, ain't it?"

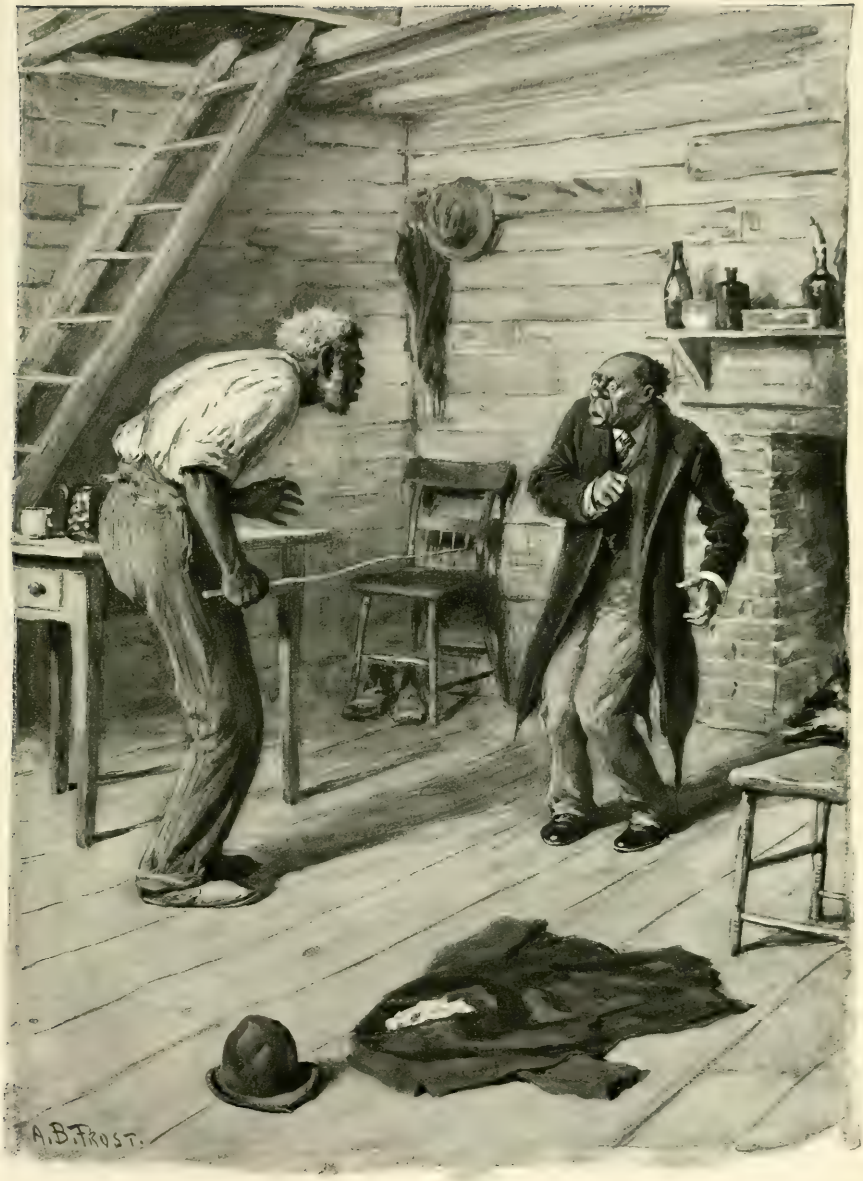
The terrified healer signified that it was.

"A-ha! Well, I believe it. An' ef you kin kyore my laigs thoo my mind, I don't see what gwineter hender me f'om kyorin' yo' mind thoo yo' hide. Brother Peter-Paul, I 'm layin' off to treat you. An' I ain't gwineter put you off wid absent treatment, nuther."

He threw off his coat and drew out a stout stick. A sudden poignant sense of his sufferings was upon him.

"You owdacious whelp!" he roared. "*Stan'* up!"

Over that treatment we draw a veil. It is sufficient to say that the zeal of Brother Jehu-Samson was like unto that of the son of Jehoshaphat, while in his renewed strength he rivaled his other great prototype. The house of Gaza fell not with more sudden and stupendous crash than did the dignity of the apostolic prophet.



Drawn by A. B. Frost. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson.

"'STAN' UP!'"

"Now," said the giant, sternly, "I gwineter ax you one question." He rested from his labors, but his attitude suggested that it was only a reprieve. "Is you got a belief—jes a shadder of a belief—dat dey ain't no sech a thing as pain? 'Cause ef you *is*—" and the attitude was changed.

It was not an auspicious time for an affirmation of the faith, and human nature is weak. The apostle recanted then and there.

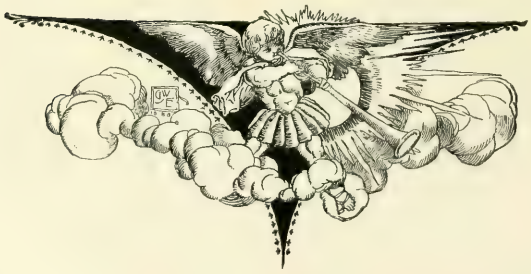
Uncle Sawny went home to a peaceful domicile. Between Aunt Tildy and himself there is now sweetest concord along medical lines. And the Reverend John Peter-Paul, apostle, prophet, and healer, is earnestly seeking a parish where the sisters are less weak or the brethren less strong.

RELINQUISHMENT

BY MARSHALL ILSLEY

THE hardest gift that any man may give
Is to give back the heart he wins in vain;
To yield with grace what he may not retain
When low consent turns pleading negative;
To slip the latch where Joy had come to live—
Sweet singing Joy, that with so dear disdain
Flooded with melody its small domain,
It seemed love could for liberty retrieve.

But liberty weighed more than love's exchange,
And such a longing did the song betray,
Regretful, tender; tender, appealing, strange—
What could the soul of any captor say?
Go, beauteous, wingèd, singing Joy, go range:
Your cage is open, little bird, away!



From a stereograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York, copyright, 1904. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AT GLACIER POINT, YOSEMITE VALLEY

Taken during his recent visit to California. The view is toward Tenaya Cañon. A glimpse of the valley itself is had at the extreme left, thirty-three hundred feet below

The First Inauguration Ball

by Gaillard Hunt

WHEN it was announced, a few years ago, that a certain manager of dinner-parties and dances had grouped society in his city into a company of four hundred people, over whom he was the captain, there was much curiosity to discover why he had chosen this particular number; and it was suggested by a certain scholar of biblical research that a divine command had been followed as laid down in the venerable Book of Samuel:

> And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him; and he became a captain over them: and there were with him about four hundred men.

It was not known to the captain, or to those who concerned themselves with his business, that the most appropriate precedent for his number was to be found, not in the leadership of a Hebrew king, or even in the customs of the Old World, but in the first purely festal gathering to commemorate the inauguration of a President of the United States. Four hundred guests, as all the contemporaneous accounts agree, gathered at the first Inauguration Ball, which took place on the evening of Saturday, March 4, 1809, at Mr. Long's hotel on Capitol Hill, in celebration of the accession to the Presidency of James Madison. Each of the three Presidents who had preceded him in office had been permitted to close the day of his inauguration by going early to bed. General Washington and John Adams had been

inaugurated at temporary capitols, and Thomas Jefferson would have rebelled against a ceremony plainly modeled upon the customs of royalty; but when Madison's inauguration came the new Federal City had been a visible fact for nine years and was determined to assert a right to enjoy itself, even if in doing so it followed a habit always hitherto associated with the celebration of the coronation of kings. Royal customs were really the only ones the people knew, for every American in Washington over thirty-two years of age had been born the subject of a king, and the new order of things had not given birth to new ideas of how to manifest rejoicing. Moreover, if the method chosen seems to some to have been an imitation of monarchical customs, they should reflect, in extenuation, that it is an instinct of man coequal with his feeling the sensation of pleasure to show his joy by dancing. So an official ball closed the day of Madison's inauguration, and has closed the inauguration day of every President who has succeeded him.

Up to that time the city had never seen so large a ball, and everybody who might properly go was there. A great many visitors were in the city, but they came chiefly from the surrounding country; some, however, were from Baltimore, and still fewer from more distant points. Two days before the inauguration a lady whose house was on the line of travel saw three coaches-and-four pass her door in the course of the afternoon, and marveled at the number. They had probably driven over from Baltimore, a distance which could be covered, if the roads were in unusually good condition, in a long day's travel. It took more than a week to come from New York; and the strangers, unless they had friends to take them in, fared badly at the crowded boarding-houses and hotels of the capital.

The city was very young and very unattractive to look upon—a sprawling, ragged, ugly duckling of a town; and nobody foresaw that the time would come when it would be hailed as a beautiful swan. No one had a good word for it: foreigners sharpened their wit on it by making epigrams, and poets disparaged it with funny verses. Even the few who hoped were false prophets, for Washington planted it where it is because he thought the Potomac River offered great commercial possibilities, and Thomas Jefferson prophesied that it would one day rival Norfolk as a port, and that Norfolk would soon outstrip New York. That its prestige would come because of social conditions rendered pleasant by the very absence of dominant commerce and trade was an idea entertained by none.

Nevertheless, early in its existence the strange capital, which men could not classify because they had never seen or heard of anything like it before, acquired its own distinctive tone, and had a society more definite and real than it has come to have in later years. Virginia and Maryland captured it at birth and dominated over it, and the tone was Southern; but it was a nation's capital, and the permanent residents and passing officials came together in a circle which, without being inelastic, nevertheless did not embrace those who were not of polite breeding or assured position by reason of high official station or personal renown. There were a few rich residents who gave costly entertainments, and many others who received their friends hospitably; but the criterion was not wealth and lavish display, for the day of the all-powerful rich man had not yet come. As the circle was small, intelligent conversation was cultivated and intimate friendships were formed; and if the pace was slow, it was at any rate dignified. The town did, however, make a brave show at being gay. Formal set dinner-parties were rare, but everybody invited guests to dine, and there were card-parties, suppers, and dances; and when a great debate was on at the Capitol society went there as to a show, and the merits of the speakers and public affairs were staple topics of conversation.

About the year 1802 a number of the young men of the city organized "The Washington Dancing Assembly," and gave parties which were regarded with high favor; and when, seven years later, a President whose wife had been for eight years

NOTE ON THE PORTRAITS OPPOSITE

I. The young James Madison. Miniature by Charles Willson Peale. [Madison gave it to his sister Nelly (Mrs. Isaac Hite), from whom it descended to her granddaughter Mary Briscoe Baldwin, the missionary, from whom it descended to her grandniece, its present owner, Miss Alice Cary Hay of Philadelphia.]

II. Dolly Payne Madison. Miniature by Charles Willson Peale, owned by Dr. H. Madison Cutts.

a bright star in the social firmament was to be inaugurated, some of the members of this assembly determined to arrange for an official ball to close the ceremonies of the day. It was called an "Inauguration Ball," and the announcement said it would be "a dancing assembly," and admission was to be by ticket; but not all who could pay the price could buy the tickets, for they were obtainable only through the managers of the ball. The four hundred people who gathered in the large room of Long's Hotel, therefore, represented all that was most brilliant in the society of the new capital.

The ball opened promptly at seven o'clock, and soon afterward the music played "Jefferson's March," and he who up to noon of that day had been President entered the room accompanied by his private secretary, Mr. Coles.

"Am I too early?" said Mr. Jefferson to a friend. "You must tell me how to behave, for it is more than forty years since I have been to a ball."

A few minutes later the diplomatic corp arrived in full uniform. It was a small body of men, comprising several secretaries of legation and only three heads of mission, General Turreau de Garambonville of France, the Honorable David M. Erskine of England, and Mr. Peder Pederson, the chargé d'affaires of Denmark. General Turreau was stiff and punctilious, as became an old soldier, while Mr. Erskine was the most popular of all the early English ministers, not only because of his personal amiability and official friendliness, but because he had an American wife, Frances Cadwallader of Philadelphia, the daughter of General Cadwallader, brother-in-arms of General Washington in the Revolution. Mr. Pederson was a favorite with the ladies of Washington.

Presently the music struck up "Madison's March," there was a hush in the ballroom chatter and a general crowding toward the door, and the President and his party entered, Mrs. Madison going first on the arm of one of the managers, and the President following, escorting Mrs. Madison's sister, Mrs. Cutts. Let us see what manner of man "the great little Madison" looked on this night of his inauguration.

He was fifty-eight years old and in the full maturity of his powers. He stood five feet six and a quarter inches tall, was frail in body, and weighed not more than one hundred and twenty-five pounds. His forehead was high and broad, and the hair grew to a point in the middle, as he was bald above the temples. It had been brown, but was now quite gray, and was brushed smoothly back and tied behind with a black ribbon. His hazel eyes were not large, or penetrating, or lustrous, but twinkled readily, for in private life he was a joker with the true humorous sense, and when the mood was on him could set the guests about his table into roars of laughter. His nose was long and pendulous, coming down over a long upper lip, and his teeth were remarkably even and white, wonderfully lighting up his face when he smiled. When it was in repose it was solemn and serious without being sad. There was a famous old woman living on his farm in Virginia,—his mother,—then seventy-eight years old, who lived to be ninety-seven, to whom in later life he came to have a startling resemblance. When he first appeared on the national stage in 1780 his manners were marred by the awkwardness of a young countryman, and his conversation by the pedantry of a young country scholar; but many years of association with the other great men of America had remedied these defects, and his manners were now simple, easy, and dignified, and he was noted as one of the pleasantest talkers of his time. He moved slowly and deliberately; but in the endeavor to mitigate the effects of his shortness of stature he walked with a rising, springing step, which was his only touch of personal affectation. He was plainly clothed in black, with ruffles at the throat, small-clothes, and silk stockings, with large silver buckles on his shoes. When he spoke his voice was low and even, and he did not gesticulate.

In recent years a President-elect, being visited by a friend on the morning of the day of his inauguration, confessed that he had been too much agitated to sleep the night before; and it is safe to say that Mr. Madison, whose nature was sensitive and delicate, spent the night of March 3, 1809, upon a sleepless couch. If, toward morning, he fell into fitful slumber from sheer exhaustion, he was rudely roused at daybreak by the thunder of cannon at the navy-yard and Fort Warburton firing a Presidential salute in his honor. An hour later he rose, and, with the aid of Paul

Jennings, his black body-servant, carefully arrayed himself in a dark-brown suit of cloth made expressly for him. The wool had been grown from Merino sheep at "Clermont," Robert R. Livingston's place on the Hudson River, and the carding, spinning, and weaving had been done by the aristocratic hands of Mr. Livingston's daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Stevens Livingston, the wife of her cousin, Edward P. Livingston.

Shortly before noon Mr. Madison drove from his house to the Capitol, escorted by two troops of local cavalry under Captain Brent, and entering the new hall of the House of Representatives, stood pale and trembling with emotion before an assemblage which crowded every inch of space upon the floor and in the galleries. When he read his inaugural address his voice was at first inaudible, but he gathered courage as he proceeded, and the audience heard at least a part of the speech. The ceremonies in the Capitol being completed, he went outside and reviewed the military forces, and then returned to his house in High street, Georgetown, overlooking the river, where he and Mrs. Madison held a reception, at which, after their habit, their guests were served with punch and cake.

The crowd so swarmed around the house, and the street was so blocked with carriages, that it took a guest half an hour to reach the President. He and his wife stood within the drawing-room door to receive the people as they entered, and soon they filled the parlors, drawing-room, and even a bedroom. "She looked extremely beautiful," says the private letter of a lady who attended the reception; "was drest in a plain cambrick dress with a very long train, plain round the neck without any handkerchief, and a beautiful bonnet of purple velvet, and white sattin with white plumes. She was all dignity, grace and affability."

After their levee, Mr. and Mrs. Madison were allowed a brief period of rest; but soon it was time to change the brown suit of American cloth and the cambric gown with the long train for costumes of the ball. From their house (for they did not move into the White House for several days) to the hotel the Presidential coach, with its four stout horses and black coachman and footman, made its way about eight o'clock; and after they had entered the ball-room the people could not restrain their curiosity, but pressed about Mrs. Madison so closely as to incommode her, those behind pushing forward those in front and peering over their shoulders to have a look at her and her beautiful clothes.

To define the charm of a charming woman is always difficult. Dolly Madison's features were not regular, nor was her figure perfect. She was not witty, nor was she wise, and she participated little, if at all, in her husband's intellectual life. Nevertheless, she stands out as the greatest of all mistresses of the White House, and her popularity was unbounded. She ruled over her world in Washington with genial good nature and instinctive tact. Her nature was warm, affectionate, and impressionable. She loved life and people, and her world loved her. Her brilliant coloring, animated face, and well-rounded figure went with a cordial manner and a sympathy for those about her amounting to genius, and she was always ready to bubble into laughter. Who could resist such a woman, the wife of a President? She was the center of observation at the Inauguration Ball, but she would have been the center of observation at any ball, even if she had not been the President's wife. She had, in fact, ruled as undisputedly over the little boarding-house in Philadelphia kept by her mother, when she was the Widow Todd, as she did over the White House as Mrs. Madison.

"She looked a queen," says the same lady who described the dress she wore in the afternoon. "She had on a pale buff coloured velvet, made plain, with a very long train, but not the least trimming—a beautiful pearl necklace, earrings & bracelet—her head dress was a turban of the same colour'd velvet & white satin—(from Paris) with two superb plumes of the bird of paradise feathers. It would be *absolutely impossible* for any one to behave with more perfect propriety than she did. Unassuming dignity, sweetness, grace—It seems to me, that such manners would disarm envy itself, & conciliate even enemies."

Whatever she said or did seemed to please the people. Captain Thomas Tingey handed her a dancing-card.

"But what am I to do with it?" she said. "I do not dance."

"Give it to your neighbor," said he.

"Oh, no," she replied; "that would look like partiality."

"Then I will," said the captain, and he gave it to Mrs. Cutts.

It was not Mrs. Madison's fault, but Captain Tingey's, that some of the great ladies at the ball were jealous of the preference shown Mrs. Cutts, and had difficulty in hiding it.

Captain Tingey and the other managers of the ball were friends of Mrs. Madison, and everything was arranged so as to do her special honor. To them, too, belongs the credit that the ball was so successful that it established a precedent which has bound posterity. They were all men of prominence in the city and identified with its society. Captain Tingey, who was the head of the committee, was of English birth and had served in the British navy before the Revolution. In that war he fought gallantly for the American cause, and was now commandant of the navy-yard. A widower, about fifty years of age, he was supposed to be contemplating a change in his condition, and did soon afterward marry Miss Anne Dulany of Virginia.

The other managers were John Law, a city councilman, nephew of Lord Ellenborough, and the son by his first wife of Thomas Law, a strange genius who settled in Washington before the government moved there; John Peter Van Ness, who had come to Washington in 1800 as a representative in Congress from Kinderhook, New York, but became a fixture in the city after his marriage to Marcia Burns, the beautiful heiress of old David Burns, an eccentric Scotchman who had reluctantly accepted the wealth which came to him by his farm being turned into city lots; John Tayloe, of Mount Airy, Virginia, a man of large wealth who entertained lavishly; Daniel Carroll of Duddington, one of the makers of Washington, who lived on an estate lying south of the Capitol building, and owned a large portion of the city's land; John Graham, an intimate friend of the President's, an accomplished diplomatist, and at that time chief clerk of the State Department; William Brent; Franklin Wharton; James Eakin; and Isaac A. Coles. Van Ness had recently completed his handsome house at the foot of Seventeenth street, designed by Latrobe, and Tayloe his remarkable octagon house on New Jersey Avenue, a unique example of the genius of Thornton.

Some of the guests of the ball must be noticed. Among them were Robert Goodloe Harper, a politician and an author, but more noted as a fop, who on this occasion wore monstrous knots of black ribbon on his shoes and was scented "like a milliner," as a contemporary wrote; Philip Barton Key, a representative in Congress from Maryland, a man of fashion, a loyalist, and an officer in the British army during the Revolution, whose nephew, Francis Scott Key, afterward wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner"; John Randolph of Roanoke, tall, lean, and impressive, soured because he had failed to prevent Madison's election, demanding homage from all men, and yielding it to none; Albert Gallatin, the Secretary of the Treasury, a dark-eyed Genevan, who spoke English with a foreign accent, and who had with him his charming American wife, formerly Hannah Nicholas of New York, whom her adoring husband called "a city belle" because she had never lived in the country until he took her to Pennsylvania; and William H. Crawford, a senator from Georgia, a dignified man with an athletic figure. Some people thought Crawford's manners were uncouth, but all agreed that his conversation was genial and amusing. Others were the Vice-President, General George Clinton, a veteran of the Revolution, an old man seventy years of age, with severe countenance, but very popular; the Postmaster-General, Gideon Granger of Connecticut, handsome and loquacious; Samuel Harrison Smith, editor and founder of the "National Intelligencer," and his brilliant, keen-witted wife, formerly Margaret Bayard, who knew everybody in Washington, and who wrote a vivacious account of the ball in a letter which has already been quoted here; and Dr. and Mrs. William Thornton. Dr. Thornton, then superintendent of the Patent Office, was the original designer of the Capitol, and had recently completed the plans of the improvements for the President's beautiful house at Montpelier. He gave many parties himself, and was a man of varied and interesting accomplishments, including "the gentle art of making enemies." Robert Smith of Maryland, Secretary of the Navy, but promoted a few days later to be Secretary of State, came with his

wife. He was a heavy, florid man, important chiefly because his family wielded political power; and his wife, a lady of high fashion, was on this occasion obviously ill at ease because Mrs. Cutts was accorded precedence over her at supper. The leading local light at the ball was Robert Brent, the mayor of Washington and paymaster of the army, a distinguished-looking man, one of a large and influential family. With him was his beautiful daughter, Eleanor Brent.

To get to the ball, his Honor had driven up from the house of his father-in-law, Notley Young, near the place where the steamboats now running to Mount Vernon land. He drove over an unpaved street full of holes and deep with mud, and along Pennsylvania Avenue, which was often like that lake in Egypt which appeared to be all sand, but was in reality a dangerous bog, wherefore John Randolph of Roanoke called the capital's principal street "the great Serbonian Bog." The coach plunged and rocked, and to passers-by it looked as if the feathers and plumes in Miss Brent's head-dress were being tossed in an angry sea. All day long the weather had been damp and unpropitious, and the coach might easily have been mired, an accident which happened not infrequently on Pennsylvania Avenue. Some of the guests came from a greater distance and over worse roads than the Brents had to travel, and many of the officials drove the full length of the avenue from their residences in Georgetown.

It was a little after dark when the coaches began to arrive at the hotel. Some were fine vehicles, with proud black coachmen and footmen on the box, wearing liveries adorned with large gilt buttons bearing the crests of the families to whom the servants belonged; but many of the guests reached the balls in sorry hacks hired at great expense, for few of the senators and representatives set up establishments of their own. Daniel Carroll arrived with his wife, Anne Brent, in a coach drawn by four black mules.

There were more men than women at the ball, for Washington was to a great extent a man's city. Being to many only a temporary abode, and offering bad temporary accommodations, men coming from a distance did not bring their families with them; and, besides, travel was in itself such a hardship that women seldom undertook it, except as a matter of necessity; for a stage-coach was an uncomfortable conveyance at best, and especially so when crowded, as it usually was, with ten or more people when it normally held but nine.

Next to Mrs. Madison, the most important person at the ball in the eyes of the guests was Thomas Jefferson. In contrast to the woebegone looks of the President, his ruddy countenance fairly beamed with happiness.

Some one said to him: "You look so happy and satisfied, Mr. Jefferson, and Mr. Madison looks so serious, not to say sad, that a spectator would imagine that you were the one coming in, and he the one going out of, office."

"There 's good reason for my happy and his serious looks," replied Mr. Jefferson. "I have got the burthen off my shoulders, while he has now got it on his."

He had played the game; he had won the stakes; he was now going home, and the friend of his bosom was succeeding him. "I do believe," says Mrs. Smith's letter, "that father never loved son more than he loved Mr. Madison; and I believe, too, that every demonstration of respect to Mr. Madison gave Mr. Jefferson more pleasure than if paid to himself." But Jefferson himself had all day long been receiving extraordinary evidences of the affection and respect in which he was held. Many of the people who attended Mr. Madison's reception in the afternoon had afterward gone to the White House to bid Mr. Jefferson good-by, and some of them were unable to restrain their tears at the thought of losing him. The women especially had so surrounded him that Mr. Samuel Harrison Smith said:

"You see, sir, the ladies *will* follow you."

"That is right," said he, "since I am too old to follow them. I remember in France, when his friends were taking leave of Dr. Franklin, the ladies smothered him with embraces; and on his introducing me to them as his successor, I told him I wished he would transfer the privilege to me, but he answered, 'You are too young a man.'"

Mr. Jefferson did not remain more than two hours at the ball, and left before supper. The rooms became more and more

crowded and the heat intolerable; and as the sashes of the windows would not come down, panes of glass were broken to let in the air.

Nevertheless, the tired President found spirit to joke. Coming up to Mrs. Smith, he made "some of his old kind and mischievous allusions," but the lady discreetly refrains from telling what they were. He inquired, however, how she was progressing in the digging of a well at her place in the country. "'Truth,'" said he, "'is at the bottom of a well,' is the old saying; and I expect when you get to the bottom of yours you will discover most important truths. I hope you will at least find water." When the managers of the ball approached and asked him to stay to supper, he said he would be happy to do so, and added for Mrs. Smith's ear, "But I would much rather be in bed."

Mrs. Madison was led in to supper by the French minister, and the President took in Mrs. Erskine. The table was crescent-shaped, and they sat in the center opposite each other. Mr. Erskine sat on Mrs. Madison's left, and she showed her tact by being equally gracious to both him and General Turreau.

Immediately after supper the President's party left, and then, the rooms being less crowded, dancing really began, and quadrilles, reels, and other country dances held sway until twelve o'clock, when, as Sunday morning had come, the fiddles stopped, coaches and hacks were called, and the first Inauguration Ball came to an end.

"OH, ASK ME NOT"

BY JOHN CHARLES McNEILL

LOVE, should I set my heart upon a crown,
Squander my years, and gain it,
What recompense of pleasure could I own
For youth's red drops that stain it?

Much have I thought on what our life may mean,
And what its best endeavor;
Seeing we may not come again to glean,
But, losing, lose forever.

Seeing how zealots, making choice of pain,
From home and country parted,
Have thought it life to leave their fellows slain,
Their women broken-hearted;

How teasing truth a thousand faces claims,
As in a broken mirror,
And what a father died for in the flames
His own son scorns as error;

How even they whose hearts were sweet with song
Must quaff oblivion's potion,
And soon or late their sails be lost along
The all-surrounding ocean.

Oh, ask me not the haven of our ships,
Nor what flag floats above you!
I hold you close, I kiss your sweet, sweet lips,
And love you, love you, love you!

SKYROCKET AND THE BLUE STUFF

BY CLOUDESLEY JOHNS

WITH PICTURES BY MARTIN JUSTICE

I

THE COLT ARRIVES

THE colt's dam had been a crack cow-pony in her time, and, when turned into a herd of broncos which were to be driven four hundred miles, she seemed to consider herself in duty bound, though unridden, to help keep the bunch compact; she swung round and round it in a rhythmic single-foot, crashing through the light bunches of sage-brush in her path, utterly ignoring her offspring the while. Only during the halts did she display any recognition of her maternity. The colt, imitating his dam's single-foot when the pace was not too fast, and galloping when he must, kept close at her heels, leaping the brush barriers, throughout the long days for two hundred miles of the drive —nearly four hundred miles of actual travel for him; then he weakened, and was left behind in one of the cañons in a spur of the Sierra Madre range.

Inconsiderate as his parent had been, he mourned her, sulking, whinnying incessantly in sorrow and anger at his bereavement, kicking wickedly at his genial elders in the corral where he had been placed, and sniffing disgustedly at the pail of cow's milk with which Dolly Hazeltine fed him when he became hungry enough to accept the service. With his rages and his chafing, and by the nature of his life tragedy, he won the heart of Dolly. She had had a mother, too; she was impatient, oppressed by her environment, and so she loved the little restless waif, and wept over him while he drank churlishly, or ungratefully bit at her with his dripping pink mouth.

Jem Harley liked the colt, too, maintaining that he was going to be a devil. Jem Harley had an admiring fondness for all honest devils.

But the tender petting of Dolly and the rough play of Jem aroused the colt's ire equally; his temper had been soured by overstrain, and all his struggle had availed only to get him to a place he was determined not to like. From force of habit and restlessness he spent much of his time wheeling rapidly about the inclosure he was in; and, as his young heart had hardened, his expanding muscles continued to do the same.

"Certainly a devil," chuckled Jem, one day, as the colt whirled sharply and landed both pointed heels against the already sore ribs of a big plow-horse that had strayed into the beaten path around which the youngster was doing his mile in about 3:04. "I 'll have lots of fun breaking you some day, old boy," he added, addressing the colt.

"I won't let you, Jem Harley," protested Dolly. "You 're too rough with him, and that 's what makes him mean."

Jem laughed. "There are horses and horses, Dolly, and you have no practical knowledge of either kind. This little fellow sucked meanness with his first milk, and he 'll drop some of it only when fully satisfied that it 's not good for him."

"Oh, of course; girls don't know anything. I suppose I make him mean by being good to him, don't I?" she challenged.

Jem laughed again, in good-natured

reproof. "Wait, Dolly; see which of us he likes best and minds quickest when he 's a yearling," he said.

Dolly frowned impatiently: Jem never would submit to being quarreled with, not even a little.

As the pair turned back from the corral, where Jem had found Dolly with the colt, they met Robert Hazeltine coming in from some part of the ranch. His was not so strong a face as Jem Harley's; his smile of greeting—tender and wistful as he looked at Dolly, but fading altogether when her glance met his—was weak. His manner showed that he expected her to speak.

"You should see that colt, papa," she said, but with less animation than she had displayed in fencing with Jem: "he bosses those broncos around as if he were born a prince." She walked on slowly, leaving the men standing together.

"Well, how 's the mine, Jem?" asked Hazeltine, with cheerfulness a little forced.

"I 'm beginning to be afraid 'mine' is n't the name for it at all, and that it 's about done as a prospect. The gold 's less and less, and harder and harder to separate."

"More of the blue stuff?"

"Lots more; worse every foot we go in. If it was n't for that cursed blue stuff that mine would be worth twenty thousand easy; as it is—*quien sabe?* Maybe in another week it won't pay to work at all."

"I 've often wondered what it can be,—the blue stuff,—and if it might be good for something."

"Good for nothing! It 's too common and forward for that. About as good for a mine as Russian thistles are for a ranch, I guess. Heavy as it is, I 'm quite sure it 's not metal; it 's no sort of cyanide, either, and I don't know what it is besides a confounded nuisance. It 's coming so thick now that it takes less than half an hour to clog the riffles, and even when we 're cleaning up it 's still with us: the small grains stick in a gold-pan lots worse than black sand, and we lose a lot of colors scraping them out. I wish it was some good; there 's more than six tons of it in the dump alongside our sluice, and it looks like the ledge was stuffed full of it."

"Well, when you fellows are forced to quit up there, I dare say I 'll soon be giving up ranching in the cañon. It 's a lonely place here, Jem—for a young girl," he ended wistfully, questioningly.

Jem did not perceive that it was half a question, and he had not heard the stories which had been rife in Parkersfield and San Francisco five years before, giving the name of Hazeltine a wider notoriety than the cautious and timid Robert—or the well-balanced Dolly, if he could only have known—could ever have gained for it. Then it was that Hazeltine, left alone with Dolly, had gone to make a home in the hills.

"But Dolly would make any lonely place jolly," Jem cried impulsively.

"A host in herself?" said Hazeltine, smiling sadly. "Perhaps; and perhaps she feels that her talents should be employed for a purpose more august, if quite indefinite. Jem, it is Dolly wants to go—to town."

II

"MUCHA BOTHER"

SEVERAL times the colt, by persistent and sometimes painful effort, had splintered away the top rail of the corral fence, lightly leaping the three-foot barrier which remained, and enjoyed a wider freedom for a while—a freedom, however, which was not without its disadvantages, and he had always returned to the ranch of his own accord, if uncaptured during the first day or so. He was an epicure; the total absence of bran mush in the wild hills shocked him during his first evasion, and its periodical appearance at the corral drew him back there. Later it was green alfalfa and rolled barley that his mind dwelt upon while he wandered over the mountain ridges, springing like a goat from rock to rock, and absence made his heart grow fonder. Yet liberty is sweet, and he compromised between that and the succulent provender of which it deprived him. A time came when he did not need to kick off a section of cottonwood rail, at the risk of bruises when hoofs missed, as a preliminary to his cherished outing: the five-foot fence could be cleared at a bound. But Dolly was not going to have the colt break his neck, she said; he was her chief source of recreation now, the prospectors being gone and the rancher-folk of the mountains quite uninteresting, in her opinion; so another rail was added to the corral fence. Disgustedly the colt examined the whole two hundred feet of it, tried to kick away a portion, but found the height so great that accurate

aim was impossible; with his slim legs damaged in the process of acquiring knowledge, he desisted. Then the Greaser came; he gave a name to the colt, but Dolly would not accept it: "Diablo" was the name.

The Greaser had come out of the mountains, wearing spurs and carrying a bridle the Spanish bit of which was heavily mounted with silver; yet his boots were

side opposite, and summoning all his courage for the great feat; then he would dash across the inclosure, gather his slim legs under him for the leap, only to lose heart at the last instant, crashing into the fence and hurting himself, instead of flying over it. One day he made two attempts, retreating after the first with a red trickle down his breast from a nasty gash torn by a long splinter, his little body quivering

Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins.

"SNIFFING DISGUSTEDLY AT THE PAIL OF COW'S MILK"

badly worn through walking long and far over the jagged rocks. When asked questions of a personal nature he did not understand English; at other times he understood it tolerably well. Hazeltine did not exactly employ this man, but somehow he insinuated himself into the economy of things at the ranch, and stayed.

Dolly distrusted the Greaser, slinking of body and eye, yet delighted in commanding him imperiously. The neighbors—half a dozen families within eight miles—professed to fear the Greaser, some even opining that he would burn the house over Hazeltine's head if discharged and cut his throat some night if retained. Naturally, when this man dashed wildly down through the cañons one afternoon, his normally swarthy face livid and his eyes glaring, he was shot to death by a rancher, on suspicion, and so he never told his story. The colt had a little to do with it.

Again and again had the colt planted his rear against the fence, gazing at the with rage and pain. Squealing angrily, he whirled about, ran straight at the fence again, and with a mighty leap he cleared the top rail, only his hind hoofs encountering it heavily. Almost on his nose he fell; his fore legs doubled under him, but were not broken; and after a whimpering whinny of distress at his numerous wounds and bruises, he paced away into the hills.

"Ramon!" called Dolly, a few moments later, at the corral gate.

"Yess, mees?" and the Greaser appeared.

"Where 's the colt?" she demanded.

The Greaser stared blankly into the corral.

"I now have find heem?" he queried sullenly.

"Of course you must, and be quick. He 's hurt; I know he 's hurt himself."

As a matter of fact, the hurt colt had before this forgotten his hurts, having discovered certain objects of curiosity which had been overlooked in his previous wan-

derings. It was an abandoned prospect where a ridge of thoroughly rotted quartz had been worked as placer ground and sluiced; beside the sluice lay heaps of crumbled rock filled with a hard bluish dump,—almost close enough to throw; but a jagged bit of quartz hurt his knee, and he looked down with an imprecation, gasped, screamed frantic oaths, and danced about like a madman, his bulging black

Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"HIS BULGING BLACK EYES SEARCHING OUT THE BLUE STUFF IN THE DUMP"

substance. The colt ignored the blue stuff, giving his attention to the flume: obviously this thing had been constructed by human beings, doubtless with a view to the discomfort of horses; at any rate, it would be well to demolish it, and it looked easy. The light pine boxes flew in splinters from the sharp hoofs, and when the work was finished, the colt held his head high, whinnying a loud challenge to all the world. That whinny brought the Greaser, and he began creeping up behind the ridges so that he might get close enough to throw a rope on the colt. Quite close he came,—the colt was nipping at new bunch-grass which had forced its way out of the old eyes searching out the blue stuff in the dump. The colt paced away unnoticed. Ten minutes later the Greaser ran past the corral, shouted something to Dolly which at first puzzled her and then caused her eyes to flash with anger, and on he ran, down the cañon and the long foot-hill road, to where he was suddenly to die through a misapprehension.

"Impudence!" Dolly half soliloquized, when she saw her father. "And he 's gone now, and he was lots of fun," she ended fretfully.

"What impudence? Who?" asked Hazeltine.

"The Greaser; I sent him after the colt,

—he jumped out again, after all,—and presently he came back, running, and yelled at me over his shoulder, 'Mucha bother!' and then kept on down the road. What 's he for but to be bothered?" she concluded indignantly.

III

ALL 'S FAIR

THOUGH half satisfied that he ought to fall in with Dolly's dearest wishes, or that he must do so eventually, Hazeltine procrastinated; Dolly said little, showing only by her manner and actions how weary she was of the mountain life. But circumstances were presently to make the situation tolerable again for a while.

The next arrival at the ranch gave the colt a name which all acquaintances of the daring little animal adopted for him. This man was a government surveyor, by virtue of a little technical knowledge, some wealthy and influential relatives, and a charming manner; tired of camping, he concluded that his imaginary surveys could

Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"HUNG ON TOGETHER WHILE HE SNAKED IT OVER RIDGES AND CAÑONS"

be platted and his salary earned far more pleasantly in some comfortable mountain ranch-house. In Hazeltine he found an old acquaintance of San Francisco days, and remembered Dolly as a ten-year-old girl; she remembered Percy Laurel, too, and was delighted.

Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"'SKYROCKET! SKYROCKET! SKYROCKET!' HE CRIED"

When Laurel, having heard of the colt's exploits, was taken to the corral to see the creature, he cried:

"Hello, Skyrocket!"

Dolly laughed. Dolly knew how to laugh, and when, intuitively; she was born to charm and entertain, and her father was really inconsiderate in clinging to the mountain ranch.

Then Jem came back, after a five months' absence, and Dolly's days were filled with interest and joy. Jem had come ostensibly for a very brief visit, yet stayed and stayed, apparently because the surveyor did the same, though Jem did not seem over-fond of the surveyor. Jem was dignified and frank; Laurel was very polite and most thoughtful of Jem's convenience, but there was something hidden in all this which the prospector did not like. The undeclared rivalry was not openly encouraged or even recognized by Dolly, but she found means to punish either for any hint of malice toward the other.

The young men talked much to each other in the evenings—exhibition dialogues

—of things they knew and did not know, had done or had not done, and many of their half-lies were amusing. Hazeltine listened critically to these performances, Dolly with delight.

Then the rivals went on bear-hunts together, seeking opportunities to save each other's life, and they undertook to break Skyrocket. He acted more like a fancy reverse pinwheel than a skyrocket when they tried to ride him, and Jem kept his seat only a very little longer than Laurel did. On each occasion Skyrocket continued his whip-lash contortions till, strand after strand parting, the cinch broke and the saddle was whirled high in the air. Dolly forbade further efforts in this direction, truly saying that the horse would kill himself, at least, in another turn or two; so they hitched him to a stout buckboard, without preparing his mind for it, and hung on together while he snaked it over ridges and cañons, trailing it in the air behind him as he leaped the gulches. Skyrocket returned to the ranch alone, some harness and two bits of shaft hanging to him, and Dolly, very pale, rode well ahead of a relief expedition which followed the trail. They met Jem trying to carry Laurel to the ranch; he had done half a mile of it.

For many days Jem limped around the ranch, avoiding all moving objects which might come in contact with spots where the doctor from Alpine had done some needlework on him, cursing Skyrocket from a distance for his own injuries, but yet more for Percy Laurel's broken leg. Dolly devoted most of her time and talent to the entertainment of the helpless one. Finally Jem, somewhat recovered and craving excitement, harnessed Skyrocket and drove him from the back of Dolly's saddle-horse; the latter galloped, Skyrocket paced. Next the strenuous youngster was hitched double to a heavy farm-wagon, and did not succeed in leaving the road for the brush; he wore himself out dragging the wagon and the other horse, with the strength of Jem's arms on the lines, and thereafter Jem was his master.

While Jem was improving the time which had become a burden to him, certain developments were in progress in the invalid's room. For one thing, the broken bone had knit, and the patient would soon be able to stand and to walk with care; for another, he must then be leaving the ranch, to make his reports; also, Dolly showed indications of restlessness, and so far from insisting that the sufferer must not be disturbed when Jem came in to chaff the companion of his adventure, she now welcomed the prospector: so Laurel had concluded that the most auspicious moment for what he intended was at least not in the future, and even feared he had waited over-long.

Dolly had come in from a short but exciting ride with Jem behind Skyrocket; the broken but not tamed horse had given the driver little time to talk to his companion, but Dolly had seen a look in his eyes in an instant of apparent danger, as he half turned toward her, which caused her heart to flutter more than Skyrocket's plunges could, and then she had insisted on going back to the ranch-house. With her nerves still vibrant, before reaction began, she came upon Laurel and his crutches in the deepest shadow on the ranch-house porch.

"Stay, Dolly, and entertain me, please," he cried lightly, as she started back and would have retreated. "Please, Dolly," he begged as she hesitated. "Now that I 'm no longer really an invalid, I can't expect to have you playing nurse for me, of course; but I 'm still too nearly helpless to be the companion of your wild adventures, so please sit here and talk to me a little while."

Dolly dropped weakly into the chair he drew up close to his, leaning back into the shadows to hide the flush which overspread her face.

"Wild adventures?" she echoed.

"I heard you drive out, and recognized the hoof-beats of that little gray fiend. Oh, Dolly, why do you take such reckless chances?" Yet it was not of the "little gray fiend" that he was thinking. "If anything should happen to you, Dolly—" Her manner warned him and he broke off. Discomfited he was, but not unhopeful, for he saw that she was only flustered and uncertain in her mind. Laurel's heart still beat thickly, but his mind was cool.

The pause was only momentary, but it was Dolly that ended it.

"Oh, Skyrocket is quite well broken, and does n't try many of his tricks in harness now."

"Jem is certainly a wonder," commented Laurel.

Dolly felt uneasy, and thought to change the subject as Laurel paused, yet she did not speak. Presently Laurel went on:

"I can easily understand the attraction prospecting has for him: it holds all the fascination of gambling for great stakes and all the charm of adventure. Hardship and disappointment cannot awe a man of such strength and courage as our friend Jem."

Dolly was filled with conflicting emotions—of delight at Laurel's recognition of Jem's qualities in this encomium, and an uneasy feeling that it was an encomium in appearance only. She had not learned that no thing or person is either wholly bad or wholly good, but may be the one or the other according to circumstances or the point of view. She believed, vaguely, that every trait and action may be judged by fixed standards of morality and wisdom; she had only dreamed of life, she did not know. The modulated voice of Laurel broke in upon her reverie:

"I 've told him of a place I ran across a few weeks ago, where it seems to me the croppings look promising,—though I know little of minerals myself,—and he 's going after it presently. I suppose the delight of great hopes repays him for all he has to endure, for the never-ending see-saw of fortune."

"Oh, but some day—" began Dolly, and paused.

"'Some day,'" said Laurel, "is the prospector's motto and coat of arms: some day he 'll win millions, and then? *Quien sabe?* Perhaps a hundred deep holes and tunnels in the mountains, dreams of other millions to be won, and then a pack and burro and the trail again. The life does not breed contentment, Dolly." He left the abstract now. "I hope it will not be so with Jem; I hope his 'some day' extends beyond the bonanza which may be his, not only because of what he has done for me and my regard for him, but because he deserves it. Yet there are some things I do not wish him, Dolly." Dolly flushed crimson, and though her face was in the shadow, Laurel again stopped abruptly, but took up the thread of his discourse at once.

"But what are the probabilities? He and his partner took two thousand apiece from the place up here before that strange blue stuff drove them out, and Jem sank his share in five months on wildcat prospects. That 's the way it goes, Dolly."

Dolly's hands were tightly clasped in her lap; her face was pale now.

"Why do you tell me this?" she demanded moodily.

Laurel laughed lightly. "Why, I 'm sure I don't know, now that you call my attention to it. It is a rather melancholy subject we got started on, at least from our point of view; I imagine Jem would laugh at us if he had heard it."

Dolly felt chilled; she stood up and walked slowly down the porch. Laurel did not seek to detain her then.

IV

BASE METAL?

HAZELTINE had yielded to Dolly's will at last: two months after Percy Laurel had returned to San Francisco and Jem Harley to his prospecting, he sold the ranch and stock and went to Parkersfield to live. And it was five months after this that Jem, having opened five prospects,—one of which paid the expenses of the four unsuccessful ones, leaving him two hundred dollars for his five months' work,—arrived at the ranch. He found Skyrocket in disgrace and in danger of a sentence of death for having exuberantly gone mountain-climbing with a buggy, to the terror and distress of his new owner, who had clung to the conveyance as long as it lasted. Jem bought the horse, led him down the cañon till he found a buckboard for sale, and then drove off for Parkersfield.

Skyrocket, after a few tentative plunges for which he was well punished with whip and rein, paced quietly along the rough foot-hill road, allowing Jem's thoughts to stray again to some glittering croppings he had stumbled upon during his late wanderings. He had not sunk a prospect shaft there, being content for the moment with locating the claim; he was not sure his find would prove to be of value, for he kept telling himself he did not know what it was. That it was metal of some sort he had sufficient knowledge to know; that it was not gold was manifest, for he did have a very good working knowledge of gold; and if it did not prove to be silver, there was bitter disappointment in store for Jem Harley. Another thought possessed his mind, coupled with that of the hypotheti-

cal silver lead: he would tell Dolly of his hopes, and then of that greater hope he had held so long. And would she—if the rock carried silver? He hoped to hear her say that silver-mines were nothing to her,—though well aware that this would be untrue,—and that Jem was all her world. Yet, with this last intoxicating thought in his mind, he drew out his specimens from the pocket of his canvas coat, and examined them for the thousandth time. The metal in the ore shone and sparkled as he turned the rock in his hand till all its surfaces had caught the light of the sun.

Jem received his letters at Alpine post-office, the accumulation of seven months, and drove on. Skyrocket was inclined to be frisky, and Jem presently stopped and tied him to a juniper; then he opened his mail.

Dolly's letters vaguely troubled him: she seemed too happy; what he would have wished her he did not ask himself. It caused him a jealous pang. He re-read the six letters, searching for some hint of incompleteness in the life of the writer, but could find none. Two letters remained to be read; he opened the one from Hazeltine, and glanced over it. Laurel! Laurel there! In Hazeltine's letter there was a suggestion of uneasiness, a strange urgency in the invitation to Jem to visit them. But why? Hazeltine had seemed to like and admire Laurel more than Jem in the days on the cañon ranch. Jem glanced at the date, and was relieved to find that it was only two weeks old: more may sometimes happen in two weeks than in two years, but Jem was seeking comfort. What little he found was short-lived: Dolly's last letter, more joyous than the rest, bore a later date by two days; Laurel had been there then, and Dolly had not told him.

There was one more letter, addressed in a hand he recognized but could not place; that could have no bearing on the existing situation, he thought, and opened it listlessly. However, it held its momentary sensation for him, for it was from Percy Laurel, flippantly urging Jem to join the "festive party" in Parkersfield at his earliest convenience. It was a sarcastic fling, yet a reckless act of honor. Jem felt neither despondent nor apathetic after that; his blood leaped hotly in his veins, and his eyes shone brightly. In a moment more Skyrocket was being allowed to gather the impression that he was running away, though held closely to the rocky stage road through the long pass.

V

WHAT THE GREASER SAID

"HELLO!" cried Laurel, who was walking alone along the main street of Parkersfield. "Just in time, old man."

"For what?" demanded Jem, savagely.

"Why, everything that 's going; but I meant supper. Hello, Skyrocket! He 's been abusing you, has n't he? What was the matter, Jem? Been hurrying, I should say."

Jem flushed under the banter. "Skyrocket does n't care about slow travel," he mumbled, "and I let him come through."

"Well, Dolly's saddle-horse and mine fill the bit of stable at the place, but if you 'll give me a lift down there I 'll take Transit to a boarding-stable and make room for Skyrocket. Oh, that 's all right; I 've had the stall three weeks, and it 's proper I vacate for you. Don't worry, Jem; I 'll have my share."

Jem scowled darkly, and made little reply to the running fire of comment upon things in general which Laurel kept up.

"Dolly 's the forefront of everything in this place," he was saying. "There was never any social life in the wretched little town as I remember it; but, say!—well, 'Frisco 'd be a lot too small for her, I say." He broke off to direct the morose Jem, and the buckboard swung through Hazeltine's gate.

"I 'm glad, very glad to see you, Jem, my boy," said Hazeltine, gravely. "Any good news?"

"I don't know," answered Jem, thinking of the bright metal and trying to feel sure it was silver. "Prospects," he added, "but I have n't gone down on them much yet."

"Well, I 'm glad you 've come. I don't know what to do about your horse; our—"

"Transit yields to Skyrocket," interrupted the surveyor, and went to saddle his horse.

"Skyrocket? So it is!" cried Hazeltine.

"I bought him at the ranch. I did n't know you 'd gone till I got there," explained Jem. "How 's Dolly?"

"Quite well, and seems very happy, but I fear not altogether content," he said, with an unconscious sigh.

"How 'll you swap plugs, Jem?" asked Laurel, riding up. "Mine 's a good saddle-horse, and fast; a good stayer, too."

"I 'm going to keep Skyrocket," said Jem.

"Then I keep Transit; you 've got the only horse I 'd trade him for."

Dolly did not come out to meet Jem; her greeting, when he went in, was not effusive, as it had been on other occasions. She seemed to study him reflectively, while he talked with her father or Laurel.

Dolly appeared to be a little tired. Through the supper-hour she remained soberly contemplative, rousing only once to frown impatiently at Jem's attempt to emulate Laurel in his brilliant banter. Later in the evening they went out, and with Dolly as his rather passive sponsor and Laurel exerting himself to win general attention to the wanderer, Jem became a lion in the petty social circle which had formed about Dolly Hazeltine. He enjoyed it, too, though always with an uneasy feeling that Laurel was doing it all. Dolly seemed surprised at Jem's complacency, and scarcely pleased.

The interest in the new life, such as he found it in its freshness, and the presence of Dolly made Jem forget or ignore the problem which had perplexed him when he came, but finally he sent his specimens to be assayed. Having done this, he began to fear that the report would leave him without even the doubtful prospect of fortune to offer Dolly, and he hastened to tell her of his hopes; then he would tell of the hope he cherished.

"Silver!" cried Dolly, excitedly, but Jem checked her, explaining that it might not be.

"Then you 'll be prospecting over the mountains again, months and years," she said. "What is the use, Jem? Look at those old men that used to come to the ranch, twisted with rheumatism so that it made my bones ache to see them, prospecting all their lives and dying in the mountains. I don't want ever to live in the mountains any more. Do you like them? Why don't you stop it, Jem?"

Then a soft flush overspread her face and throat, deepening as he began:

"I would Dolly, if—"

"If everything was just as you wanted it," she interrupted hastily, "which it can't ever be, for you don't know what you want."

"Oh, Dolly! I do know, and—"

Dolly laughed nervously. "You 're too unreasonable and absurd to talk to to-day, Jem," she protested, and would have retreated but that he caught her hand and held it.

"If it is silver, Dolly," he said; "if I can leave the mountains forever and take you wherever you care to go—Dolly, will you marry me then?"

Dolly whimpered, hanging weakly back from him. "Don't, Jem!" she pleaded; "don't ask me that." Then her trepidation passed and she laughed. "I don't want to marry a silver-mine, Jem," she said.

In his surprise he released her, but as she backed away from him he cried:

"Marry me, then! Oh, Dolly, I love you so!"

"No, Jem," she answered gravely; "I won't be a prospector either." Again she tried to laugh, but failed. He let her go.

The following day the assayer's report came. It showed the rock to go twenty cents per ton in silver, fifty cents in gold, and about eleven dollars in lead: a very valuable prospect if the ore could be milled at the mine; but it could not.

Laurel, in his sympathy, was a little less flippant than usual; Hazeltine was manifestly grieved; Dolly had nothing to say. Jem then declined Laurel's suggestion that they pay some calls and get cheered up, Dolly likewise refusing, and Jem retired into a corner of the parlor with a work on metallurgy, the leaves of which he began moodily turning. He knew it could not tell him how to run a mill without water, and that twelve dollars a ton would not pay for hauling and shipping the ore, yet he began reading passages in the chapters on lead. The metal was bright and shiny in the ore, he saw it stated. All he read was almost new to him, for, like many another prospector with some knowledge of gold-bearing rocks, he knew almost nothing of other ores.

"Well, then, what does silver look like?" the question formed itself in his mind.

Angrily, as if he had a grievance against nature for deceiving him by appearances, he turned to the chapters on silver ores, reading several pages absently, the words making no impression on his mind; but suddenly something impelled him to fix his attention on the book—something he had just read, with his mind

far away, vaguely suggested some elusive memory. What was it? He ran his eye up along the page.

"—of a dull blue color," that was it; but what—why, it was silver he was reading about!

"Blue in the ore!" he gasped; and then, throwing down the book, he leaped across the room and seized Dolly's wrist.

"What was it he said?" he demanded wildly.

The girl shrank back from him, terrified.

"The Greaser," ejaculated Jem. "He was from the mines of Mexico, I 'm sure of it, and he knew. Tell me what it was he said. Listen! Think! You said it was 'mucha bother'; remember? Was n't it '*mucha plata*'? Dolly, tell me!"

"Why, that was it!" she answered, amazed. "But what is it? What did he mean? Jem, what is it?"

"Silver! Virgin silver by the ton!"

"Well,"—in an imperturbable drawl Laurel spoke,—"I 'll race you for that silver, Jem."

"You have no right!" cried Dolly. "It 's Jem's; he mined it for months."

"Location expired some six months ago, I believe," demurred Laurel, easily; "but if you say so, Dolly, Jem shall go for the silver alone."

Dolly turned white, leaning back against the wall. Laurel laughed lightly, but there was a hard gleam in his eyes.

"I guess we race, Jem. Boots and saddles, old man, or—er—possibly you prefer to drive?"

VI

THE RACE FOR THE BLUE STUFF

"SHALL I help you hitch up, Jem? No? Well, you 're wise: I 'd cut the tugs for you. This is war, Jem. By the way, shall you pack a gun?"

"Gun! No!" snorted Jem, contemptuously.

"Well, so long as it 's even, I won't. *Au revoir*. You 'll get a little lead before Transit takes the trail, but we 'll pass you this side of Round Top in spite of Skyrocket's wiry legs." The last words came faintly to Jem through the darkness, and Laurel was gone.

Jem harnessed Skyrocket quickly, but with great care. Hazeltine had lighted a lantern and come out as Laurel started off, and lighted Jem at his work.

"Good-by," he said as his guest drove slowly out, "and good luck to you."

Jem held in his pawing horse at the gate, though it was open; he could see nothing and knew nothing, yet his heart beat as heavily as it might in a close finish to the race which was to be run that night.

"Dolly!" he called softly.

She stepped out from the shadow of a pepper-tree and stood beside the buckboard.

"I did n't want to keep you, Jem," she panted. "Go!"

He leaned down and kissed her, and her arms clung about his neck for a moment; then Skyrocket was off.

Dark clouds smothered the stars and moon; the reins Jem held were damp with moisture from the heavy air. Mud in the long pass, of which there seemed to be every promise now, would clog even the light wheels of a buckboard far more than it would hamper a saddle-horse, yet Jem was laughing silently as Skyrocket fell into his stride along the valley road. He tightened the reins a little.

Once the cloud-banks lifted in the east; Round Top loomed shadowy against the dark mass of the towering Sierra, and beyond, above, the sky was for a moment filled with a soft opalescent light from the hidden moon; then they thickened again and a driving mist swept across the valley.

"Rain behind that," thought Jem. "My race is with the storm, and if I beat it I 'll tire his Transit in the last ten miles. Skyrocket knows the road."

Round Top, a dark blur in the mist, came in sight again, close ahead on the right, as the buckboard swung around the curve and whirled away straight for the mouth of the long pass; but out of the wet night behind came a loping horse, drawing slowly up to the pacer, and, with the isolated mountain still fifty yards in front, passed him. A cynical chuckle, an unspoken "I told you," came back from the rider; it was answered by a peal of laughter so triumphant that the chuckle died in Laurel's throat. Yet he called out to the driver:

"Rain with yours, Jem; I 'll beat it to the summit and leave you and it in the pass behind: prophecy number two. With my location made in the morning, and you left with your precious lead-mine, I 'll have another prophecy for you." The mist swal-

lowed him. Jem drew the lines still tighter as Skyrocket tried to bolt after the saddle-horse.

Round Top faded into the thick night behind, and close before the buckboard a huge black post suddenly appeared—an old dead oak the fallen branches of which had been replaced by two rough pine boards, one pointing back the way they had come, the other to the right.

"Ten miles," said Jem.

Straight away they went. Jem slackened the lines a little, and trees, rocks, fences, and ranch-houses rushed at them out of the murky nearer distance and skurried away behind.

The blanketed landscape changed, and they passed through a brush-grown country, where the road now rose before them like a white sign-board in the distorting gray mist, or fell away like a chalk-marked precipice; but only to the eyes of the man was the way so strange. And now appeared a vast wall before them through the thinning mist, rising far above them and shading away into the somber sky, darkening with every mile covered by the beating hoofs, seeming to bend over them at last. Against the black wall Jem saw a blacker line, and soon it sank away before them, deep into the great mountain-range, and the buckboard swayed and rattled over the loose stones of the long pass.

A yellow bar of light lay over the road at the second turn, and here Jem brought Skyrocket to a standstill.

"Hello!" he called, while Skyrocket drank at the trough before the mountain saloon.

"Hello!" came the response. "A drink? Feller hoss-back ahead said to say there 'd be no arsenic in it, if you wanted some; nor there would n't be, nohow, for I ain't that kind. What 's the row?"

"I 've no time to tell you now. No; I won't drink, thanks. How long gone?"

"Half an hour, 'bout— Whew! that 's a hoss an' a half!"

Skyrocket was off through the pass.

Click-click, click-click, click-click. For hours of the long climb the rhythmic beat of the steel-shod hoofs never flagged, and at last, on the final curve of the upward way, Skyrocket paced out of the heavy mist, out and above the lowering clouds, and stood still on the summit, under the twinkling stars.

Jem looked back and listened; the gray smother filled all the cañons below him,—a fantastic, flimsy sea in the blue-white light of the moon,—while out of it rose the taller peaks of the range like islands; but up from its depths came a swishing, screeching sound, for the storm had followed close, and was roaring up the narrow pass behind. And Jem laughed loudly, there on the crest of the range, looking down in the soft moonlight at the rain-whipped mountains below.

"*Second prophecy wrong!*" he cried.

Down the mountain, tugs loose, paced Skyrocket, breathing hard, but with no nerveless jerking of the knees. Alpine, all dark, was left behind, and the flying hoofs rang loudly on the foot-hill road.

Fifty miles away, now, was the drenched city of Parkersfield, where Dolly shivered at the sound of wind and rain; and here, in the light of stars and the setting moon, Skyrocket entered the last long stretch of the race.

Mile after mile he paced steadily, his sharp ears held stiffly back, while Jem watched fearfully for the sinking and rising of the flanks, the spasmodic heave of the ribs, which should tell him the pace was too fast and the race lost; but the dreaded signs had not appeared when Rattlesnake Rocks were passed. Nine miles more to the blue stuff. Where was Laurel?

Jem no longer watched the flanks of his horse, but fixed his eyes on the outstretched head, for the regular beat of the hoofs told him that now Skyrocket would last to the end; but the sharp ring of the steel shoes could not prevent his heart from sinking as the miles spun away behind, for he had not seen what he watched for so eagerly.

Tight on the slopes and loose on the levels were the reins over Skyrocket's back, and Jem urged him forward every moment with his voice; pebbles rattled in the spokes of the wheels as the buckboard slid and jumped over the stones: Jem's eyes were on Skyrocket's head, but the sign he hoped for had not come.

The only ranch-house close beside the foot-hill road—here the Greaser had died two years before—flashed into sight and was gone, and a mile beyond that the buckboard slid sidewise for a yard as Skyrocket wheeled sharply into the by-road to the old Hazeltine ranch. Three miles more to the silver lead! Jem's eyes were glassy, and

he no longer shouted to the horse; but still he watched his head.

And suddenly Skyrocket's ears shot forward; Jem stood up in the plunging, staggering buckboard and yelled. The buckboard leaped forward drunkenly, pounding the ground like a trip-hammer, and Jem was sprayed by a shower of foam from the horse's mouth: Skyrocket was galloping.

One more mile and Laurel was in sight, swinging his long quirt till the writhing lash circled Transit's body and bit through the rider's clothes, drawing blood from horse and man: Laurel's sang-froid had deserted him.

Skyrocket leaped over the ground, flinging the buckboard in the air over the hollows, pounding it against the ridges. Jem was silent now, watching Laurel.

It was a savage finish.

The white dawn had come, unnoticed by the racers. In the growing light the rancher who had bought from Hazeltine stood beside the old corral where Skyrocket had spent the fretful months of his babyhood: he saw them flash past, saw Transit stagger ten feet to one side of the trail and fall like a stone, and Skyrocket go tearing away into the hills with a shattered buckboard behind him.

An hour later Jem came down, thin and haggard. Laurel was at breakfast.

"Hello!" he cried. The tone was cheery, but it was a forced note. "Where 's Skyrocket?"

"Dead!" groaned Jem, and dropped heavily into a chair.

"Whew!" whistled Laurel. "Transit, too. What brutes we are, and what fools! Why did n't you stop when you saw Transit down?"

"I did n't think about how things were going," answered Jem, slowly, his eyes looking far away at nothing, his awed mind dwelling on the madness that had passed. "I 'd have killed you up there, Percy, if Transit had stuck it out," he ended wonderingly.

Laurel laughed nervously. "And you 're surprised at getting that way?" he asked. "I was wishing for a gun when you passed me. Did n't I say we 're fools?"

Jem was weakly angry at everything, especially at Laurel for seeming to understand things.

"Well, here I am," he blurted: "now your third prophecy!"

"What wretched bad taste you have, Jem!" complained Laurel, rising. "Well, here: I named the horse that won the race for you; I 'll name your mine; I 'll describe the nature of the greatest felicity you now hope for in life—all!" Laurel's lips were white; he no longer sneered with placid politeness, but with the rage of a netted wasp: "*Skyrocket! Skyrocket! Skyrocket!*" he cried.

"I understand," said Jem; "but that prophecy is wrong, too," he added, with conviction.

Laurel laughed jeeringly, slammed the door shut as he passed out, and walked unsteadily down the trail.

Jem looked after him for a moment, and many thoughts of the past, of the present, and of the future rose in his mind, and there was a tightness in his throat. Something seemed to be going out of his life; much had come into it, but the sense of loss was none the less keen for that.

"Percy!" he called. Jem could not know all his tone might tell.

Laurel stopped short and stood still for an instant without turning; then he laughed and looked back at Jem.

"*Adios!*" he cried, waving his hand.

MARCH THE EIGHTEENTH

(TO G. C.)

BY J. F.

THE silent Fisher sat by Time's wide sea,
The troubles of his people pondering;
Heeding not scorn, nor hate, nor calumny,
If he might only do the *honest thing*.

. . . . .

Now, as he journeys home his slow-trod way,
They speak his worth who once spoke naught but blame;
His people pray the length'ning of his day,
And cry the morrow to revere his name.

EPITAPH FOR A POET

(JOHN HENRY BONER)

BY R. W. G.

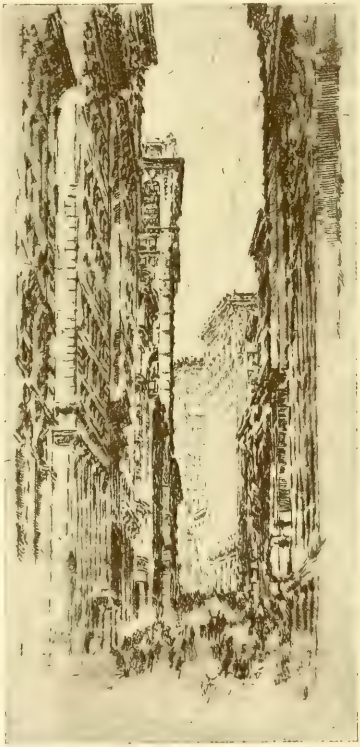
IN life's hard fight this poet did his part:
He was a hero of the mind and heart.
Now rests his body 'neath his own loved skies,
And from his grave "Courage!" his spirit cries.

AT SALUTE

BY SUSIE M. BEST

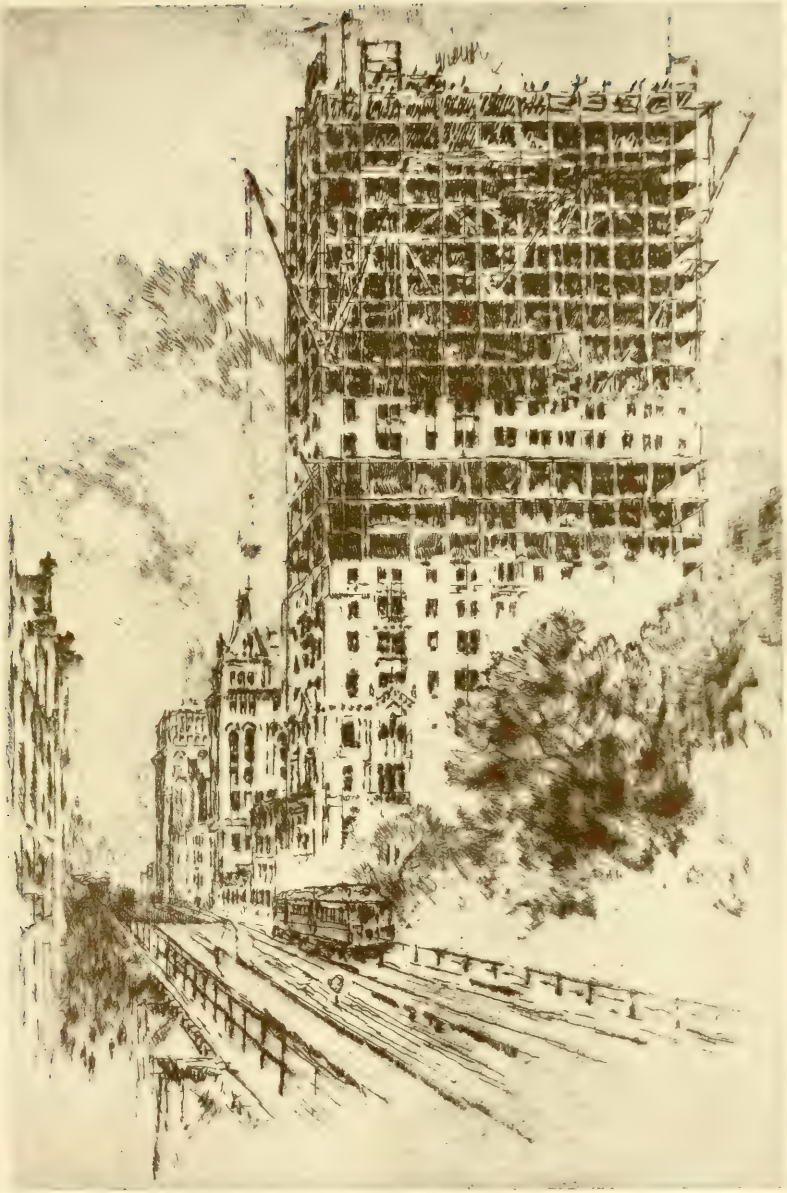
THE king stands by and bares his head—
Why is it so?
I was a clod (he would have said)
An hour ago.
An hour ago, ere I was dead,
I would have bared,
And he, the king, with heedless tread
Onward had fared.
And now, this change—what made it, say—
What stopped him on his jocund way?
Is it because has come to me
Death's strange and sudden dignity?
Is this the reason he is mute
And stands before me at salute?

SKYSCRAPERS OF NEW YORK

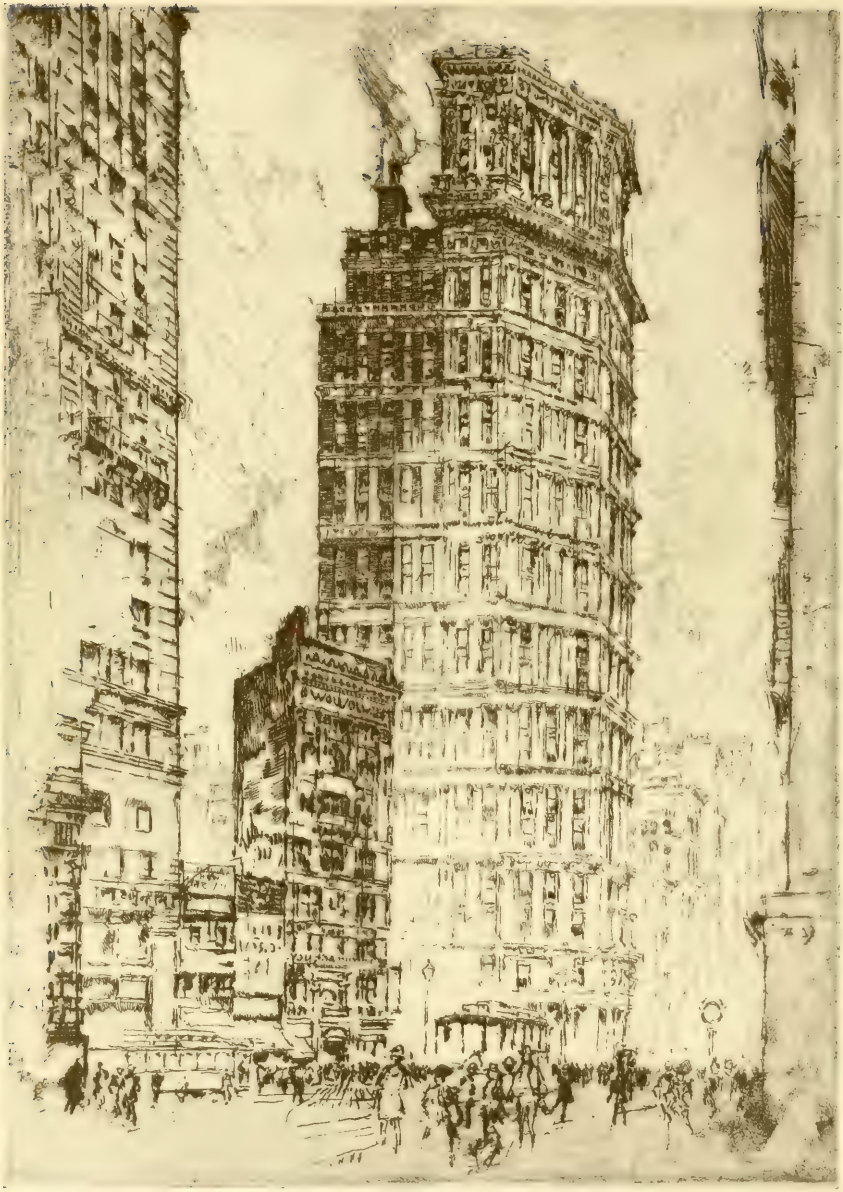


THE CAÑON — WILLIAM STREET

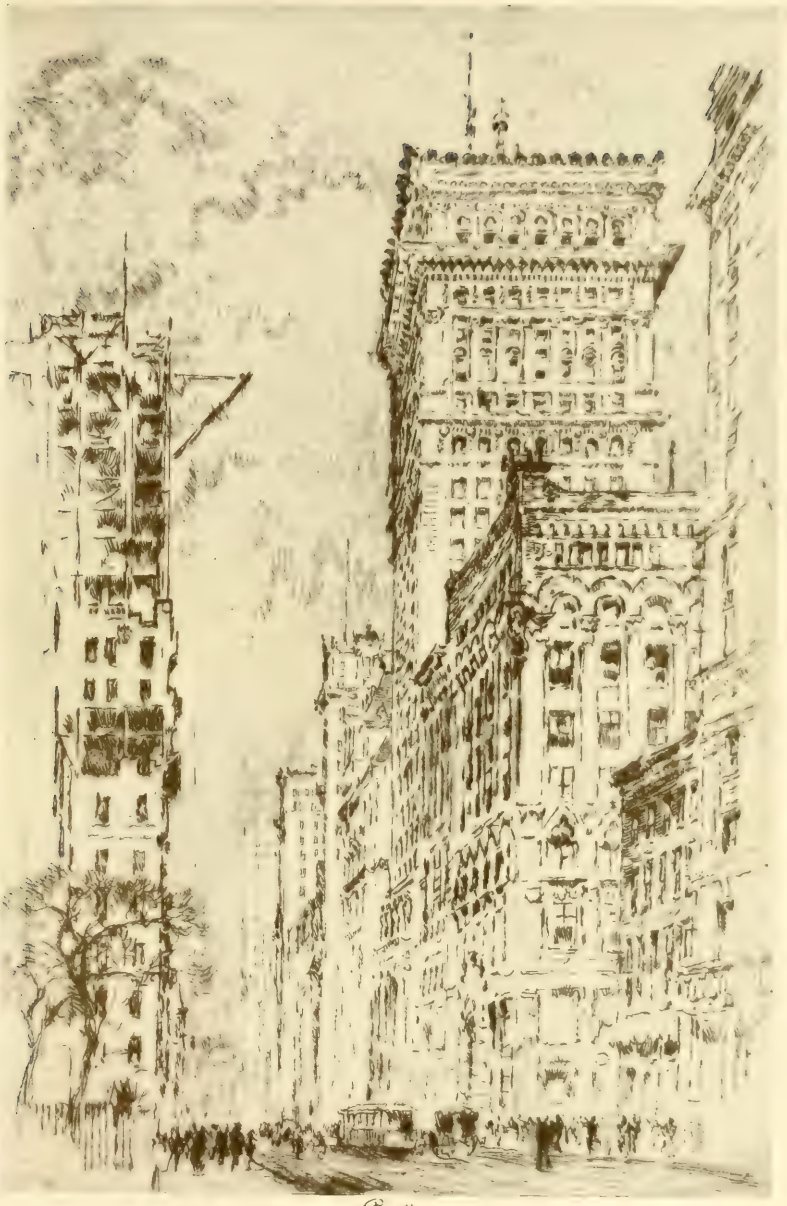
SHOWN IN A GROUP OF NEW ETCHINGS BY JOSEPH PENNELL



THE BUILDING OF A SKYSCRAPER—TRINITY BUILDING



ST. PAUL BUILDING, BROADWAY AND PARK ROW



THE GOLDEN CORNICE, 100 BROADWAY AND WALL STREET

THE "FLATIRON" BUILDING, BROADWAY AND TWENTY-THIRD STREET

THE "TIMES" BUILDING, BROADWAY AND FORTY-SECOND STREET (BEFORE COMPLETION)

THE OUTLOOK FOR REFORM IN RUSSIA

INCLUDING INTERVIEWS UNDERTAKEN FOR THE CENTURY WITH TOLSTOY, WITTE, SHIPOV, THE EDITORS OF THE "NOVOÉ VREMYA" AND THE "GRAZHDANIN," AND OTHER REPRESENTATIVE RUSSIANS

BY DAVID BELL MACGOWAN

Author of "A Russian Lourdes," "The Conflict in Finland," etc.

WHEN I returned to St. Petersburg after nearly a year's absence, though there were no bulletins to announce Russian or even Japanese victories, and no flags or illuminations to proclaim the birthday of the Emperor or some other imperial fête, every other man was humming, "There 's a holiday in our street."

"Can't you *feel* the difference?" asked a man who had spent two of the last twelve months in prison.

I pleaded my too recent arrival.

"Well, I do. I feel it asleep and awake. I know that the police will not come to-night and arrest me or search my house. I do not know how long it will last, but I am enjoying the new sense of security."

I had come at a favorable moment. On the day before one hundred and four men, representing the provincial zemstvos, institutions of self-government operating in thirty-four of the provinces of European Russia, had met to formulate a program for the political regeneration of the country. Their meetings, held each time in a different private house, partly to prevent possible outbursts of popular rejoicing, partly perhaps to forestall other interruptions, were continued four days, and, though businesslike to an exemplary degree, were characterized by feelings of optimism and enthusiasm rarely observed in this land of chronic pessimism. After wandering forty years in the wilderness, the constitutionalists believe that they have at last sighted the promised land. Scarcely had the Emperor Alexander II established the district and provincial zemstvos when voices were raised demanding the completion of the truncated pyramid by the summons of delegates from the provinces to St. Petersburg to participate in legislation, and the broadening of its foundations by the creation of a smaller zemstvo unit corresponding to the American township or the English parish. Mr. Witte has furnished classic testimony to the sincerity and logical necessity of these expectations. How they have been blighted up to the present is sufficiently well known.

However, the darkest hour is just before the dawn, and the bitterest cold often heralds the approach of spring. The reaction did its best, or its worst, under Plehve. Two of his assistants were engaged in a hectoring inspection of the zemstvos—in other words, were preparing for their further mutilation or their complete suppression—when a well-known event put a period to their activity.

The indescribable crescendo of popular hopefulness characteristic of the last few weeks in Russia must be credited in large part to Mr. Plehve's successor, Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky, as is only natural in a country where so much depends on persons, so little on law. Prince Mirsky told a friend the circumstances of his appointment. He was at his post as governor-general of Vilna, several weeks after Plehve's death, when a telegram summoned him to an audience of the Emperor. His Majesty talked to him a long time about all possible

subjects except the vacant portfolio. He returned to Vilna and exchanged congratulations with his wife. Again several weeks passed, and he was commanded to a second audience. Again the Emperor chatted with him on various topics, but said not a word about the appointment until Prince Mirsky was about to take his leave.

"Prince," his Majesty then said, "I can scarcely get what I have to say to you over my tongue. I hardly dare ask it because I know it is against your own wishes, but you would do me a great favor if you would be minister of the interior."

"Your Majesty's intuition is correct," answered Prince Mirsky; "I do not seek this honor, but I am a soldier in your Majesty's service. It is for you to command, for me to obey."

He began to ask what policy he would be expected to pursue, but the Emperor interrupted him.

"Please go at once to my mother and tell her you have accepted. She is so impatient to know your decision."

Prince Mirsky was not a wholly unknown figure. A great landed magnate, a relative of Count Sheremetiev and of the latter's protégé, Sipiaghin, he had held the position of chief of the political police under Plehve. As such, he had served as the chairman of the commission that deported many restless spirits, including about three hundred literary men of St. Petersburg and several hundred students. Nevertheless, he was not a man after Plehve's heart, and he accepted a transfer to Vilna, where he won the sympathies of all classes of the population—Russians, Jews, Lithuanians, and Poles. Since his appointment as minister he has told friends that he had long felt himself in a false position and was about to resign when Sipiaghin's murder made it impossible to do so. It was recalled that he had always been suave and genteel even in his intercourse with political suspects; and, then, press-blind Russia has a wonderfully fine sixth sense. It was in the air that Mirsky would introduce a new era. The minister did not announce a program. All that he did—but that sufficed to electrify the country—was to allow himself to be quoted in favor of greater freedom of the press, of relaxing the rigors of the prevailing police system of government, and as recognizing the necessity of mutual confidence between the government and the zemstvos. These few and vague utterances loosed the tongue of Russia.

The press lost no time, and with growing candor and daring exposed the existing evils and discussed the reforms that were coming. Some old scores were squared with remarkable promptitude. Father Petrov, a priest of unusual cultivation, made a furious onslaught, over his own signature, upon K. P. Pobiedonostsev, the procurator of the Holy Synod, under the transparent disguise of a "modern Spanish grand inquisitor." Father Petrov had been one of the most popular lecturers of the Russian counterpart of the Young Men's Christian Association, established and partly maintained by an American. His talks rather tended to overlook the church and to make a direct appeal to the individual conscience. Some time ago he was ordered to submit his addresses in future to the censorship of his spiritual superiors. He took this as a hint to stop talking altogether. So at this new opportunity he got back at the "grand inquisitor" as follows:

> This man, more than seventy years old gaunt, dry as parchment, with no marrow in his bones and little blood in his heart, is one of the most assiduous workers. His study is piled with books, newspapers, and reviews in various languages. He has published a series of works on jurisprudence, theology, social science, and other subjects. He is erudite and is gifted with powers of rapid and deep analysis. However, all that he does or says is permeated with the air of the tomb. Thanks to his rare understanding, his exceptional education, and his invariable, emphatic loyalty to the church, he has enjoyed a strong support and exercised a powerful, but fatally pernicious, influence upon church and state. He has allowed nothing and nobody to advance, has held the people and the clergy in ignorance, sown discord in the country, and provoked general irritation. Educated people have largely risen against the church, lost faith, become godless and inimical to everything that even reminds them of religion, while true believers have languished spiritually and despaired. His subordinates have been people of God knows what sort of character and disposition. Everything that was honorable in the country has fallen away from him, and he has been forced to accept as assistants anybody that he could find. Among them there is not a single intelligent man with his heart in his work. Nearly all are thieves and bribe-takers, at best coarse, self-seeking politicians. They

hate their employment and despise one another and themselves. They flatter their chief shamelessly, and, though he sees through their sycophancy, he is seduced and poisoned by it—indeed, cannot live without it, cannot bear the slightest disagreement, and screams, waves his arms, and stamps his feet at even the most venerable spiritual dignitaries. He has terrible eyes; God forbid that any man should have such eyes, wicked, evil, contemning everything and everybody, and full of the deepest mental torment. He is the greatest nihilist that could possibly exist, for he not only repudiates institutions, but he renounces man altogether. I am not sure that he does not personally deny the existence of God. In any case, he is the greatest of sinners. In the name of God he slays God's image in man, and under the banner of the love of Christ is up to the elbows in blood. He and all he does is one great mortal sin—sin against the Holy Ghost, for he does not recognize, and therefore strangles, the human soul. He is, in the literal sense of the word, the real destroyer of souls.

Copies of the newspaper that printed this, and of those which had the courage to reproduce it, sold for enormous prices. The same honor was paid the articles of Prince Eugene Troubetskoi, professor in the University of Kieff, in which the government officials were called to an accounting for all the unpreparedness and surprises of the war. The Japanese had found, and continue to find, Russia asleep. This is not the fault of the people, for the officials have been diligently engaged for twenty years in preventing the people from waking up. If any uneasy sleeper stirred, he was rudely bidden to shut up and lie still. When the zemstvos ventured to speak, they were emphatically told that the general affairs of the country were not their concern. The officials who claimed to be the only authorized guardians of the country kept their eyes open only for domestic enemies. Those who were being defeated in the East were not the gallant soldiers and sailors, but the government officials.

The zemstvos greeted the new era by sending Prince Mirsky messages of congratulation and thanks, and hastened preparations for an inter-zemstvo conference. Mr. Plehve had offered the hope that the provincial zemstvo presidents would be allowed to meet to discuss certain local questions. After his death the plan was widened. Not only the presidents but unofficial delegates from the various provinces were to be invited. Prince Mirsky gave his consent, and offered to place his offices at the disposal of the conference. Whether he was ill informed of the plans of the zemstvoists or met with opposition in conservative quarters need not be considered, but he summoned some of the zemstvo leaders and asked if they intended to broach the question of a constitution. They said they did. He answered that he would have to report this to the Emperor, and afterward informed them that his Majesty refused to consent to the conference being held. The zemstvoists declared their intention of meeting as private persons. Thereupon Prince Mirsky said that, having communicated the will of the Emperor, he desired to drop the rôle of minister for a moment and to speak as a friend. Would they not be satisfied to meet in Nijni-Novgorod or to wait until a more convenient season? They refused to accept either suggestion; nevertheless he gave them to understand that he would not disperse the meeting by force.

Many of the members of the conference were previously unacquainted with one another, and they represented the most conservative as well as the most radical tendencies among the zemstvos. All seemed, however, to strive to throw aside personal whims and private views and to arrive at an understanding. A substantial unanimity was actually reached, and the final draft of the resolutions was signed by all except one member. This gives them far greater importance than they would otherwise have, as they would appear to represent the average opinion of the overwhelming majority of all the reading and thinking people of the country. The formality of signing the resolutions was made as impressive as possible, the provinces being called in alphabetical order. The first to sign was Baron Stewart of Bessarabia, a gentleman of British descent and a typical Tory.[1]

[1] The resolutions, it will be remembered, are in the form of eleven theses, and present a definite program of constitutional reform, beginning with the summons of an elective assembly to discuss the situation authoritatively. They are the crystallized opinion of the constitutionalists. Their great significance is that they have been presented to the Emperor as the political creed of the persons who have the best claim to represent the country.

A deputation of five members was appointed to present the resolutions to Prince Mirsky for transmittal to the Emperor. The minister declined to receive the deputation, as he did not wish to recognize the official character of the conference. He was, however, at home to Dmitry N. Shipov, for many years president of the Moscow provincial zemstvo; and he told Mr. Shipov that he was sympathetically disposed toward the resolutions, speaking generally, but that the decision did not rest with him. He would report the matter to the Emperor.

What will be the result? Before examining this question, let us consider the conference as an accomplished fact. After countless rebuffs of their efforts to take even the most petty measures in concert, the zemstvos have, in circumstances created in part by Oyama and Togo, succeeded in holding a sort of congress in the imperial capital, and in securing the presentation of their views to the Emperor. The constitutionalists are, for the most part, not naïve enough to expect the immediate concession of their demands. Nevertheless they regard November 19, the day the conference assembled, as a milestone in Russian history. The precedent thus set will never be forgotten, and the program they formulated will shape political thought in Russia for an indefinite period. The conference has put the Russian public in a buoyant frame of mind unparalleled since the beginning of the reign of Alexander II. It has also disclosed the fact, beyond cavil or doubt, that the reading and thinking public, excepting a small percentage which some estimate as low as five, is behind the demand for personal liberty, for the sway of law instead of official caprice, and for some form of popular representation.

It is understood that the Emperor has consulted his relatives, who now largely monopolize the influence they shared with the great noblesse during the two preceding reigns, and that, while the grand dukes strenuously opposed any concessions, the

Taking as their starting-point Prince Mirsky's generous words regarding the necessity of mutual confidence between the government and the people, represented by the zemstvos, the resolutions deplore the prevailing mutual distrust as an abnormality. The relations between the government and the people have been based upon fear of any signs of independent thought and action on the part of the public, which has led to the centralization of all real power in St. Petersburg and to the minutest supervision over every detail of the life of the people. The bureaucratic system, thrusting itself between the people and the Emperor, opens the door to official caprice, personal discretion, and acts of arbitrary power, undermining confidence in the government and depriving the people of a requisite sense of security.

The only way to prevent arbitrary acts on the part of the administration is to establish the principle of the inviolability of the person and of private dwellings. Nobody ought to be punished or curtailed in his rights without judgment by a court that is independent of the administration. This can be guaranteed only if all officials are made answerable to the civil and criminal courts for infractions of the laws.

The sixth paragraph demands freedom of conscience and of belief, freedom of speech and the press, and liberty to meet and to form associations. The seventh is: "The personal, civil, and political rights of all citizens must be equal."

The eighth demands "the repeal of all laws that involve the legal and political incompetency of the peasantry and hold it fast in its present degraded condition." To this end the supervision of the administration over the commune must be abolished, and properly constituted courts must be established for the protection of the rural population. In no other way can the self-reliance and initiative of the peasantry be developed.

The ninth demands that the zemstvos and the municipalities shall be reformed. Representation should no longer be based on class distinctions, but all classes of the people should be induced, as far as possible, to interest themselves in these organs of local self-government. Furthermore, the zemstvo should be brought nearer to the masses by the creation of a petty unit of self-government on lines guaranteeing its actual independence, and the spheres of action of the town and zemstvo institutions should be extended so as to embrace all sorts of local affairs. Finally, zemstvo and autonomous municipal government should be established throughout the empire.

The last two paragraphs demand the convocation of an elective assembly "in order that our country may be guided into a new pathway of national development upon principles of justice and of the coöperation of the government and the people," and the establishment of some form of parliamentary representation. The majority, comprising seventy-one members of the conference, demanded that "elective representatives of the people shall participate regularly in the exercise of the legislative authority, in the fixing of the estimates of public receipts and expenditures, and in the supervision over the legality of the acts of the administration," while twenty-seven members desired the restriction of the powers of the Parliament, for the present at least, to "participation in legislation."

A separate resolution demanded the repeal of the dictatorship law of August, 1881, which confers unlimited police powers upon the administration, and suggested the propriety of an amnesty of all political offenders as likely above all else to remove the prevailing disaffection.

grand duchesses and the two Empresses urged a conciliatory attitude. Prince G. E. Lvov, who recently returned from Manchuria, where he represented the zemstvos in Red Cross work, was received by the Empress Marie at the close of the conference. She asked him about the conference, and when he took leave said, "Of one thing I can assure you: Plehve will not rise again."

The most trustworthy opinion regarding the Emperor's attitude is that he is more and more inclined to mystical views, and that he looks upon the birth of his son as a sign from heaven that it is his mission to preserve the autocracy undiminished as the heritage of the Romanov dynasty.

The constitutionalists and their more radical allies do not count upon that natural predisposition toward free institutions attributed to the Emperor, perhaps gratuitously, by the foreign press and repudiated by him as long ago as his accession to the throne. If his Majesty is opposed to the zemstvo demands, they will try to convert him to their way of thinking. They hope to convince him that a constitutional monarch has more real power than an autocrat.

It is with reluctance that I pursue this theme, but it is no secret in Russia that the attitude of a numerous section of educated people in that country toward their sovereign has latterly undergone a rapid change. It was previously accepted, partly sincerely, in part as a matter of policy borrowed from constitutional governments, that the Emperor was favorably disposed toward constitutionalism, but that his ministers and others hindered him in the adoption of his beneficent plans. The existence of a liberal minister in the only ministry which now exercises any influence in such matters necessarily suggests a different view, and patriotic Russians of all classes hope that the Emperor will realize that he has begun to stand before his subjects in a new light.

Upon Prince Mirsky's initiative nobody is counting over-confidently. As long as he is minister, the administration will be more lenient than under his predecessors; but he is a man of feeble health, and is too loyal an officer to attempt to cross the will of the Emperor. For the moment it appears to suit all parties for him to remain minister. It gives the Emperor time for reflection, and the people an opportunity for the legal expression of their requirements. The zemstvos, in regular session in December and January, were expected to continue the agitation on the basis of the conference program; the marshals of nobility have declared their adhesion to the principal demands of the theses; and preparations are being made for a conference of the mayors of the cities and towns. This agitation is being reinforced by more or less turbulent occasional meetings, and in some places by street demonstrations.

Almost coincident with the zemstvo conference was a meeting—held, of course, in the utmost secrecy—of delegates from eight of the eighteen principal socialist, revolutionary, and nationalist party organizations which exist at the present time. The initiative was taken by a few Finnish radicals in connection with the newly organized constitutional party, the "Emancipation Alliance." Three of the parties invited refused to send delegates, and seven neglected to do so without explaining. This effort to bring about the coöperation of organizations representing the majority of the racial elements of educated Russia is without a parallel in the history of the country, and, though only partly successful in its inception, is a fact of great moment.[1]

The Emancipation Alliance, recently organized, is without definite social tenets, and is designed to furnish a nucleus for the federation of all opposition parties in so far as they pursue political aims. The opposition party conference adopted resolutions recognizing the struggle for national rights and against Russification as of equal

[1] Russia, it is often said, has as many questions as she has nationalities and classes, and the mere list of these party groups is instructive: the Russian Social-Democratic Workingmen's Party, the Party of Revolutionary Socialists, the Polish Socialist Party, the Polish Social and Political Party or "Proletariate," the Polish National League, the Social Democracy of Poland and Lithuania, the Lithuanian Social-Democratic Party, the Lettish Social-Democratic Workingmen's Party, the Lettish Social-Democratic Alliance, the General Hebrew Workingmen's Alliance, the Social-Democratic Party of the Ukraine (Little Russia), the Revolutionary Party of the Ukraine, the White Russian Socialist Group, the Armenian Social-Democratic Workingmen's Organization, the Armenian Revolutionary Federation, the Grusinian Social-Federal-Revolutionary Party, the Finnish Party of Active Resistance, and the Emancipation Alliance.

importance with that for constitutional government. The program includes the replacing of the autocracy by a régime founded on universal suffrage, the repeal of all measures aimed at the constitutional rights of Finland, and the right of all nationalities in Russia to develop on natural lines.

Some of the members of the Emancipation Alliance have drafted a constitutional project along the lines of the two conferences, which has been sold almost openly. It places the constitutional rights of Finland beyond reach of amendment save by the concurrent legislation of the Finnish Diet and the Russian Parliament. The latter body is to have two houses, the upper being composed of representatives of the provincial zemstvos, from one to five each, according to population, and of cities with a population of 125,000 or more, while the members of the lower house are to be elected by direct popular vote.

I do not think that I can do better than to imitate the example of the Russians themselves and to leave the question, "What will be the result?" unanswered. Few venture to predict with confidence beyond a month; many believe the constitution will come, but whether during the next few months or the next few years they leave to the future.

Desiring to present an all-sided and impartial view of the situation, so full of complexities and riddles, I took pains not only to ascertain the facts, but to acquaint myself with the views of representatives of various leading tendencies. I was present at a reception of the zemstvoists given by their literary collaborators in St. Petersburg, and heard scores of speeches greeting November 19 as worthy to rank with July 4 and 14. Numerous zemstvoists and authors, some of the highest rank after Tolstoy, gave me permission to quote their speeches and their private expressions, but those acquainted with Russia will approve the sparing use that I make of such permission. Besides, the program left little for the liberals to say. The cooler heads unreservedly agreed that the struggle had only begun.

"We should not jubilate, but prepare for hard work," said Prince Dolgorouky of Soudzha. "I believe that the movement for reform is too strong to be stifled, but it must not be forgotten that the machinery of our government is slow-moving and cumbersome."

The meeting was characterized by a retrospective rather than a prophetic attitude. The orators were disposed to look back at the painful up-hill climb and to dispense credit for what had been accomplished, not forgetting such early champions as Alexander Hertzen, or such later and present-day figures as Shedrin, Michailovsky, and Korolenko, who had created a basis for hope by disclosing the fact that the peasant, though unspeakably patient under almost inhuman trials, was not slavish by nature, but possessed of deep, though dumb, aspirations and capable of high cultivation, as had been proved by such writers as Chekhov, who was of peasant birth.

In Moscow I had an opportunity of talking with Mr. Shipov, without question the leading zemstvoist of Russia, having been actively engaged in the Moscow zemstvo for thirty years. He is a Slavophil and was the leader of the more moderate section of the conference. Those who dare hope for a zemstvo minister think first of all of Mr. Shipov. He laughed heartily at this suggestion, but confessed himself a thorough optimist, believing that before long the Emperor will cordially and graciously meet many of the wishes expressed in the eleven theses. I asked him how many intelligent men there were in Russia, and how many could be counted upon as supporters of liberal aspirations.

"About a million, I suppose," he answered. "Circles previously regarded as ultra-conservative now favor reforms. I think the time has come."

"No government was ever confronted by such a multitude of questions," observed a Moscow university professor whose name would carry weight. "Our position is really unparalleled in history. Besides the war, we have problems of all kinds, social, economic, religious, political, and national. The government has committed many faults, has neglected the most necessary and most obvious reforms. I fear peasant uprisings, as in Poltava and Kharkov, and that would be horrible. The peasant, when roused, turns against all educated and propertied classes and individuals. The war must be continued at all hazards. To conclude peace without the restoration of the prestige of Russia would be an un-

thinkable calamity. We have a long Chinese frontier which, so far, our prestige has alone been sufficient to guard. Without it, we should have to maintain an army of guards as great as our present forces in Manchuria. I can see no outlet except an appeal to the people, since the bureaucracy has gone into bankruptcy in both foreign and domestic affairs. I do not venture to say how soon the Emperor will realize this, but realize it he must sooner or later."

I turn now to quarters which would be expected to hold conservative views. His Excellency S. J. Witte, President of the Committee of Ministers, received me for an hour on the Sunday following the zemstvo conference. He at once warned me that if I sought an interview I might as well lose no time; but when I suggested that the financial side of the war and the connection of the war with the internal situation were eminently fit subjects for discussion by him, he said: "I am entirely willing to discuss the finances of Russia. Many people abroad continue to ask whether we can go on facing the financial situation brought about by the war. I affirm that our position is so strong that if we should have to begin another war, our finances would stand the strain. The war will not end on account of failing financial resources on the part of Russia. When it began I gave my opinion, officially, that if we should succeed, in the end, in defeating the Japanese, it would be by virtue of our superior finances. The Japanese cannot resist our finances. I have nothing to say of the other two factors—the army and navy. Perhaps the Japanese can carry on the war one and a half, two—at the most, two and a half years. Considering the finances alone, we can keep it up for four years. Other factors being left out of account, the Japanese can therefore be brought to sue for peace by their financial ruin.

"I have been criticized for ten years by people that did not understand my aims. I have been criticized for establishing reserves, for imposing high duties, and for allowing too little for public education and other civilizing agencies. I was preparing for war, though I had other combinations in mind. I was thinking of a war in Europe, not with Japan. I cannot disclose all the grounds I had for expecting war, but statistics afford sufficient reason for expecting a war at or near the beginning of this century. We had been at peace for more than twenty-five years, and I ask you how often the history of Europe can show a period of unbroken peace exceeding twenty-five years?

"The minister of finance has not touched a penny of the reserves, and as long as we have them we have credit and could begin a second war with the same reserves. People abroad would do well to abandon all notions that Russia will be forced to abandon the war for want of money.

"I repeat, our financial position is excellent. Sometimes the financial situation is good and the economic situation unsatisfactory, and vice versa. Russia and France may be taken as illustrations of the two cases. Ask me which I prefer, and I shall say the condition of France, of course; but facts are facts."

I ventured to suggest that the explanation in the case of Russia was, in part, the historical habitude of the people to share their income with the government to a relatively larger extent than most other peoples, and his Excellency assented.

"However, do not imagine," he added, "that the economic situation of the country is going to interfere with the prosecution of the war. This would be an error."

Interesting as is all that comes from the lips of Mr. Witte, the foregoing would have no place in the present inquiry except that it is generally supposed that the war, which has largely created the present internal situation, may determine the further course of events at home; that the conclusion of a humiliating peace would shatter the reputation of the government, even if it did not overthrow the dynasty, as one patriotic editor fears, while a decisive Russian victory would greatly weaken the reform parties, even if it did not, as some fear, destroy all constitutional hopes. This explains why so many people freely express the hope that the Japanese arms will continue to be crowned with victory. Of course this is not the attitude of thousands of others who support all or the greater part of the zemstvo demands.

"I am for reforms, but not for *the* reform," said Alexis S. Souvorin, editor of the "Novoë Vremya," who demands the carrying on of the war to the utmost. "We are all agreed about the necessity of personal

liberty, a press law guaranteeing a reasonable measure of freedom of utterance, and, in fact, about nearly everything the zemstvo conference asks for except a parliament on the lines it suggested. We do not need a constitution, however, at this moment. Our revolution must come from above, not from below. A popular uprising or a movement against the will of the Emperor is impossible. The constitution will come sometime in the future; how long it will be, I dare not predict.

"What I should like to see would be an arrangement like that which you have in the United States. There you have States and Territories, the latter possessing franchises and rights in accordance with their development and requirements. You do not give your Indians full citizenship. We have many Indians of our own. I like your Congress. It is not a debating society. It acts; it talks much less than the parliaments of Europe. We want two houses,—the Council of State and the Chamber of Deputies,—and I should like to see more deliberation in committees than formal oratory.

"I am not for equality. The natives of the Caucasus and of Asia and parts of European Russia, and the Jews throughout the country, cannot be allowed equal rights with Russians. My opinion about the Jews is perhaps wholly personal. I think that the Russian mission must be to cause the dispersal of the Jews proportionately over the whole world. How? By keeping them uncomfortable here. They would eat us up if they had equal rights. The Great and Little Russians should be considered the core of the Russian Empire. They should all have equal rights before the law, without distinction of class; though I see no reason why class distinctions should be abolished entirely. They are matters of no great importance when no privileges are involved. I favor the convocation of some sort of assembly to consider the situation—perhaps a general assembly at St. Petersburg, perhaps local assemblies in the provinces.

"Yes; it is true that aristocratic society is largely supporting the demand for reforms, and that there is a very large majority throughout the country for a constitution, but not for the precise form of constitution favored by the zemstvos. We want an advisory parliament only; the Emperor must remain absolute. He must be allowed to pronounce for or against the majority. It is just as I said. We want something like what you have. Your President has the veto power.

"I hope that we shall have reforms. I think the Emperor favors them, but does not know what shape they should take. Prince Mirsky doubtless wants a press law, the reform of the zemstvo, and other changes, but not the zemstvo constitution. He is a soldier and absolutely correct in his conception of his duty toward his sovereign.

"What I fear most is our lack of discipline and party coherence—in other words, our political unripeness. We have no parties, but only groups. Turbulence may spoil everything."

"The future of the reform movement will depend, in my opinion," said Prince Meshchersky, editor of the "Grazhdanin," "upon the attitude of the zemstvos toward the government and, especially, toward Prince Mirsky. If the members of the conference, which bore an entirely private character, carry their program into the provincial zemstvo assemblies in December, and if these assemblies vote addresses to the Emperor asking for reforms of a general political nature, it is evident that such addresses will share the fate of all those that have preceded them, and will find their way into the archives of the ministry of the interior. If, on the contrary, the real interests of the country prevail over the *amour propre* of the zemstvo leaders, it is the government that will initiate the reforms necessary for the welfare of the country, the program of which has been broadly and clearly traced in the Emperor's manifesto of February, 1903. In this case the zemstvos will assuredly not only be called upon to take a large part in the work of elaborating reforms, but will have a vast field of activity in the sphere of self-government which will be delivered from the yoke of bureaucratic centralization. I hold that the latter way is preferable for the best interests of the country, and that, if an entente were established between the zemstvo and the government, based on the same appreciation of the interests of the people, the provincial reform, realized on a solid foundation, would prepare the ground for the reforms to be accomplished in the sphere of the central government,

which, without touching the principle of the autocracy of the sovereign, would be able to afford Russia and the Russians, without the least shock, all the advantages of a parliamentary régime; that is to say, liberty of the press, liberty of conscience and of religious confession, the inviolability of individual liberty, equality and the abolition of arbitrary government, ministerial responsibility to the Emperor subject to the supervision of the Senate, the right of each province to make representations to the Emperor directly about local requirements, and, finally, the right of each province to send a delegate to the Council of State for legislative work." Such are the serious dreams of a Russian citizen who has grown old in the study of his nation and in the cult of its historic and national traditions.

"The dreams of our liberals, who are solicitous above all for the glory and the success of the European doctrines on the subject of the constitutional régime, would be far more difficult to realize; for they would require a long struggle between some tens of thousands of liberals and the government supported by 150,000,000 loyal subjects of the Russian autocrat, at the close of which the government and these 150,000,000 Russians would have to be weaker than the few thousands of liberals."

The "Grazhdanin," in the issue following the zemstvo conference, made a furious attack upon Prince Mirsky. It characterized the zemstvo proposals, and the state of mind into which they had thrown the society of the capital, as symptoms of political bedlam; intimated that a liberal minister was a monstrosity; and, with well-conceived finesse, contrasted with the effect of Prince Mirsky's words the impression made by the Emperor's February manifesto, which also spoke of the necessity of harmonious relations between the government and the people and promised numerous important reforms. The greatest document issued since the emancipation era had passed like a summer sigh, while Mirsky's utterances were raging like a cyclone. Was it possible that Mirsky was able to promise more than the Emperor?

The minister met this attack by confiscating the issue. Orders were even given to demand the return of copies that had already been delivered to subscribers. Measures had already been taken to curb the exuberance of the liberal press. The newspaper "Nasha Zhizn," which had hastened its appearance in order to be coincident with the opening of the conference, and which speedily attained a sale of 35,000 copies a day, was, after the fourth issue, deprived of the right to be distributed except to regular subscribers.

It is a pity that the authority of a name not less than any of those already quoted cannot be given to the following talk. Prince Mirsky would hear from an exceptionally competent source a wholly different estimate of the strength of the reform forces.

"Nearly everything in the zemstvo theses are matters upon which everybody is agreed," said this authority. "I shall not talk of the demand for a parliament," he continued. "No sensible person, however, denies the necessity of personal and religious liberty, freedom of the press and of every opportunity for the development of individual and social initiative and independence of action."

He fully indorsed the view I have cited of the Emperor's way of looking at the demands for a constitution.

"Excuse me, sir," I replied; "but the foreign press has always attributed different sentiments to his Majesty; and in Russia, when he mounted the throne, it was confidently believed that he wanted to introduce many reforms. Were those who refused to accept the rebuke of the Tver zemstvo, for its faltering expression of a hope for a better state of things, as a true index of the Emperor's feelings, in error, and have his Majesty's views and disposition undergone a change in recent years?"

The only answer was a quizzical look and a shrug of the shoulders.

I mentioned that Prince Mirsky seemed to be firm in his seat. He said this was true, but that Mirsky's strength consisted mainly in his entire willingness to abandon his portfolio at any moment. Mirsky was not entirely comfortable in his position. He had made no direct promises, but his well-meant words had encouraged hopes, and he would be unwilling to remain in office if he were to be required to disillusionize these expectations.

I mentioned Mr. Witte's emphatic dictum that the war would not be stopped on account of the financial exhaustion of Russia, and asked if it were not possible

that other causes—perhaps domestic events—might tend to influence the Emperor to conclude peace. "Certainly," he admitted. "The situation is undoubtedly grave; but I beg you to consider Russia as a whole, and not to devote yourself exclusively to the liberal minority. Russia is like the sea. The waves and billows and tides rise and fall and have their periods of storm and calm. The depths underneath remain comparatively still; their broad currents are unaffected by the turbulence on the surface. Take all the educated classes, all the young men of the schools and universities, all the factory hands—in fact, all classes that have been reached in any way by liberal ideas. They represent a population of a few millions at most."

I interrupted to ask for an exact estimate.

"Oh, never mind. Suppose there are five, ten, twenty millions. There remain more than one hundred millions of peasants in any case, and who can speak for them? Not the zemstvos, in which they have very little part. Nobody has the right to speak for the peasant. He has no voice. He remains dumb and calm, and his psychology is a riddle."

"Does not this absolute separation of the classes almost wholly remove the peasant from the problem altogether?" I asked. "He is neither for nor against changes and proposals of which he knows nothing; he will neither help nor oppose the zemstvo, apparently. Can one not say that the numerical smallness of the upper strata gives the doings of the various little groups that compose it all the more apparent importance?"

"I do not say that the upper strata are not of very great importance, or that the present agitation of these strata, and the students' and workingmen's demonstrations, are insignificant. They are tremendously significant; but the deep strata, the masses, remain unmoved. Therefore a revolution—political changes based on physical force—is impossible in Russia."

"Are the reactionists active at present?" I asked.

"Who are the reactionists?" returned my interlocutor. "All thinking people are agreed on the zemstvo propositions, excepting some of the last ones; but some people in the court circles are anxious to preserve their positions. None of these grand dukes are persons of any intellectual force."

The liberals, who have so often had a powerful advocate in Count Leo N. Tolstoy when engaged in purely negative opposition to the government, definitively parted company with him when they stepped forth with a definite constructive program. Considering that the silence of Count Tolstoy is not to be reckoned with, and that his political influence on all classes is, though partial only, undeniable, I sought an opportunity to learn from his own lips what he thought of the reform movement. What he said was of course not all new, but I thought it best to present his ideas as he developed them to me. I had a number of long conversations with him at different times between ten o'clock in the morning and eleven in the evening. He asked me what I knew of the movement, and how it impressed me; and I frankly stated that the zemstvo proposals appeared to me to be moderate and adapted to the country.

"And I think they are nonsense," he said. "All governments are bad. They instigated the inquisition and torture, and were responsible for the death of Christ and the burning of Giordano Bruno, etc. The day will come when we shall ask ourselves how governments, how the régime of force, could be possible in these present times, just as we now ask how the inquisition and torture were possible some centuries ago. Think of your war with Spain!"

I urged that in this case public opinion had overridden the will of the President.

"Public opinion has no armies and guns," he rejoined; "besides, it is not true that your government is unable to resist public opinion, since it tolerates the iniquities of the trusts. Governments are unnecessary. They are in the interest of us who are on top, but of nobody else. Everything useful that governments accomplish can be done equally well by other agencies—for example, stock companies. Many people get along very well without any government. The history of Siberia and of parts of the United States, notably Utah, furnishes numerous instances. The whole of our Chinese frontier has been settled by people who withdrew themselves from the power and the ken of the government. They thrived until the government found them out, and then their prosperity was at an

end. All who went of their own accord and got away from the government prospered, while those that the government fostered starved.

"The best and most prosperous Russians are those who have renounced the state—the Doukhobors and the Molokani.

"What we need is the personal perfection of the individual. Nobody has a commission to set up a government, while each of us has a commission to perfect himself. Perfect the individual and the state will be unnecessary. In any case, the state does more harm than good. Between governments it is difficult to choose, just as it is hard to express a preference for one kind of poison rather than another.

"The one thing needful is personal perfection, and political agitation hinders rather than fosters it.

"Take America. You have virtually no hindrances to individual development, and you lynch negroes, form trusts, and adopt imperialism. Money and politics absorb all your energies and distract attention from the inner life.

"Every country has its own peculiarities, and its government is more or less adapted to them. There is some truth in the Slavophil doctrine. I do not know what will be best for Russia; but when the time for change comes, the form will settle itself. Take the peasants. They have little difficulty in arranging their practical affairs—in finding out the wisest and best man for judge, for instance; while the state makes a man a judge because he has passed a foolish examination, and the churches make a man a teacher because he has been graduated from a seminary. There were two silly fellows here last summer. One had just been graduated from a Presbyterian seminary, and the other was going to be. And gray-haired old men will have to listen to them.

"The moral regeneration of the individual requires no political regeneration as a condition precedent, and it will of itself dissolve governments founded on evil when the time comes.

"You Americans have only yourselves to blame if you remain devoid of spiritual life; for you neglect your great teachers, Emerson, Channing, Thoreau, Ballou, Garrison, Whittier."

I thought I saw an opening. Russia, too, had wise teachers, but many Russians could not read. The zemstvos displayed a laudable zeal for public education. Would this not argue in favor of the strengthening of their influence?

"Yes, thank God, many of the Russians cannot read!" he retorted, "if the best they can do, when they learn how, is to read newspapers and magazines. I know many Doukhobors who on principle refuse to learn to read. They learn by heart what they think they require. I do not say this is commendable, but it proves that moral reformation is not dependent on the power to read. It is dependent on nothing but the individual himself. The state cannot prevent it. It is impossible for a Christian to be a slave, because he obeys only his own conscience.

"I do not favor the zemstvo proposals because the political speechifying, the vanity, greed, and lust of power, which parliamentary institutions foster, choke the soul."

Princess Obolensky, Count Tolstoy's youngest daughter and faithful disciple, and the gracious mistress of the household in the temporary absence of Countess Tolstoy, mentioned another practical consideration which her father had urged the evening before. She said he held that the one great need of the peasantry was more land. She and her husband had sold their land on easy terms to the peasants. These now have good steel plows, have quit drinking vodka, send their children to school, and are eagerly inquiring about improved methods of tillage, how to sow grass, and what brands of cattle to keep. The next village, composed of precisely the same sort of people, have copied none of these improvements, simply because they have so little land that they are hopeless. Perhaps, if the peasants were asked what they wanted, it would be something very different from the zemstvo proposals, which would, if adopted, transfer power from the Emperor to the landlords. Perhaps the peasants would prefer to let power remain in the hands of the Emperor. Moreover, this transfer of power might tend to perpetuate the present unjust distribution of the land, since an autocrat was more likely to compel a redistribution than the landlords were to consent to it. Besides, it was not to be overlooked that the constant, every-day interests of the landlords and of the peasants were contradictory, since the

poorer the peasants the cheaper their labor and the greater the profits of the landlords.

Before leaving, I had another conversation with Tolstoy, which, though a little aside from the main subject of this article, is significant enough to be included here.

He had returned to his study after dinner, but came back about ten o'clock with a manuscript in his hand.

"It is Plato's 'Phædo,' which I have just finished putting into a form intelligible to all. It contains the most beautiful things, but clouded by abstruse reasoning."

I passed a banal compliment on his industry.

"I believe, with Kant, that there is no pure pleasure save rest after labor," he answered, as with concentrated effort he conquered a refractory cup and ball with which he was playing, and leaped upon the back of a young Russian disciple and rode half-way around the dining-room. "I am getting old, but I cannot stop working. There are so many things I want to do, I feel as if I could not work hard or fast enough. I have quit reading the newspapers. What do you think of that at my time of life? It gave me a joy at first like that I felt when I quit smoking. The hours immediately after we rise are the best time of day, the mind is clearer and more retentive then, and we ought to read the best thoughts of the best and wisest men in those early hours, rather than the newspapers."

Note: Since this article went to press the Czar's response to the zemstvo petition has been made public. On the subject of a parliament it is silent, but in every other particular it is distinctly encouraging. Under eight heads the Czar expresses his approval of equal administration of law for all classes, local self-government, unification of judicial procedure, a system of factory laws, modification of administrative process, religious toleration, better passport regulations, and reasonable freedom of the press.—Editor.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

"PEACE WITH LIBERTY"

PRESIDENT ELIOT ON THE LABOR PROBLEM

EVERY social evil requires a remedy, and every remedy has its dangers. The evil of the spoils system requires the remedy of civil-service reform. A possible danger lurking in civil-service reform is that of creating a class which will endeavor to affect legislation in its own interest, and in so doing become a public menace. The action of some of our civil servants during the last general election was on these lines, and fortunately met with prompt executive reproof. This especial danger is better understood nowhere than in the ranks of the active friends of the merit system; and the sooner all our civil servants understand this danger the better it will be for the cause of permanent tenure and pure politics.

There is no wiser and more promising public movement than that embodied in the work of the National Civic Federation and its branches. Much of the Federation's activity is of a nature requiring confidential secrecy, so that public record cannot be made of a large part of its most effective and useful accomplishment. The public hears much of the strikes and lockouts the Federation has not been able to prevent, and comparatively little of its individual successes in affording a neutral meeting-ground where private conference has brought about better understanding and prevented disastrous economical disturbance.

If the Civic Federation did nothing more useful than to promote such public conferences as that held this winter in New York, it would be worth a great deal to the community. Here, about the same board, were gathered together some of our strongest leaders in the world of industry, employers and employed, with an important representation of the independent leaders of the nation's thought. At this banquet the advantages of conference, of

mutual understanding and agreement, and of the peculiar and vastly valuable work of the Civic Federation, were admirably and convincingly brought out by various expert speakers.

President Eliot of Harvard, in a mood which despises evasion and cuts to the quick, taking literally his standing in the Civic Federation in the list of those specifically representing the public at large, called attention to the fact that "the public" is a body several times as large as all the union men and their families added to all the employers and their families. Referring to the remark of a previous speaker in favor of "peace with honor," he went on as follows:

I say that we want something more than industrial peace as the result of the conflicts between these two minorities of the American people, and we want something more than peace with honor—the honor of the combatant; we want peace with liberty. Now, the closed shop and the boycott and the union label will never give us peace with liberty. Never! Those are the means of building up the monopolies—the monopoly of the labor union, perfect when the union has succeeded; the monopoly of a trust, perfect when it has succeeded. We have conspicuous examples of the perfect success of both these monopolies in this country. I say, therefore, speaking for the American public, three quarters of the American people, that we want to get out of this Civic Federation peace with liberty as well as peace with honor. Liberty gave you combatants your chance to fight; let liberty regulate freedom; let liberty regulate monopoly. There are a great many natural and inevitable monopolies, and there are a number of gentlemen in this room who are creating with all their might artificial monopoly. Now let liberty—which we all, I trust, love—deal with those monopolies.

Mr. Gompers, who presided, took the occasion to reply, in a perfectly courteous spirit, to President Eliot's remarks, declaring that organized labor had brought liberty to the slaves of labor by bringing them bread.

We refer to this significant episode of a highly interesting occasion because it points out a possible danger in movements for conciliation—the danger that both sides, in the pursuit of a prosperous and honorable peace between themselves as contending parties, may be somewhat oblivious to the deep principles of free government as they concern that wide public which includes not only those outside of the immediate industrial conflict, but those inside also—in fact, all the people of a nation born in liberty, and that only in liberty can continue.

The organizers of the Civic Federation wisely guarded against this danger by instituting at the beginning three divisions of membership, representing the public as well as employers and wage-earners. As long as such men as President Eliot keep in touch with the Federation, the representation of the public will not be merely perfunctory. He has given a new watchword to the cause of social betterment.

A POET'S PLAY

MR. ALDRICH'S "JUDITH OF BETHULIA"

ONE of the notable literary events of the winter was the presentation of a poetic play by one of our chief poets, acted in its principal characters with skill and competency—"Judith of Bethulia: a Tragedy, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich," with the new American "star," Nance O'Neil, in the title rôle.

Mr. Aldrich's new "Judith" was based upon his own narrative poem "Judith and Holofernes." It was gratifying to note that the critics of the daily press wasted little time in lecturing the author—as is so often a necessity—upon the principles and practice of stagecraft. With some exceptions, he was commended for his ability in these matters; and the play flowed on without the usual roughnesses and awkwardnesses of the unpractised. In this case, while the author was not altogether without practice,—as witness his "Mercedes,"—his success in details was owing rather to a general familiarity with the stage, and long association with some of the masters of the profession of acting in our day. The "dramatization" was successful dramatically; and in some respects the new poem naturally surpassed the old in what we may call a certain stately intensity. In the poem the song that lulls the betrayed captain to his doom is introduced by this passage:

And in a dream he saw her take the lute
And hold it to her bosom while she sang;
And in a dream he listened to the song—
A folklore legend of an ancient king,

The first on earth that ever tasted wine,
Who drank, and from him cast a lifelong grief
As 't were a faded mantle. Like a mist
The music drifted from the silvery strings.

And here is the dramatic version:

My lord, I know a pleasant-thoughted verse,
An old-time legend of an ancient king,
The first on earth that ever tasted wine,
Who drank, and from him cast the grief
called life.

Again, the narrative poem closes with the following lines:

And the years
Came to her lightly, dwelling in her house
In her own city; lightly came the years,
Touching the raven tresses with their snow.
Many desired her, but she put them by
With sweet denial: where Manasseh slept
In his straight sepulchre, there slept her heart.
And there beside him, in the barley-field
Nigh unto Dothaim, they buried her.

Thus in the drama, after an ascription to the Deity:

Now farewell to all,
To votive wreath and music's blandishment.—
From this day forth I dwell apart, alone
In mine own house, where laughter may not
come
Nor any light, vain voices of the world.
Only the sorrowful shall find the door
Unbarred and open.—
In thy memory
Keep me as some beloved wife or child
Or sister that died long and long ago! . . .
Let no one born of woman follow me.

That masterly touch concerning the "sorrowful" gives a more poignant meaning to Judith's dedication of herself to a solitary life. It is to the credit of Miss O'Neil—an actress who has apparently not reached the fullness of her art, but who has grace and native fire—that a deep and moving note like this was not lost in her presentation of the character.

A LIFE OF SERVICE

WILLIAM H. BALDWIN'S EXEMPLARY CAREER

IT is a painful social phenomenon that when, in a given community, a bad man passes away, it is usually not long before his successor springs up, or slowly develops,—perhaps abler and busier and more pernicious than the former bad man. When, for instance, one sensational newspaper career is ended, and people are hoping for better things, how often have we seen a still more sensational and demoralizing journalism gather headway! The line of political demagogues, too, is continuous, as is the succession of medical and pseudo-religious quacks. The frauds we have with us always.

The noble career, untimely ended, of President William H. Baldwin of the Long Island Railroad illustrates the encouraging fact that good men, also, we have always with us. At a time when certain men and certain combinations of men in great businesses are under public suspicion for selfish and unsocial practices on a large scale, here was a brilliant business man, at different times high in railroad enterprises in the West, South, and East, and holding responsible place in large affairs of finance, who had the perfect confidence of his financial associates, of workingmen, and of the general public. In addition to this,—though this itself and alone would be sufficient honor,—he was endlessly, wisely, intensely interested in some of the most important enterprises of good citizenship, local and national; above all, in the cause of education in the Southern States. His benevolence had the stamp of statesmanship. He was truly a builder of the nation. Year by year his influence and his good fame were increasing; only a little past forty, it seemed that the future held for him twice the opportunities of his already beneficent and exemplary career. Here were unselfishness, modesty, devotion, and mental and moral strength splendidly combined.

His death, after a short life not marked by dazzling gifts of money, but of human service, was followed by an outburst of praise and of affectionate regret. What a contrast here to the spectacle of men absorbed in the preposterous fight for unearned millions; men whose paths are strewn with the wrecks of others' fortunes; whose examples are evil; who go down to gilded tombs with the cold regard or the bitter execration of their fellows!

OPEN LETTERS

Postscript to "Inoculating the Ground"

A GENTLEMAN, after reading my article on "Inoculating the Ground" in the October CENTURY, said to me: "That is a marvelous discovery by Dr. George T. Moore which you describe, but of course the figures you give showing the gain in crops from the use of the nitrogenous germs are misprinted; the figures are too extraordinary to be credible." But, incredible as it may seem, each figure is correctly printed and represents actual facts.

The owner of a farm of many acres tells me that the germs are not worth anything; that she inoculated her oats with them, but obtained no gain in crop. Now it is expressly stated in THE CENTURY article that only beans, alfalfa, clover, and other leguminous plants can be inoculated with the germs, because oats and corn and wheat do not have on their roots those peculiar factories, called nodules, which absorb the nitrogen in the air and convert it into plant food. Grains get their food almost entirely from the soil and not from the air. But while one cannot directly improve a crop of grain by inoculation, indirectly it can be increased by planting grain on land which has just borne inoculated alfalfa, clover, or other legume. Thus, if the owner referred to had vaccinated her field with clover seed previously soaked in a pail of germs, and then, after the crop of clover, had planted her oats, she would have seen some difference in her harvest.

The Department of Agriculture has published a bulletin giving a number of reports from those who have successfully used the cultures throughout the United States. This bulletin can be procured by writing to the Superintendent of Public Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., and inclosing the price, fifteen cents. Stamps and personal checks will not be accepted in any case.

Gilbert H. Grosvenor.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

I Did n't Dare to Look

Air: "When the kye come hame."

WHEN first I saw sweet Eily 't was in the greening wood,
An' hid behind the ivy-tree, a simple John I stood;
Wid starting an' departing her purty foot she shook—
Oh, whisht, I took a peek at her; I did n't dare to look!

I did n't dare to look,
I did n't dare to look;
Love's breaking pain widin my breast,
I did n't dare to look!

Widin her eyes was witching, a dimple in her chin,
A dimple in each rosy cheek wid laughter creeping in;
Wid whirling an' wid whisking her purty foot she shook—
Oh, whisht, I took a peek at her; I did n't dare to look!

I did n't dare to look,
I did n't dare to look:
A lover in my love for her,
I did n't dare to look!

Her voice a-softly singing, the birds o' east an' west
All hushed their happy little songs, for hers they loved the best;
Wid turning an' wid tripping she shook her purty foot—
Oh, whisht, I took a peek at her; I did n't dare to look!

I did n't dare to look,
I did n't dare to look;
Though sight o' her could heal
my heart,
I did n't dare to look!

The thousand leaves upon the trees they all
went bending low
To watch the cunning crathure a-dancing
come an' go;
Wid flying an' wid flinging her purty foot
she shook —
Oh, whisht, I wisht I were a leaf, then I would
dared to look!
I did n't dare to look,
I did n't dare to look;
Oh, whisht, I wisht I were a leaf,
Then I would dared to look!

Jennie E. T. Dowe.

Ol' Mis'

DON' pester me, Melindy, chile;
I got er mis'ry in my head.
I des can't think o' nothin' else
Since I done hear Ol' Mis' uz dead.

Um-m, dem days—dem days—dem days
Whenst she done l'arnt me how ter work!
She never hit me one miss-lick,
An' yit she never lef' me shirk.

But ev'ything been done des so—
Not like we does in dese days, sis.
No, lan'! de cleanin' whut it tuk
Ter make things fit ter suit Ol' Mis'!

An' now she gone—an' where she gone,
I boun' y', still her eyes is shawp.
'F dey reach hit out de common rack,
She sholy gwine ter dust her hawp.

Ol' Mis' she allers see de lacks—
Dey don' no dus' stay roun' her feets.
She make dem angels break dey backs
A-rubbin' up de golding streets.

'T uz, "Francie, smoove de cloth all roun',
An' lay de spoons lak dis—an' dis."
You reckon, now, dem angels gwine
Ter fix dey wings ter suit Ol' Mis'?

De Lawd ought sholy sont fer me
To go wid her—I knows her ways:
I 'd he'p de angels cleanin' up,
An' lef' her sing de song o' praise.

Grace MacGowan Cooke.

Drawn by J. R. Shaver

FOR IDENTIFICATION

THE CHILD: Mama, how does the Lord know who 's speakin' when I say my prayers?
THE MOTHER: He knows very well, dear.
THE CHILD: Would n't he be certainer if I said "Yours truly, Ethel" at the end?

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

From a pen drawing by Jules Guérin

CHÂTEAU OF LUYNES

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXIX APRIL, 1905 NO. 6

THE CHÂTEAUX OF THE LOIRE

FIRST PAPER: CHINON—CHENONCEAUX—LUYNES

BY RICHARD WHITEING

Author of "No. 5 John Street," "The Yellow Van," etc.

OUR breakfast at the modest hotel at Chinon was particularly enjoyable. To be fair, this imports no very great praise of the hotel. Even provincial France is losing the secret of the French *cuisine bourgeoise*. They cook in the provinces now much as they cook in Paris, and this again implies no compliment to the capital. It is all done wholesale. The myriads are too eager and too hungry for the labors of the old alchemist of the kitchen brooding over his crucible. But our coffee was served on the terraced bank of the Vienne. There was plenty of foliage between us and the sun, still rather uncomfortably near its meridian, though on the right side for the wayfarer. The day was glorious; the breakfast was a breakfast in one of the most beautiful towns of old Touraine; and old Touraine has the richest remains of those historic châteaux of the Loire which I had come to see.

Touraine—roughly, the present department of the Indre-et-Loire—is old France in a very peculiar sense. It is one great battle-field of the long struggle against the foreigner that shaped the national life. The hundred years' war with England is but a circumstance of its history. Before that there was fierce fighting with the early Plantagenets, Henry II and his worthless sons, particularly with that one of the lion heart and the leopard spirit in his cruelty and lust of blood. And before that again Fulk Nerra, chief of one of the Norman hordes, gave endless trouble to the distracted state.

The wonder is that the perfect peace, the mellowed prosperity of the Touraine of to-day, could ever have survived the shock of it, even in the tiniest germ. When the more regular armies, English or French, had reaped their harvest of devastation, there was a sort of gleaning of the field of horror by the banditti of deserters, by the homeless peasants, by the wild beasts. France was rapidly becoming a wilderness

Copyright, 1905, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

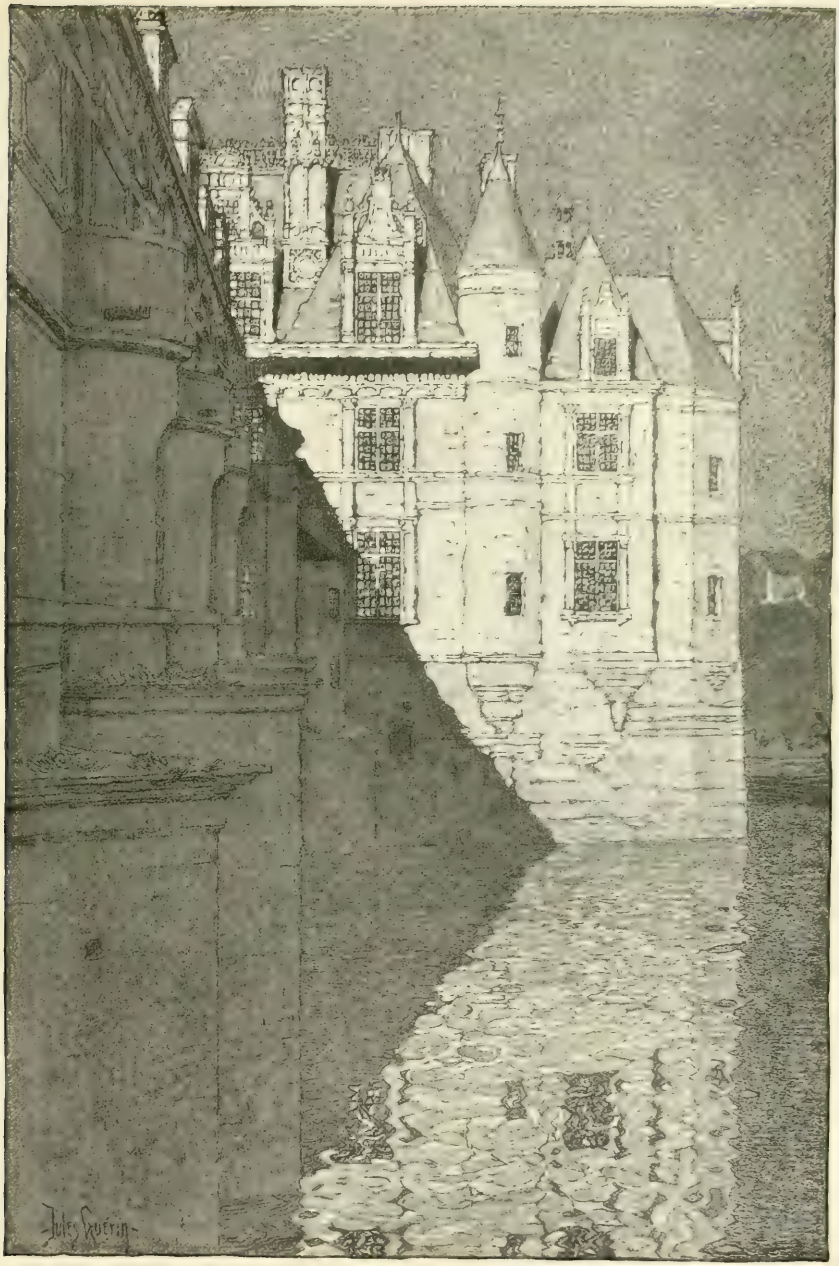
and a place of skulls. But this is not exactly a thing to think of "between the pear and the cheese," so I gladly pass on.

The first glimpse of the old château of Chinon made amends for all. We soon came to where it stood in the sunshine, on its massed hills, with the more modernized part of the town sloping from its feet to the river. The gray ruins, the white villas, were beautifully brought together by foliage and flowers, and in particular by a great band of green and purple between the base of the battlements and the roofs below. The whole composition was mirrored in a thousand shimmering reflections in the clear stream. It was the peace of a strong thing with no power of reversion to the terrors of its past—an old mastiff with his teeth drawn by age, now warranted quiet in the caresses of a child. This was the first and the nearer aspect. A later one, between hill and hill within the battlements, disclosed the man-traps of the old fighting time. Little murderous valleys, half hillside and half wall, showed where, on the great banqueting-days of death, the besiegers often must have lain helpless in a perfect battue of bolt and arrow and rolling fragment of rock from above. Chinon, of course, sometimes got the worst of it, and changed hands, but, as a rule, only at a fearful cost.

The labyrinthine plan of the fortress is matched by the plan of the old town. It grew, if ever town did. The older part of it still has funny little winding ways, exactly like those in a maze, and ending in the blank obstruction of a cul-de-sac. Some streets of fairer promise for a straight line suddenly turn abruptly to right or left, and keep up the play of hide-and-seek until they bring you back to your starting-point. And the narrowness of them, and now and then the marvelous beauty of the detail in gabled Gothic, and diapered fronts, and overhanging stories—as in the Rue Jean Jacques or in the Grand Carroi! There are shops where aged men still potter at metal-work as their fathers may have done five centuries ago. In the gloom of these vaulted interiors you might still expect to find, among the scrap-iron, the fragment of a corselet, the head or haft of a partizan. Nothing is changed, except that they make kettles and stew-pans now where once they made tools of war. In other interiors of much the same kind, and rich in Gothic detail, the mild-mannered burgess at his dominoes and glass of beer has replaced the man-at-arms, English, French, or Burgundian, according to the turn of mastery. Rabelais may once have been of that earlier company, for a house of his is in this town, as in two or three others of the province. But the connection is closest here: he was born in Chinon, and a statue commemorates the event. And here are the gateways through which the jovial blades from the garrison clattered forth to their evening drink, like cattle to the trough, after the day's turn of duty on the bastions. Little is changed in one point of view; much in another. What was once legalized rapine is now settled and ordered life. Nothing can be more tranquil in suggestion than the river-front in its glory of evening light and color reflected in the stream.

Great historical figures flit phantom-wise across the scene at Chinon. For many years it was a stronghold of the English invaders, dominating all Touraine. The king that compassed the murder of Becket died here almost the death of a dog, for as soon as the breath was out of him his body was left naked on the ground. It was a prison of Prince Arthur until John, that wickedest of all the wicked uncles of fact or fable, took him to Falaise to find a grave. Later the gracious Joan of Arc touches at Chinon on her way to Orléans and Reims. It is one of the decisive stages of her great pilgrimage of patriotism and faith. Joan met her chosen king there, picking him out from where he stood purposely hidden in a crowd of courtiers. She walked straight up to him, with a cry equivalent to "Thou art the man." The hall in which this passed, in the glare of fifty torches, now stands open to the sky, a crumbling ruin; but you have only to shut your eyes to see the whole tremendous scene in perfect vision.

In the town below they still show you the little square—it is named after her—in which she alighted from her tall war-horse, with the rim of the well for a stepping-stone. It is another scene of fancy that will be a possession of the race forever. She was accompanied by the escort with which she had ridden across France, a knight, a squire, two sergeants at arms, an archer, and the royal messenger who had borne the summons. They were in no hurry to admit her to the castle. She was first



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

CHENONCEAUX, SHOWING THE CHAPEL TO THE RIGHT (VIEWED FROM THE LEFT BANK OF THE CHER)

taken to the house of a *bonne femme*,— or, as we should say, a woman of repute,— with whom she was to lodge until she was favored with her audience of the king whose throne and country she was going to save. Local archæology is still busy with the question of the site of the good woman's house. What a scene once more—the heads at the windows, the crowd in the square, the mere rabble of it taking its cue from the court in the time-honored way. Half of them were disposed to mock at her mission, and even many of the quieter sort were on the fence, awaiting developments. "Is *that* the Maid?" hiccuped a drunken rascal, hardly able to sit his horse, his generous nature expanding in blasphemies at the idea of such a savior for France in her agony. "So near thy end, yet so ready to outrage thy God!" retorted Joan, ever ready with her answer. Within an hour he had tumbled from his seat in an attempt to ford the river, and there was an end of him. A death by cold water for one of his fellowship was fate's touch of irony for the wind-up. With this, and with the identification of the disguised king, for sign and portent, the court grew more respectful. Joan was now lodged in the castle, in the keeping of a "noble dame." From the terrace of her secluded tower of Coudray, you may see the long stretch of glorious landscape, much as it was seen by her. Another turreted building hard by was the chapel where she passed most of her time in ecstasies of prayer. Then came Orléans, Reims, Paris, Compiègne, and, in due course, Rouen and the martyr's crown.

Chinon is feudality, or, still more specifically, the middle age—the castle, the great house, the dominating fact of the settlement; the village, even the township, a something secondary and dependent nestling at its feet. It is the king's place, for peace or for war. No one can doubt which ranks first. The royal stronghold is the first cause of all the rest, a something mysteriously potent in suggestion, not to say celestial, on its perch in the sky. Yet to its lordly inmates it must have seemed something less than a seat of the gods. They lived pretty much as the people lived below them—in the hugger-mugger, the dirt, the discomfort of an epoch which knew but few of the amenities of life. In that ruder age, for all the make-believe of the missals, the gentry generally went naked to their slumbers, and the poor never stripped at all. We should hear of it if we housed casuals so in our day. The titled guest, the knight on his travels, was perfectly content with a shake-down on the straw in the great hall. The turret-chamber at Carnarvon, in which the first Prince of Wales was born, is but a pantry *in excelsis*, approached, if my memory serves me rightly, by a breakneck turret stair. The wind must have roared up that stair on mother and babe, and through the slits in the walls that let the light in and the smoke and the arrows out. The table manners were piteous. Fingers, which notoriously were made before forks, were freely used. The guests cleared their trenchers, or the mere table that served before that highly fanciful invention, by throwing their refuse to the dogs beneath. Even in the full tide of the Renascence the greatest ladies did most of their journeys on horseback, through the rain, the dust, or the mire of the open country, and came draggletailed to their journey's end.

But the Renascence made a mighty change, for all that. Chenonceaux, no great distance from Chinon as the crow flies, might be another planet for the difference in the outlook on life. Let us go there now, just because we want it for the comparison, not because it is exactly the next stage in a circular tour. For such a tour, the obvious course would be Blois as a center for Chambord, Beauregard, Cheverny, Chaumont; and Tours as a center for Amboise, Chenonceaux, Loches, Luynes, Azay-le-Rideau, Langeais, and Chinon.

Chenonceaux is the Renascence in its perfection, or, if it has a rival, that rival is Blois alone. There is the supreme interest of Touraine; it is the French part of the movement in a nutshell, the Renascence as a thing you may almost cover with your hat. And the Renascence is a sudden suffusion of dazzling light in a realm of darkness. Suddenly, to a world that has almost lost touch with the greatest epochs of the human spirit, comes the new revelation of Greece and Rome. We can have no idea of the intoxication of it in its transforming effect on arts, politics, the import of life. Every notable age has some new thing of this sort to walk by, and peoples rank in it by their prominence as bearers of the torch.

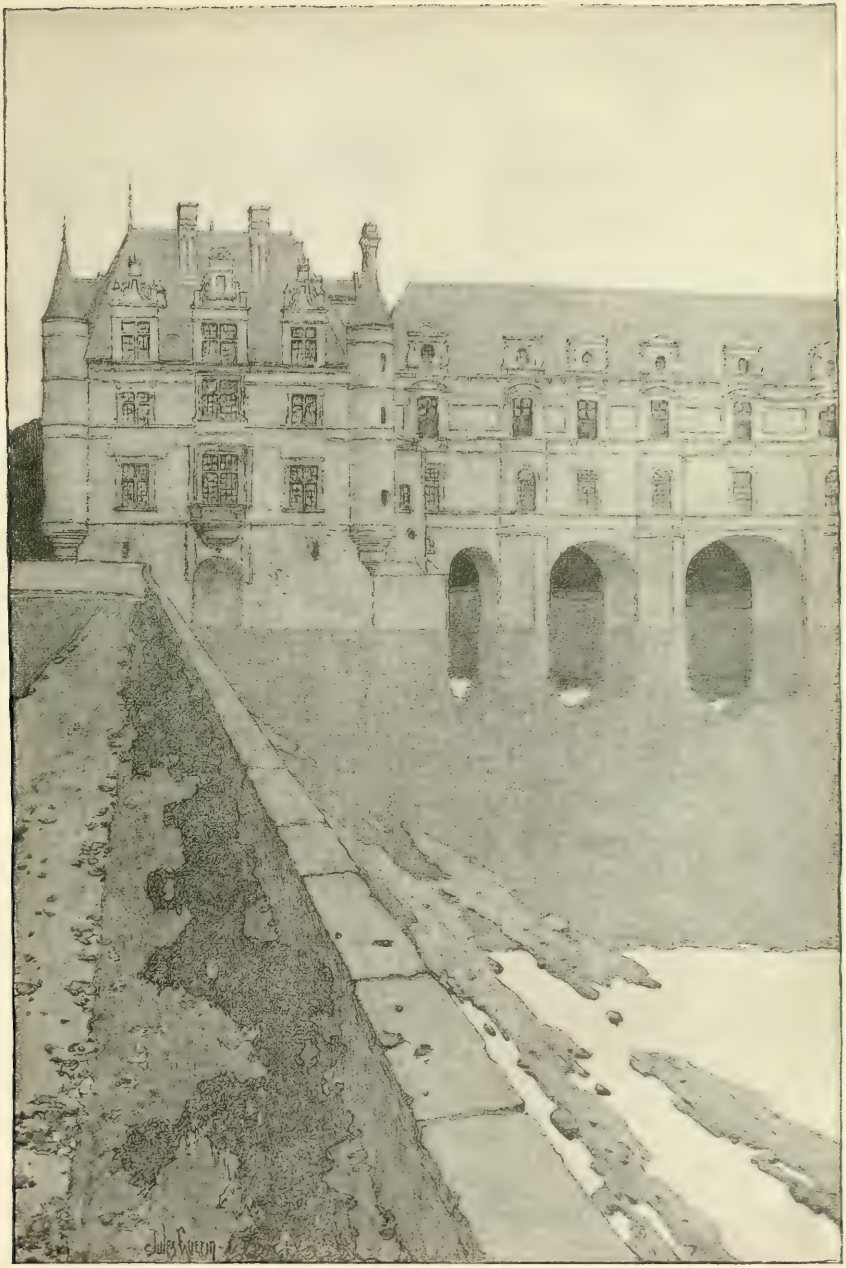
Drawn by A. Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

AN AFTER-DINNER STORY AT CHENONCEAUX IN THE OLDEN TIME
(SHOWING THE MEDICI MANTELPIECE)

Italy had this felicity in the first instance, France in the next, and, at first, independently and on its own account. They scratched the soil and came upon a buried world. Every collector of manuscripts, medals, statuary, bearing on that glorious past regarded himself as a greater than one adding to the map of the skies. They were all Greeks now,—the Italians had long been, after a fashion, Romans,—and they reveled in the thought of the majesty of their new secret of life. We may faintly imagine the fullness of their self-satisfaction by recalling our own feelings when steam and electricity burst on the century which has just closed. But the earlier triumphs lay in the discovery not merely of a new realm of nature, but of a new law of life. The certitude of the attainment of a good thing that would be good forever was the note of the movement. It was light and air in the figurative sense as in the literal. Everything was changed—the dwellings by the later châteaux of Touraine, some of them, in relation to the means and opportunities of the time, built with the feverish haste of a world's fair. The rude fortress homes were torn down to make way for structures that were stately palaces, in the first place, with every commodity of civilized living, and strongholds only in the second. France, which possesses the finest Gothic remains in the world, only tolerates them at the best, and rarely pays them the homage of imitation in any modern work. The new church or library or palace of state is still classic in feeling, as that style was interpreted by the Renascence. The ancients, could they come back, might reject it with a cry of "no child of mine," but it would still offer its filial homage to Greece and Rome.

The outer change was only a sign of what was passing within. With the sole exception of Greece in her great day, the mind has never known such a sense of plenitude of possession. The women chatted in four or five languages, one, and sometimes two of them, classic. Queen "Margot" drew up replies to ambassadors in Latin. Beatrice d'Este could talk high politics with the best, and in set orations. Her sister Isabella went beyond them all in acquirements and in gifts. But it was too often all mind. Character was generally left out of the reckoning: you can't have everything. "Sweet maid, be clever, let who will be good," might have been their form of the saying. With few exceptions, these wonders of the time were the abortions of the excessive development of one faculty. The world had hardly ever known such a union of talent and depravity of heart. They had dropped morality, in humble imitation of the new heaven of classic revelation. The age was a sort of highest possible of human wickedness in men and women, in statesmen, soldiers, and even writers. Poor Savonarola was crushed in the attempt to stop a world rolling at full speed to the pit.

Chenonceaux was one of the earliest châteaux that represented the new spirit. It was built on the site of the old feudal fortress, in a sort of freak of the sense of opportunity. It was meant to give room and verge enough to a generation bent on having a good time in hall and bower. It was still a fortress of a kind, but this only as an afterthought. In the main it was a palace for sport and festival. It might have stood on dry land; it preferred to bridge a river. There was no want of space in other directions, but this seemed best as a stroke of constructive impudence. The architect, at the bidding of Diana of Poitiers, jumped the Cher as a school-boy would have jumped a brook. The huge arches never carried anything of use to mankind at large, not even a right of way. At first most of them had no superstructure, and the bridge might have been called "Diana's folly." But she knew what she was about. She was a mighty man-subduer, with a heart as cold as the stone of her new dwelling, and a face and form kept beautiful forever by the studious avoidance of every pang. A wonderful creature withal, for she contrived to die in her bed, though she crossed the path of Catherine de' Medici. She ruled a king by the usual methods, and by studious deference to him kept him her obedient, humble servant to the day of his death. She inspired one of the greatest sculptors of her time in his creation of a Venus that rivaled the antique. She was one of the mightiest land-grabbers of history, adding château to château with a purpose that never faltered, and by methods of smooth, unemotional persistence that never failed. She started with everything against her in that epoch of the worship of youth when she began her siege of the heart of the Dauphin of France. She was a widow, and



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

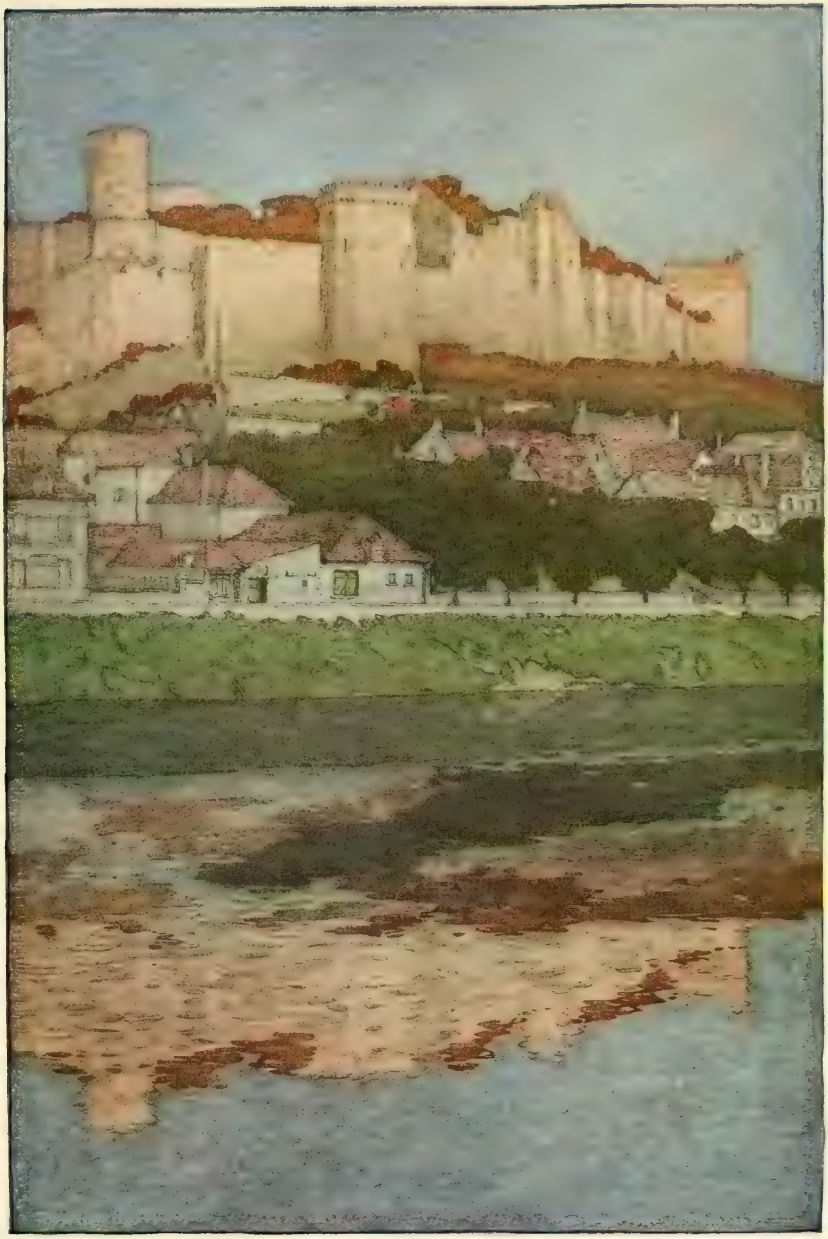
CHENONCEAUX, LOOKING UP-STREAM FROM THE RIGHT BANK OF THE CHER

a widow with a family, yet she knew no pause in her triumphant career till she had married and dowered them all and provided herself with a choice of palaces for her old age. She never made an enemy, nor—which was quite as much to the purpose—a friend who was not likely to be of use. She died in the sanctity of faultless manners and an unruffled brow. Her heart of ice kept her a Venus to the last. Had her prototype been anything but a goddess, Diana might have given her points in the wise avoidance of the ravages of temperament.

Chenonceaux and Azay-le-Rideau are among the earliest of the great Renascence buildings of France. They belong to a time when the style had a native originality of its own, and sprang up on French soil with little assistance from Italy. Seen in the glowing light of morning, the grand mass of the château, including the later part that spans the stream, seems to figure the glorious dawn of modern art. The originality of its conception has never been wholly lost. The Bohiers, who were the first builders, gave much that Francis, with his more slavish copy of Italian models, could never have supplied. Chenonceaux is a great building, greatly designed, daring, fantastic, original, and yet with an underlying simplicity. It synchronized with the determination of the French monarchy to treat its function as mainly the opportunity for a good time. It was gay even under Catherine de' Medici. Mary Stuart and her booby husband, the second Francis, made a triumphant entry there. Louis XIV strutted through its halls. It has a history of varied and distinguished human occupancy right down to our own epoch. M. Grévy, when president of the republic, used to visit there as a guest of the Pelouzes; and, it is said, was not displeased to sleep in the bed of Francis I. M. Wilson, his son-in-law, and a member of the family of his hosts, used to combine there a taste for archaic glories with a strict attention to business of a purely modern cast. He had a telephone that ran from the château to the Bourse. His ardor for this more commercial pursuit cost the aged president his chances of a second term. The wire from Chenonceaux, and the company-promoting circulars dated from the Élysée in town, were too much; and the old man who had lost the power of governing his family was considered unworthy of longer governing France. Mme. Pelouze pulled the place about most distressingly, and made alterations in it that were in despicable taste. There was something characteristic in the entire incident of this tenancy. To such, or their like, the châteaux must all come, where they are not specially reserved by the state. They are costly to keep up; there is little popular enthusiasm about them as historic glories, for nothing can ever repair the breach of Revolutionary France with its past. In this state of things, naturally, the modern founder of a family has his chance. Sometimes he buys for residential purposes, and preserves with reverent care. Sometimes it is for speculation, and then a whole gallery of historic portraits goes to the hammer. Sometimes, again, the last in the long line of owners is little better than a boarding-house keeper, hanging on to a desperate investment while waiting for the American millionaire. Nothing could be better than the right sort of private occupancy for such houses, nothing worse than the wrong. The more even temperature of fortune is found in ownership by the state.

Luynes is another of the châteaux in private keeping. Here the owner is still a Duc de Luynes—a harmony of past and present sufficiently rare in France to merit passing notice. He makes the most of his rights, however, and does not keep up any pretense of maintaining his house for the benefit of the public. The servants show you but little, and they drawl out their scanty information in a monotone which is the perfunctory carried to the proportions of an art. Happily, there is much to see that neither they nor their master can hide.

The château is placed on a great hill that dominates the landscape for miles, and it has a beautiful old town at its feet. Moreover, it is reached on foot by an ancient terraced stairway that repays the toil of the ascent. It should be seen with its big towers massed strongly against the sky. It looks a stronghold, and nothing else; and one can hardly carry back the mind to a time when it must have seemed, by comparison with the sheer hulks in stone of the feudal period, a "commodious modern residence replete with every comfort." But these things are relative. How may posterity estimate our best in this line from the standpoint of more fastidious tastes? The



From a color drawing by Jules Guérin

CHINON

windows seem all too few, and too narrow at that—a manifest compromise between the keeping out of missiles and the admission of sunshine. Some of the great connecting curtains of wall are without an aperture. Still, the dwelling, as distinct from the fortress, asserts itself in the interior of the building. The chief court, with its fifteenth-century façade, is a stately scheme of beauty, without a thought of defense. The town nestles below in the usual way, with belts of foliage between the foot of the castle and the roofs of the houses. It is a fine poem in weather-worn timber and stone, its market-place a great sweep of roof with quaint, formless props—they are hardly to be called pillars—to keep the mass in its place. Here, as I pass, a man is shoeing a horse, with a supplementary craftsman working a whisk to keep off the flies. The place seems fast asleep even in the daytime. But this may be illusory, for evidently it manages to supply all the wants of life in its own way. It makes no fuss about it; that is all. Touraine is an object-lesson in the art of taking the increasing purpose of the ages quietly and without the show of zeal. This, however, may be only a triumph of deportment. Something has been done, beyond question. The approach to Luynes from Tours is by a steam tram-car, a circumstance that might be discouraging but for the fact that the contrivance nearly jolts the life out of you. The road by the river-bank bears traces of villa residences, but the Loire sets everything right. Yet here, as in some other parts of its course, the waters are swallowed up by the sands. The distracted stream loses and finds itself incessantly amid these banks, some of them veritable islands crowned with vegetation. The outhouses on the hillside are hewn out of the solid rock, and are an accredited survival of the cave-dwellings. The color-scheme is of great beauty. The red and gold of the sands, the blue of the scanty river, the white and green of the villas and gardens, are perfect in their harmony. When the car stops to take a belated angler back to Tours, the message is perfect peace.

THE WALL-STREET PLAN

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

"THEY got a great way o' doin' things down to Wall street," remarked Sam Panway, after his return from a six months' visit to his nephew in New York.

"What 's the matter with Chicago?" asked Oliver Babbitt.

"Well," replied Panway, reflectively, "they got a blame good school on La Salle street, but the college is down to Wall street."

"Once in a while a Chicago man turns Wall street up on end," suggested Babbitt.

"Sure," said Panway; "that 's what I 'm sayin'. Livin' in Illinois, I 've been on La Salle street more 'n I have on Wall street, an' you bet they got a right smart school up to Chicago. Why, there 's fellers that has studied on La Salle street an' then gone to New York an' took the degrees right away from fellers that was studyin' in Wall street all their lives. Then there 's others that 's gone down to Wall street in

private cars an' come back to La Salle street to ask the loan of a dime, jest like there 's fellers gone up to La Salle street from here an' come back with nothin' in their clo'es but pawn-tickets. It 's all in havin' a thorough trainin'. If you don't study in the prim'ry grade, you 're goin' to be dropped out o' the high school; an' if you try college after only lookin' at the covers o' the high-school books, you ain't goin' to hang on long enough to really say you was there. The trouble with most folks is they think they know it all when they ain't more 'n half read the lessons in the first book, an' off they go to the 'way-up school an' plank down their tuition fees an' lose 'em. That 's fool business. Don't you never put up the fees till you 're sure you can stay with the class, for they take you at your word at the start, an' rebates is out o' their line. 'Is steel goin' up?' says the teacher. 'Yes,' says you. 'You lose,' says the teacher. An' most likely that settles you right on your first lesson. Oh, they got a great way o' doin' things down to Wall street."

"I 've been thinking of going there," remarked Babbitt, ignoring the lesson that lay in Panway's homely description of speculative and financial methods. Babbitt was a young man who had recently received a small inheritance and was looking for a chance to make a fortune out of it without any great amount of personal effort. He had a high opinion of his own smartness and ability,—which was not shared by his neighbors,—and he could not see why he should not do as others had done. Newspaper stories of wonderful financial successes had fired his imagination to such an extent that he had neither time nor inclination to think of the failures. "I really think I ought to go to New York and look the ground over," he added.

"Don't you do it," advised Panway. "It costs money to even wink at the ground down there."

"I 'm going to try either New York or Chicago," asserted Babbitt, with determination.

"Now, look a-here, Oliver," said Panway, earnestly; "if you 're dead set to try the game, why don't you give your friends an' neighbors a chance at your money? What 's the use o' handin' it out to a lot o' strangers? We need it more 'n they do."

"No chance here," returned Babbitt, smiling at the thought that any one in Danby was smart enough to get his money away from him.

"Oh, that ain't the trouble," Panway declared. "There 's plenty o' chances, only we ain't learned how to work 'em. Now, down to New York I was watchin' those Wall-street fellers all the time, like I been watchin' the La Salle-street fellers when I was up to Chicago every little while. I was studyin' their ways an' readin' what was said of 'em in the papers an' magazines. There ain't any deal worked that ain't writ up by the smart boys that can tell you all about it after it 's over. I ain't sayin' I 'm ready for college yet, but I got enough o' the general rules so 's I ought to be able to make a showin' in the prim'ry grade. We got a chance right here, only folks don't know it."

Babbitt was impressed. It was quite possible that this old fellow, who seemed so unsophisticated, had picked up some valuable "pointers." His air of countrified innocence appealed to the wise ones as something refreshing, and Babbitt knew that many of the La Salle-street brokers liked to talk to him when he made his occasional visits to Chicago. No doubt it had been the same in New York. And he was wiser than he looked. So Babbitt inquired, with much interest, where "a chance" was to be found in such an insignificant little place as Danby, Illinois.

"In mush," said Panway; for in such contemptuous fashion he always referred to the product of a breakfast-food plant that was one of the town's principal industries.

"But mush is n't listed anywhere," protested Babbitt. "There 's steel and copper and wheat and corn, but no mush. Why, Dave Magee has n't even made a stock company of his concern: he owns it all."

"You got the La Salle-street idee, Oliver," said Panway, wearily. "You want to monkey with some other feller's game, but down to Wall street the big an' wise ones make their own game. We don't need to have the stock listed, Oliver: that 's the old way, while the new way is to tackle undeveloped industries. Up to Chicago they got monkeyin' with listed stocks so hard once they had to close their old stock exchange till the machinery could cool off so 's it was safe to touch the market. We don't want to bust La Salle street the first thing."

"But mush is of no real importance," urged Babbitt.

"Sure it ain't," returned Panway; "an' that 's what makes it safe. When you try to fool with wheat an' things that folks has got to have—why, the whole country is ag'in' you. We ain't lookin' for a scrap with the whole United States. Some folks has won out that way, but more of 'em have n't. Why, a feller with two banks behind him went into it once an' busted both banks; an' another feller went into pork, an' they was three years diggin' him out. Up to the Chicago school they 're always monkeyin' with the buzz-saw, an' those that don't get cut grows to be mighty smart; but down to the New York college they work the buzz-saw themselves—I mean, the big ones do. There 's a big chance in Dave Magee's mush-factory, if it was only worked right. Folks is crazy over mush these days. One feller advertises the best there is in wheat, an' another the best that 's in corn; but Magee's corn-wheat gives them the best that 's in both. You got the housewives solid when they find that out, so all we got to do is to buy Magee out, make a stock company of it, an' sell the stock so 's to get money to advertise. Ye see, Oliver, 'stead o' goin' to Wall street, I 'm plannin' to bring Wall street to Danby. It 's a lot safer."

"How can we get enough money?" asked Babbitt, impressed, but still doubtful.

"Start a bank," replied Panway, and this was so bold a scheme that it made Babbitt gasp. "You can always borrow from a feller if you can fix it so that he don't know he 's lendin'. The big folks learned that long ago. Ain't there always a bank that figures in the big deals? Sure there is. The way to get money that ain't gen'rally in reach is through a bank. You can borrow from the bank or get the bank to invest. A bank 's got to invest its money some way, ain't it? An' we only need it while we 're promotin' the company."

That settled the matter for Babbitt. Panway's wise talk and many references to the methods and deals of Wall street and La Salle street convinced him that the old man had really hit upon a big thing. He agreed to put fifteen thousand dollars into the capital of the bank, which would leave him a little something to invest in the other enterprise. Panway said they would make the total capital thirty-five thousand dollars, and he would put in five thousand dollars himself, which would give the two of them virtual control.

"I did n't know you had five thousand dollars," remarked Babbitt.

"Neither did I," replied Panway; "but I got to have that for organizin' the bank. That 's the reg'lar way o' promotin' on both streets. All you got to do is to leave it to me."

Panway already had an option on Magee's corn-wheat plant, so he immediately began the task of organizing the bank. There were some who protested against his plan to make Babbitt president of the bank, but he urged that Babbitt had put up most of the money, that the directors would be a check on him, and that the minority stockholders could name the cashier. Thus Babbitt's inexperience would be a matter of minor importance. Anyhow, they needed the bank, and here was the chance to get it.

The money was subscribed, the charter secured, and for some time attention was devoted exclusively to the business of getting deposits. Babbitt found so much gratification in the dignity of his new position that only occasionally did he ask about the other scheme.

"Don't you fret," was Panway's reply. "All we got to do now is to borrow money from people that don't know they 're lendin' it. When we got enough, we 'll take up mush-makin'. That 's why I stayed out o' the bank, not even bein' a director. It won't never do for the bank to be lendin' money to an officer; but a stockholder can borrow, an' I 'll be needin' some soon." He eyed the young man with thoughtful pity for a moment. "I sort o' hate to do it," he said to himself; "but business is business." Then aloud: "This here 's goin' to be Wall street in a small way, an' a feller has to pay for what he learns in Wall street. Are you still achin' to learn?"

"Oh, I guess I can take my chances," laughed Babbitt. "I 'm not afraid of you, Sam."

"That 's where you 're foolish," returned Panway. "The feller that you ain't afraid of is 'most always the feller that you ought to be afraid of. If I was in Wall street, I 'd be most anxious when I could n't see no cause to be suspicious."

Panway was too wise to be hurried: he

wanted plenty of deposits in the bank before attempting to borrow the necessary funds for the other "deal." But, while waiting for the deposits to accumulate, he let the fact leak out that he had an option on Magee's plant. Naturally it caused comment. Why had he secured it? What was he going to do with it? Magee did n't know, and Babbitt, acting under instructions, only looked wise. Panway himself preserved an air of deep mystery. He still wore his shabby old clothes, which was now considered one of the eccentricities of financial genius, and he was as democratic and loquacious as ever, except when the Magee plant was mentioned. They talked of him in the stores and offices; he was the center of interest on the street; but still he maintained silence.

"Tell you what it is," remarked Lem Singleton to a few idlers on the principal corner one day, just after Panway had passed: "he 's actin' for some Wall-street people. I bet he fixed it up to get Magee's plant for 'em while he was down to New York."

For a moment the others were too startled to speak: they could only turn and follow Panway with their eyes. Lem Singleton was a shiftless fellow, who was given little credit for perspicacity, but for once he seemed to have hit it right. Surely this explained everything.

The news traveled. Panway had intended that it should when he gave Singleton five dollars to make the suggestion, and he decided that the money was well invested when Donald Lavery called to see him a few hours later. Lavery was one of the stockholders in the bank and the owner of considerable property, so the thought of a Danby industry going to outsiders was not pleasing to him. But the interview was far from satisfactory.

"I got a scheme," was all that Panway would say.

Lavery hunted up John Harding, another of the minority stockholders, and Henry Catlin, the cashier, and the three made a combined attack on Panway. They were excited and determined; they would not permit a Danby "good thing" to go to outsiders, and they assured Panway that the town would be too hot to hold him if he proved false to the town. Then Panway unfolded his great scheme for enlarging the corn-wheat plant and pushing its product.

"I ain't rightly pledged to nobody in this," he said; "an' if you 're goin' to feel mean about it—why, we 'll make it a home deal. I got a twenty-thousand-dollar option on the plant that has thirty days more to run; an' if the bank wants to lend me the money, I 'll buy the thing now, an' we can reorganize it."

"We 'll make a combination right here, and the four of us will take it over jointly," said Lavery.

"No," replied Panway; "that ain't the way they do down to Wall street. I got the option an' I got to handle the deal. Course, if you don't want to go in, why—"

"We do," broke in Catlin, the cashier; "but the bank can't let you have twenty thousand dollars on an unsecured note."

"Somebody might indorse it," insinuated Panway. "I want it for ninety days."

"Unnecessary," broke in Catlin.

"Oh, all right," returned Panway. "There 's others that has money. I 'm in the promotin' business now."

"It 's a good deal to ask a man to indorse your note for such a sum," suggested Lavery. "You 're not worth it."

"I will be when I buy the plant," said Panway.

"But you 're going to turn it over to us."

"Then I 'll have the money," said Panway. "An' I got five thousand dollars bank stock now."

The others looked at each other in a bewildered sort of way, but Panway certainly was in a position to dictate, and his credit was excellent for a man of trifling means. Any one of them would have loaned him a small amount without question—in fact, any sum that they were sure he would be able to repay. And could n't they see that he would be able to repay this? He simply wanted to play an important part in the affair.

"Put up the bank stock as part security, and I 'll indorse your note," said Lavery, at last. "Let 's put the thing through as soon as possible."

Of course every one denied breathing a word of this deal, but it was in the air that the Magee plant had been saved to Danby in spite of the efforts of New York and Chicago parties to get it. There was talk, too, of the great plans for the future. Lavery smiled significantly when the subject was mentioned, and Babbitt walked the streets with an air of even greater impor-

tance than he had assumed when he was made president of the bank. Others with a little money began to betray a desire to get into the enterprise. Inquiries were frequently made as to when the prospectus would be issued and the stock put on the market, to which the reply was made that everybody would have a chance in time. But those on the inside received a shock when Panway was ready to turn the plant over to the reorganization committee. Lavery was contentedly smoking a cigar and expatiating on the great future of Danby when this startling message came to him:

Panway demands thirty thousand dollars for plant.

The way that Lavery went from his office to the bank led people to think that there was a fire or a riot somewhere; and as he dashed through the doorway he had fifteen or twenty people at his heels, all clamoring to know what was the matter. The porter pushed them out and shut the door, but they lingered and speculated on the probable trouble.

"Hold-up," said one.

"Vault smashed in," said another.

"Bank busted!" exclaimed a third.

And Lavery's little run to the bank came very near making a run on the bank. But Panway quieted the crowd by appearing at the door and asserting that Lavery was merely coming to talk over a little matter with him.

"He 's always in a hurry like that when he wants to see me," Panway added facetiously, and the crowd's anxiety disappeared in a laugh.

There was no laughing inside, however. Lavery, Babbitt, Harding, and Catlin united in vociferously asserting that it was an outrage; but Panway remained serene.

"You ain't got to put up a cent more 'n you expected," he explained. "I 'm only keepin' a third int'rest for my promotin' services an' lettin' you have the other two thirds for $20,000, an' I 'll pay the note with that. Ain't you int'rested in the bank, too? Look at it reasonable. The bank loaned me $20,000, which I paid to Magee, an' he deposited it in the bank, so you got as much money in the bank as you had before. An' now you 're goin' to pay me $20,000, an' I 'm goin' to pay it right back to the bank, so the bank 's better off than ever."

"But we were to get into the company on the ground floor," urged Harding.

"Sure you are," returned Panway. "You 're gettin' it on a $30,000 valuation, ain't you? An' we 're goin' to organize a $30,000 company, an' reorganize it for $150,000. The big things is comin' later, but I got to have a commission for negotiating the deal. Besides, I got it dirt cheap, an' any man ought to know that a feller 's got to sell at a profit. The bank can take $10,000 o' the stock, an' then there 's $2500 apiece for the other four o' the reorganization committee. It ain't much to put up, but it 's goin' to mean a lot when the business is reorganized. Then we can put a clamp on Magee's $20,000 by gettin' him to take stock in the reorganized company. We pretty near own the bank, don't we? An' we 're goin' to pretty near own the company, ain't we? An' there 's $20,000 in the bank that Magee can draw out, ain't there? Well, let 's save it."

There seemed to be nothing else to do. Before his note would become due, Panway would have plenty of time to dispose of the plant elsewhere, and in his homely way he painted a glowing picture of the possibilities of corn-wheat when properly pushed. They expostulated, but they came to his terms.

"He started without a cent," grumbled Lavery; "and now he has $5000 of bank stock and $10,000 of company stock, and I can't see that anybody has lost anything, either."

Then Panway offered to dispose of the surplus stock of the reorganized company, to bring in the needed additional capital; but they refused emphatically.

"No, sir," said Catlin. "When you get a grip on anything you squeeze money out of it. We 'll exchange one share of the old stock for two shares of the new, and put the balance on the market to provide the capital."

"You would n't do much down to Wall street," complained Panway. "Down there they 'd make it four for one, an' I bet they 'd make it three for one up to La Salle street. But I ain't kickin'. I get $20,000 in the new company for $10,000 in the old."

The whole town was in a daze when the stock was finally offered: it could see nothing except that there must be fabulous wealth in this industry, so much had been

made out of it already, and it subscribed for the stock greedily. The plans were alluring, and sensible, too. An experienced manager was to be engaged, and also a man who understood advertising; they would have the money to get the very best men, and there would be no dallying along with those who had to experiment and feel their way. They had a good cereal food that needed only exploiting; they had a small but profitable business to start with, and nothing but the short-sightedness of inexperience could prevent success. Therefore they would put experience on a salary. It was a wise policy that appealed strongly to those who were asked to invest.

"An' now," said Panway, when things were finally running smoothly, "ye see the way they do things down to Wall street. We got the bank, most o' the deposits has been transferred to the company, an' we 're most o' the company. Includin' the stock the bank holds an' what we hold, we 're pretty near the whole thing. An' everybody 's satisfied, for our mush is goin' well. That 's what makes me think I ain't quite caught the angle. Down to Wall street things don't never come out so that everybody 's satisfied—leastways, the really successful things don't. If you don't hear some feller hollerin', you don't think you 've done the job right; an' the more there is to holler, the finer the job 's considered."

"Oh, well, if no one is complaining, it 's so much the better," remarked Lavery.

"I ain't sure o' that," returned Panway. "Down to Wall street the hollerin' is the measure o' success."

"You ought to be satisfied, anyway," suggested Lavery. "You 've got $5000 of bank stock and $20,000 of company stock."

"That 's middlin' fair," admitted Panway; "but it looks to me like there 's a big chance goin' to waste. What 's the matter with you an' me buyin' the paper-box department an' makin' a new company of it? They got to have the paper boxes to put the great health-givin' food in, an' there ain't no reason why we could n't sell to others, too. If you an' me get that, we got a good thing all by our lonesome."

He gave Lavery a shrewd look and waited. Lavery had been his principal opponent when he was financing things so as to give himself good slices of stock; but he had an idea that people looked at things differently when they had a chance to get on the inside. If he could win Lavery, he would consider it little short of a good joke, in addition to being a good stroke of business.

"I been workin' the thing up a little," he went on; "an' we can get that department for $15,000. The company's manager shows fifty per cent. increase in business, but there ain't been much doin' in the way o' dividends yet, an' this would give a chance to pay ten per cent. That looks pretty good to the stockholders right now, an' we 'll start the box-factory with a contract for mush-boxes that 'll make us safe an' leave us free to make somethin' good on sellin' to other folks. I 'm willin' to show my confidence by puttin' up $10,000."

"By George! I 'll go in for the other $5000!" exclaimed Lavery.

"You won't stand in the way o' my gettin' the $10,000 from the bank?" suggested Panway.

"Certainly not," replied Lavery. "I know it 's good."

"Banks is mighty handy in these here Wall-street deals," remarked Panway, as he left in search of Babbitt.

The president of the bank was worked very cleverly, but of course he did not know it. Panway told him frankly that he wanted the money to buy the paper-box department. He said he would rather have a little plant of his own than a part interest in a big one, for the complications of the latter were wearing on his nerves. He always had led a quiet, modest life, and, having demonstrated that he was capable of big things, he was satisfied now to try something less strenuous.

"I 'm too old to keep it up," he said. "If I was younger, you could n't drive me out o' the big company. That 's where the money is, only it 's worryin' to an old man that 's got sort o' set in his ways. A bank 's nice an' safe, but there ain't much in it alongside an industry that 's bein' developed."

"I 've thought of that," returned Babbitt. "I 'm mostly interested in the slow-going business, and I 'd rather have all my money in the other."

"Sure you would," asserted Panway. "I 'll tell you what," he added, as if the thought had just occurred to him: "you fix up the loan for me, an' then, if you want to get out o' the bank an' into the company, I 'll wait till you 've done it be-

fore buyin' the paper-box department, so 's you 'll get the ten per cent. dividend on the stock you buy. That 'll give you a start right at the beginnin', an' you know the business has increased fifty per cent. What 's bein' president of a little one-horse bank to workin' in industrials? "

That last word caught Babbitt, it had such a Wall-street sound. Indeed, he was so impressed that he casually asked Panway if he cared to sell his own stock. He had some real estate that he could sell or mortgage to buy it, and he would like to get an interest in the company that would give him some power. But Panway was not sure that he wanted to sell, although he might decide to do so later. " If you 'll agree to take it at par any time within six months," he said, " I 'll agree to sell to you if I sell at all; an' if the box-factory works out all right, I 'll sell."

" I 'll do it," said Babbitt.

" Let 's put it in writin'," said Panway; and when this was done, Panway left, chuckling softly. He wanted somebody that he could handle on the board of directors, and he felt sure that Babbitt's interests and ambition would put him there. As for Babbitt, he thought that all the old man wanted was to hold his stock long enough to get the dividend when the box department was purchased. It was an evidence of shrewdness, but of no great importance in view of the larger plans that the young man had. But Panway did not offer to sell after the dividend had been declared. Instead, he became entirely absorbed in the paper-box factory, and it was soon reorganized and some innovations planned. Still, Panway was not entirely satisfied.

" It 's a good thing," he said; " but this business life is underminin' my health. I got to get out of it. What do you say to sellin' back to the company? "

" But why sell, if it 's a good thing? " asked Lavery.

" 'Cause it 's a better thing for the company," replied Panway. " We got it goin' the right way now, an' the company can make it pay somethin' in addition to turnin' out the boxes it needs. It ought to bring $45,000."

Lavery was startled. Here was a profit of which he never had dreamed. But would the company buy at that figure?

" Sure," said Panway. " I got $20,000 stock in the company, you got $10,000, an' I got Babbitt in with $20,000 'cause I can work him, an' I had this deal in mind all the time. That 's the way they do down to Wall street: split a company an' then sell back at a profit. There 's some that ain't goin' to be tractable, but there 's some that we can scare by showin' the way we can tie up the box business an' sell out to a rival. Course we could n't get no such price that way, but stockholders is easy scared, an' we can land enough to make the directors look at things our way. They don't want to take no chances while business is pickin' up. I got to retire, anyway, for I can't stand the strain."

There was a great row when the proposition was made, but again Panway triumphed. It was a mistake, he said, to split the company, for the company could make more out of the paper-box factory than any individuals could, as it could operate it at less expense. The only trouble was that the company had not seen how much there was in it before, and had failed to make the most of it. With the object-lesson now before it, there was no reason why it should not succeed in working up a good outside business. A start in that direction already had been made. Anyhow, the box-factory was a necessity to the company, and its sale to outsiders would be a serious blow. Of course he should hate to make this disposition of the property; but, as he positively had to retire, it would be necessary if the company failed to buy.

The directors were not fully convinced, but some of the stockholders were, and there was a fear of distressing complications; it was better to sacrifice something than to run the risk of serious future trouble. Then, too, Babbitt argued in favor of taking back the plant at whatever figure might be necessary to get it, and Babbitt would have to stand his share of the thirty-per-cent. assessment needed to make the purchase. He was interested only in the success of the company.

As a matter of fact, Babbitt, with the assistance of a few " disinterested " suggestions from Panway, was planning great things. He readily saw that a mistake had been made in parting with the box-factory, that really great success for him lay in having everything under one management. He intended and expected to have control in a short time, and he did not want to be

bothered with a side issue that was beyond reach. The bigger the concern, the more brilliant the future for him. Panway, with great frankness, admitted that he had realized this all the time, but had not deemed it wisdom to say anything about it while he was trying to get the paper-box business. Now, however, having found his strength insufficient for the task he had planned, he had no hesitation in admitting that Babbitt had been caught napping, and the only thing to do was to rectify the error.

Panway was wonderfully candid and ingenuous at this time; he said he could afford to be, as he was about to retire. Thus Panway succeeded in putting his scheme through. The contract to take over the box-factory at $45,000 was signed, the actual transfer to be made as soon as the stockholders had been assessed thirty per cent. of the face value of their holdings to provide the necessary sum.

Then, before the assessment could be made, Panway tendered his stock to Babbitt under the agreement previously executed.

"But I 'll have to stand the assessment," protested Babbitt.

"Sure you will," returned Panway; "but look at the chance you 're goin' to have."

"Oh, I 'll have to take it," sighed Babbitt; "but it looks to me as if I were getting the worst of it somewhere. You got the ten-per-cent. dividend, and I 've got to stand the thirty-per-cent. assessment."

"It 's beginning to sound like it does down to Wall street," chuckled Panway.

"It does n't seem to work out right, either," Babbitt went on thoughtfully. "Business has increased fifty per cent., but advertising and other expenses have been so high that there is n't money enough in the treasury to buy back the box-factory without levying an assessment."

"Sure, business has increased fifty per cent., an' it 's still goin' up," said Panway; "but it 's fifty per cent. over what it was on Magee's $20,000 basis, an' you got a $150,000 company now. To make it pay like it paid Magee, business has got to increase six hundred and fifty per cent. Did n't you never stop to think o' that?"

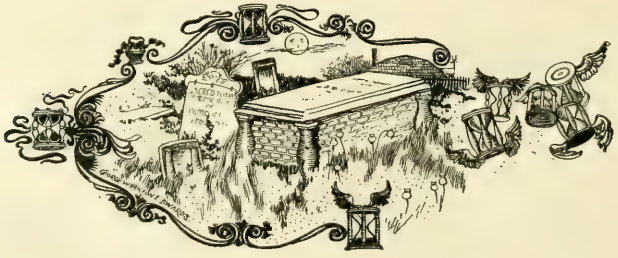
Babbitt could only look at him blankly.

"The devil!" he exclaimed at last. "You 're the only one who has made anything out of this, except the little that Lavery got, and he 'll have to pay his assessment out of that. The rest of us have the company on our hands, and I 'm beginning to wonder where we 'll get anything."

"Sure, you 'll get something," asserted Panway. "You got a good property an' a good chance to work it up to a payin' basis on the investment in a few years; only I don't like waitin' so long, specially when things ain't very sure. An' even if you don't make it go, you got the only thing an outsider ever ought to hope to get down to Wall street."

"What 's that?" asked Babbitt.

"Experience," chuckled Panway. "You was achin' to have it, an' you got it."



AN EVOLUTION IN THE RASPBERRY
Those in the center were bred from the ones on the sides

A WONDER-WORKER OF SCIENCE

AN AUTHORITATIVE ACCOUNT OF LUTHER BURBANK'S UNIQUE WORK IN CREATING NEW FORMS OF PLANT LIFE

BY WILLIAM S. HARWOOD

SECOND PAPER

A WARNING TO THE "STAYER"

ONE summer evening, some years ago, as Mr. Burbank was walking through his experimental grounds past a bank of verbenas,—a scentless variety which he was breeding up into a finer variety,—he was attracted by a faint, sweet odor from the bed. Bending over the flowers, he tried to locate it, but was unable. A year later, as he passed beside the bed of verbenas, now somewhat advanced in development, he was again attracted by the scent, a delicate hint of the odor of the trailing arbutus.

With his characteristic patience he went over the plants one by one until, at last, he found the one that had the elusive odor. It was at once isolated, and its seeds were saved and planted with great care. Succeeding sets of seeds were planted year by year, and year by year the plants were challenged for any increase in fragrance. Such as persisted in the odor were in turn chosen for future testing, and the others discarded. The scent became more and more pronounced, continuing in its likeness to the arbutus, and becoming, at last, greatly intensified. To-day, the bloom itself having been much improved, the fragrance, still identical with that of the arbutus and double its strength, has been established.

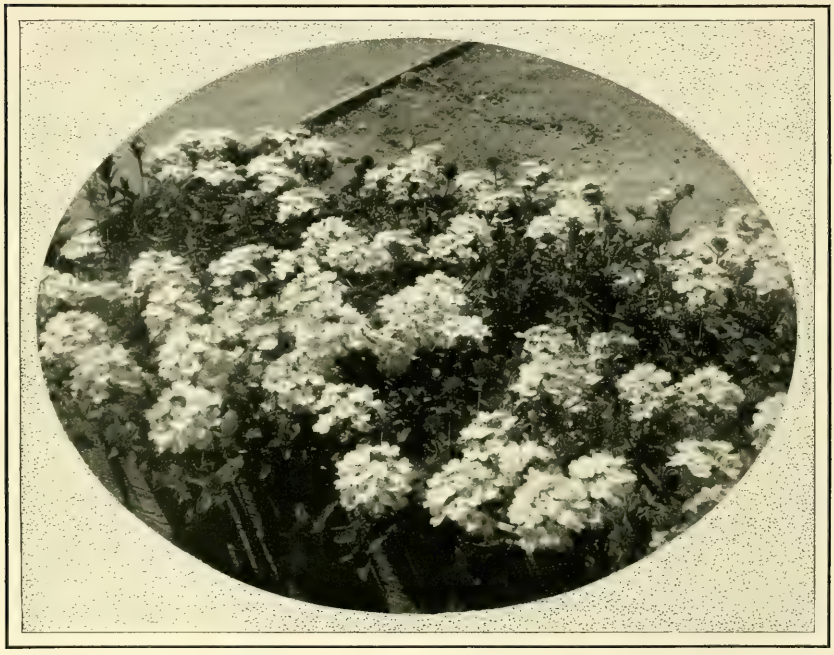
It was so wonderful a thing that I asked Mr. Burbank if it would not be possible to breed flowers for the manufacture of perfumery, intensifying old odors so as to render the flowers richer in scent, and creating new odors by combinations of various plants, as well as placing fragrance in flowers now odorless.

He answered promptly that it was an easy matter and perfectly feasible. Given a flower with a weak but desirable fra-

grance, it was only a question of pains, thought, time, and careful selection to heighten its odor and make it commercially valuable for the manufacture of perfume. The intensification of the perfume is shown in the case of the verbena; the complete changing of the odor, in the dahlia, a flower with an offensive odor, but now completely changed by Mr. Burbank until it has the rich fragrance of the magnolia blossom.

production of beautiful forms of life is carried on without disappointments. The fact that no new creation can be given to the world until it has proved its right to live—until it has shown, too, that it is not going back to some former condition of inefficiency—adds enormously to the care and labor.

One day, after years of experimentation, a beautiful new flower was produced—a



A BED OF THE NEW VERBENAS WITH THE FRAGRANCE OF THE TRAILING ARBUTUS

This led me to speak of another strange possibility in floral life: I had heard that he had been on the way to a blue rose.

"A blue rose?" he repeated. "Why, certainly. Why not? You can have any color you wish. I have not had time to make a blue rose, but I have seen enough in the development of the coloring of this flower to know that it is a very simple matter. If I ever get the time I may do it; but when so many things of more value press in on one, how can he stop to make it? I have, however, made a blue poppy, which you would perhaps consider quite as wonderful."

But let no one conclude that all this tiny, pinkish-white blossom upon a brilliant green vine. It was of rare beauty, either for lawn decoration or for use with other flowers in bouquets, and unlike anything in existence. But one morning a workman discovered that, in the night, every plant had died. There was no possible solution to the mystery. The flower could never be recovered, because the conditions under which it had been created would never come again. The loss was a severe one from the commercial point of view; it was doubly so from the point of view of the adornment of the world. It was a little tragedy in plant life.

THE SHASTA DAISY—A LITTLE ANCESTOR AND A BIG DESCENDANT

STRANGE FREAKS IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CALLA

Some particularly beautiful gladioli were under development. In order to fool the thievish gophers, a row of ordinary gladioli was planted around the more precious ones, in the hope that the gophers would be satiated with the bulbs of the ones first reached. But not for a moment were gophers trained in the atmosphere of such a place to be put off with any common, every-day food; they went straight for the bulbs of the rare plants, ate them up, and left the stalks standing, the disaster being discovered only when they withered in death.

But the work of producing the new gladioli was not permanently hampered, and now Mr. Burbank has taught Nature a new and beautiful lesson—how to grow her gladioli so that they will blossom around the entire stem, and not on one side in the top-heavy, old-fashioned style she had been following. It was not the work of a day, but of years of the most careful training, this teaching a plant to change its mode of life. To make so fine a flower double its blooms and distribute them on all sides of the stem adds a new and beautiful note to the harmony of nature. An American florist secured the stock upon which these gladioli were founded, establishing the new flower throughout the world. For many years Mr. Burbank worked upon the daisy, taking the tiny field-daisy, the pest of Eastern farmers, as a basis of his experiments, and developing it until it is now a splendid blossom from five to seven inches in diameter, with wonderful keeping qualities after cutting. In the same way he has greatly increased the geranium in size, and at the same time has made it far more brilliant in color.

Mr. Burbank once called my special attention to a little case of earth containing a few scattering plants just appearing above the ground, a new generation of a beautiful hybrid larkspur upon which he had been at work for several years. It is much larger than any other, and has a combination of colors

never before seen in the larkspur. From the new plants in the case some were to be selected for further tests as soon as they were large enough. The day before, a whole colony of little birds suddenly swooped down upon the case, and, by the time a workman had discovered them, they had destroyed all the plants save a few scattering ones here and there. In the opinion of Mr. Burbank, they were worth their weight in diamonds, but in a day the birds had well-nigh undone the work of years.

In whatever direction Mr. Burbank has turned his attention, the flowers have responded with increased grace, size, and fragrance, more beautiful colors, and greater virility. He has made the little amaryllis grow on and on in scarlet splendor until it is full ten inches across; he has bred more than ten thousand hybrid lilies, some of them assuming strangely beautiful forms; he has brought a calla up to nearly a foot in diameter, and bred it down until it was less than an inch and a half across its perfect bloom, adding at the same time fragrance, while some of the callas have taken to themselves peculiar and most unusual shapes; he has taken the dainty little blue onion-flower, the *Brodiæa terrestris*, that comes in the early spring in California, a native beauty, and changed its deep azure to a glistering crystal-white; he has added new touches of beauty to the rose, and has taught it lessons in thrift; he has made the violets blossom in a profusion that they had never before shown, and made the yellow poppy a ruby among flowers. Along with such acts as these, he has conducted hundreds of floral experiments in the way of introducing and acclimating flowers from out-of-the-way corners of the earth.

Much attention has been paid to the improvement of the wild flowers and those tame ones that stand low in the scale. The sedum, of the "live-for-ever" type of plants, once a most ordinary flower, has been advanced by breeding to a point of beauty. It occurred to Mr. Burbank one day that it would be interesting to change the pampas-grass, with its decorative plumes,

SHOWING THE ADVANCEMENT OF SEDUM TO A STATE OF BEAUTY

PAMPAS-GRASS BRED FROM WHITE TO PINK

from white to pink; so, after long experimentation and training, the change was wrought, the effect being very striking.

Wonderfully curious results sometimes follow the crossing of plants. While at work upon a strawberry cross, a tiny half-developed berry showed a green sprout at one end. Gradually, as the berry grew, the sprout developed, until there was a complete strawberry-plant growing out of the berry itself. In breeding raspberry- and blackberry-plants some remarkable abnormalities of stem and leaf were seen. Oftentimes there will be several hundreds, or even thousands, of plants from the same parent stock, no two of the plants bearing similar leaves.

A STRAWBERRY-PLANT GROWING OUT OF THE END OF A BERRY

The illustration of an enormous hybrid tobacco-plant is of particular interest, as it indicates a new line of work upon which Mr. Burbank has entered. Tobacco is to be produced much thriftier, adapted to colder climates, and finer in flavor than the best tobacco now grown.

From Siberia, Australia, India, or Africa devoted friends, ever on the alert, send Mr. Burbank new and strange plants, that he may make them over into more beautiful and useful forms of life. One day an agent in Japan sent some plum pits coming from a tree not specially remarkable, but from which he thought Mr. Burbank might develop a higher order. After several years had passed in growing the plum, one of the trees was chosen for further treatment. It early showed that it had marvelous reproductive powers, and three or four years ago, in a large orchard planted from its cuttings, twenty-two thousand plums were stripped from a single tree in order that the tree might have a chance to mature its normal number of plums. The greatest obstacle in the way of this plum—one of the most famous that Mr. Burbank has produced, and bearing his name—is that it is so marvelously productive. It requires many hired "strippers" each year to go through an average-sized orchard to strip the branches of the green plums in order that the trees may not over-bear.

The beach-plum, a small, bitter wild plum, has been transformed into a large delicious fruit, the tree bearing so abundantly that the foliage is sometimes almost wholly displaced by the fruit. In the illustration on page 830 the branch of plums is three and one half feet long.

In his researches into plum life, Mr. Burbank had tried to combine a plum and an almond, to see what the result would be. Interesting as it was from a spectacular point of view, it was not of sufficient importance to warrant further development; but the study led to the consideration of the crossing of two other species, an apricot and a plum.

A common wild American plum, a Japanese plum, and an apricot formed the basis of the experiment, and in course of time that which scientific men had said was an impossibility—the making of a new fruit—lay before him accomplished. Nothing stranger has ever been done by him.

The apricot form and color persist in the outside of the new fruit, but the flesh may be crimson, yellow, pink, or pure white. The pits are sometimes those of the apricot, and sometimes those of the plum. Because in the tree itself there are certain imperfections not yet overcome, the fruit has not been given to the world, other work upon it being still under way. The flavor of the plumcot, which is the name of the combination, is pronounced by some superior to that of any similar fruit, and absolutely unlike anything ever before tasted.

A GREAT TOBACCO-PLANT

Mr. Burbank has begun a series of experiments looking toward a marked improvement of the tobacco-plant. The one here shown is ten feet high; its leaves are two feet wide and from three to four feet in length.

Strange faculties or properties are given to some of these plums upon which Mr. Burbank has worked. One of them has no pit at all, the pit, after long years of breeding, having been driven out of it. Another has a delightful fragrance, so powerful that when a single plum is left over night in a room, the whole apartment is saturated with the perfume the next morning. One day, at Santa Rosa, Mr. Burbank blindfolded one of the best-known fruit-merchants in the world—an expert, too, in all lines of the earth's fruits. A fruit was handed him to eat, and he was asked to name it.

Enthusiastically he replied, after the first bite:

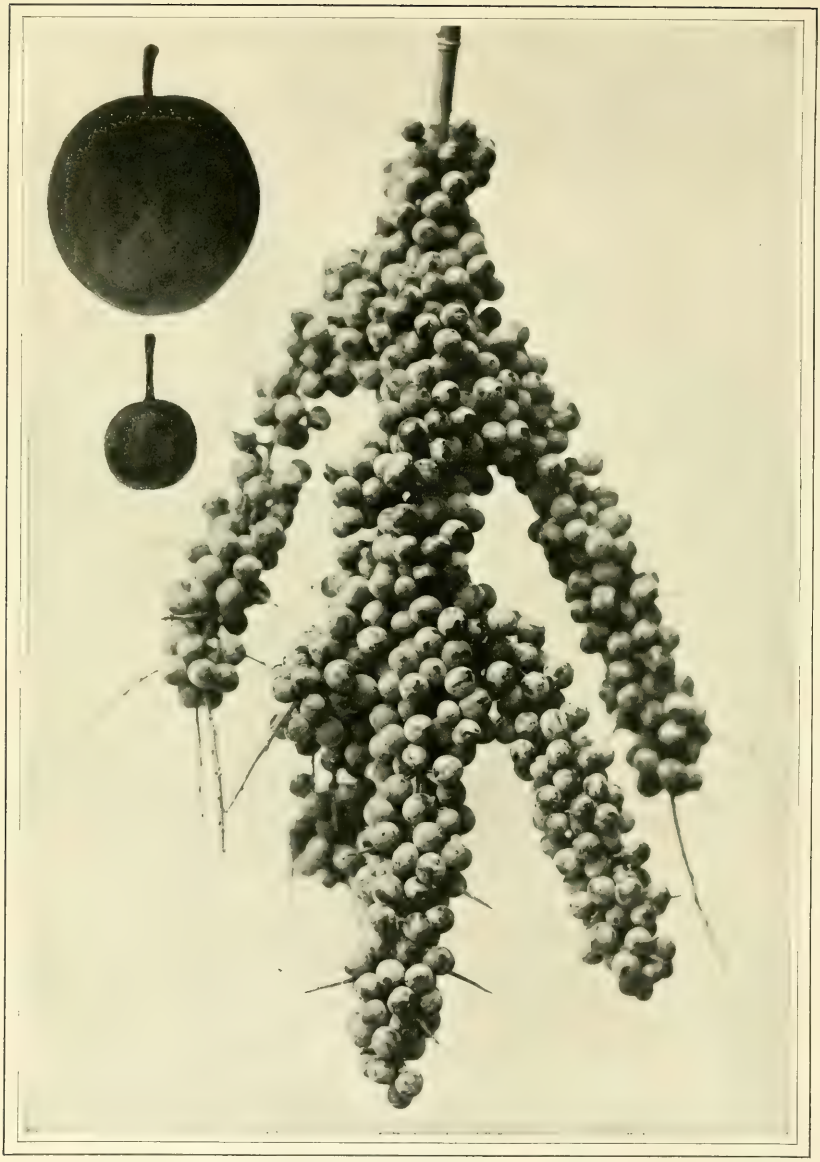
"That 's the most delicious Bartlett pear I ever put tooth into."

With sight restored, he found that he had been eating a plum, with not a hint or a trace of the pear in all its ancestry. A vague pear-flavor had been discovered years before in one of its forebears. This flavor Mr. Burbank has nurtured and intensified with vast pains until at last he has produced this marvel, a plum having the flavor, the meat texture, and the aroma of a pear. Strangely enough, some of the typical pear-tree characteristics are noticeable in the Bartlett plum-tree, without there having been the slightest strain of pear-tree blood in its veins.

Many kinds of fruit come under Mr. Burbank's scrutiny in his endeavor to add to the food resources of the world. Years have been spent in the development of raspberries, for example, small and imperfect fruit being greatly enlarged, and not only retaining all that was good in its old flavor, but taking on new toothsomeness. So, with cherries, he has taken a small fruit, poor in quality and lean in bearing, and transformed it into a rich, palatable fruit, yielding far more abundantly than the stock whence it sprang. Hundreds of varieties of apples have been under test and are still being improved. The results reached through planting the seeds of apples are often very curious. For example, the illustration on page 833 shows thirty-six apples, which all grew from the seed of one apple, and no two of which were alike. In grafting apples, the same tree is used often, year in and year out, as many as four hundred apples growing on a tree at the same time. Sometimes other fruits are grafted upon the tree, so that there may be five hundred varieties of fruit growing at once from the same parent tree. Mr. Burbank is constantly on the lookout for odd sorts of fruits with which to make combinations with other fruits, sometimes strengthening the old types, sometimes, as in the case of the elæagnus, developing a poor and little-known fruit into one of much more importance.

THE ELÆAGNUS, SHOWING THE IMPROVED FRUIT

Extensive experiments have been carried on in the production of nuts. Walnuts, for example, have been given much attention in order to make them larger, their shells thinner, and their meat whiter. Some criticism has been made of various injurious artificial methods of bleaching the English walnut meat to make it look more attractive. Mr. Burbank has rendered



THE IMPROVED BEACH-PLUM

The branch from which this photograph was made was over three and a half feet long. The small plum, above, pictured to scale, is the beach-plum as Mr. Burbank found it, the large one being the improved plum.

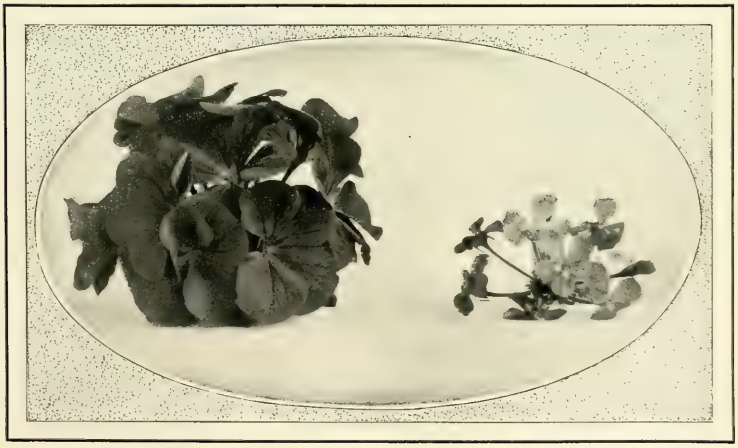
AN ANGLO-JAPANESE ALLIANCE

The walnut to the left is a Japanese product; that to the right an English walnut; in the center is the result of breeding the extremes together

all this unnecessary by breeding a walnut with a white meat—eliminating, by years of patient labor, the tannin in the skin incasing the meat, which gives it its dark color and bitter taste.

But let no one think that the creation of a new plum, or of any other new fruit, is a matter of a morning's stroll with grafting-knife or pollen-saucer. More than five hundred thousand plum-trees, developed during years of patient breeding and selection, have been raised for a single test, and all but one or two of them have been put to death.

It would be but natural for any man carrying forward such extensive experiments to study, or at least to observe, some of the laws which govern, or—perhaps better said—which guide the forces of Nature in the carrying out of her affairs. Still more would it be the province of a man with the intuition of Mr. Burbank to go deeper and still deeper into the inner life of Nature, the more exhaustively he studied her outward manifestations. It will be well to bear in mind that in his study of the underlying principles of plant life, Mr. Burbank has not been circumscribed in any particular, but has had virtually an unlimited field of operations. He



AN IMPROVED GERANIUM

A brilliant blossom evolved from a tiny original

has not accepted the observations of many other people as a basis for his own conclusions.

In 1865 a parish priest in Austria named Mendel, later a teacher in the *Realschule* at Brün, prepared a paper which set forth the results of some of his studies into plant life. He announced certain laws in regard to the crossing of plants which have since been generally accepted. These laws have been absolutely overthrown by Mr. Burbank.

A TREE CONTAINING FOUR HUNDRED DIFFERENT VARIETIES OF APPLES

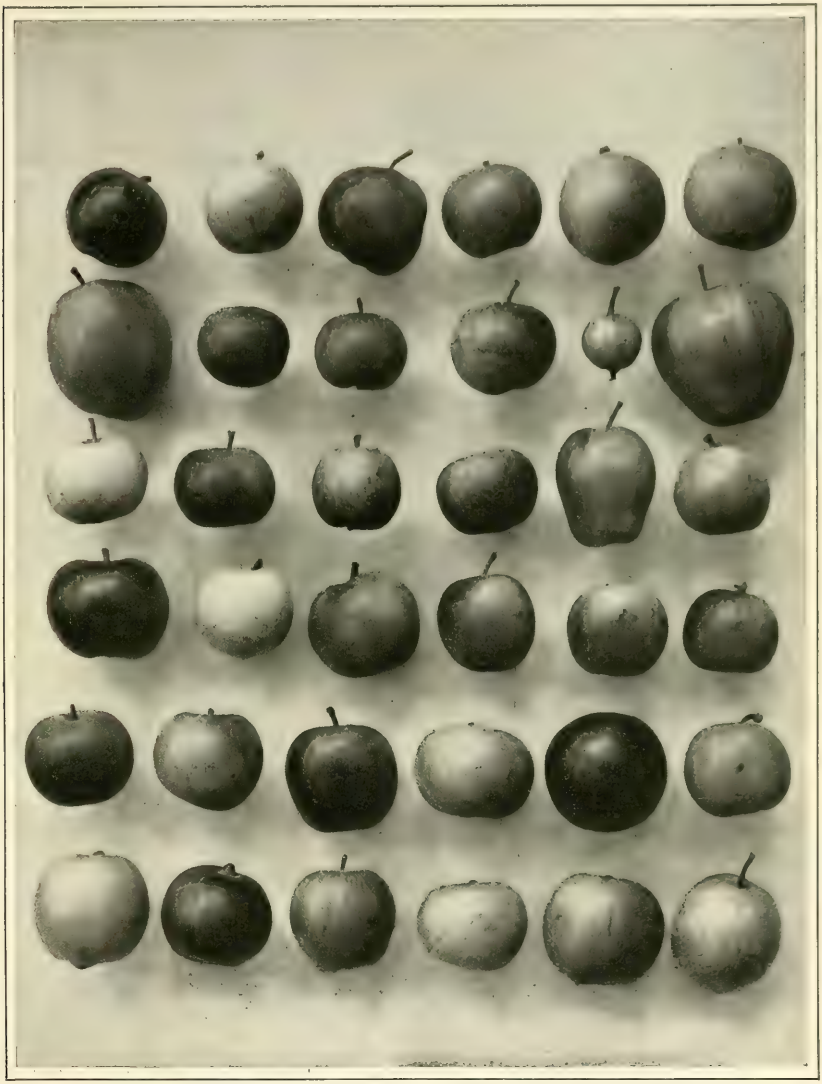
Mendel's laws, put in the simplest possible form, held that where two plants were crossed, as two peas, there would be in the offspring two prevailing sets of characters or characteristics, to which he gave the names "dominant" and "recessive." That is to say, certain prominent characters or characteristics of the parent peas would appear in the new plant—as the length of stem, color and shape of leaves, shape of seed, arrangement of flowers, and so on. These would be dominant characters. Certain other characters would appear in lesser number in the new plant, or would disappear altogether. These were the recessive ones.

When the new plants thus formed were fertilized they produced offspring in which the two characteristics, the dominant and the recessive, appeared in an invariable ratio or proportion, that of three to one. Thus seventy-five per cent. of the characteristics of the new plant—its form, color, shape, and so on—would be dominant, and twenty-five would be recessive.

Then Mendel carried the subject still further, and demonstrated that the recessive characters bred true, but that the dominant ones produced progeny one third genuine dominant, which also bred true to their own type, and two thirds cross-breeds, the latter, when self-fertilized, giving the old ratio of seventy-five per cent. dominant characters and twenty-five per cent. recessive.

This law would extend, so some of its adherents maintain, throughout not only all vegetable life, but throughout all animal life as well. Hence it would be possible to determine beforehand precisely what results would follow in the crossing of two plants—that they would follow these certain and undeviating laws. It would be not only of vast interest to the race from the standpoint of evolution, but of immense economic value to all breeders of plants and animals.

It should be noted in passing that prom-



APPLES GROWN FROM THE SEEDS OF ONE APPLE—"WILLIAM'S FAVORITE"

inent scientists in Europe have recently "rediscovered" this law, notably among them Dr. Hugo de Vries of Amsterdam, one of the leading botanists of the day.

In a wide variety of experiments, covering now a period of thirty years, averaging a million new plants a year upon which to work, frequently using five hundred thousand plants for a single test, sometimes as many as one million, and rejecting them all save perhaps two or three,—having carried on over two thousand five hundred individual investigations in as many species,—Mr. Burbank has over and over again proved the utter inadequacy of the Mendelian laws. Generation following

THE CHERRY, AFTER DEVELOPMENT, SHOWING IMPROVEMENT IN FRUIT AND LEAVES OVER THE ORDINARY CHERRY (SEE NEXT PAGE)

generation, not in isolated cases in the pots of the conservatory or the confines of the cloister garden, but in the magnificent reaches of the open, where, if necessary, a million plants may be put to work on a single problem, this law has utterly failed. Mr. Burbank has used five hundred thousand plum-trees to carry on a single test. He has had half a million hybrid lilies under study at the same time.

Take, merely for one illustration among the many which might be brought forward, the results which have been noted in the breeding of the walnut-tree. Here the laws of Mendel were absolutely disproved at every point. The new trees followed no known laws. "Dominance" and "recession" were absolutely inoperative factors. Nuts, for example, as the test proceeded, were produced like one parent, like the other, like neither, or like no other walnut ever known in the world; and they were produced with absolutely no regard whatever to ratio or proportion of parental characteristics. The leaves of the progeny took to themselves an odor, a real fragrance, unlike any ever known. In the character of the trunks, the assembling of the branches on the trees, the development of the leaves upon the stem,—some of them numbering five on a stem, some twenty or thirty, some fifty,—in the marvelous growth of the trees, the law was broken again and again.

In passing, it may be noted here that Mr. Burbank has accomplished that which Darwin hinted at, but accepted with reservations—the grafting of one tree upon another and at the same time the transformation of the tree without fertilization, the accomplishment of a complete cross by the graft. He took a French plum, unknown in America, and grafted it upon a Japanese plum. The graft bore no bloom, but the tree was recreated, if you will; its seedlings took on a wholly new life and

became hybrids; its vital essence was changed through the medium of the graft.

Mr. Burbank determined long ago that, up to a certain point, changes can be produced in plants at will, when the conditions are ripe; while the results of selection are often so simple as to form a mechanical rule. In other cases it may be wholly impossible to follow these results. A million causes may have been at work to start a plant forward on a given course. A million shades of environment influences may have existed, just as a million episodes in a man's life, little or great or so small as forever to remain unnoticed, may have had their influence upon him. It may be that Omnipotence has rules or laws or forecasts bearing upon what will come to pass in a given million of plants when they enter upon a new life, but Mr. Burbank holds that it is manifestly absurd for man to attempt to establish such laws.

The theory of mutation, or "saltation," as some have termed it, which has recently been announced by Dr. de Vries of Amsterdam, and which has been receiving the warm indorsement of leading scientists, also appears to fall by the way in the light of the vast experiments which Mr. Burbank has been carrying on, and in which he has had opportunity to study these changes or mutations such as no other man has ever had. In a recent magazine article Dr. de Vries sets forth his theory. He shows, from his experiments with one flower, that new forms are actually being produced, and that they spring from their parents by a sudden leap, without preparations or intermediates, and not in one single specimen, but in a number of individuals. In this way evolution goes on by rare and sudden leaps.

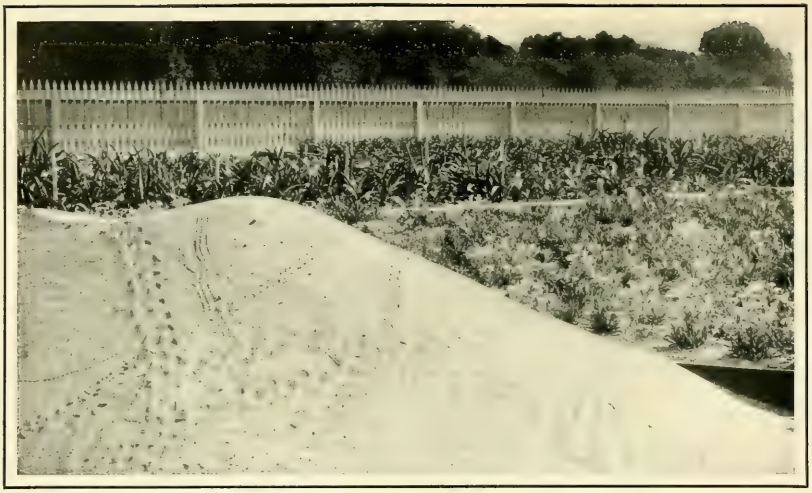
Another writer puts the theory of mutation in these words: "The sudden production of new and stable varieties from which nature proceeds to select those which are fit."

Here, as elsewhere in the broad field of scientific investigation, Mr. Burbank has not been idle. He has had under his eye hundreds of examples of these so-called mutations, fully as wonderful as the few on which Dr. de Vries bases his theory. But Mr. Burbank, having had an outlook ampler than any other man has ever had, having used as many as a million plants in a test, and having the widest possible knowledge of these strange forms, arrives, as in the case of the Mendelian laws, at quite different conclusions. Mutations are often found, he holds,—fixed forms springing up from a complication of causes, through the action of the laws of heredity, which remain constant. These are not necessarily hybrids.

An illustration of these mutations is seen in the case of a flower which is red or blue suddenly producing a white flower, and the white flower, in turn, producing white flowers constantly when grown from seed. Mr. Burbank demonstrates that these mutations can be produced at will by any one of the means which may be used to disturb the life-habits of the plant. More than this, he claims to have demonstrated that mutation, so called, is not a *period* in the life of the plant,—an all-essential element in the theory of mutation,—but that it is only a *state* or *condition* which is brought about by a variety of other conditions, such as hereditary tendencies, environment, and the like. And even more than this, he claims to have demonstrated, as before stated, that the condition can be produced at will.

THE ORIGINAL CHERRY, BEFORE DEVELOPMENT

However valuable the experiments of Dr. de Vries,—and no one holds the distinguished botanist in higher



TRACKS OF MR. BURBANK'S ENEMIES

A constant fight is kept up at the experimental farm against the animal pests that attack plants

esteem than Mr. Burbank,—the latter yet holds that the mutation theory stands without adequate facts to support it.

Wallace, in his "Darwinism," brings prominently to the fore and elaborates Weismann's theory of heredity, the germ of which is that acquired characteristics, of whatever kind, are not transmitted from parent to offspring. This Mr. Burbank has disproved over and over; indeed, has established the precise opposite—that the only characteristics that can be transmitted are the acquired ones.

The reason Mr. Burbank crosses a pair of plants is to break up their old habit and form of life and get variations. Back of these two plants, he knows, are a million tendencies. He sees heredity in a new form. It is, as he defines it, "the sum of all the effects of all the environments of all past generations on the responsive, ever-moving life-forces; or, in other words, a record kept by the vital principle of its struggle onward and upward from simpler forms of life: not vague in any respect, but indelibly fixed by repetition." In still shorter phrase he puts it: "Heredity is the sum of all past environment."

When he has crossed two plants to produce a third, he illustrates what happens in this way: Here is a river, the life-forces of the plant. Here is the bank, the environment. The forces, constantly pushing forward, are held in check by the bank, and yet in some measure each acts upon the other. There may be a rock in the stream which may make a ripple, turning the flow aside for an instant, but the river does not stop on its way to the sea. Yet, if you place a sufficient number of rocks with the other one, or if a new and better channel is found, the whole river is turned. But no one can tell where these rocks are to appear, no one can foretell when the stream will change its course, or how or where.

He holds that there is in plant reproduction a vital principle which is more or less indelibly fixed by repetition. What this principle is in essence he does not know—he is concerned with its manifestation. But "we do know," he says, "that when simple cells become joined together, mutual protection is assured, and we know that they exhibit organized forces in new directions which were impossible by any of the individual cells not associated in a cell-colony with its fellows. These cell-colonies will, if environment is favorable, increase in strength, while colonies less favorably situated may be crippled or destroyed. We see this natural selection in all life every day all around us."

Mr. Burbank has come to look upon the crossing of species and varieties as of paramount importance. The "survival of the fittest" and "natural selection" are interesting phrases and full of import, but he has found in the midst of his vast tests

that "crossing" goes far beyond them in significance.

"It is," he says, "the grand, principal cause of all the existing species and varieties of earth and sea and air. Crossing these differing lines of heredity—differences caused by the action of past environment on the life-forces—produces a vast complication of vital movements, habits, tendencies, or memories, if you prefer, some of which are fixed by ages of repetition, while others are of later acquisition. Each of these, like drops of various chemicals in a pool of water, changes by so much the heredity of the subject, all being blended into the whole as we see it in its present state. But past tendencies must fade somewhat as new ones are added; and as each individual has ancestors in untold numbers, and as each is bound to the other like the numerous threads in a fabric, individuals within a species, by thus having very numerous similar lines of heredity, are very much alike, yet no two are just the same.

"Thus in the bundles of individuals having similar heredities, which for convenience we call species, we seldom find wide variations, and for the reasons just given. But cross two of these species, and see what results. Sharp mutations and variations will appear, but not in the first generation, as the two are bound together in a mutual compact which, when unloosed by the next and succeeding generations, will branch in every direction as the myriad different lines of heredity combine and exhibit themselves in various new directions, as if the bundles of hereditary tendencies were burst asunder by the impact, and mutually arranged themselves in new and often wholly unexpected forms."

Bearing still closer upon environment, Mr. Burbank says:

"A study of animals or plants belonging to widely different species, and even genera, which have been under similar environment for a long time, will always show similarity in many respects in the various means they are compelled to adopt for defense in the preservation and reproduction of life. Desert plants often have thorns, acrid qualities, and reduced foliage surface, while in moist climates thorns are seldom seen and foliage is more abundant and not so often acrid or distasteful. Similar environments produce similar results on the life-forces, even with the most distantly related plants or animals. This fact alone, even though in opposition to numerous popular theories, should be proof enough, if proof were still needed, that acquired characters are transmitted. All characters which are transmitted have once been acquired. The life-forces are constantly pressing forward to obtain any space which can be occupied, and, if they find an open avenue, always make use of it as far as heredity permits."

Mr. Burbank notes other forces that influence plant life—superabundance of food, moisture, freedom from competition, struggle, hardship. He disposes of many of the mysterious things that people have read into heredity, in saying that where some apparently impossible thing happens,—the plant of a white bean, for example, producing a black one,—we have generally only to trace the matter back far enough to find that there was a black ancestor. Even where no such ancestor was found, the fact remains that tendencies, like threads in a web of cloth, had so long been pressing for expression that when the critical point was reached the strong tendencies, long overwhelmed by still stronger ones, came to the surface, though never by chance.

I asked Mr. Burbank this question:

"Has anything developed in your life-work, and in your study of the great elemental forces of nature, to imperil true faith or render dead a belief in God or the immortality of the soul?"

He answered:

"My theory of the laws and underlying principles of plant creation is, in many respects, diametrically opposed to the theories of the materialists. I am a sincere believer in a higher power than that of man. All my investigations have led me away from the idea of a dead, material universe, tossed about by various forces, to that of a universe which is absolutely all force, life, soul, thought, or whatever name we may choose to call it. Every atom, molecule, plant, animal, or planet is only an aggregation of organized unit forces held in place by stronger forces, thus holding them for a time latent, though teeming with inconceivable power. All life on our planet is, so to speak, just on the outer fringe of this infinite ocean of force. The universe is not half dead, but all alive."

MRS. LATHROP'S LOVE-AFFAIR

BY ANNE WARNER

Author of "Susan Clegg and her Friend Mrs. Lathrop"

MRS. LATHROP collapsed backward and downward, her eyes closed, her mouth opened, her hands fell at her sides, her feet flew out in front of her. Never in the history of the world were the words "This is so sudden!" more vividly illustrated.

Susan sat bolt upright opposite and surveyed her friend's emotion with an expression of calm and interested neutrality.

After a while Mrs. Lathrop's eyes began to open and her mouth to close; she gathered her hands into her lap, and her feet under her skirt, saying weakly:

"Well, I never hear nothin' to beat—"

"I ain't surprised 't your takin' it to heart like that," said the importer of news. "I may tell you in confidence 't I was nigh to laid out myself in the first hearin' of it. I looked upon it jus' as you did, an' jus' as anybody in their common senses naturally would. It was n't no more 'n was to be expected that me, bein' neat like himself an' unmarried, too, sh'u'd 'a' struck him 's jus' about what he was lookin' for. I 'm younger 'n Gran'ma Mullins an' Mrs. Macy, an' older 'n Liza Em'ly an' Polly Ann. I 've got property, an' nobody can't say 's I have n't always done my duty by whatever crossed my path, even if it was nothin' but snow in the winter. All the time 't he was talkin' I was thinkin', an' I tell you, Mrs. Lathrop, it 's pretty hard work to smile an' look interested in a man's meanderin's while you 're tryin' to figure on how you can will your money safe away from him. I was n't calc'latin' on havin' Deacon White get any of my money, I c'n tell you, an' I meant to have that understood right in the beginnin'. Maybe he would n't 'a' liked it; but if he had n't 'a' liked it, he c'u'd 'a' give me right square up. Lord knows, I never was after him with no net; I don't set about gettin' what I want that way. An' I never for one minute have thought o' wantin' the deacon. I 'm used to lookin' everythin' square in the face, an' no one as has got eyes could look the deacon in the face an' want him. An' the more they turned him round an' round, the less they 'd want him. It ain't in reason 's the friend c'u'd be found to deny 't he 's as bow-legged as they make 'em. An' then there 's his ears! A woman c'u'd, maybe, overlook the bow-legs if she held the newspaper high enough; but I don't believe 's any one in kingdom come c'u'd overlook them ears. Mr. Kimball says Belgian hares an' Deacon White 's both designed to be catched by their ears. I looked at him to-day an' figured on maybe tryin' to tame 'em in a little with a tape nightcap; but then I says to myself, I says: 'No; if he 's to be my husband, I 'll probably have so much to overlook that them ears 'll soon be mice to the mountain o' the rest,' an' so I give up the idea. I had bother enough with tryin' to see where I 'd put him, fer I certainly would n't consider movin' down to his house fer a minute, an' it was a question 's to a stove in father's room or givin' him double windows for a weddin' present.

"An' then, all of a sudden, he come out with wantin' you!

"Well, Mrs. Lathrop, I jumped—I really did. Him so tidy an' goin' out on the porch half a dozen times a day to brush up the seeds under the bird-cage—an' wantin' *you!* I could n't believe my ears at first, an' he talked quite a while, an' I did n't hear a word he said. An' then, when I did find my tongue, I jus' sat right down an' did my duty by him. Mrs. Lathrop, you know 's well 's I do how fond I am o' you; but you know, too, 's well 's I do 't no woman 's calls herself a Christian c'u'd sit silent an' let a man keep on

supposin' 't he c'u'd be happy with you. I talked kind, but I took no fish-bones out o' the truth. I give him jus' my own observation, an' no more. I told him 't it was n't in me to try an' fool even a deacon; an' so when I said frank and free 't even your very cats soon gave up washin' their faces, he c'u'd depend upon its bein' so. I says to him, I says: 'Deacon White, there 's lots worse things 'n bein' unmarried, an' if you marry Mrs. Lathrop you 'll learn every last one of 'em. Your first wife was deaf,' I says, 'an' Mrs. Lathrop c'n hear. She 's a very good hearer, too,' I says (for you know 's I 'd never be one to run you down, Mrs. Lathrop); 'but anythin' 's is more of a' effort than listenin' never gets done in her house. You 're tidy in your ways, Deacon White,' I says; 'any one as 's ever passed when you was hangin' out your dish-towels 'd swear to that; an' such bein' the case, how c'u'd you ever be happy with them 's spreads their wash on the currant-bushes or lets it blow to the dogs?' Maybe I was a little hard on him, but I felt 's it was then or never, an' I tried my best to save him. It ain't in nature for them 's goes unhooked to ever realize what their unhookedness is to them 's hooks, an' so it 'd be hopeless to try to let you see why my sympathies was so with the deacon; but, to make a long tale short, he jus' hung on like grim death, an' in the end I had to give up. He said I was your friend, an' he wanted 's I sh'u'd explain everythin' to you; an' to-morrow, when he gets back from Meadville, he 'll come up an' get his answer. He did n't ask 'f I thought you 'd have him, 'cause o' course he knowed you 'd have him 's well 's I did. He said 's he sh'u'd mention it about town to keep any women from takin' the same train with him. He says he has n't been anywhere by himself for ever so long. He says jus' as soon 's he 's married he 's goin' off fer a good long trip, all alone."

Susan ceased speaking for a little; Mrs. Lathrop looked dazed and dubious.

"It 's so unex—" she said slowly.

"The beginnin' o' gettin' married always is," said her friend; "but it 's all there is about it 's is even unexpected. It 's all cut an' dried from there on. Once you take a man, nothin' 's ever sudden no more. Folks expects all sorts o' pleasant surprises; everybody seems to get married f'r better, an' then get along f'r worse. They begin by imaginin' a lot an' then lookin' f'r the thing to be 'way beyond the imaginin'; it ain't long afore they see 't their imaginin' was 'way beyond the thing, an' after that they soon have it all on top o' them to carry till they die."

"I never was no great hand at marryin'," said Mrs. Lathrop, faintly. "I was propelled into it the first—"

"Well, nobody ain't propellin' you this time," said Miss Clegg. "I 'm hangin' back on your skirts, with my heels stuck in 's far 's they 'll go." She rose as she spoke.

"I don't know what I shall—" began the older woman, looking up at the younger.

"You 've got all to-morrow to decide. He won't be back till five o'clock. I should n't worry, 'f I was you. O' course, it 's your last love-affair, probably, an' you want to get 's much 's you can out of it; but I don't see no call to fret any. He ain't frettin'. He 's jus' in a hurry to get married, an' get rid o' Gran'ma Mullins an' Mrs. Macy an' Polly Ann an' Liza Em'ly, an' get started on that nice long trip he 's goin' on alone."

"I shall think—" murmured Mrs. Lathrop.

Susan was decking herself for going home.

"I won't be over in the mornin'," she said as she tied on her cap; "I 've got errands down-town: but I 'll come over after dinner."

"Good-by," said Mrs. Lathrop.

"Good-by," said her friend.

It was somewhat warmer the next morning. Mrs. Lathrop began the day on a cup of extra-strong coffee, and continued it in an unusual mood of clearing up. Her kitchen was really very close to exemplary when two o'clock arrived, and she took up her knitting to wait for the promised visitation.

It matured about half-past the hour. The visitor brought her knitting, too.

"Well, Mrs. Lathrop," she said pleasantly on entering, "if it was n't for the automobile, you an' the deacon 'd surely be the talk o' the town this day."

"Whose aut— ?"

"Nobody's; jus' two men's. One steers in goggles, an' the other jumps in an' out an' settles fer the damages. I see it first on my way down-town this mornin'; only, as a matter of fact, I did n't see it, an' it

was nigh to tootin' right over me, only I jumped in the nick o' time, an' it went over my overshoe an' split the heel open. I can assure you I was glad I was wearin' father's overshoes, as can come off so easy, when I saw the split heel; an' them men was as polite 's could be, churned backward right off, an' settled with me fer a quarter. I can easy sew up the heel myself, so I went on down-town feelin' pretty good. There ain't many things about me 't I can sew up as I would n't split fer a quarter any day. The automobile went on ahead, an' by the time I got to the square it had had time to run down the minister.

"He was crossin' from Mr. Kimball's to Mr. Dill's, an' stopped short fer fear it 'u'd run over him. Not knowin' the minister's make-up, they 'd calc'lated on his goin' on when he see a' automobile comin'; an' so it was all over him in a jiffy. I don' know what his wife 'll ever say, fer his hat is completely bu'st. However, they settled with him—hat, feelin's, an' all—for ten dollars, an' he went on over to Mr. Dill's. I said 't if I was his wife I 'd anchor him in the middle o' the square an' let automobiles run up an' down him all day long at that price. I said it to Mrs. Craig; she come up to ask me 'f it was really true about you an' the deacon. She says no one can believe it o' the deacon. She says Mr. Jilkins was in town last night, an' he was very mad when he heard of it. He thinks it 's a reflection. He says folks 'll say it looks like his sister was n't wife enough for one man. I told her nobody could n't say nothin' about it 't I would n't agree to, considerin' your age an' his ears. I told her 't it did n't seem to me 's marryin' was anyways necessary to the business o' the world. If mother 'd never married, neither she nor me 'd ever 've had all them years o' work with father. She says this about you an' the deacon was stirrin' up the town a lot. She says there 's a good deal o' bitter feelin'. Seems Mrs. Allen never charged him nothin' for his meals on account o' Polly, an' Gran'ma Mullins made him a whole set o' shirts for nothin' on account o' the nut an' the daguerre'type, an' Mrs. Macy did up all his currants fer nothin' on account o' herself. She says Mr. Kimball says he wonders what the deacon 's a-expectin' to get out o' you.

"We went across to look at the automobile together. It was standin' still in front o' the drug-store, an' the men was in buyin' cigarettes an' gettin' their bottles filled. I guess half the community was standin' round lookin' at it an' discussin' it.

"It 's a brand-new one, fer the price-tag 's still hangin' on the back. Billy said it was a bargain, but it struck me 's pretty high. They had a wheel 's 'd come off hung on behind, an' nobody could n't see where it 'd come off of. Mr. Fisher got down an' crawled in underneath, an' while he was under there the men come out. They asked what Mr. Fisher was tryin' to do, an' when Billy told 'em, they laughed.

"They said that wheel was in case o' accidents. John Bunyan spoke right up an said, 'Why, does the accidents ever happen to the *automobile?*' An' the men laughed some more. Then they got in an' started to start, an' it would n't start. It snuffed an' chuffed to beat the band, but it would n't budge fer love nor money nor the man in goggles. He jerked an' twisted, an' then all of a sudden it run backward, an' went over Mr. Dill's dog 's was asleep in the way, an' into the lamp-post, an' bu'st the post off short. Well, you never see the beat! They wanted to settle the dog for the same 's the minister, but Mr. Dill would n't hear to it for a minute, 'cause he said his dog was worth suthin'. Judge Fitch come up an' said the town 'u'd want three dollars fer the lamp-post, an' they paid that, an' then they tried to arbitrate the dog; an' in the end Mr. Dill took eleven dollars an' fifteen cents, 'cause his collar 's is still good. Then they got into the automobile again an' twisted the crank the other way, an' it kited across the square an' right over Gran'ma Mullins. She was on her way to ask if it was true about you an' the deacon, an' it was plain 's she wa'n't in no disposition to enjoy bein' run over by nothin'. I never see her so nigh to bein' real put out; an' even after they 'd settled with her fer five dollars, she still did n't look a bit pleased or happy. Mrs. Craig an' me went with her into Mr. Shores' an' helped her straighten her bonnet an' take a drink o' water, an' then she said she s'posed it was true about you an' the deacon, an' 't, so help her Heaven, she never would 'a' believed 's either o' you had so little sense. She said to tell you 't all she 's got to say is 't if he deceives you like he 's deceived her, you 'll know how it feels to have him deceive you 's well 's she

knows how it feels to 've had him deceive her. She says she 's goin' to take a hammer an' smash that nut an' that daguerre'-type into a thousand smithereens this very afternoon."

"I 'm sorry 's—" said Mrs. Lathrop, regretfully.

"While we was sittin' there talkin', in come Mrs. Macy, with her cat over her arm, to ask if there was enough of it left to make a muff. Seems 't when the automobile headed out o' town they come on the cat crossin' the road, an' afore she knew 's there was a death in the family they was tryin' to settle the cat at a dollar. She said she never see the beat o' the way the cat was ironed flat; she jus' stood an' stared, an' then they offered her two dollars. She took the two dollars an' come to town, an' 'f there ain't enough f'r a muff, she 'll have a cap with the tail over her ear. She wanted to know if it was true about you an' the deacon, an' she tried to swing the cat around 's if she did n't care, but it was easy seen she did. She said she would n't have the deacon f'r a gift, an' I told her 's there was others havin' to admit the same thing. I says to her, I says: 'There 's a good many in this town 's won't have the deacon, but it ain't f'r lack o' tryin' to get him, Lord knows.' Jus' then we see the man with the cap 's does the settlin' f'r damages tearin' by the window afoot. We run to the door an' see him grab Mr. Sweet's bicycle an' ride away on it; an' it did n't take no great brains to guess 's suthin' fresh had happened under the automobile. A little while after the man with goggles an' Mr. Jilkins come walkin' into the square, a-leadin' Mr. Jilkins's horse. The horse was pretty well splintered up, an' the harness was hangin' all out o' tune; the man with goggles looked to be upset, an' Mr. Jilkins looked like he 'd been upset an' was awful mad over it. Every one went to know what it was; an' I will say, Mrs. Lathrop, 's I never hear such a story o' unforeseen miseries pilin' up. Seems 't when Mr. Jilkins went home las' night an' told his wife about you an' the deacon, they decided to come to town right off to-day an' try to argue common sense into him. Mr. Jilkins said 't he was n't afraid o' the property goin' out o' the family, 'cause you an' the deacon could n't naturally expect nothin' but grandchildren at your age; but he said they jus' did n't want him married, an' they was goin' to see 't he did n't get drug into it. So they took the horse an' the colt an' the democrat an' started up to town this mornin', an' jus' beyond the bridge they met the automobile warmin' up from Mrs. Macy an' her cat. Mr. Jilkins says his horse ain't afraid o' nothin' on earth only threshin'-machines, men asleep, an' bicycles; but it never 'd seen a' automobile afore, an' it jumped right into it. Well, him in goggles an' his friend in damages jumped right out, an' the automobile run into the fence an' run over the colt, an' spilled Mr. an' Mrs. Jilkins an' the horse all out. The horse fell down an' Mrs. Jilkins could n't get up, an' the man in the cap wanted to settle fer five hundred dollars right on the spot. Then they went to work an' got the tool-box, an' got the horse up, an' he seemed to be all right, only pretty badly marred; an' they backed the automobile out o' the fence an' give Mrs. Jilkins a drink out o' their bottle, an' tucked her up warm in the seat, an' then set to work on the democrat. They was gettin' everythin' all straightened out neat 's a pin when, all of a sudden, Mrs. Jilkins give a yell, an' they looked up to see the automobile kitin' off up the hill, an' her screamin' an' wavin' her hands; an' the next thing they see, she went over the top o' the hill an' out o' sight."

Miss Clegg stopped; Mrs. Lathrop drew in her breath.

"Well, Mrs. Lathrop, seems to me I never hear nothin' to equal that in all my born days. Mrs. Jilkins off in a' automobile alone! An' the man in the cap see it jus' 's I did, f'r he wanted to settle f'r a thousand, spot cash, then an' there. But Mr. Jilkins would n't settle; there 's no denyin' Mr. Jilkins saw what a good thing he 'd got when his wife went off in that automobile; so then the man in the cap hustled in town, got a bicycle, an' scurried after her 's fast 's he could paddle."

"Did they find—?" inquired Mrs. Lathrop.

"Not when I come home they had n't. The man in goggles had took Mr. Jilkins to the hotel fer dinner, an' Mr. Jilkins was tickled to death, f'r he never eat in a hotel in his life before. If he goes off, he always gets back or else takes a lunch."

"Are you goin'?" Mrs. Lathrop asked.

"Yes; I 'm goin' down-town again. I 'm goin' right now. I want to know the end 's

Mrs. Jilkins made. An' there 's lots o' people 's ain't had no chance yet to ask me if it 's true about you an' the deacon."

"When 's he a-com—?" Mrs. Lathrop asked.

"On the five-o'clock; an' he said 's he sh'u'd come straight up here to settle it all. I s'pose you 've turned the subjeck round an' round an' upside down till you 've come out jus' where I said you would at first."

"I guess I 'll take—"

"I would 'f I was you. Mr. Kimball says Deacon White 's as good help 's any woman can hope to get hold o' in a place this size, an' I guess he 's hit that nail square on top. I don't see but what, when all 's said an' done, you can really take a deal o' comfort havin' him so handy. He likes to keep things clean, an' you 'll never let him get a chance to go to Satan empty-handed. An' we can always send him to bed when we want to talk, 'cause bein' 's he 'll be your husband, we won't never have to fuss with considerin' his feelin's any."

"I—" said Mrs. Lathrop, thoughtfully.

"O' course there would n't be nothin' very romantic in marryin' the deacon; an' yet, when you come right square down to it, I don't see no good an' sufficient reasons f'r long hair bein' romantic an' big ears not. Anyway, I sh'u'd consider 't a man 's can clean a sink, an' *will* clean a sink, was a sight safer to marry 'n one 's whose big hit was standin' up the ends o' his mustache. An' besides, you can have the man with the sink, an' the man with the mustache would n't even turn round to look at you the first time."

"I—" said Mrs. Lathrop.

"Romance is a nice thing in its place. I 've had my own romances,—four on 'em,—an' not many women can say that an' still be unmarried, I guess. I 've lived an' I 've loved, as the books say; an' I 've survived, as I say myself; an' you can believe me or not, jus' as you please, Mrs. Lathrop, but I ain't got no feelin' toward you this night but pity. I would n't be you if I could—not now an' not never. I 'd really liefer be the deacon, an' Heaven knows 't he 's got little enough to look forward to hereafter."

"I—" expostulated Mrs. Lathrop.

"Well, Mrs. Lathrop, if you keep me here much longer, I sha'n't get down-town this afternoon; an' when you think how near Mrs. Jilkins 's comin' to bein' related to you, it certainly will look very strange to the community."

As she spoke, Miss Clegg rapidly prepared herself for the street, and with the last words she went toward the door.

"If the deacon gets here afore I come back," she said, pausing with her hand on the knob, "you 'd better say 's what he told me yesterday in confidence an' what I told him in consequence is still a secret; it 'll be pleasanter f'r you both so."

"I—" said Mrs. Lathrop.

"Good-by," said Susan.

Mrs. Lathrop slept some that afternoon and rocked more. She experienced no very marked flutterings in the region of her heart; indeed, she was astonished herself at the calmness of her sensations.

The deacon had not come when Susan returned. Susan looked somewhat puzzled.

"Anybody been here since me?" she inquired, not facing her friend, but examining the stovepipe with interest.

"No; no—"

"Mrs. Jilkins is all safe," she said next.

"I 'm so—"

"That automobile run 'way past Cherry Pond, an' their hired man see her ridin' by an' made after her on a mule. The gasolene give out before the mule did, so he hauled her home, an' the man in the cap come an' took the automobile back to town."

"So it 's all—"

"They all landed over at the drug-store an' got in an' started out fresh. Mr. Jilkins settled f'r the five hundred, an' they went off feelin' real friendly. They run out across the square, an' then—" Susan hesitated. "You got a shock yesterday," she said, still not looking at her friend, but speaking sympathetically, "an' it seems too bad to give you another to-day; but you 'll have to know—"

"Heaven pro—" cried Mrs. Lathrop.

"They run over the deacon comin' out o' the station. They did n't see him, an' he did n't see them. He ain't dead."

Mrs. Lathrop was silent.

"Mrs. Allen took him home. Of course that means Polly 'll get him in the end."

Mrs. Lathrop was silent for a long time. Finally she said very deliberately:

"Maybe it 's just as—"

"It 's better," said her friend, with decision; "f'r the man settled with the deacon f'r fifteen hundred."

(BEGUN IN THE MARCH NUMBER)

ROSE O' THE RIVER

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

Author of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE WRIGHT

VII

THE LUCK OF ALCESTIS

IT proved a lively afternoon. In the first place, one of the younger drivers slipped into the water between two logs, part of a lot chained together waiting to be let out of the boom. The weight of the mass higher up, and the force of the current, wedged him in rather tightly, and when he had been "pried" out he declared that he felt like an apple after it had been squeezed in the cider-mill; so he drove home, and Rufus Waterman took his place.

Two hours' hard work followed this incident, and at the end of that time the "bung" that reached from the shore to Waterman's Ledge (the rock where Pretty Quick met his fate) was broken up, and the logs that composed it were started down-river. There remained now only the great side-jam at Gray Rock. That had been allowed to grow, gathering logs as they drifted past, thus making higher water and a stronger current on the other side of the rock, and allowing an easier passage for the logs at that point.

All was excitement now, for, this particular piece of work accomplished, the boom above the falls would be "turned out" and the river would once more be clear and clean at the Edgewood bridge.

Small boys, perching on the rocks with their heels hanging, hands and mouths full of red Astrakhan apples, cheered their favorites to the echo, while the drivers shouted to one another and watched the signs and signals of the boss, who could communicate with them only in that way, so great was the roar of the water.

The jam refused to yield to ordinary measures. It was a difficult problem, for the rocky river-bed held many a snare and pitfall. There was a certain ledge under the water, so artfully placed that every log striking under its projecting edges would wedge itself firmly there, attracting others by its evil example.

"That galoot-boss ought to hev shoved his crew down to that jam this mornin'," grumbled Old Kennebec to Alcestis Crambry, who was always his most loyal and attentive listener. "But he would n't take no advice, not if Pharaoh nor Boaz nor Herod nor Nicodemus come right out o' the Bible an' give it to him. The logs air con*tra*ry to-day. Sometimes they 'll go along as easy as an old shoe, an' other times they 'll do nothin' but *bung, bung, bung!* There 's a log nestlin' down in the middle o' that jam that I 've be'n watchin' for a week. It 's a cur'ous one, to begin with; an' then it has a mark on it that you can reco'nize it by. Well, sir, I seen it fust at Milliken's Mills a-Monday. It was in trouble then, an' it 's be'n in trouble ever sence. That 's allers the way; there 'll be one pesky, crooked, con*tra*ry, consarnèd log that can't go anywheres without gittin' into difficulties. You can yank it out an' set it afloat, an' before you hardly git your doggin'-iron off of it, it 'll be snarled up ag'in in some new place. From the time it 's chopped down to the day it gets to Saco, it costs the comp'ny 'bout ten times its pesky valler as lumber. Now they 've sent down to Benson's for a team of horses,

an' I bate ye they can't git 'em. I wish I was the boss on this river, Alcestis."

"I wish I was," echoed the boy.

The surmise about the horses, unlike most of Old Kennebec's, proved to be true. Benson's pair had gone to Portland with a load of hay; accordingly the tackle was brought, the rope was adjusted to a log, and five of the drivers, standing on the river-bank, attempted to drag it from its intrenched position. It refused to yield the fraction of an inch. Rufus and Stephen joined the five men, and the augmented crew of seven were putting all their strength on the rope when a cry went up from the watchers on the bridge. The "dog" had loosened suddenly, and the men were flung violently to the ground. For a second they were stunned both by the surprise and by the shock of the blow, but in the same moment the cry of the crowd swelled louder. Alcestis Crambry had stolen, all unnoticed, to the rope, and had attempted to use his feeble powers for the common good. When the blow came he fell backward, and, making no effort to control the situation, slid over the bank and into the water.

The other Crambrys, not realizing the danger, laughed audibly, but there was no jeering from the bridge.

Stephen had seen Alcestis slip, and in the fraction of a moment had taken off his boots and was coasting down the slippery rocks behind him; in a twinkling he was in the water, almost as soon as the boy himself.

"Dog-goned idjut!" exclaimed Old Kennebec, tearfully. "Wuth the hull fool-family! If I hed n't 'a' be'n so old I 'd 'a' jumped in myself, for you can't drownd a Wiley, not without you tie nail-kags to their head an' feet an' drop 'em in the falls."

Alcestis, who had neither brains, courage, nor experience, had, better still, the luck that follows the witless. He was carried swiftly down the current; but, only fifty feet away, a long slender log, wedged between two low rocks on the shore, jutted out over the water, almost touching its surface. The boy's clothes were admirably adapted to the situation, being full of enormous rents. In some way the end of the log caught in the rags of Alcestis's coat and held him just seconds enough to enable Stephen to swim to him, to seize him by the nape of the neck, to lift him on the log, and thence to the shore. It was a particularly bad place for a landing, and there was nothing to do but to lower ropes and drag the drenched men to the high ground above.

Alcestis came to his senses in ten or fifteen minutes, and seemed as bright as usual, with a kind of added swagger at being the central figure in a dramatic situation.

"I wonder you hed n't stove your brains out, when you fust landed so turrible sudden on that rock at the foot of the bank," said Mr. Wiley to him.

"I should, but I took good care to light on my head," responded Alcestis: a cryptic remark which so puzzled Old Kennebec that he mused over it for some hours.

VIII

HEARTS AND OTHER HEARTS

STEPHEN had brought a change of clothes, as he had a habit of being ducked once at least during the day; and since there was a halt in the proceedings and no need of his services for an hour or two, he found Rose and walked with her to a secluded spot where they could watch the logs and not be seen by the people.

"You frightened everybody almost to death, jumping into the river," chided Rose.

Stephen laughed. "They thought I was a fool to save a fool, I suppose."

"Perhaps not as bad as that; but it did seem reckless."

"I know; and the boy, no doubt, would be better off dead: but so should I be, if I could have let him die."

Rose regarded this strange point of view for a moment, and then silently acquiesced in it. She was constantly doing this, and she often felt that her mental horizon broadened in the act; but she could not be sure that Stephen grew any dearer to her because of his moral altitudes.

"Besides," Stephen argued, "I happened to be nearest to the river, and it was my job."

"How do you always happen to be nearest to the people in trouble, and why is it always your 'job'?"

"If there are any rewards for good conduct being distributed, I 'm right in line with my hand stretched out," Stephen replied, with meaning in his voice.

Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"IN A TWINKLING HE WAS IN THE WATER"

Rose blushed, and led the way to a bench under a sycamore-tree that overhung the water.

She had almost convinced herself that she was as much in love with Stephen Waterman as it was in her nature to be with anybody. He was handsome in his big way, kind, generous, temperate, well educated, and well-to-do. No fault could be found with his ancestry, for his mother had been a teacher, and his father, though a farmer, a college graduate. Stephen himself had had one year at Bowdoin, but had been recalled, as the head of the family, when his father died. That was a severe blow; but his mother's death, three years after, was a grief never to be quite forgotten. Rose, too, was the child of a gently bred mother, and all her instincts were refined. Yes; Stephen in himself satisfied her in all the larger wants of her nature, but she had an unsatisfied hunger for the world—the world of Portland, where her cousins lived; or, better still, the world of Boston, of which she heard through Mrs. Wealthy Brooks, whose nephew Claude often came to visit her in Edgewood. Life on a farm a mile and a half distant from post-office and stores; life in the house with Rufus, who was rumored to be somewhat wild and unsteady—this prospect seemed a trifle dull and uneventful to the trivial part of her, but to the better part it was enough. The better part of her loved Stephen Waterman, dimly feeling the richness of his nature, the tenderness of his affection, the strength of his character. Rose was not destitute either of imagination or sentiment. She did not relish this constant weighing of Stephen in the balance: he was too good to be weighed and considered. She longed to be carried out of herself on a wave of rapturous assent, but something seemed to hold her back—some seed of discontent with the man's environment and circumstances, some germ of longing for a gayer, brighter, more varied life. No amount of self-searching or argument could change the situation. She always loved Stephen more or less: more when he was away from her, because she never approved his collars or the set of his shirt bosom; and as he naturally wore these despised articles of apparel whenever he proposed to her, she was always lukewarm about marrying him and settling down on the River Farm. Still, to-day she discovered in herself, with positive gratitude, a warmer feeling for him than she had experienced before. He wore a new and becoming gray flannel shirt, with the soft turnover collar that

belonged to it, and a blue tie, the color of his kind eyes. She knew that he had shaved his beard at her request not long ago, and that when she did not like the effect as much as she had hoped, he had meekly grown a mustache for her sake: it did seem as if a man could hardly do more to please an exacting lady-love.

And she had admired him unreservedly when he pulled off his boots and jumped into the river to save Alcestis Crambry's life, without giving a single thought to his own.

And was there ever, after all, such a noble, devoted, unselfish fellow, or a better brother? And would she not despise herself for rejecting him simply because he was a countryman, and because she longed to see the world of the fashion-plates in the magazines?

"The logs are so like people!" she exclaimed, as they sat down. "I could name nearly every one of them for somebody in the village. Look at Mite Shapley, that dancing little one, slipping over the falls and skimming along the top of the water, keeping out of all the deep places and never once touching the rocks."

Stephen fell into her mood. "There 's Deacon Anderson coming down crosswise and bumping everything in reach."

"And that stout, clumsy one is Short Dennett. What are you doing, Stephen?"

"Only building a fence round this clump of harebells," Stephen replied. "They 've just got well rooted, and if the boys come skidding down the bank with their spiked shoes, the frail little things will never hold up their heads again. Now they 're safe. Oh, look, Rose! There come the minister and his wife!"

A portly couple of peeled logs, exactly matched in size, came ponderously over the falls together, rose within a second of each other, joined again, and swept under the bridge side by side.

"And—oh! oh!—Dr. and Mrs. Cram just after them! Is n't that funny?" laughed Rose, as a very long, slender pair of pines swam down, as close to each other as if they had been glued in that position.

Several single logs followed—crooked ones, stolid ones, adventurous ones, feeble swimmers, deep divers. Some of them tried to start a small jam on their own account;

Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

"'ROSE, I 'LL TAKE YOU SAFELY DOWN-RIVER'"

others stranded themselves as Rose and Stephen watched them.

"There never was anything so like people," Rose repeated, leaning forward excitedly. "And, upon my word, the minister and doctor couples are still together. I wonder if they 'll get as far as the falls at Union? That would be an odd place to part, would n't it—Union?"

Stephen saw his opportunity and seized it.

"There 's a reason, Rose, why two logs go down-stream better than one, and get into less trouble. They make a wider path, create more force and a better current. It 's the same way with men and women. Oh, Rose, there is n't a man in the world that 's loved you as long, or knows how to love you any better than I do. You 're just like a delicate birch sapling and I 'm a great clumsy fir-tree; but if you 'll only trust yourself to me, Rose, I 'll take you safely down-river."

Stephen's big hand closed on Rose's little one; she returned its pressure softly and gave him the kiss that with her, as with him, meant a promise for all the years to come. The truth and passion in the man had broken the girl's bonds for the moment. Her vision was clearer, and, realizing the treasures of love and fidelity that were being offered her, she accepted them, half unconscious that she was not returning them in kind. How is the belle of two villages to learn that she should "thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love"?

And Stephen? He went home in the dusk, not knowing whether his feet were touching the solid earth or whether he was treading upon rainbows.

Rose's pink calico seemed to brush him as he walked in the path that was wide enough only for one. His solitude was peopled again when he fed the cattle, for Rose's face smiled at him from the haymow; and when he strained the milk, Rose held the pans.

His nightly tasks over, he went out and took his favorite seat under the apple-tree. All was still save for the crickets' ceaseless chirp, the soft thud of an August sweeting dropping in the grass, and the *swish-swash* of the water against his boat, tethered in the Willow Cove.

Heaven was full of silent stars, and there was a moonglade on the water that stretched almost from him to Rose. His heart embarked on that golden pathway and sailed on it to the farther shore. The river was free of logs, and under the light of the moon it shone like a silver mirror. The soft wind among the fir branches breathed Rose's name; the river, rippling against the shore, sang, "Rose"; and as Stephen sat there dreaming of the future, his dreams, too, could have been voiced in one word, and that word "Rose."

IX

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

The autumn days flew past like shuttles in a loom. The river reflected the yellow foliage of the white birch and the scarlet of the maples. The wayside was bright with goldenrod, with the red tassels of the sumac, with the purple frost-flower and feathery clematis.

If Rose was not as happy as Stephen, she was quietly content, and felt that she had more to be grateful for than most girls, for Stephen surprised her first with one evidence and then with another of thoughtful generosity. In his heart of hearts he felt that Rose was not wholly his, that she reserved, withheld something; and it was the subjugation of this rebellious province that he sought. He and Rose had agreed to wait a year for their marriage, in which time Rose's cousin would finish school and be ready to live with the Wileys; meanwhile Stephen had learned that his maiden aunt would be glad to come and keep house for Rufus. The work at the River Farm was too hard for a girl, so he persuaded himself, and the house was so far from the village that Rose was sure to be lonely. He owned a couple of acres between his place and the Edgewood bridge, and here, one afternoon only a month after their engagement, he took Rose to see the foundations of a little house he was building for her. It was to be only a story-and-a-half cottage of six small rooms, the two upper chambers to be finished off later on. Stephen had placed it well back from the road, leaving space in front for what was to be a most wonderful arrangement of flower-beds, yet keeping a strip at the back, on the river-brink, for a small vegetable-garden. There had been a house there years before—so many years that the blackened ruins were entirely overgrown; but a few elms and an old apple-orchard

Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE FATE OF THE ENGAGEMENT RING

remained to shade the new dwelling and give welcome to the coming inmates.

Stephen had fifteen hundred dollars in bank, he could turn his hand to almost anything, and his love was so deep that Rose's plumb-line had never sounded bottom; accordingly he was able, with the help of two steady workers, to have the roof on before the first of November. The weather was clear and fine, and by Thanksgiving clapboards, shingles, two coats of brown paint, and even the blinds had all been added. This exhibition of reckless energy on Stephen's part did not wholly commend itself to the neighborhood.

"Steve 's too turrible spry," said Rose's grandfather; "he 'll trip himself up some o' these times."

"*You* never will," remarked his better half, sagely.

"The resks in life come along fast enough, without runnin' to meet 'em," continued the old man. "There 's good dough in Rose, but it ain't more 'n half riz. Let somebody come along an' drop in a little more yeast, or set the dish a little mite nearer the stove, an' you 'll see what 'll happen."

"Steve 's kept house for himself these two years, an' I guess he knows more about bread-makin' than you do."

"There don't nobody know more 'n I do about nothin', when my pipe 's drawin' real good an' nobody 's thornin' me to go to work," replied Mr. Wiley; "but nobody 's willin' to take the advice of a man that 's seen the world an' lived in large places, an' the risin' generation is in a turrible hurry. I don' know how 't is: young folks air allers settin' the clock forrard an' the old ones puttin' it back."

In the minds of the community at large Stephen's fore-handedness was imprudence, and his desire for neatness and beauty flagrant extravagance. The house itself was a foolish idea, it was thought, but there were extenuating circumstances, for the maiden aunt really needed a home, and Rufus was likely to marry and take his wife to the River Farm.

All winter long Stephen labored on the inside of the little house, mostly by himself. He learned all trades in succession, Love being his only master. He had many odd days to spare from his farm work, and if he had not found days he would have taken nights. Scarcely a nail was driven without Rose's advice; and when the plastering was hard and dry, the wall-papers were the result of weeks of consultation.

Among the quiet joys of life there is probably no other so deep, so sweet, so full of trembling hope and delight, as the building and making of a home—a home where two lives are to be merged in one and flow on together, a home full of mysterious and delicious possibilities, hidden in a future which is always rose-colored.

Rose's sweet little nature broadened under Stephen's influence; but she had her moments of discontent and unrest, always followed quickly by remorse.

At the Thanksgiving sociable some one had observed her turquoise engagement ring—some one who said that such a hand was worthy of a diamond, that turquoises were a pretty color, but that there was only one stone for an engagement ring, and that was a diamond. At the Christmas dance the same some one had said her waltzing would make her "all the rage" in Boston. She wondered if it were true, and wondered whether, if she had not promised to marry Stephen, some splendid being from a city would have descended from his heights, bearing diamonds in his hand. Not that she would have accepted them; she only wondered. These disloyal thoughts came seldom, and she put them resolutely away, devoting herself with all the greater assiduity to her muslin curtains and ruffled pillow-shams. Stephen, too, had his momentary pangs. There were times when he could calm his doubts only by working on the little house. The mere sight of the beloved floors and walls and ceilings comforted his heart and brought him good cheer.

So at length April came, and, the Saco being swollen with freshets, the boys were waiting at Limington Falls for the "Ossipee drive" to begin. Stephen joined them there, for he was restless and the river called him, as it did every spring. Each stubborn log that he encountered gave him new courage and power of overcoming. The rush of the water, the noise and roar and dash, the exposure and danger, all made the blood run in his veins like new wine. When he came back to the farm all the cobwebs had been blown from his brain, and his first interview with Rose was so intoxicating that he went straight into Portland and bought, in a kind of secret

penitence for his former fears, a pale pink-flowered wall-paper for the bedroom in the new home. It had once been voted down by the entire advisory committee. Mrs. Wiley said pink was foolish and was always sure to fade; and the border, being a mass of solid roses, was five cents a yard, virtually a prohibitive price. Mr. Wiley said he "should hate to hev a spell of sickness an' lay abed in a room where there was things growin' all over the place." He thought "rough-plastered walls, where you could lay an' count the spots where the roof leaked, was the most entertainin' in sickness." Rose had longed for the lovely paper, but had sided dutifully with the prudent majority, so that it was with a feeling of unauthorized and illegitimate joy that Stephen papered the room at night, a few strips at a time.

On the third evening, when he had removed all signs of his work, he lighted two kerosene-lamps and two candles, finding the effect, under this illumination, almost too brilliant and beautiful for belief. Rose should never see it now, he determined, until the furniture was in place. They had already chosen the kitchen and bedroom things, though they would not be needed for some months; but the rest was to wait until summer, when there would be the hay-money to spend.

Stephen did not go back to the River Farm till one o'clock that night; the pink bedroom held him in fetters too powerful to break. It looked like the garden of Eden, he thought. To be sure, it was only fifteen feet square; Eden might have been a little larger, possibly, but otherwise the pink bedroom had every advantage. The pattern of roses growing on a trellis was prettier than any flower-bed in June; and the border—well, if the border had been five dollars a foot Stephen would not have grudged the money when he saw the twenty running yards of rosy bloom rioting under the white ceiling.

Before he blew out the last lamp he raised it high above his head and took one fond, final look. "It 's the only place I ever saw," he thought, "that is dainty enough for her. She will look just as if she was growing here with all the other flowers, and I shall always think of it as the garden of Eden. I wonder, if I got the license and the ring and took her by surprise, whether she 'd be married in June instead of August? I could be all ready."

At this moment Stephen perhaps touched the summit of lover's happiness; and it is a curious coincidence that as he was dreaming in his garden of Eden, the serpent, having arrived at Edgewood on the five-o'clock train, was sleeping peacefully at the house of Mrs. Wealthy Ann Brooks.

It was the serpent's third visit that season, and this time he had brought a trunk. He explained to inquiring friends at the station that his former employer had sold the business, and that the new management, while reorganizing, had determined to enlarge the premises; so that the three clerks who had been retained would have two weeks' vacation with half pay.

It is extraordinary how frequently "wise serpents" are retained by the management on half, or even full, salary, while the services of the "harmless doves" are dispensed with, and they are set free to flutter where they will.

X

THE SERPENT

Rose Wiley had the brightest eyes in Edgewood. It was impossible to look at her without realizing that her physical sight was perfect. What mysterious species of blindness is it that descends, now and then, upon human creatures, and renders them incapable of judgment or discrimination?

Claude Merrill was a glove salesman in a Boston fancy-goods store. The calling itself is undoubtedly respectable, and it is quite conceivable that a man can sell gloves and be a man; but Claude Merrill was a manikin. He inhabited a very narrow space behind a very short counter, but to him it seemed the earth and the fullness thereof.

When, irreproachably neat and even exquisite in dress, he gave a Napoleonic glance at his army of glove-boxes to see if the female assistant had put them in proper order for the day; when, with that wonderful eye for detail that had wafted him to his present height of power, he pounced upon the powder-sprinklers and found them, as he expected, empty; when, with masterly judgment, he had made up and ticketed a basket of misfits and odd sizes to attract the eyes of women who were their human counterparts, he felt himself

bursting with the pride and pomp of circumstance. His cambric handkerchief adjusted in his coat with the monogram corner well displayed, a last touch to the carefully trained lock on his forehead, and he was ready for his customers.

"Six, did you say, miss? I should have thought five and three quarters— Attend to that gentleman, Miss Dix, please; I am very busy."

"Six-and-a-half gray suède? Here they are, an elegant shade. Shall I try them on? The right hand, if you will. Perhaps you 'd better remove your elegant ring; I should n't like to have anything catch in the setting."

"Miss Dix! Six-and-a-half black glacé —upper shelf, third box—for this lady. She 's in a hurry. We shall see you often after this, I hope, madam."

"No; we don't keep silk or lisle gloves. We have no call for them; our customers prefer kid."

Oh, but he was in his element, was Claude Merrill; though the glamour that surrounded him in the minds of the Edgewood girls did not emanate wholly from his finicky little person: something of it was the glamour that belonged to Boston; remote, fashionable, gay, rich, almost inaccessible Boston, which none could see without the expenditure of five or six dollars in railway fare, with the added extravagance of a night in a hotel if one would explore it thoroughly.

When Claude came to Edgewood for a Sunday, or to spend a vacation with his aunt, he brought with him something of the magic of a metropolis. Suddenly, to Rose's eye, Stephen looked larger and clumsier; his boots were not the proper sort, his clothes were ordinary, his neckties were years behind the fashion. Stephen's dancing, compared with Claude's, was as the deliberate motion of an ox to the hopping of a neat little robin. When Claude took a girl's hand in the "grand right-and-left" it was as if he were about to try on a delicate glove; the manner in which he "held his lady" in the polka or schottische made her seem a queen. Mite Shapley was so affected by it that when Rufus attempted to encircle her for the mazurka she exclaimed: "Don't act as if you were spearing logs, Rufus!"

Of the two men, Stephen had more to say, but Claude said more. He was thought brilliant in conversation; but what wonder? Consider his advantages and his dazzling experiences! He had customers who were worth their thousands; ladies whose fingers never touched dish-water; ladies who would n't buy a glove of anybody else if they went barehanded to the grave. He lived with his sister Maude Arthurlena in a house where there were twenty-two other boarders, who could be seated at meals all at the same time, so immense was the dining-room. He ate his noon dinner at a restaurant daily, and expended twenty-five cents for it without blenching. He went to the theater once a week, and was often accompanied by "lady friends" who were "elegant dressers."

In a moment of wrath Stephen had called him a "counter-jumper," but it was a libel. So short and rough a means of exit from his place of power was wholly beneath Claude's dignity. It was with a "Pardon me, Miss Dix," that, the noon hour having arrived, he squeezed by that slave and victim, and raising the hinged board that separated his kingdom from that of the ribbon department, he passed out of the store, hat in hand, serene in the consciousness that though other clerks might nibble luncheon from a brown paper bag, he would speedily be indulging in an expensive dinner; and Miss Dix knew it, and it was a part of his almost invincible attraction for her.

It seemed flying in the face of Providence to decline the attentions of such a gorgeous butterfly of fashion simply because one was engaged to marry another man at some distant day.

All Edgewood femininity united in saying that there never was such a perfect gentleman as Claude Merrill; and during the time when his popularity was at its height Rose lost sight of the fact that Stephen could have furnished the stuff for a dozen Claudes and have had enough left for an ordinary man besides.

April gave place to May, and a veil hung between the lovers—an intangible, gossamer-like thing, not to be seen with the naked eye, but, oh! so plainly to be felt. Rose hid herself thankfully behind it, while Stephen had not courage to lift a corner. She had twice been seen driving with Claude Merrill—that Stephen knew; but she had explained that there were errands to be done, that her grandfather had taken

the horse, and that Mr. Merrill's escort had been both opportune and convenient for these practical reasons. Claude was everywhere present, the life of every gathering, the observed of all observers. He was irresistible, contagious, almost epidemic. Rose was now gay, now silent; now affectionate, now distant, now coquettish; in fine, everything that was capricious, mysterious, agitating, incomprehensible.

One morning Alcestis Crambry went to the post-office for Stephen and brought him back the newspapers and letters. He had hung about the River Farm so much that Stephen finally gave him bed and food in exchange for numberless small errands. Rufus was temporarily confined in a dark room with some strange pain and trouble in his eyes, and Alcestis proved of use in many ways. He had always been Rose's slave, and had often brought messages and notes from the Brier Neighborhood, so that when Stephen saw a folded note among the papers his heart gave a throb of anticipation.

The note was brief, and when he had glanced through it he said: "This is not mine, Alcestis; it belongs to Miss Rose. Go straight back and give it to her, as you were told; and another time keep your wits about you, or I 'll send you back to Killick."

Alcestis Crambry's ideas on all subjects were extremely vague. Claude Merrill had given him a letter for Rose, but his notion was that anything that belonged to her belonged to Stephen, and the Waterman place was much nearer than the Wileys', particularly at dinner-time.

When the boy had slouched away, Stephen sat under the apple-tree, now a mass of snowy bloom, and buried his face in his hands.

It was not precisely a love-letter that he had read, nevertheless it blackened the light of the sun for him. Claude asked Rose to meet him anywhere on the road to the station and to take a little walk, as he was leaving that afternoon and could not bear to say good-by to her in the presence of her grandmother. "*Under the circumstances*," he wrote, deeply underlining the words, "I cannot remain a moment longer in Edgewood, where I have been so happy and so miserable!" He did not refer to the fact that the time limit on his return-ticket expired that day, for his instinct told him that such sordid matters have no place in heroics.

Stephen sat motionless under the tree for hours, deciding on some plan of action.

He had work at the little house, but he did not dare go there lest he should see the face of dead Love looking from the windows of the pink bedroom; dead Love, cold, sad, merciless. His cheeks burned as he thought of the marriage license and the gold ring hidden away up-stairs. What a romantic fool he had been, to think he could hasten the glad day by a single moment! What a piece of boyish folly it had been, and how it shamed him in his own eyes!

When train-time drew near he took his boat and paddled down-river. If, for the Finland lover's reindeer, there was but one path in all the world, and that the one that led to Her, so it was for Stephen's canoe, which, had it been set free on the river by day or by night, might have floated straight to Rose.

He landed at the usual place, a bit of sandy shore near the Wiley house, and walked drearily up the bank through the woods. Under the shade of the pines the white stars of the hepatica glistened and the pale anemones were coming into bloom. Partridge-berries glowed red under their glossy leaves, and clumps of violets sweetened the air. Squirrels chattered, woodpeckers tapped, thrushes sang; but Stephen was blind and deaf to all the sweet harbingers of spring.

Just then he heard voices, realizing with a throb of delight that, at any rate, Rose had not left home to meet Claude, as he had asked her to do. Looking through the branches, he saw the two standing together, Mrs. Brooks's horse, with the offensive trunk in the back of the wagon, being hitched to a tree near by. There was nothing in the tableau to stir Stephen to sudden fury, but he read between the lines and suffered as he read—suffered and determined to sacrifice himself if he must, so that Rose could have what she wanted, this miserable apology for a man.

Claude was talking and gesticulating ardently. Rose's head was bent and the tears were rolling down her cheeks. Suddenly Claude raised his hat, and with a passionate gesture of renunciation walked swiftly to the wagon, and looking back once, drove off with the utmost speed of

which Brooks's horse was capable, Rose waving him a farewell with one hand and wiping her eyes with the other.

XI

THE TURQUOISE RING

STEPHEN stood absolutely still in front of the opening in the trees, and as Rose turned she met him face to face. She had never dreamed his eyes could be so stern, his mouth so hard, and she gave a sob like a child.

"You seem to be suffering," Stephen said in a voice so cold she thought it could not be his.

"I am not suffering, exactly," Rose stammered, concealing her discomfiture as well as possible. "I am a little unhappy because I have made some one else unhappy; and now that you know it, you will be unhappy too, and angry besides, I suppose, though you 've seen everything there was to see."

"There is no occasion for any sorrow," Stephen said. "I did n't mean to break in on any interview; I came over to give you back your freedom. If you ever cared enough for me to marry me, the time has gone by. I am willing to own that I overpersuaded you, but I am not the man to take a girl against her inclinations; so we will say good-by and end the thing here and now. I can only wish"—here his smothered rage at fate almost choked him—"that, when you were selecting another husband, you had chosen a whole man!"

Rose quivered with the scorn of his tone. "Size is n't everything!" she blazed.

"Not in bodies, perhaps; but it counts for something in hearts and brains, and it is convenient to have a sense of honor that 's at least as big as a grain of mustard-seed."

"Claude Merrill is not dishonorable," Rose exclaimed impetuously; "or at least he is n't as bad as you think: he has never asked me to marry him."

"Then he probably was not quite ready," retorted Stephen, bitterly; "but don't let us have words: there 'll be enough to regret without adding those. I have seen, ever since New Year's, that you were not really happy or contented; only I would n't allow it to myself: I kept hoping against hope that I was mistaken. There have been times when I would have married you, willing or unwilling, but I did n't love you so well then; and now that there 's another man in the case, it 's different, and I 'm strong enough to do the right thing. Follow your heart and be happy; in a year or two I shall be glad I had the pluck to tell you so. Good-by, Rose!"

Rose, pale with amazement, summoned all her pride, and drawing the little turquoise engagement ring from her finger, handed it silently to Stephen, hiding her face as he flung it vehemently down the river-bank. His dull eyes followed it and half uncomprehendingly saw it settle and glisten in a nest of brown pine-needles. Then he put out his hand for a last clasp and strode away without a word.

Presently Rose heard first the scrape of his boat on the sand, then the soft sound of his paddles against the water, then nothing but the squirrels and the woodpeckers and the thrushes, then not even these—nothing but the beating of her own heart.

She sat down heavily, feeling as if she were wide awake for the first time in many weeks. How had things come to this pass with her?

Claude Merrill had flattered her vanity and given her some moments of restlessness and dissatisfaction; but he had not until to-day touched her heart or tempted her, even momentarily, from her allegiance to Stephen. His eyes had looked unspeakable things; his voice had breathed feelings that he had never dared put in words; but to-day he had really stirred her, for although he had still been vague, it was easy to see that his love for her had passed all bounds of discretion. She remembered his impassioned farewells, his despair, his doubt as to whether he could forget her by plunging into the vortex of business, or whether he had better end it all in the river, as so many other broken-hearted fellows had done. She had been touched by his misery, even against her better judgment; and she had intended to confess it all to Stephen sometime, telling him that she should never again accept any attention from a stranger, lest a tragedy like this should happen twice in a lifetime.

She had imagined Stephen would be his large-minded, great-hearted, magnanimous self, and beg her to forget this fascinating will-o'-the-wisp by resting in his deeper, serener love. She had meant to be contrite and faithful, praying nightly that poor

Claude might live down his present anguish, of which she had been the innocent cause.

Instead, what had happened? She had been put altogether in the wrong. Stephen had almost cast her off, and that, too, without argument. He had given her her liberty before she had asked for it, taking it for granted, without question, that she desired to be rid of him. Instead of comforting her in her remorse, or sympathizing with her for so nobly refusing to shine in Claude's larger world of Boston, Stephen had assumed that she was disloyal in every particular.

And pray how was she to cope with such a disagreeable and complicated situation?

It would not be long before the gossips rolled under their tongues the delicious morsel of a broken engagement, and sooner or later she must brave the displeasure of her grandmother.

And the little house—that was worse than anything. Her tears flowed faster as she thought of Stephen's joy in it, of his faithful labor, of the savings he had invested in it. She hated and despised herself when she thought of the house, and for the first time in her life she realized the limitations of her nature, the poverty of her ideals.

What should she do? She had lost Stephen and ruined his life. Now, in order that she need not blight a second career, must she contrive to return Claude's love? To be sure, she thought, it seemed indecent to marry any other man than Stephen, when they had built a house together, and chosen wall-papers, and a kitchen stove, and dining-room chairs; but was it not the only way to evade the difficulties?

Suppose that Stephen, in a fit of pique, should ask somebody else to share the little house?

As this dreadful possibility came into view, Rose's sobs actually frightened the birds and the squirrels. She paced back and forth under the trees, wondering how she could have been engaged to a man for eight months and know so little about him as she seemed to know about Stephen Waterman to-day. Who would have believed he could be so autocratic, so severe, so unapproachable? Who could have foreseen that she, Rose Wiley, would ever be given up to another man—handed over as coolly as if she had been a cord of wood? She wanted to love Claude Merrill because it was the only way out of the tangle; but at the moment she almost hated him for making so much trouble, for hurting Stephen, for abasing her in her own eyes, and, above all, for giving Stephen the chance of impersonating an injured emperor.

It did not simplify the situation to have Mite Shapley come in during the evening and run up-stairs, uninvited, to sit on the foot of her bed and chatter.

Rose had closed her blinds and lay in the dark, pleading a headache.

Mite was in high feather. She had met Claude Merrill going to the station that afternoon. He was much too early for the train, which the station agent reported to be behind time, so he had asked her to take a little drive. She did n't know how it happened, for he looked at his watch every now and then; but, anyway, they got to laughing and "carrying on," and when they came back to the station the train had gone. Was n't that the greatest joke of the season? What did Rose suppose they did next?

Rose did n't know and did n't care; her head ached too badly.

Well, they had driven to Wareham, and Claude had hired a livery team there, and was taken into Portland with his trunk, and she had brought Mrs. Brooks's horse back to Edgewood. Was n't that great? And had n't she cut out Rose where she least expected?

Rose was distinctly apathetic, and Mite Shapley departed after a very brief call, leaving behind her an entirely new train of thought.

If Claude Merrill were so love-blighted that he could only by the greatest self-control keep from flinging himself into the river, how could he conceal his sufferings so completely from Mite Shapley, little, shallow-pated, scheming coquette?

"So that pretty Merrill feller has gone, has he, mother?" inquired Old Kennebec, that night, as he took off his shoes and warmed his feet at the kitchen oven. "Well, it ain't a mite too soon. I allers distrust that pink-an'-white, rosy-posy kind of a man. One of the most turrible things that ever happened in Gardiner was brought about by jest sech a feller. Mothers hed n't hardly ought to name their boy babies

Claude without they expect 'em to play the dickens with the girls. I don' know who the fust Claude was, but I bate ye he hed a deceivin' tongue. If it hed n't be'n for me, that Claude in Gardiner would 'a' run away with my brother's fust wife; an' I 'll tell ye jest how I contrived to put a spoke in his wheel."

But Mrs. Wiley, being already somewhat familiar with the circumstances, had taken her candle and retired to her virtuous couch.

(To be continued)

The CORDON BLEU of the SIERRA

by

ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD

PICTURES BY LEON GUIPON

THE journey from Barrios to Agua Caliente is, at its best, a test of endurance. At its worst, which is at the close of the rainy season, when the roads are officially declared passable for the mail-coach, it is a twelve hours' torture. It was at the termination of the initial trip of the *diligencia* that I staggered into the "Inn of the Three Friends," utterly worn out. I was battered and bruised from head to foot; my right arm was stiffening rapidly, partly the result of assisting progress by throwing stones at the foremost pair of the six-mule team, partly from the impetus with which I had struck terra firma at our second spill. I was so tired that I really did not care where the affable proprietor bunked the high-born señor, or what his intentions were with regard to food; though the thought of *chile con carne* and frijoles was distinctly distasteful, and iguana steak only mildly alluring. The *posada* was unusually clean. That was heaven, and nothing else mattered.

Señor Montojo, the host, conducted me ceremoniously across the court, through a vociferating crowd of Indians, Spaniards, half-breeds, and Germans, up an elaborately carved staircase to red-flagged galleries, thence to the palatial apartments assigned me. There I flung myself upon a narrow cot, and, stupefied with weariness, stared at the leoparded ceiling. In my eyes there lingered a vision of the marvelous landscape through which we had come, a panorama of awe-inspiring vistas, mammoth trees, plunging waterfalls, and sheer crags. I shivered as I remembered that the jolting, banging stage, caught among ruts and washed-down boulders, might at any moment have been part of the distant scenery, thousands of feet below.

I was roused from my reverie by a tap upon the door. It swung slowly wide, revealing a charming picture—a girl of seventeen, as pretty as Central American girls can be in their very early youth, bearing a tray with bottles and glasses. She smiled shyly.

"From the Señor Montojo," she murmured, setting down the tray on the battered table. "There is much excitement to-night for the opening of communication with the capital. There will be a fandango; but the señor is too weary—no? If he will drink this, he will feel better; and when he

has dined—ah, then—" She kissed her fingers airily toward the window.

My weariness lessened as she talked, and when I had swallowed the fiery liquor she handed me it changed to genial lassitude.

"Señorita," I exclaimed, "my life is saved! I am revived as if I had partaken of the miracle-waters of Santa Ana. Permit me to extend my everlasting gratitude."

She leaned, laughing, against the white-washed wall. She was slim, yet rounded, supple, and slow of movement. In repose her attitudes were singularly picturesque. Heavy wreaths of blue-black hair crowned her head, in which a cheap Amapalan shell-comb, studded with gilt stars, hung at a precarious angle. Her eyes were long, full, and dark, her "lips a thread of scarlet," her smooth skin a curious lavender color from the quantities of rice powder with which she had endeavored, Spanish fashion, to hide its tawny bronze.

"I 'm very glad I came," said I, reflectively.

"Good!" She refilled my glass.

"To your eyes!" I bowed gallantly.

With a toss of her pretty head, she gathered the bottles and glasses upon her gaudy red-and-purple tray, and turned to the door.

"Dinner soon," she said over her shoulder, with a flash of eyes and teeth. "Pierre will be happy to have a foreign gentleman to cook for. It will be an event."

With this enigmatic statement, she left me to digest the *aguardiente* and listen to the band in the square.

I was awakened from a gentle doze by the coming of an Indian servant, who spread the table with a red-and-white cloth and set the cover for the promised meal. He disappeared and, a moment later, returned, bearing a steaming bowl. As a distinguished guest, it was evidently expected that I would dine alone in my room. I took my place, cast a questioning glance at the creamy liquid set before me, and tasted. It was a positive shock, and my gastronomic angel made a large entry in his book of events. Such savor! Such perfume! Such delicate pampering of the palate! What could it mean—that delicious, appetizing after-taste that left the excited esophagus clamoring for more? Could this be the culinary transport of a Central American carne-stewing cook? Never! I tasted again, and with half-closed eyes sat back in my chair. A picture disclosed itself to my inner vision—a picture of the little front room of the "Tour d'Argent" on the quai in Paris, with that magician Frédérique bending above a *pressoir* where the succulent carcasses of freshly carved ducks exuded priceless juices under his knowing hand. So vivid was the impression that when I unclosed my eyelids I felt surprised at my surroundings. Once more I addressed myself to the soup. No, I was *not* mistaken; there lingered the true Frédérique touch—the nameless signature of the great artist. Chicken timbales followed. Those astonished and grateful Israelites of the wilderness, miraculously fed upon manna from heaven, could not have experienced greater wonder and delight than I, or more truly given thanks. Then came a roast—a roast in this land of pans and pots! And a salad—a salad in which the garlic was but a dreamy suspicion of that misused vegetable, and the oil mixed just in the right proportion with the gold and verdant meat of the alligator-pear. To crown all, a *soufflé*,—a *soufflé au confitures*,—a yellow flower as light as a puff of swansdown, a delicate morsel of exquisitely flavored sunset cloud!

"It will be an event," had said the señorita. She was right. It had been an event, and more. But how, in the name of all that was marvelous, could such a feast of the gods appear in Agua Caliente, a little Central American town a hundred miles from the coast, eight thousand feet up in the Sierra, cut off, for six months of the year, from all save difficult mule-back communication with even the spavined, one-horse, tumble-down, dictator-ridden capital? Little, sleepy Agua Caliente, known only to coffee-merchants and tax-gatherers—Agua Caliente, three hundred years behind all the civilized world, and sheltering a chef, a *cordon bleu*, a genius!

"I will investigate at once," I resolved, and stepped out upon the gallery encircling the court. I paused a moment. No one with a sense of color, a single throb of romance, or a corpuscle of adventurous blood, can ever become quite oblivious to the great variety of Central American life. Below, in the lantern-lighted court, a laughing crowd of picturesquely dressed men and women lounged and smoked. From beneath the arcade on the left a stream of

Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'DINNER SOON,' SHE SAID, . . . WITH A FLASH OF EYES AND TEETH"

lamplight, a chatter of voices, and a tinkle of glasses indicated the bar. On the right opened the big *sala*, from which the beat and twang of music rang out with savage emphasis. Overhead, in the square of violet sky inclosed by the heavy tiled roof, the great Southern stars burned with a still glory of which the Northern world only dreams.

I lighted my cigarette, and was content for the moment to let my curiosity mellow. The groups in the court dispersed and reformed. The hollow thump of dancing feet upon the inevitable wooden platform added its note to the bell tones of the *merimba* and the warm resonance of guitars. What was that they were playing? The "Marseillaise." I laughed aloud. What a transformation, with its martial fervor transposed to a voluptuous dance movement, through which the merimba thrilled and warbled its graceful arabesques with the rapidity and fire of the Hungarian *czimbalom!* It was both exasperating and laughable—Bellona turned bayadere. "Ah, but it must be a link in the chain of evidence that will lead me to the inspired and doubtless Gallic genius of whom I am in search," thought I.

Gathering the folds of my *poncho* about me, for at that altitude the nights are chill, I made my way to the ground floor, and taking a place on a worn bench by the sala entrance, settled myself and looked within. The room was vast and bare, with sepia shadows crowding the corners. From the ceiling a primitive chandelier depended—a simple disk upon which a dozen candles stood in their own grease. The musicians were in the farther portion of the hall, playing upon a double merimba, two guitars, and an instrument that puzzled me until I perceived it to be a common Italian harp, laid flat upon its back, operated by a musician, who played the strings, and two Indians, who, crouching on their haunches, beat time upon the wide, sonorous base. The total effect was inspiriting.

On the elevated stage a man and woman were performing a *chiléna* with solemn intensity. The lady, whose grave, almost mournful face was half clouded by a black *riboso*, calmly smoked a large cigar, while she waved a beckoning handkerchief at her cavalier, who, in response, threw himself into a frenzy of side steps and snapping fingers.

The changeling "Marseillaise" continued. I chuckled and watched. Presently some one seated himself beside me with an irritated sigh.

"Ah, Dieu de Dieu!"

I turned. The light fell full upon my companion's face—the dark, handsome face of a man of forty, whose white skin and stiff pompadour proclaimed him foreign among this people. I made my guess and addressed him in French.

"Quelle Marseillaise extraordinaire!"

"Ah," cried the man, excitedly—"French! Monsieur speaks French! Your hand! You are—you must be—the celebrated representative of the new Coffee Association who arrived to-night. And you speak French! What happiness! Tell me—do not think me crazy—but have you been in Paris, my beloved Paris, recently? Tell me—it is the same? Not changed?" Tears gathered in his snapping black eyes. "It is ten long, terrible, exiled years since I left it—for this—*mon Dieu*, for this!" He spread wide his hands in a gesture of despair.

"You are," said I—"you must be—the genius who prepared my dinner. Believe me, I have been wondering ever since how a cordon bleu, such as you are, should be here. I should never have believed it possible. You are a master! Ah, to whom do I say it? Does not the artist realize his excellence, feel his inspired power? Never shall I forget the surprise, the delight, of that first spoonful of soup. I closed my eyes and exclaimed, 'Am I not at the Tour d'Argent? Is this not the unsurpassed touch of Frédérique?'"

The man seized me by the shoulders, and, turning me to the light, scrutinized my face, his own contorted with excitement.

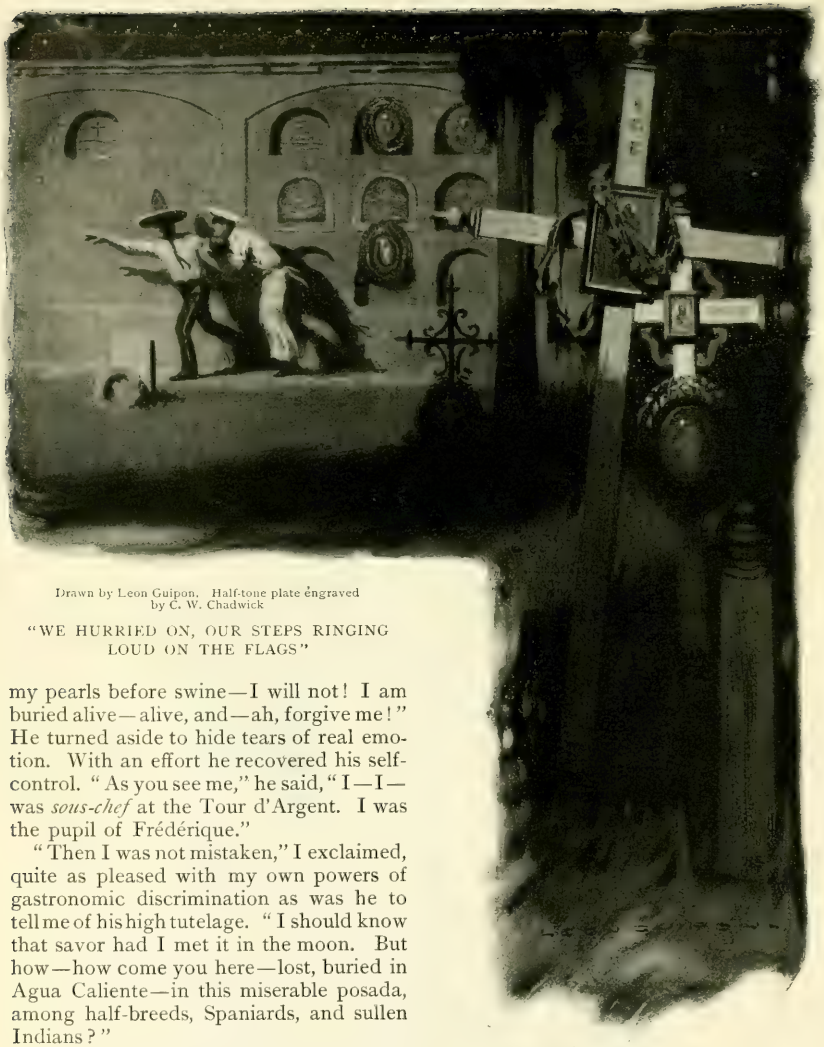
"You guessed it yourself? She did not divulge it to you? Ah, tell me the truth!"

I was bewildered. "No one has told me anything of you; but—you are not Frédérique—how, then?"

He interrupted me by clasping his hands in an ecstasy of delight. "Ah, it is too good, too much to hope, that my hand has not lost its cunning, my talent has not failed. Monsieur, you are sent to me by my good angel to keep me from despair. *Oui, voyez vous*, I had feared the worst. And this—this rabble here, what do they know, what can they understand? To cast

Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"'AS YOU SEE ME, . . . I WAS THE PUPIL OF FRÉDÉRIQUE'"



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"WE HURRIED ON, OUR STEPS RINGING LOUD ON THE FLAGS"

my pearls before swine—I will not! I am buried alive—alive, and—ah, forgive me!" He turned aside to hide tears of real emotion. With an effort he recovered his self-control. "As you see me," he said, "I—I—was *sous-chef* at the Tour d'Argent. I was the pupil of Frédérique."

"Then I was not mistaken," I exclaimed, quite as pleased with my own powers of gastronomic discrimination as was he to tell me of his high tutelage. "I should know that savor had I met it in the moon. But how—how come you here—lost, buried in Agua Caliente—in this miserable posada, among half-breeds, Spaniards, and sullen Indians?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "That is my story—a sad story enough, and a sad example of a great sin. Pride—pride brought me here. Pride keeps me prisoner—*tenez!* I will tell you. You have revived me with your praise, encouraged a poor artist who felt the world slipping from under his feet. Ah, I feared this environment had made of me what they have made of the 'Marseillaise' I taught them that I might ease my homesickness. Listen to it! It breaks my heart. But you have told me my art is *not* lost. Heaven bless you!"

A sob caught his utterance, and he paused, just as the music ceased and the entire company, with a surprising coincidence of movement, turned toward the adjoining room and the bar.

"Ten years ago," he went on, his voice dropping almost to a whisper, "if any one had told me I should be—this—what I am, I should have laughed, I should have

derided. After all, that is life, is it not, monsieur,—to do that which we despise, to become what we scorn in our youth? It is the one history of all, whether he be the statesman, the man of the world, or a poor cook like me. It is to make a veil for this that philosophy was invented. The opiate of the heart! Alas! there are pains which even that gentle medicine cannot deaden; and homesickness and ambition thwarted are both unsleeping."

Thoughtfully I rolled a cigarette. Let him call the cause paltry, who does not realize the effect? The man's experience had struck deep—to the root of things. The great throes of human anguish have a common stratum of spirit, whether the agony rises from some Calvary of sacrifice, or in the meanest, humblest, half-ridiculous wreck of life. For the moment the man's suffering appeared to me with the dignity of genius denied expression, of exile, of high hopes crushed to sordid acceptance of daily bread.

For a moment we sat silent, staring at the uneven flagging.

"I shall never forget," he began abruptly, "the first night I saw them. My master came for me, smiling in his peculiar courtly manner. 'Pierre,' he said, 'we have distinguished guests to-night—the president of a Central American republic and his wife. It was for them you made the *sole Marguéry* and the *tortille panachée*. They are people of refinement and discernment. They wish to see you, to thank you. Come, my friend.'

"I was proud. It was with a dignified step that I passed my *confrères*, and followed Frédérique to the dining-room. I was aware that my cap and apron were spotless, that I had myself well in hand. Then I found myself bowing before a little man, dark and thin, with shifty eyes and a nervous contraction of the lids—the President Cadriga. Beside him sat the señora. Ah, could you have seen her then—the eyes of a saint, the lips of a sinner, the shoulders of a goddess! She was dressed in black, and loaded with diamonds—necklaces and rings and brooches and ear-rings—till she glistened like a living prism. But even the diamonds could not dull the brightness of her eyes.

"They smiled and complimented me, and I bowed and thanked them in my best manner, neither arrogant nor yet humble. Then I found myself back in my laboratory, and it was the beginning of the end. They came often, and on each occasion sent for me to consult their tastes and my aptitudes. And once, for her fête day, they brought their little daughter—Annunciata. In my vanity I lorded it over every one. I spoke familiarly of my connection with the President Cadriga, his señora, and their beautiful child. I boasted of my successful efforts. I invented dishes which I named for them. The 'melon ice Cadriga,' the '*pêche flambée à la señora*,' '*la glacée rosée Annunciata*.' One night they sent for me as usual, and as I stood before his Excellency, he addressed me thus: 'Pierre, I return shortly to my country. In leaving Paris, my greatest regret is the Tour d'Argent and you.' I bowed. 'I have a proposition to make, about which I have already consulted Frédérique. He will accept an indemnity for your loss, and to you I offer the post of chef of the palace. Your salary shall be princely. You shall have as many under-servants as you see fit, your own apartments, your special corps of attendants, your private equipage. Furthermore, I will confer upon you the order of Santa Rosa.'

"I was bewildered and stammered my thanks. 'My secretary will wait upon you to-morrow,' he continued. 'Give him your answer, and the formal papers may be signed.' He nodded dismissal. The señora smiled, and I went away, my imagination on fire, my head awhirl.

"The following day I signed the contract, my appointment was confirmed, the order of Santa Rosa, glistening in gold and red enamel, lay in its case upon my bureau, and I dreamed Arabian Nights' dreams. I could talk of nothing else. I told of my future, my house, my private carriage, my personal retinue. I wore the red-and-white rosette of Santa Rosa in my buttonhole, while my friends congratulated and envied. All my savings I expended upon a wardrobe befitting my new station and such utensils as I feared I might not be able to procure in the new land. I was in the clouds.

"Six weeks later we were in Barrios. I was installed in the palace—and I had awakened. My attendants were Indians and half-breeds, my apartments were—but you know. Yet work I must. Cadriga was dictator, and I soon learned by what des-

potic cruelty he held sway. I knew better than to incur his displeasure. Of my princely salary not a piaster was forthcoming. But I dared not appeal to the French minister. I saw others 'retired,' and I knew myself watched and guarded. Besides, I would not go back to France and show myself—a fool, a dupe of my greed and vanity. I could not face the thought. I might assume another name, and begin anew in some provincial city; but to be near Paris, and not in it, would have been worse for me than my present position.

"My only solace in all this time was Cadriga's little daughter, seven years old. She was then a jewel of a child, a madcap, a tease, a loving little heart. She would steal from her Indian nurse, and, sitting by my carving-table, gravely watch me work and ask me questions.

"'Pierre,' she would say, 'I 'm afraid of papa, and mama is always crying. I like you better than any one in the whole world. Now, aren't you glad that you came with us from France?' And, though my heart was breaking, I would tell her, 'Yes, Niña, I am glad, if I am any comfort to you.' Then she would put pepper in the dessert and salt in my sugar-shaker, and laugh at me."

"Just like a grown-up woman," I observed.

He shot a quick, questioning glance at me. "Yes," he acquiesced; "just like a woman grown."

"And then?" I questioned.

"Then came the revolution. Ah, monsieur, it was fearful, sudden, a bolt from the clear heavens!

"We had a great dinner that night for the cabinet and the chiefs of the army and navy. So secretly had the plot matured that no one dreamed of treachery till the blow fell. I had just sent in the fish course when I heard a cry from the sentry at the rear entrance of the *patio*, then a detonation and a crash. The revolutionists had dynamited the gate. Then it was a matter of minutes, the massacre in the palace. My one thought was for Annunciata. I rushed across the court and up the stone stairs to the second story. I caught her from her bed and held her fast. As I turned to flee, I ran against a man at the door. Fortunately, I recognized his silhouette against the light. It was José, the head coachman.

"'You have her!' he gasped. 'Hurry! There is an underground exit from the stables, if we can reach it.'

"The palace was pandemonium—cries, smashing of wood and glass, shots, the sound of running feet on the marble floors, the thud and rattle of heavy falls. Smoke billowed along the corridors. We made our way through it, running bent double. Suddenly we came out upon the head of the grand staircase, brilliantly lighted by hundreds of candles. The fighting below was at its height, and the noise was deafening. I caught a glimpse of the señora, dressed in black, as I had first seen her, and blazing with diamonds. Her face was as white as death, and blood darkened her neck and cheek. She was on her knees on the top step, crawling. 'Drop!' yelled José in my ear. I fell forward, protecting Annunciata with my body.

"A volley of shots went over our heads. José rose to his knees, pushed open a door, and we flung ourselves into the room. Glancing over my shoulder for one last look at the señora, I saw her lying still, her face upturned. A soldier, one of the president's own body-guard, was breaking the necklace from her throat. I closed the door and slipped the bolt. We fled along passages, through deserted rooms and cold, musty-smelling corridors. How José found the way I do not know. At length we reached the carriage-house, then the stables. José pushed back a panel, we passed through an opening, and fled on through an underground passage till further progress was barred.

"José turned to me. 'The President had this built in case of revolution, and the masons were put to death; but it is just possible that the insurrectionists know. In that case, when we open this door it is the end.'

"We listened long, straining minutes. Then, with a jerk, he flung the door wide open. All was still. The moonlight lay blinding white upon the gravestones. We were in the cemetery back of the cathedral, and the doorway through which we had emerged was that of a vault—one of the many in a row beneath the galleries of the 'ovens.'

"We hurried on, our steps ringing loud on the flags. Even now I can smell that odor of stale and fading flowers and damp mold; even now I can see the moonlight

sparkle as with frost upon the countless funeral wreaths of bead-work.

"José opened another door in the farther wall of what seemed a gardener's tool-house. We were in the deserted street. In the distance the sounds of fighting went on. In the direction of the palace and government buildings the sky glowed red with flames. We turned toward the mountains—and liberty."

"A terrible experience," said I, slowly. "And Annunciata?"

"We have brought her up, José and I. He owns the 'Tres Amigos' now."

"So! Montojo is—"

"Evidently," he smiled.

"And Annunciata?" I repeated.

"You have seen her. She brought you the aguardiente."

"Oh!" I exclaimed.

"You see, monsieur, how it is. I am too proud to go back—and—ah, well—it is too late."

The music in the sala struck up once more the world-worn air of "La Paloma."

Down the carved stair tripped Annunciata. The lantern-light fell full upon her Madonna face and laughing mouth, and I thought of Pierre's description of her murdered mother: "The eyes of a saint, the lips of a sinner, the shoulders of a goddess." She leaned over the balustrade and called softly, "Pierre!"

He sprang to his feet, his face transfigured.

"Pardon," he said quickly, "she is calling me; *à bientôt*, monsieur."

I watched them as they crossed the court, oblivious of the swaying, laughing crowd. In his eyes was the glow of a devotion that rarely comes to a man, but when it does, remains forever; and I knew, with a pang of envy in my empty heart, that it was not pride alone that had kept the pupil of Frédérique a captive in an alien land.

THE BALLAD OF PING-PONG

(AFTER SWINBURNE)

BY HARRY GRAHAM ("COL. D. STREAMER")

THE murmurous moments of May-time,
What beautiful blessings they bring!
As dew to the dawn of the daytime,
Suspicions of summer to spring!

Let others imagine the time light,
With maidens or books on their knee,
Or live in the languorous lime-light
That tinges the trunk of the Tree.

Let the timorous turn to their tennis
Or the bowls to which bumpkins belong,
But the thing for grown women and men is
The pastime of ping and of pong.

The game of the glorious glamour!
The feeling to fight till you fall!
The hurricane hail and the hammer!
The batter and bruise of the ball!

The glory of getting behind it!
The brief but bewildering bliss!
The fear of the failure to find it!
The madness at making a miss!

The sound of the sphere as you smack it,
Derisive, decisive, divine!
The riotous rush of your racket
To mix and to mingle with mine!

The diadem dear to the king is;
How sweet to the singer his song!
To me so the plea of the ping is,
And the passionate plaint of the pong!

I live for it, love for it, like it;
Delight of my dearest of dreams!
To stand and to strive and to strike it;
So certain, so simple it seems!

Then give me the game of the gay time,
The ball on its wandering wing,
The madness that moves in the May-time,
The pong, not to mention the ping!

THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE

BY ARTHUR T. HADLEY

President of Yale University

"THE bachelor's degree," says a French observer, "is a social rather than a pedagogical institution." These words touch the very heart of the matter. The college course is not valued solely or even primarily for its studies; it is valued most of all for the associations into which it brings the student and the graduate. These associations are just as important to the boys who like study and do a great deal of studying as they are to the boys who dislike study and do as little of it as they can. The distinctive thing which their college course does for them all is to put them in contact with different types of character and different kinds of interests. Subject to certain rules which are necessary for the welfare of the place as a whole, they are encouraged to try their own experiments —nay, even to make their own mistakes— in the choice of companions and activities; thereby enabling them to avoid more futile experiments and more irreparable mistakes in after life. The American college tries to furnish a liberal education in the old Greek sense of the word—an education which fits the student for the use of liberty and enables him to understand the duties and privileges of a free citizen.

In the days when professional training was short and the college graduate went directly to the desk or to the office, there was plenty of time for these experiments. From the age of seventeen or eighteen, when the boy was old enough to be free from the restrictions of the secondary school, until the age of twenty-one or twenty-two, when he had acquired maturity enough for the successful understanding of complex professional problems, there was an interval to be filled. If a boy spent this period in a shop or an office, it narrowed his interests instead of broadening them. If he spent it in foreign travel, it tended to undermine his efficiency and unfit him for the duties of American citizenship. But the college course, for the great majority of its students, broadened the mind and increased the intensity of patriotic purpose; and this was what gave the American college of past generations its importance as an educational institution.

The particular set of studies which were pursued in college had relatively little to do with this result. The curriculum which established itself was the effect of circumstance rather than of deliberate plan. Under the social conditions which prevailed three or four generations ago it was inevitable that the clergy should supervise college education and do most of the teaching. They taught large quantities of the things in which they were interested and small quantities of those in which they were not interested. They sometimes taught the former fairly well; they almost always taught the latter very badly. The best of the old college education was obtained in its society halls, in the corners of its library, in the rooms of the students themselves. Occasionally some professor of special ability or personal force would impress upon his pupils high standards of accuracy and vigorous habits of work; but these cases were the exception rather than the rule. The major part of the influence of the professors was due to their character as men rather than to their ability as teach-

ers. It was the influence of example rather than of precept, of atmosphere rather than of formulas.

Down to the middle of the last century, scientific study and professional training were so slightly developed that the defects of this college curriculum were not very acutely felt. A man who went out into life with knowledge of men and habits of work had secured the basis which was needed for the successful practice of his profession. The theory of this profession he picked up afterward through his actual experience in the office or the shop. But with the rapid development of modern science in its various lines, physical, biological, or historical, there grew up a set of teachers who could train the student in the theory of his profession before he went out into its actual practice. It was found that men who were thus grounded in theory had an advantage over those who were not. It became worth while for the minister or the doctor, the lawyer or the engineer, to spend several years in studying the science of his calling in the class-room before he engaged in its remunerative work. All this took time and made delay irksome. Under these circumstances the waste of college recitation-hours on studies which were of no interest to the pupil, which seemed a trifling thing in 1850, became a very serious one in 1875 or 1900. There arose a demand for a readjustment of the course of study which would utilize the college class-room to meet the specific needs of the several students.

The first attempt to meet this demand was by the establishment of the elective system in its various forms. The introduction of this system was undoubtedly attended by an improvement in methods of teaching—chiefly because it encouraged the instructors to compete for the interest of the students instead of allowing them to command the students' attendance upon their exercises, whether the work of the instructor was good or bad or indifferent. But it did not really meet the needs of the case. Those who, during the last generation, introduced elective studies into our college course did so, ostensibly at any rate, on the ground of the value of these studies as means of general culture. They explicitly disclaimed the intention to prepare the lawyer for the bar, the doctor for the hospital, or the minister for the pulpit. They succeeded in arousing the interest of the students by making the work of the college class-room appeal to men of different types; but they did not advance those men very far toward the practice of their several callings or enable them very much to shorten the period of professional study and probation which must follow the conclusion of the college course. This period of postgraduate study tends to grow longer rather than shorter. If a man who desires to be a physician finishes his college course at twenty-two he will be nearly thirty before he can practise medicine successfully in any of our large centers of population, and will be fortunate if he finds himself able to marry and support a family before he is forty. Other professions are not quite so badly off as this, but they all feel the same kind of difficulty; and under these circumstances there is a well-founded demand that our boys should be able to begin their professional education at an earlier period than they now do.

Some people think that this will result in crowding the American college out of existence. Others believe that the work of the college as a preparation for citizenship is too valuable to be lost, and are looking to see what modification of its studies will best preserve what has been useful in the past, while at the same time meeting the needs which have been created by modern conditions. Those who would preserve the college are far more numerous than those who would abolish it, but they are by no means agreed upon the line of action which is best calculated to secure this end. Three plans have been proposed: a reduction of the requirements for admission, so that the student shall enter earlier and be graduated earlier; a reduction in the length of the course, so that the student entering at his present age shall begin his professional study a year or two sooner than he now does; or an introduction of professional studies into the framework of the college course itself, so that a man entering when he now does and graduating from college when he now does shall yet find himself one or two years further advanced toward the practice of his profession than is the case under present conditions.

The first of these three plans may be dismissed briefly. It is impracticable to have the body of students much younger than it is at present without so altering the

character of the college as to deprive it of its distinctive usefulness. College students must be old enough to be left free to make their own mistakes. The greatest difficulty in the management of a college at present is that the freshmen are rather too young for such liberty. The authority of the faculty, the fatherly advice of the seniors, and the repressive influence of the sophomores, whether exercised separately or in concert, are not always sufficient to prevent serious disorders. The system of liberty is barely workable as it is. If the student body were a year or two younger, it would not be workable at all. The parents and guardians of the students recognize this fact by not sending their boys to college until they are seventeen or eighteen years old. If we attempted to reduce the age of students by reducing the entrance requirements, we should either have students of the same age worse prepared than they now are or we should have a school for boys instead of a college for men. Either of these results would be highly unsatisfactory.

The real issue is between those who would shorten the college course and those who would allow the introduction of professional or technical studies within the limits of that course.

For a time the tendency seemed to be all in the former direction. Nearly twenty years ago Harvard reduced the quantity of work required for the bachelor's degree; and the shortening of the time in which that degree could be taken was a logical though somewhat tardy consequence of such action. Columbia has allowed the student at the end of three years of academic study to pass directly into the professional school and count the first year of professional study as a part of the requirement for the academic course. Nominally this may seem like an introduction of the professional studies into the academic course. Actually it amounts to a shortening of that academic course by one year; for the professional student who takes his senior year in the college under such conditions is out of the college in everything but name. Other institutions have encouraged the student to begin his professional school work at the end of two years' college study instead of three or four.

But within the last two or three years there has been a noticeable reaction against this tendency. The public has not responded to the offer of a shortened college course in the way that was expected. It was supposed that many students would take advantage of the opportunity to earn the degree of Bachelor of Arts in three years or even in two, and that those institutions which preferred to maintain a four-year course as the normal one would be compelled to accept the three-year course in spite of themselves. Neither of these expectations has been realized. The number of students who hurry their college life to its completion is comparatively small. Those who desire to obtain a degree in three years tend to seek those institutions which have had a three-year course as their standard for some time, so that their social life has adjusted itself to that basis, rather than those where the three-year course is an exception or an innovation. The colleges which maintain the four-year course have held their own so fully that they no longer feel the apprehensions which were prevalent three years ago. It is plain that the American public does not regard the college course as an aggregate of recitations and lectures which can be reduced one fourth or one half without altering the essential character of what is left, but as a complex social institution where the outside activities count for quite as much as the work of the classroom, and in which the cutting away of a single part leaves the life of the other parts disturbed if not destroyed.

Does our remaining alternative—the inclusion of technical or professional studies within the framework of the college course—offer any better prospect of success?

This inclusion of technical studies is no new thing. All of our scientific schools, which have tried to teach theory rather than practice, and combine the life of a college student with the training of an engineer or a chemist, have been for some time committed to this experiment; and they have been, to say the least, fairly successful in its prosecution. But the attempt to bring into the framework of academic study and the atmosphere of the college a considerable amount of technical preparation for callings like law or medicine is something comparatively new. Experiments in this direction were perhaps first made at Cornell, then somewhat more systematically at Western Reserve, and

within the last few years at Yale. The Yale student who combines academic and professional studies does not so suddenly pass from the atmosphere of the college to that of the professional school as does the Columbia student who substitutes the first year of his professional course for the last year of his college life. He makes the transition a gradual one. He can take a few elementary courses of professional study in junior or sophomore year as a test of his fitness for the subject; and if he has accomplished these elementary courses satisfactorily he is encouraged to go on in his senior year with an increasing number of hours of more advanced work leading directly to his profession.

This plan has certain obvious advantages over the other. It makes less alteration in the framework of college life. It allows the social customs and activities to continue undisturbed. It allows the boy of scientific tastes to begin to prepare for medicine or technology as early as he needs to, and at the same time encourages the boy with a taste for affairs to defer his specialization until that somewhat later period when he is mature enough to understand the theories of law or of commerce. But the plan also has its difficulties. To pursue it successfully we must steer a very narrow course between two opposite perils. There is on the one side the danger that a college of this kind may degenerate into a group of professional schools, where the students will become so far separated from one another in their activities and interests that they will lose what is really advantageous in the old college course more completely than they would have done if that course itself had been shortened. And there is on the other side the opposite danger that technical or professional studies pursued amid the manifold activities of college life will prove far less effective than the same courses can be made when the student breathes the more intense though narrower influence of the professional school, wherein the ambition of all his associates is concentrated upon a single end.

The second of these dangers is more serious than the first. The various institutions and traditions which have grown up about the American college—its societies and its athletics, its romances and its customs—prove strong enough to take almost every man out of himself and let him feel the broadening influences of the place, no matter how strictly his study may be directed toward a single end. The one question is whether these influences may not prove too strong for concentrated professional interest; whether in widening the student's moral horizon we may not lessen his intensity of intellectual grasp of things leading directly to the work of his after life. Time alone can answer this question. Time alone can show whether the idea of allowing a student to develop his professional activity at as early a period as possible, but postponing to as late a period as possible the narrowing of his sympathies and the lessening of his points of contact with men outside of his profession, is a practicable or an impracticable one.

While we are waiting for this question to be decided, we shall probably see two sets of experiments going on in different universities. In those which are connected with our large cities, where the work of the professional school counts for more and the life of the college for less, we are likely to see a tendency to shorten the college course—a tendency to make a sharp line of demarcation between the studies of that course and the professional studies which are to follow it, and to disregard or undervalue the social adjuncts which a college course carries with it. In smaller places and among institutions which have a more distinctively collegiate atmosphere, we may expect to find these tendencies reversed,—to see an effort to maintain the college course in its integrity and include within it as much as possible of preparation for the actual work of life,—in the belief that the gain to American institutions and American citizenship resulting from the contact of different types of men with one another will be strong enough to resist the tendency of such a college to disintegration and valuable enough to compensate for any difficulties and losses which the prosecution of such a plan involves.

THE NARROW ESCAPE OF PERMILLA

A PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH COURTSHIP

BY HELEN R. MARTIN

Author of "Tillie: A Mennonite Maid"

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

I

SALLIE

PERMILLA had been weeding in the garden when Christian, coming along, stopped at the fence to speak to her. She was almost overcome with mingled confusion and delight at his sudden appearance.

"Och, I ain't combed!" she apologetically said, smoothing her hair. "I 'm some stroobly."

"Well, you did n't know *I* was goin' to see you, ain't not," jocularly laughed Christian, "or you 'd of combed oncet?"

"Yes, anyhow," shyly answered Permilla, her timid eyes furtively meeting his, then drooping in maiden modesty.

"She 's menschen-shy," thought Christian, with a complacent sense of his awe-inspiring presence in his "Sunday suit." To be "menschen-shy" was to be morbidly timid before one's fellow-men. That Permilla admired him with an unspoken and hopeless passion, Christian had long been aware, and the consciousness gave him a passing satisfaction in its confirmation of his own good opinion of himself. Of course poor little Permilla, whose pop "rented" and whose folks did not own an acre of land, could not dream of aspiring to conquer the heart of so superior and so prosperous a young man as Christian Yundt, the idolized and indulged only child of his parents, not to mention two doting aunts. But that Permilla should worship him in silence and in despair was only natural and his due. Indeed, how could she help it? Was his peer to be found in all the township—his peer in looks, in worldly possessions, in general attractiveness? No wonder little Permilla languished in secret for the unattainable height of his favor. To be sure, he graciously admitted that he liked the little thing: she was a good, industrious girl, and of a discriminating judgment withal, since she admired *him*. There were some few people, Christian had discovered, who had not the insight to recognize in him all that his parents and aunts saw.

It was Saturday night, and Christian was going to "set up" with Sallie Cougenhauer, the only child of a father who owned two good-sized farms; but he did not grudge, in passing, a few words of kindly patronage to Permilla.

"Are you goin' to weed all evening, Permilla?"

"I have n't to; but I 'm goin' to."

"Why are you, then, if you *have n't* to?"

"Well, I weed, still, till the dark gets me. Pop he can't help none. He 's just clean *sick*," she said mournfully. "He is sick the whole week."

"Ain't he no better to what he was?" inquired Christian, with neighborly solicitude.

"No, he ain't so good. The doctor says he won't get well," sighed Permilla. "Our hopes is all gone fer him."

"Too bad, too bad!" Christian shook his head. "Well, good-by to you, Permilla! Don't work *too* hard!"

"You sha'n't, neither," politely returned Permilla.

Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"LITTLE PERMILLA LANGUISHED IN SECRET"

"I ain't to work too hard at settin' up, do you mean?" demanded Christian, with a laugh. "Now, Permilla, if I tell Sallie you spoke that to me, what 'll she say?"

Christian laughed loud in huge enjoyment of his joke as he swung away from the fence and walked on up the road.

"Poor little Permilla!" he thought, with a rather tender compassion. "She can't be no *shussle* [lazy person] when her pop 's took and her and her mom have all the work to do yet. And, to be sure, no feller 'll want to be marryin' her, with no *aus styer* [household outfit always given to a Pennsylvania Dutch bride by her father], and her mom to keep when she 's old, fer they ain't got nothin' in bank. And Permilla she 's a nice little thing; it 's too bad!"

Permilla, meantime, leaning over the fence, watched Christian's stalwart figure striding up the road as long as it was in sight, her mild eyes shining with a soft fire, her young face flushed with excitement, and her bosom heaving tumultuously.

"If we was n't so poor," she longingly thought, "and I could spend more at the clo'es and fix myself up, mebbe Christian would travel with *me* instead of with Sallie Cougenhauer."

She drew a long breath and tears stood in her eyes as she left the fence and went back to her weeding. She knew how vain was her longing. Prudence and economy were the gospel of the Pennsylvania Dutch, and there were no more ardent disciples of this gospel in all the county than the Yundts. Christian especially, youth though he was, had become noted in the neighborhood for his extremely careful weighing of every transaction he made. Indeed, his shrewdness in driving a bargain sometimes "o'erleaped itself" and led to his missing some good opportunities.

As Christian went on up the road after leaving Permilla, his eyes dwelt with satisfaction upon the goodly fields he was passing, all owned by Sallie Cougenhauer's father. Even his courting was three fourths an economic venture and only one fourth sentiment.

There was, however, a lurking misgiving in his heart this evening. For a whole month he had been "keeping comp'ny" with Sallie, and the conviction had been steadily growing in his mind, during all this time, that she was not a "workative-enough girl" for him.

"She 'd mebbe want me to hire fer her [hire household servants]," the uncomfortable possibility sometimes occurred to him, "and *that*," Christian firmly resolved, "I would n't do fer no healthy wife. Her pop and mom 's got her some spoilt."

His having entered upon the enterprise of "keeping comp'ny" with her, it was a

Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"'SALLIE, . . . DO YOU MEAN YOU 'RE GOIN' TO *LET* THEM DIRTY DISHES?'"

foregone conclusion, according to the custom of the neighborhood, that he would marry her. Matrimony was understood to be the ultimate purpose of a man's going to see a girl every Saturday night, and his withdrawal, after a month of such visiting, would have been regarded as a virtual breach of faith. Therefore Christian's doubts as to the entire worthiness of the object of his desires gave him some uneasiness. What made his uncertainty greater was the fact that adjoining the other side of his own father's farm was the goodly estate of Ebenezer Smucher, whose daughter Ramah was, Christian knew, a much better worker than Sallie. A better milker he had never seen, or a more rapid butter-maker. She could get up at three o'clock in the morning and have the family wash "all through till breakfast a'ready." True, her father had three other children, and so Ramah's inheritance would not be so large as Sallie's. The question was, would n't her superior industry more than make up for the difference in the landed dowry?

Christian pondered this weighty matter without coming to any conclusion before he reached Sallie's gate.

He knocked on the open kitchen door, and Sallie herself, with sleeves rolled up and wearing a big apron, came forward to meet him.

"Hello, Krist!" she boisterously greeted him. "Come insides. I ain't through all yet. Mom and pop they went aways, and the new hired girl she wanted off to go on a funeral of a neighbor up her way—up behind Reading. So I have to do the supper work when I have my supper eat. I ain't half eat yet. I guess you 're eat a'ready, ain't?"

"Why, to be sure, Sallie. It 's 'most six o'clock."

"Won't you pick a piece?" she hospitably inquired, pushing a chair up to the loaded but disordered table. "It ain't much here no more, but mebbe you 'd like to taste our new hired girl's pear apple-butter."

"No; I 'm full. Why did n't you hurry and get through till I got here, so we could set up together?"

"I don't like to hurry still; I like to do things by ease."

"It takes too long that way to get through oncet."

"Yes. If mom knew I went so slow and left you see the kitchen so through-other," exclaimed Sallie, "mebbe she would n't jaw me! *Ain't* it looks in here!" she cried, in evident enjoyment of the joke of a

visitor's beholding her mother's usually neat kitchen in such a plight. But Christian did not appreciate the humor of the situation from her point of view.

"Anyhow, if you *have* a hired girl," he gravely reasoned, "why do you leave her have off? It 's for her to stay and do the work."

"But she wanted to go on her neighbor's funeral," good-naturedly answered Sallie. "Don't you think she has a feeling, too, like us? It don't look nice if we don't leave her go on her neighbor's funeral, Krist. Mom would n't half act *that* way —she would n't *half* tell her she has n't dare to go. You know when a body 's mean that way with their hired girl, then the people has to talk right aways."

"If I *kep*' hired help, she 'd stay home and work."

"Och, Krist," laughed Sallie,—her good nature constantly bubbled over in laughter, —"you 're just some spited that I 'm not the plates, "do you mean you 're goin' to *let* them dirty dishes?"

Such a proceeding was shocking to his ideas of domestic economy.

"Och, yes; I often done that way when I did n't feel for washin' 'em up. Sometimes I 'd sooner set and read a book than wash up my supper-dishes; then I just lay 'em over till morning."

Krist stared at her with his most calculating and unlover-like expression of countenance. Presently he spoke, but his simple remark did not reveal his inward state of chaos.

"Readin'! You like to set and read a book still, do you? That 's somepin' I don't do—read. That 's somepin' I can't control myself to."

"I like it now and again, for a change oncet."

"I don't see no use in it. It don't bring no dollars in, nor it don't help get the work done."

Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by W. Aikman

"'A FELLOW WANTS TO BE *MADE OF* BY HIS GIRL. RAMAH SHE DON'T NEVER MAKE MUCH'"

done my work! But it don't take me long no more now. I 'll just make the table cleared off, and then I 'll lay over my dishes till to-morrow. Mom can wash 'em by the cooking breakfast."

"Sallie," exclaimed Krist, as the girl began to carry out this program and scrape

"But it 's inter*est*in', Krist."

"Why is it inter*est*in' when it ain't helpin' you any to get along?"

"Well, it 's inter*est*in' to *me*." Sallie flippantly dismissed the discussion. "Now," she announced, pushing her cleared-off table against the wall, "I 'm done. Come

on out and leave me show you my flowers, Krist."

Sallie's flower-garden was another source of mental perturbation to Christian. "What 's the use in spendin' time plantin' flowers?" he had often chilled her enthusiasm over her flowers by inquiring. "You can't eat *them*."

"But I like 'em just for nice, Krist."

"And can't he take along them bulbs he bought?"

"Why, no. Whoever moves in will have all."

"I could n't stand that," exclaimed Christian. "Why, sooner 'n some one else would have 'em after me payin' fer 'em and doin' all the work, I 'd pull 'em all up and throw 'em away."

Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

CHRISTIAN YUNDT LEARNS HIS VALUE IN THE MATRIMONIAL MARKET

"See my shrubs!" she ruefully exclaimed this evening, as she took his hand and led him out of doors. "They 're nearly *all* [all gone] a'ready, and it 's only the 20th of May yet! They 're goin' over so wonderful fast! Here 's only one or so on the bush any more. It spites me something awful."

Christian made no comment, and her hand in his received no answering pressure. Although Permilla was entirely outside the possibility of his calculation, he did think of her industry in her vegetable-garden with a private comparison between the two girls that boded ill for this flower-loving Sallie.

"Our neighbor acrost the road he planted such nice bulbs and wines and things," said Sallie, "and he has such a nice flower-garden. He sent for his bulbs to New York yet. Now think! And now here he has to move, after bein' there only two years. It 's mean, ain't?"

"Oh, Krist!" laughed Sallie. "If you ain't something of a holy terror!"

They left the flower-garden and went to sit on the porch.

When, an hour later, Sallie's parents returned home in the buggy, Christian promptly took his leave, though it was long before his usual time of saying good night.

As he trudged along the highway through the darkness he made a Spartan resolution: "With this here Sallie Cougenhauer I don't travel no more."

Ramah Smucher was a far more "workative" woman; of that he was sure. He would go, on the next Saturday night, to "set up" with Ramah.

That Sallie would grieve and the neighbors "put out talk" at this unprecedented turning from one girl to another—a thing never done in Zionsville township—Christian was well aware.

"I ain't a-carin'," he doggedly said to

himself. "I 'm marryin' to suit myself when I marry."

His sense of his own high value in the matrimonial market made him feel but little compunction in thus experimenting with the tender hearts of the girls of Zionsville.

II

RAMAH

After a month's trial of the charms of Ebenezer Smucher's daughter Ramah (so named after the memorable city of Scripture in which was heard "Rachel weeping for her children"), Christian clenched the matter, at least in the eyes of his neighbors and of Ramah, by inviting her to go to town to the county fair. His injudiciousness in thus rashly binding himself before feeling entirely sure of his own mind concerning Ramah—whom, indeed, he found rather tame and bloodless after buxom and boisterous Sally Cougenhauer—gave him, when it was too late, some uneasiness. But he was anxious to attend the county fair himself, and while he was "keeping comp'ny" with Ramah he could not decently go without her. His only safe course would be, he well knew, to stay at home himself; but that was a sacrifice he was not willing to make.

"I 'd take more enjoyment if it was Sallie going with," he rather regretfully thought. "Ramah she 's so quiet. But," he comforted himself, "Ramah 's a more workative girl than what Sallie is."

But one serious objection to Ramah was that she seemed so unimpressed by the honor of his attentions to her. "A fellow wants to be *made of* by his girl. Ramah she don't never make much."

Even his munificence in offering to escort her to the fair met with a lukewarm reception.

"Look at here, Ramah; I 'm takin' you to the fair Mondays," he had magnificently said as they sat together on the front porch on Saturday evening, Christian in his Sunday suit and Ramah in a gorgeous gown of red satine trimmed with narrow black velvet. Christian admired Ramah's Oriental taste for splendor of color, though he felt some misgivings, now and then, at her evident fondness for dress.

"It must cost expensive to buy them clo'es," was his troubled doubt.

"I was goin' to work on the field, fair-day," Ramah objected. "I don't know if I could go with."

"You better had, Ramah," Christian urged. "It 's nice at the fair. You can see a good bit of people you never seen before. If you don't feel for walkin' round, you can just set in the buggy and look at 'em."

"I don't know," she answered without enthusiasm, "if pop 'll want me to let the work. He might mebbe say he won't do it to leave me go."

"You can work all morning. We ain't got no need to start early. Not till it gets two o'clock a'ready we start."

"Will we get home till six o'clock, in time for me to milk?" Ramah anxiously asked.

"Yes,"—Christian nodded approvingly, a warm glow about his heart at her zeal for her domestic duties,—"it gets no later than six till we 're home. You *want* to go, don't you, Ramah?"

"Why, yes," mildly responded Ramah. "I would n't care to." Which dubious form signified her willingness, not her lack of it.

The appearance of her father at this instant in the doorway, his shirt-sleeves rolled up, his old straw hat on the back of his big round head, and a pipe hanging on his thick red lips, gave them an opportunity to complete their plan.

"Say, pop, Krist he ast me would I go 'long to the county fair Mondays. Have I dare to go?"

"Yes, willingly," promptly answered Mr. Smucher, tossing his head to expectorate across the lawn.

Christian recognized in this ready permission the satisfaction with which Mr. Ebenezer Smucher contemplated the union of his eldest daughter with so eligible a suitor as Christian Yundt.

It so happened, however, that this very event of going to town to the fair, which promised so well for Ramah's matrimonial prospects, proved her undoing.

"I think it can't be I 'm goin' to town oncet," said Ramah, as, on the following Monday, Christian helped her "on the buggy." "It is five weeks since I was on a buggy."

"Mebbe you stick 'most *too* clost to the work," graciously suggested Christian, as he gathered up the reins and his sleek mare started swiftly down the road.

"In a sense of the way, mebbe I do," granted Ramah.

"But work 's healthy," Christian hastened to amend his suggestion.

"Still, I 'd mebbe be heartier if I 'd let the work a little now and again. Mom 's always sayin', 'Now you done plenty enough; just *let* the rest part of it.' But I never felt for stoppin' till it 's all through a'ready."

Christian nodded. "Hard workin' and clost savin'—that 's the way to get along."

"Krist, I want to take time, while I 'm in town, to buy some new dresses and a couple hats," Ramah said. "Will you drive me round to the stores?"

"Are you needin' some new things? It seems like you 're got a new dress on every time I see you, Ramah. Now this here dress," he said, touching her sleeve, "ain't it a new one?"

"No; I had it four times on a'ready. It only cost me three dollars any more."

"Three dollars for one dress!" Christian almost gasped. "Mom never pays more 'n one seventy-five or so!"

"I do now like the pretty new things to wear on me," said Ramah. "That 's why I work so hard, so 's pop 'll give me plenty enough to dress with. Indeed, I could n't stand it not to have a new dress once in so often, and a new hat to match."

Here was a confirmation, from Ramah's own lips, of the fear which had frequently cooled Christian's ardor in making love to her. An extravagant love of finery was her weakness. It was a shock to his feelings to hear her so frankly acknowledge it.

"Will you take me to the stores, Krist?"

"We won't have much time at the fair if we go to the stores," Christian answered without cordiality.

"I 'd sooner miss the fair than my buyin' my new things. Pop give me five dollars to spend yet."

"I don't know where the stores is at," Christian objected.

"Well, *I* do," promptly affirmed Ramah, with a note of persistency in her cold little voice which struck Christian with surprise, for it suggested a quite unconquerable obstinacy in a character which he had felt, without so defining it in his own mind, to be wholly negative. "I know Lebanon eighteen years now, and *I* can show you where the stores is at, Krist. I don't miss myself in town."

This was the introduction to an uncomfortable afternoon for Christian. Instead of sitting in his buggy viewing the passing crowds on the fair grounds, eating peanuts and squandering an occasional dime on a side-show, he was dragged, an unwilling victim, from milliner's to dry-goods store and back to milliner's, witnessing the while, with keen discomfort, the quite reckless extravagance of his girl in indulging her taste in ribbons, laces, and other furbelows.

"They sell ice-cream *here*," Ramah hinted to him as they were passing through the aisles of the department-store. An essential feature of the festivity of bringing a girl to town was treating her to ice-cream.

"Do they?" dully responded Christian. He had seen a sign at the door, "Ice-cream, a dollar a gal." "I ain't payin' a dollar for my gal," he resolved. "We 'll look a little furder, Ramah," he told her. "I don't like this here place."

"But it 's a good place, Krist, and I 'm wonderful empty. Let 's set awhile here and eat our ice-cream."

"I ain't stoppin' here fer no ice-cream," shortly answered Christian.

"Why not, Krist?"

"I like Beitel's better. That 's where I always go."

"I don't like Beitel's near as good as what I do this here. Come on, Krist. *I 'm* havin' my ice-cream here, anyhow!"

She walked on ahead of him, and there was nothing he could do but follow her, which he did with a swelling rage in his heart at the prospect of paying a dollar for the treat.

When, however, he found, to his immense relief, that the sign at the door was a mistake and that he had to pay only twenty cents for the two biggest ten-cent saucers of ice-cream he had ever seen, he waxed quite jovial and affectionate in the reaction of his feelings; so much so that on coming up from the basement café on the elevator, he turned to the boy who ran the machine and spoke to him with cordial friendliness: "Much obliged to you; come to see us—ain't—when you come to the country."

The boy grinned appreciatively and winked at the salesman who was with him on the elevator.

"Did you see how pleased he was that I told him to come to see us?" Krist

asked as he drew Ramah's hand through his arm and walked with her out of the store.

But his good nature was not permitted to last very long. As they went down the street, Ramah saw in a shop-window a red belt and chatelaine, marked seventy-five cents, which instantly her vanity coveted.

"My money 's all," she told Christian. "Will you leave me borry the loan of seventy-five cents off of you, Krist? I 'll pay it back to you as soon as I otherwise [possibly] can."

Christian turned red with embarrassment. He ought to offer to make her a present of it, he knew, but his frugal soul shrank from "spending any" on such a useless bauble. If it were only something for their future housekeeping, now, he would not feel so reluctant. But a lurid red belt and bag—where was the prudence or sense in squandering hard-earned money on such a thing?

"Leave me buy you something more usefuler, Ramah."

"Them 's useful enough. They just match my red dress," Ramah answered, with that mild persistency of hers which Christian was beginning to find most irritating.

"You spend everything at the clo'es, Ramah!" he rebuked her.

"Will you leave me borry the loan of seventy-five off of you, Krist?" she repeated.

"Leave me buy you such a Ninety-nine Cent Store clock," Christian suggested.

"All right. But will you leave me borry the loan of them seventy-five?"

"Would you sooner have that there bag and belt than a clock, where 's so useful?" he demanded.

"I ain't astin' you to give me a present of this here belt and bag. I 'm only astin' you to leave me lend the price of it off of you. Will you?"

"Well, if you think your pop won't say I had n't ought to have left you spend so," Christian rather shamefacedly consented.

They had occupied so much time in the shops that there was not much left for the fair.

On the drive home Christian was low-spirited and had not much to say; but Ramah's whole personality exhaled her deep but quiet satisfaction in the purchases she was taking home.

"Do you think, Ramah, that when you 're married oncet, you 'd be wantin' to spend everything at the clo'es?" Christian rather sullenly asked of her, when they had ridden for a long space in silence.

"If I could n't spend at the clo'es after I was married, I would n't be much for gettin' married," quietly answered Ramah.

Christian gave his mare a cut with the whip which sent her bounding along on the road at her greatest speed.

Ramah gasped. "Well, Krist, but you *are!*" she mildly reproved him.

"I don't see," growled Christian, "how you ever can wear *out* so many dresses still."

"Well, when I overgrow my clo'es or get tired of 'em still, I give 'em to my little sister where ain't outgrown yet, and *she* fits 'em."

"And if we was married," Christian burst forth, his feelings getting the better of his prudence, "would you think I 'd buy you clo'es to give over to your *sister?* Well, I 'd *see* myself, Ramah Smucher!"

"You ain't never ast me straight out would I marry you, Krist," Ramah gently suggested.

Christian suddenly found himself in a tight corner. He moved uneasily in his seat and swallowed hard. For a moment the only sound which broke the embarrassing silence between them was the stamp of the mare's hoofs on the road.

"The road 's nice for drivin' this evening, ain't?" he presently said in a rather feeble voice. "Last time I was on the buggy it was so muddy I could n't drive through any more."

Ramah made no answer. Christian realized uncomfortably what impatience she must feel with him for so signally failing to rise to her bait.

"You ain't so young yet, neither, Ramah," he said defensively—"about twenty-two."

Ramah was silent.

"Ain't you about twenty-two?"

"I have objections of telling," stiffly answered Ramah.

"Well, it don't matter anything," conceded Christian.

"Then what did you bring it up for?"

"Well," stammered this "truthful James," "I want to show that I mebbe had my reasons, too, for hesitatin'."

"Krist," Ramah said pathetically, "it 's

hard work makes me look some older to what I *am*. I 'm workin' early and late still, and you know that makes somepin' at the looks."

"Yes," said Christian, a little mollified.

The rest of the drive passed without any further discord; but when, at six o'clock, they reached the Smucher farm, Christian had the prudence to decline to come in to supper, for he was convinced that he had already gone too far with Ramah unless he was sure he meant to marry her.

Ramah was evidently chagrined at his firm refusal to her urgent invitation.

"Are you spited at me, Krist, for somepin'?" she asked as she stood at the gate while he held the bridle, ready to get into the buggy again after having helped her out and given her bundles to her brother, who had come out.

"No," answered Christian. "I 'll wait here, Ramah, while you get that seventy-five cents off your pop."

"I can give that to you when you come over next Saturday evening to set up with me."

"All right," Krist agreed; but as he jumped into his buggy he made a swift mental calculation. He had fortunately forgotten to hand out, with the other bundles, the Ninety-nine Cent Store clock which he had bought her, and he now determined that until he got that seventy-five cents which she owed him he would not give up the clock.

"Good-by, Ramah," he hastily said, gathering up his reins quickly; and before she could answer him his mare had responded to the slap of the reins and was dashing down the road toward his father's gate.

III

THE RETURN TO SALLY

After duly weighing the matter, Christian decided that Sallie Cougenhauer's idleness was not quite so grave a drawback to matrimony as was Ramah Smucher's extravagance in dress. He would return to Sallie.

"She 's anyways better company," thought Christian, with satisfaction.

He knew that his desertion of Sallie for Ramah had made both him and Sallie the subjects of unpleasant comment in the neighborhood. His attentions to Ramah had gone even further than those to Sallie, but he hoped that his virtue in returning to Sallie would counteract the effect of what he realized would be considered his dastardly behavior in giving up Ramah after having actually taken her to the county fair.

"It 's a difference in girls, too," he heavily pondered as he made his way one Saturday evening, three weeks after the trip to the fair, to the Cougenhauer farm. "A body would n't of thought it could be such a difference in girls as what there is."

He had, of course, allowed time to go by during which he had kept away from Ramah, in order to let her know that he had changed his mind concerning her. This he considered her due before he presented himself once more to Sallie.

He did not feel very much embarrassed at the idea of facing Sallie after his season of unfaithfulness. "She 'll be wonderful glad to see me again," was his confident thought, feeling at the same time a pang of pity for poor lonely, deserted Ramah.

"I 'll ast Sallie to come walk on the cemetery, and I 'll ast her right aways to pass me her promise to get married as soon as she otherwise can."

His pleasant contemplation of Sallie's gratified surprise in this unexpected good fortune made his walk across the fields very short indeed.

What, then, was his chagrin to find Sallie seated on the front porch with Ramah's brother Ebenezer, the whole aspect and attitude of the two manifesting the unmistakable fact that they were "keeping comp'ny."

He quickly reflected, however, that Sallie must surely prefer to take him back if she got the chance, rather than marry Ebenezer, who was one of four children, while he, Christian, was the only son of the richest farmer of the township. So he boldly opened the gate and walked up to the pair on the porch. He could see the laughter in Sallie's eyes and the broad grin on Ebenezer's mouth as he drew near; but in a few minutes, he felt confident, Ebenezer would be laughing "on the other side of his face," for Christian meant to settle without any delay the question as to which of them Sallie would have.

"Well, Sallie!" he greeted her as he stood at the porch steps. "Well, Ebenezer!"

"Well, Krist!" they both answered.

"I thought I 'd come over oncet, Sallie."

"Did you want to see pop and mom, Krist?" jocosely asked Sallie.

"No; I come to see you."

"Did you, now?" Sallie asked, raising her eyes in mock astonishment. "What 's your urrand, Krist?"

"It ain't no urrand. I come to set up."

Sallie's brows went up a bit higher. "Why, I thought you was settin' up Saturdays with Ramah Smucher! I heard it put out that you took her to the fair Mondays three weeks back."

"I guess," said Christian, feeling awkward in the presence of Ramah's brother, "me and Ramah seen we 'd made a mistake."

"Like what me and you seen we 'd made, Krist?"

"I feel now, Sallie, I never made no mistake in comin' to see you. And," he boldly announced, "I 've came back."

"And that 's your second mistake, Krist. And, you know, a mistake is no haystack or every one would have a cow."

"Sallie, I tell you right now I don't feel I 'm makin' no mistake this time. I pass you my promise."

"You think you was mistaken in thinkin' you was mistaken?" laughed Sallie. "But *I* don't think I was mistaken, Krist, when I perferred Ebenezer to you. Me and Ebenezer 's promised this two weeks a'ready."

"But you dare have *me*, Sallie," heartily urged Christian, his zeal in his quest getting the better of his compassion for Ebenezer. "Ebenezer he knows I had first chancet, and he has the right to give you back to me."

Sallie threw back her pretty head and screamed with laughter, and Ebenezer joined her with a shout of mirth, the occasion of which Christian could not see.

"*Dare* I have you, Krist?" Sallie chokingly asked.

"Yes, willingly."

"Well, Krist, I 'm much obliged. But you dare n't have *me*."

"Is it you 're afraid of makin' Ebenezer mad, Sallie?"

"It 's that I don't want *you*."

"Is it you want to be coaxed that way, Sallie?"

"Coaxin' would n't do you no good, Krist."

"You know how good fixed I am—better 'n Ebenezer."

"If you was hung with gold dollars and Ebenezer was in rags, I 'd take *him*."

Christian stared at her, his eyes bulging. "What fer, Sallie?" he asked, in genuine wonder.

"Because," spoke up Ebenezer, "I 'm a man and not a pig."

"Och, you 're just mad that I ain't settin' up with Ramah no more," retorted Christian. "But she spends everything at the clo'es."

"Well," cried Ebenezer, "the people says *your* folks is so mean that when they set down to eat, they 're so fer savin', they won't eat theirselves done."

"Sallie,"—Christian turned to appeal to her,—"*is* it that you want to be coaxed?"

"Krist, I said I was promised to Ebenezer. But if I was n't promised to no one, I would n't marry *you*. It 's like what Ebenezer says: you ain't no *man*, Krist. I pity you,—you 're a poor body,—but I ain't marryin' you for my pity."

Christian could hardly believe his ears. He was, in the eyes of her whom he meant to honor with his name, "a poor body," the object of her pity!

"I don't understand you, Sallie."

"Go home and sleep on it," suggested Ebenezer. "Mebbe till morning a'ready you 'll take a tumble to yourself."

"Sallie, I ast you now, for the last time, will you come walk on the cemetery and let 's settle this here?"

"I ain't got nothin' to talk out with you, Krist. I 'm promised to Ebenezer."

"I 'll give you one more chancet. Are you comin'? Or I 'll go right down back to Ramah this here night."

Again Ebenezer and Sallie shouted with laughter.

"Ramah 's out buggy-ridin' with Jake Gochenhauer. He 's been her steady comp'ny since the first Saturdays you did n't go over to set up with her," Sallie informed him.

"And if you go tryin' to sneak back to *her*," threatened Ebenezer, "it won't take pop long to tell you to go right straight on off."

"Yes, anyhow," warmly assented Sallie. "I guess. Why, Krist, you 're wonderful *dumn* [stupid], thinkin' a girl would take you back after your actin' like what you acted by Ramah."

"Well, she knows now it was a good riddance," said Ebenezer.

"Yes, anyhow," responded Sallie, with as much indignation as her abundant good nature could muster.

Christian, his brain dizzy with a set of impressions of himself and others too novel to be quickly digested, turned away and walked back to the gate.

IV

PERMILLA

CHRISTIAN was humbled, but not crushed. After a few days of bewildered wonder at the unlooked-for turn which events had taken, he rallied sufficiently to plan a signal revenge upon his enemies and detractors. He would "spite" them both—Sallie and Ramah—by straightway marrying Permilla Gumpf!

He almost gasped at his own rashness as he set about carrying out this plan. Permilla's father had died two months before, and had left his wife and four children without any support. Permilla and her mother would have to slave day and night to make their rented farm pay expenses and keep them from starving. Christian knew that if he married Permilla he would be expected to do something for her mother and little brothers and sisters to "help along." Nevertheless, he did not falter in his purpose. He had always liked Permilla. *She*, at least, could appreciate what a good thing she was getting, which was what Sallie and Ramah seemed incapable of doing. And she had the virtues, he knew, which each of the other girls lacked: she was as industrious as Sallie was idle and as economical as Ramah was extravagant. These two extenuating circumstances, together with her profound and just admiration of himself,—for Christian had long enjoyed the pleasing consciousness of Permilla's evident though unexpressed passion for him,—made him overlook her poverty and the humble station of the Gumpfs as "renters."

So when on the next Saturday night, clad in his Sunday suit, he walked up the road to the Gumpfs' rented farm, he quite swelled with the delightful anticipation of seeing Permilla overwhelmed with gratitude and happiness at his condescension.

"I can love her better 'n I could ever of loved either of them other two," he told himself.

He met Permilla before he reached her door. She was gathering early apples in the orchard a little distance from the house. He observed, as he jumped the fence and walked toward her, that she was dressed as he had never seen her before: her gown was new, well-fitting, and pretty, and she wore a most fetching hat instead of the sunbonnet usually on her head. He marveled at this unexpected change in her appearance. He knew he had never before seen her look so pretty, and he was sure she was a great deal better-looking than either Sallie or Ramah.

She stopped her work and looked up in surprise as he came toward her.

"Well, Permilla!"

"Why, Krist!"

"How are you this evening?"

"*I 'm* pretty good. How 's yourself, Krist?"

"I 'm pretty good, too. Are you busy this evening?"

"Och, no; I 'm just getting some apples while I 'm—I 'm waitin'. Are you on your way over to Sallie Cougenhauer's, Krist?"

"No, Permilla; I 'm on my way to see *you*," he reassured her, with an encouraging smile.

"Oh!" said Permilla, her eyes opening wide. "Then let 's go through the orchard over, and come insides, will you?"

"Yes; I would n't care to."

"Is it so, Krist, that Ramah Smucher 's promised to Jake Gochenhauer?" Permilla's gentle voice asked as they walked through the orchard.

"I don't know," shortly answered Christian. "You 're lookin' wonderful good this evening, Permilla. You 're some stouter."

"Yes; I 'm takin' on *speck* [fat], mom says."

Christian wondered that the death of her father should have agreed so well with her health. He had expected to find her pale and wan and worn out; but he had never seen her so blooming.

"That 's a pretty hat you 're wearin' on yourself, Permilla. Did you get it a present?" he curiously inquired.

"No; I just got it *so*—to wear on pop's funeral, you know. It 's just my old hat fixed around. It had such red currants on it, and, to be sure, that would n't suit on a funeral, and I sayed to mom, 'I want to wear myself that looks a little *according*—no such red currants,' I sayed. So I ast

Ramah Smucher would she please and take my hat to town when she is going two days before the funeral. Well, don't you think, Krist, she took it with—and then when she come home she did n't have it along, and the day after to-morrow was the funeral yet. I was so sick she has n't got my hat when she come from town! And then Abe *he* went in special and fetched it. And it looks so nice; the people on the funeral don't believe on me it 's my old hat fixed around. I can't tell right what these here flowers on it is," she added dubiously. "White daisies or narcissus—*what* it is?"

"What did it cost you to have it fixed around?" speculatively asked Christian.

"One thirty-nine," answered Permilla; "and it 's as good as new."

"Who 's Abe?" Christian inquired.

"Oh," blushed Permilla, "Abe he 's—why, he 's Abe Schwarz that lives at Klupp's Church over."

"Was it *him* brought your hat with?"

"Yes," briefly answered Permilla. "You must n't mind the way things is tore up at our house, Krist," she abruptly changed the subject. "We 're repairing up the house and barn, and it gives such a dirt."

Christian stared at her in astonishment. "You 're repairin' up the house and barn?" he repeated incredulously.

"Yes; we 're pretty good fixed now, Krist. When pop died, his brother, my Uncle Adam Gumpf, came from Alaska home, and he give mom some money to live on."

Christian's face beamed as he turned it upon Permilla.

"Then your mom can buy you a' aus styer yet, ain't—when you get married?"

"Oh, yes," eagerly answered Permilla.

"Them 's pretty beads you 're wearin' on yourself, Permilla. Does the locket come open? Mebbe I might give you a wisp of my hair to put in—ain't?"

Permilla hastily covered the trinket with her little brown hand. "It 's so funny to open, Krist; I don't try, still, to open it."

"Permilla,"—Christian took her small hand in his big clumsy one as they slowly strolled through the orchard,—"the first house that 's getting empty I 'm renting."

"Are you gettin' married too, Krist?"

"Yes, Permilla," he answered, pressing the hand he held.

"Who to, Krist?" Permilla inquired, drawing away her hand.

"A girl that lives wonderful clost by," facetiously answered Krist, reaching to take her hand again; but she held it out of his reach.

"Is it Sallie Cougenhauer?"

"*No;* it *ain't* Sallie Cougenhauer. Guess again, Permilla!"

"If it ain't Ramah or Sallie, I don't know *whoever*."

"There 's somebody better 'n either of them two, Permilla."

"Livin' clost by?" wonderingly asked Permilla.

"As clost as she otherwise *could* live."

"Why, Krist! there ain't no girl livin' nearer than Sallie and Ramah."

"There 's yourself, Permilla!"

Christian gazed at her in triumph and shouted with laughter.

"*You 're* goin' to be my girl, Permilla. I 'm marryin' *you*. I like you wonderful much. And I was goin' to ast you before I knowed your Uncle Adam was on and give yous all somepin' to live on."

"But, Krist—"

"How much is it your Uncle Adam give yous?"

"That 's neither here nor there, Krist, because—"

"I ain't changin' my mind any if he don't give you *nothin'*," magnificently declared Christian. "I want to get married to you right aways, no matter whatever."

"Thank you, Krist, but—"

"How soon could you get ready to be married, Permilla?"

"I *am* ready, Krist; I 'm getting married—"

"Would n't you have to do some sewin' first?"

"It 's all done. I 'm gettin' married next Saturdays."

"I don't know if I can make it suit *that* quick a'ready, Permilla; but mebbe till next Saturdays a week a'ready."

"I 'm gettin' married next Saturdays, Krist."

"Och, well," said Christian, a little surprised, "if you 're so set on next Saturdays, I guess I can hurry."

"I 'll be pleased to have your comp'ny at my weddin', Krist."

Christian laughed at the joke. "It would be a funny weddin' without the

mister, ain't? Well, *I 'll* be there, Permilla," he facetiously assured her.

"I 'm gettin' married next Saturdays a'ready to Abe Schwarz from Klupp's Church over," firmly and clearly announced Permilla.

Christian stopped short in the path leading up to the house door. His face flamed red and his small eyes sparkled like beads.

"What 's that you sayed?"

"I 'm gettin' married to Abe Schwarz from Klupp's Church over, next Saturdays."

"You 're promised to Abe Schwarz!"

"Yes, Krist."

Permilla stood before him in the path and looked at him with shy pride.

"Would n't you ruther have me, Permilla?" he feebly inquired.

"I 'm wonderful fond of Abe, Krist. And he 's so good fixed—he'll make me such a good provider."

"Yes," hoarsely granted Christian; "he 's wonderful well fixed—even better 'n me. Who 'd o' thought," he added, in growing amazement, "that *Abe Schwarz* would be makin' up to *you?* Why, he could have 'most anybody—good fixed like what he is and so edu*ca*ted yet! I 'd o' thought he would n't have no one but an Ann-wille graduate!"

"He 'd ruther have me," with humble pride answered Permilla.

"But, Permilla, you *would* of had me of I 'd spoke soon enough—ain't it so, you would?"

"Well, Krist," she timidly answered, "two months back a'ready I might of, mebbe. But I heard since how you was so near that way with your money, and how your pop and mom was always so good to you and did n't never make you mind, but give you every will, and that made you so conceity by yourself that you was n't easy to live with no more. And I says to myself, 'Them things don't bring happiness.' And then I did n't think so much about you no more, Krist, like what I used to still. And then, to be sure, when Abe begin to come and keep comp'ny with me, I liked him so well and I felt so wonderful satisfied that nothin' else did n't make nothin' to me."

"Do you mean you would n't have me even if you was n't promised to Abe Schwarz?" asked Christian, unsteadily.

"No, Krist, I would n't," firmly answered Permilla. "I 'm sorry for you, Krist. I hope it don't hurt you in your feelin's. But—but I took such a *kreistled* [disgusted] feeling toward you."

Christian stared at her with bulging eyes; but, before he could answer, Permilla started with a sudden exclamation as the distant sound of buggy wheels fell on the evening stillness.

"Och, here comes Abe's buggy the road up! Will you come in and see him, Krist, for a minute?"

"No."

"Won't you wait and bid Abe the time?"

"No."

Christian turned his back on her and walked out of the gate.

Permilla watched his broad-shouldered figure disappear into the dimness of the long pike, feeling with a great throbbing of her heart what a different fate would have been hers if he had asked her to marry him "two months back," when her feelings toward him had been so different.

"Abe Schwarz will make me so much better a provider and he 's so much nicer a person!" exultantly thought Permilla.

And Christian, going home in the summer twilight, fully realized, for the first time in his young manhood, that the feminine mind held a view of Christian Yundt and his value in the matrimonial market quite other than that which he himself had been falsely cherishing ever since the day on which he had first touched a razor to his sleek, self-satisfied countenance.

THREE CHARACTERS OF TOLSTOI

PICTURES BY
SIGISMOND
IVANOWSKI

I
KATIA

II
MARIANA
"THE COSSACKS"

III
ANNA KARÉNINA

E. GORDON

KATIA

MARIANA

ANNA KARÉNINA

WILD PANSIES

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

For now, while so quietly
Lying, it fancies
A holier odor
About it, of pansies,—
A rosemary odor,
Commingled with pansies,
With rue and the beautiful
Puritan pansies.—*Poe.*

IT is something of a ride over green, springy hills, and there are four gates to open, and an upland swamp, about whose edges grows wild cyclamen, before you come to the rolling meadow where the first wild pansies bloom in the early spring. The end of February is early spring in California: but you are well repaid for the trouble, for there are several acres of them, all heading the same way, like ventilators on a ship; and they have long stems, and brown backs, which they turn against the wind, and their little faces are yellow, with black eyes, and are as saucy and attractive as the faces of young girls.

Below you the land falls away with a fine, green, rolling sweep, becomes lost for a little in the depths of a cañon, and, rising more abruptly on the other side, forms a range of lofty, chaparral-covered hills, which are stood there to take the edge off the strong Pacific winds, and temper them against their coming to the inland valleys given over to the growing of fruit, almonds, English walnuts, cherries, pears, apples, oranges, and all. Far away to your left, dark and chiseled, out of the soft green Black Mountain rises like an exclamation-point and dominates the landscape. Behind you the hills run softly away, clothed with many-colored cattle and lined with ragged hedges of eucalyptus-trees; descend to sea-level; pass under a shady-village; and become one upon the other side with a flat, pink salt-marsh, which in turn merges into the pale blue of San Francisco Bay. The farther shore of the bay is mist and mountains.

You may travel much, but you will see no lustier, fresher acreage in the world. Nor do I count it a small thing that, in the viewing of it, the pony upon which you have come stands ankle-deep among the yellow pansies. It is something of a ride to reach that exact spot; but the very devil of a walk, all up hill, every step heavy, no full measure given to the stanchest strides, and the wind in your face.

But a number of years ago Marion left her home, and walked thither and beyond, as you shall hear. I think there was no determined end to the walk that she started upon; she only purposed to keep her back to her home, as the pansies keep their backs to the wind, and to go on,—always on,—avoiding the habitations of men and the eyes of women. On,—always on,—pushed by the heavy hand of trouble and damned by the irony of fate. Who would have believed the pitiful tale she had to tell? The generous fault? Yes, there were those who would have believed that. The collision of two trains which made the fault irreparable? They might have believed; they would not have forgiven. Why should they? The stepmother hard as the nether stone; the old father hard as the rocks of his native Plymouth. There was no excuse, no forgiveness. Nothing but to find a lonely place and die. And so she passed from her home, and went up the long toils of the hills, drifting aimlessly like a little cloud, and came at length, mired to her knees and weeping, to the upland meadows where the pansies stood with their little brown backs to the wind and their sunny faces regarding her. There she abode a while and picked a handful of the pansies. It is not known why.

Then she went on, and the wind blew colder in her face as she toiled up the opposing hills; her dress flapped and snapped in the wind; the chaparral tore it, and scratched her face, and her hands, and her ankles. Night came and stars began to twinkle. Marion lay face down on the cold, wet grass and made sure that she would die. Instead she slept and the pansies died in her hands. And, with all the wet and the cold and the cuts and the bruises, she slept a sounder sleep than she had slept for many a black night.

She did not hear the sounds of a horse neighing violently at something in the chaparral; nor did she hear a strong man's voice speak suddenly the name of God and call him good; nor was she aware of strong hands lifting her. Nor did she know that a man who was in a hurry rode with her through the night—at a walk, that she might sleep.

She awoke in the pink dawn, and found herself resting against a strong, broad breast. Strong arms supported her, and she felt the steady, gentle walking of the horse. But it seemed natural to her—a part and incident of the great plan of death. She had died in the night, and was comfortable and thankful. In her hand the pansies drooped.

"Now that you 've waked, young lady, where shall I take you?"

Waked? Yes; in death. How considerate of Death to ask her where she wanted to go!

She made no answer, and cleared her eyes, and laid her half-raised head back on Death's broad, manly breast. He whom kings and emperors cannot bribe, and must come to in the end, shrugged his shoulders, although they ached with their burden, and rode on. After a while the burden became insupportable as it was, and he shifted it a little. Marion awoke again, but in a new position. She saw a pair of brown ears, one pricked forward and one back; beyond them a white cabin among trees; beyond that a semicircle of white beach guarded by abrupt, bare hills and full of the blue, tumbling Pacific.

Again she closed her eyes, but not in sleep this time. She had fainted.

She lay all day on the little porch of the white cabin, pillows under her head, blankets around her, and the fresh wind across her face. A young giant with a smooth face and gray eyes appeared and disappeared; brought her broth, toast, water with brandy in it; adjusted her pillows; went, came, and went again. Now and then rough-looking men rode up to the porch on rough horses, looked at her curiously out of the corners of their eyes, took orders from the young giant, and rode away. She was not quite clear in her mind as to what was happening, what had happened, or what was going to happen. She knew clearly that she was not dead, that was all. She was very sorry. Turning her head away from the wind, she found at her side a tumbler full of water and yellow pansies; one or two were dead past recovery, but the others had revived and looked her saucily in the face.

Turning in the other direction, she saw that a woman's clothing was drying on a line stretched in the cabin yard. She recognized one garment after another, and felt the blood mount to her eyes.

The young giant saw the look of recognition and the blush.

"Don't take it to heart," he said. "You were soaked through and could n't help yourself. It 's all right. Don't be afraid."

After a while the color left her cheeks, for she was very sick indeed, and her heart needed the blood.

"You can't go away for a while," he said. "But I 'll send for any one you say."

"There is no one," she said.

"I thought so," said the big man, gently. "You are in trouble. Don't think about trouble till you 're stronger. Do you think you could go to sleep a little? It is too windy here—would you rather go inside?"

"No," she said; "I like the wind."

"And there is nobody you want?"

Marion looked straight into the big man's kind eyes.

"Yes," she said desperately; "but he was killed in the collision at San José. We were to have been married the next day. I am very unhappy, and I cannot go to my home. I wish I were dead!"

"Gently," said the big man.

"Please don't be good to me," said Marion. "I don't deserve anything good. I 've got to die—that 's all."

"You 've got to go to sleep," said the big man.

Toward evening the big man carried her, mattress and all, into the cabin. The cabin

was divided into two small rooms. In the one farthest from the door was a cot. On this the big man deposited his burden.

"If you need anything," he said, "sing out. And there 's a key in the door, so that you can lock it. Good night, and remember that there is nothing so bad but what it might have been worse."

On the third day she was better and the fever had left her.

"I 've been thinking," said the big man, "that parties will be searching for you, and eventually you will be found here. Now the best thing is to anticipate the search. Send word to your father, telling him where you are and that you intend to—stay." The big man blushed. "It 's for you to say," he added timidly.

Had she sunk so low and was she held so cheap? He seemed to read the thought.

"I mean to do the square thing," said the big man, gently. "Are you a Catholic?"

"Yes."

Marion's mother had been a Catholic, which goes to show that even Puritans from Plymouth are liable to temptation.

"Then I will send to Spanish Town for a priest. We 'll have a bang-up wedding," said the big man, with unction.

"But—you—d-don't know, then, that—" and she turned her troubled face to the wall and told him.

"Don't turn away from me," he said, after a silence. "I 'm not your judge. I 'm only your good friend. Look at me and you 'll see I mean it."

After a long time she managed to turn her face toward his.

"It 's all right," he said. "It 's all right—you are so—so young."

Tears filled the eyes of both.

"See those pansies," said the big man; "why, they were all wilted and dead when I brought you here; but they 're all right now—mostly all right. They 're like you and me—we 're mostly all right, even if we have had our troubles. Girls have hard rows to hoe," he went on; "but so would men have if every wrong thing they do could be found out. The best man 's not as good as the worst woman, I guess; and you—why, you 're a heap better than me. Do you think you can ever forget that poor feller that—that got killed in the train? I want you to try and forget him if you can, and learn to rely on me. I guess you don't love me much now; but maybe you 'll learn to, if I 'm always good to you, as I mean to be."

"But," said Marion, "can you forget?"

He bent over her. She just put her arms about his neck, and drew his face down to hers. They stayed there for a while, cheek against cheek.

"Can you forget?" she said again.

She felt his cheek moving softly against hers until his lips were on hers.

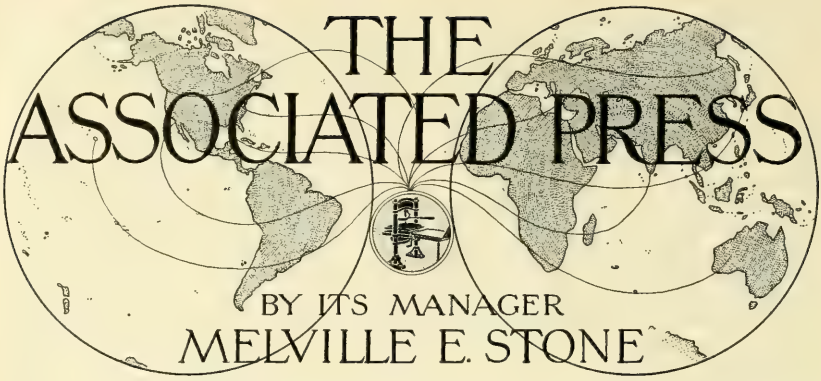
"I have forgotten," said he.

THE VENDORS

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

THE rich have brought us gifts in lavish measure
And gold, by which all things on earth are bought;
And bid us give them for their smiling pleasure
The sweetest songs our lonely dreams have wrought.

We gave our sweetest songs and took their payment,
Laughing the while upon the foolish throng—
Knowing a song is but as beggar's raiment
To all save those whose tears are in the song.



I. ITS GENERAL FOREIGN SERVICE

THESE articles on "The Associated Press," written by Mr. Stone at our solicitation, have to do with a matter that affects the daily lives of the majority of the American people—namely, the news of the world set forth by seven hundred daily papers in all parts of the land. In contents the articles will prove a revelation to the general public and, in great degree, also to newspaper men themselves. They will tell not only of the workings of the system in peace and war, but of the revolution in custom, with regard to news, recently brought about in the countries of the Old World, and by consent of some of its most conservative rulers. On account of the timeliness of this article and the one to follow (which will deal with the circumstances of the abolition of the Russian censorship on foreign news), these two are printed out of the order.—EDITOR.

STUDENTS of American history have long observed that although we established our political independence by the wars of 1776 and 1812, our literary and social dependence upon England has never been fully broken. Our cousins oversea, in the persons of such recognized censors as Gifford of the "Quarterly Review," sneered at our novelists; Tom Moore condemned our democratic institutions; and Charles Dickens accused us of bad manners. We, on the other hand, had not been free from blame. We had taught our children a history of England which related little more of her than the fact that she had fought us in two wars, and we made no account of her splendid record in the development of the world's best civilization. All of these things made for unfriendly relations. Yet, all the while, we suffered London to dictate our opinion respecting every other nation. From its beginning the Associated Press had only one foreign agency, and that was located in the British metropolis. It was from a British news-agency or through the English special despatches that we derived all our European news. True, there were interesting letters from the Continental capitals; but, long before their arrival or publication, the story of any important event had been told from London and had made its impress upon the American mind—an impress which it was not easy to correct. The fact that the British views were presented in the English language obviously made them easier of access and gave them wider currency in this country. Thus British opinion, in large measure, became our opinion.

After the Spanish War of 1898 our vision was suddenly and remarkably widened. Then the ambassadors from the Continental nations at Washington began to urge that the time had come for the United States to look at their peoples through American eyes. M. Jules Cambon, the French ambassador, was particularly perturbed because all of the news respecting

France came through London and took on a British nuance. It did not follow that such reports were inaccurate, but they were written to supply what the English people were presumed to want; and the London point of view, as Lowell said is:

Whut 's good 's all English; all thet is n't ain't.

There was evidence of a strong desire on the part of European powers for pleasant relations with the United States; they were very anxious that the Associated Press should name its own competent correspondents, who should reside in the different Continental capitals of Europe and should study each country as Americans. An unkind phrase respecting the United States in an altogether inconsequential German paper, when printed in the Associated Press despatches in this country, was likely to cause great friction. Although the character of the paper was unknown, it was assumed to voice German sentiment because it was a German paper. This led to a distinct protest on the part of our German-American newspapers against the character of that service, and an urgent demand that we establish a bureau at Berlin.

I explained to M. Cambon the reasons for the existing method. It had been our experience that if an Associated Press correspondent in any of the smaller cities of France should file a despatch for the Associated Press, it would be hung on a hook by a stupid clerk in the government telegraph office. They would then send all the government messages they had, and all the death messages, and all the commercial messages, and then they would take the Associated Press message from the hook and send it forward; but on its arrival in Paris it would suffer a like delay. The consequence was that it took us from six to seven hours to get a despatch through. On the other hand, we had found that we could obtain this news in Paris, send it by long-distance telephone to London, and there put it on the cable and forward it much more rapidly. To send a message from New York to Rome and secure a reply usually required twenty-four hours. I suggested that if the French government could see its way clear to expedite our service, and if it would throw open all departments of the government and give us the news, I should be very glad to establish a bureau in Paris and take all our news respecting France from Paris direct.

M. Cambon asked me to go abroad and take the matter up with his government, and, after some delay and some discussion of the subject, I agreed to do so. This was in the autumn of 1902. The only preparation made was that Ambassador Cambon had reported to the French Foreign Office on the desirability of some change, and had explained to them my wishes.

On my arrival in Paris I called on M. Delcassé, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. He received me cordially, was fully advised of the situation, and evinced much interest. He said that while it was a rather serious business, and one which he must take up with his confrères, particularly the Minister of Telegraphs, he sincerely favored my views. He invited me to breakfast in the palace of the ministry of foreign affairs. There I met two or three of the other ministers. I told them that our people must be absolutely free, that there must be no attempt to influence them. While, in order to be useful, the representative of the Associated Press accredited to any capital must be on friendly terms with the government at that capital, he must not be a servile agent of that government; we could not deny ourselves the right of free criticism, and anything we might do must be done with the distinct understanding that the government would not influence the character of the service as to its impartiality.

I found that there was likely to be a good deal of delay, and, after laying the matter before the French minister and telling him what I desired, and receiving an expression of his purpose to work it out as best he could, I left him.

My interview with M. Delcassé was in his private room in the palace set apart for the department of foreign affairs. He called my attention to an old mahogany table at his side, which, he said, had served three times to affect the fate of the American Republic. On it was signed the convention which Benjamin Franklin and Silas Deane made with the French government to secure funds for the United States in its struggling days. On it were also signed the treaty of peace following the War of 1812, and the treaty of peace with Spain in 1898.

I returned to New York, and a month later M. Delcassé presented his plan. The

French officials would give the representative of the Associated Press all proper information. They would answer any questions that might be of interest to this country, and they would do all in their power to expedite the service. They issued three forms of telegraph blanks: one bearing across its face, in red ink, the words "Associated Press"; the second form, the words "Associated Press, très pressé"; and the third form, the words "Associated Press, urgent." These they issued to us, to be used at our discretion and subject to a general order of the French government, sent to all telegraph employees throughout France, which provided that when the first form was deposited in any French telegraph office, the operator should send forward all government messages and then the Associated Press message should be transmitted immediately thereafter; if the second form, "Associated Press, très pressé," was used, the despatch should follow the government message then on the wire and precede any other government message; and if an "Associated Press, urgent" message should be presented, the operator should immediately stop the outgoing government message and forward the press despatch immediately. This arrangement was put into force. Since then our despatches from France, long and short, have averaged about twenty-one minutes. We established an adequate bureau in Paris, and employed a large number of subordinate correspondents throughout the country, sometimes Frenchmen and sometimes Americans, and our service has proved highly satisfactory. It is no more expensive than formerly, the rate from Paris direct being precisely the rate from London direct, so that we save the transmission from Paris to London for which we formerly paid. The office expenses may be increased somewhat, but, in compensation, we have reduced the office force in London.

I had suggested that Paris, and not London, was the natural point of concentration for our despatches from the Latin nations, and M. Delcassé, having that in mind, invited me to confer with the Italian and Spanish governments. I therefore went abroad again. The French Foreign Office was pleased with the experience they had had. They issued a formal letter of instructions to M. Barrère, French ambassador at the Quirinal, to take the matter up with the Italian government, with a view to inducing that government to expedite our service from Italy to the French border, where the messages would be forwarded by the French administration and rushed on to New York. I went to Rome and, after paying calls on the American ambassador, saw M. Barrère, who had received his instructions, and who entered upon the work enthusiastically. He desired to secure the concession distinctly on behalf of the French government; while he was glad to receive the coöperation of the American ambassador, he wished to make it his own special work. M. Barrère speaks English perfectly.

The American ambassador, Mr. Meyer, gave a luncheon in my honor, at which were present Signor Prinetti, the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, and M. Barrère. The subject was talked over in detail with Signor Prinetti, and I was then commanded to an audience with the King. Going to the Quirinal, I entered a small anteroom at noon, where two aides were in waiting. His Majesty received me in an adjoining room. I found him dressed in the costume of an officer of the Italian army—dark-blue blouse and light-blue trousers with black stripes. He greeted me cordially, and asked me to be seated. He sat on a sofa, while I was given a chair, and we entered into a lively conversation. He said he knew the purpose of my visit, having been informed of it through Prinetti. He was glad that we were disposed to take up the matter of a service from Rome direct, assured me that he would do everything that could be done, and thought there would be no difficulty in meeting our wishes; I could rest assured of his loyal effort in the matter, and that it would be pursued without delay.

We talked at some length about Marconi, in whose work he displayed a deep interest, and of the relations between Italy and America. I suggested the difficult position in which an Associated Press representative would find himself in Rome because of the contest between the Vatican and the Quirinal. I found, however, that while officially affairs were strained, personal relations were not unkindly. Leo XIII was Pope. The King spoke most kindly of the Holy Father, and while, of course, they never met, there was no bit-

terness manifested on either side. I told him that ordinarily it would be necessary for me to appoint two representatives, one for the Vatican and one for the Quirinal, but that I had a man in mind whom I thought *persona grata* to both sides. I had talked of this man with Prinetti, who had expressed the highest confidence in him. The King said he thought it would be quite unnecessary to appoint two representatives if the Vatican were disposed to go halfway; with one man there would be less danger of friction.

The King expressed his high appreciation of the work of the association, and called attention to the fact that a number of his own ministers were newspaper men, and that his American ambassador, Signor Mayor des Planches, was an old-time journalist in whom he had great confidence. He said, in speaking of the relations between the United States and Italy, that he trusted that they would always be cordial. The Italians felt that, through Columbus, they had given America to the world, and that they had a peculiar interest, therefore, in the United States. He also said that while Italy is spoken of as a kingdom, it is in fact a republic in disguise, having the same parliamentary freedom that exists in England and the United States. Concerning Italian emigration to the United States, he said he was greatly pleased because a large number of the emigrants who went to the United States perfected themselves by their sojourn there, learned American methods, and then came back to Italy and applied these methods in their home life. He said that the percentage of Italians who emigrated to the United States and remained there was much smaller than was generally supposed. He added that it was the practice of many emigrants to go to the United States for work during the summer season, and then return to Italy and spend their surplus earnings in acquiring lands and bettering their condition. He expressed the hope that Italian citizens would be found to be good citizens of the United States. They were law-abiding and economical.

I also had an audience with the Pope. It, too, was held at noon. I drove to the Vatican, and was received by a secretary. At every turn of the stairway were members of the Swiss Guard in their brilliant uniform. On my arrival at the residence floor, a member of the Noble Guard greeted me and received my wraps. I was then taken through a long series of rooms until I arrived at the throne-room. There I met a French cardinal, who greeted me, and then I entered the anteroom of the papal reception-hall. A door was opened, and I was admitted to the presence of the Holy Father. The room was perhaps twenty feet by thirty. At one end, on a slightly raised dais, sat the Pope. The surroundings formed a striking picture. The venerable prelate was dressed in the cream-white garb of his office. His face was the color of parchment, and not different from the tone of his vestments. A "dim religious light" came in from the high window. On each side of him down the hall were ranged seats at a lower level.

As I entered, I bowed with formality, and in a faint voice I heard him call my name. He reached out his hand and asked me to approach. Grasping my hand, he requested me to sit at his side, though on a lower level. There was no one else in the room. He took my right hand in his and covered it with his left, and during the hour that I talked with him he held it thus in an affectionate, parental way.

I said that I was afraid he could not comprehend all I had to say in bad French. To which he replied: "I am an Italian and speak French with an Italian accent, and if we speak very slowly we shall be able to understand each other."

He was most anxious that the United States should accredit an ambassador to his court. "I am told," he said, "that there are political difficulties about it, but I cannot see why there should be. Germany, which is a Protestant nation, sends an ambassador to my court as well as one to the Quirinal. Russia, which is heretical and believes its own Emperor is the vicegerent of God, also sends one. Why cannot the United States? I should be very happy if I could close my long career by establishing relations with this young republic through their sending an ambassador to my court." Three or four times he referred to the subject with great earnestness. It seemed very near to his heart.

The Pope at the time had shown wonderful capacity in dealing with the Philippine question. He had been very prompt in his decisions, and I took the liberty of saying to him that he was almost an Ameri-

can in the energetic way in which he had dealt with the subject. He laughed and replied: "Yes, yes; but, after all, what is time to the church? What is yesterday, or to-day, or to-morrow? The church is eternal." Something was said about the Quirinal. I cannot tell what led to it, but I shall never forget the dramatic incident. He was leaning over his chair. "Yes, yes," he said faintly; "I am nearly ninety-four years old. I am a prisoner, but I am a sovereign!"

You cannot leave the presence of royalty until dismissed; you must receive your congé. As he was holding my hand and talking on in a kindly, gentle way, I saw no prospect of a dismissal. Finally I ventured to say: "I am afraid I am fatiguing you?" He turned and said: "You will come and see me again?" "Unfortunately, your Holiness," I replied, "I must start for Paris at ten minutes to three to-day." "Yes, yes," he said; "I know you go to Paris to-day; that was the reason I fixed the audience at twelve o'clock. But you will come again? Come any time within ten years and I shall be glad to see you."

I called on Cardinal Rampolla, and had a long talk with him in respect to the man whom I should appoint as our representative, and I named the gentleman whom I had in mind. He said he had a very great regard for him, and that, while he thought his sympathies were with the Quirinal, he still thought he would be just in all questions pertaining to Roman news. I appointed the gentleman, and he has proved very acceptable to both sides.

At a dinner Signor Prinetti had said that he had had a conference with his colleagues, and that he would be able to meet our wishes. Then he turned to me and said: "I have something which may interest you. Some time ago the Italian government issued, in twenty-five or thirty parts, facsimiles of all the known reports and letters of Christopher Columbus,—every known document bearing his handwriting and signature,—and sent them to the royal libraries throughout Europe. I think we have one copy left, and I shall be very glad if you will permit me to present this one to you." I expressed my pleasure and gratitude.

Three or four days after this dinner I went to the hunt outside of Rome. On my return I learned that Prinetti had, while in audience with the King, suffered a stroke of apoplexy. I left my card at Madame Prinetti's and wrote a letter of condolence to his chief assistant. I received a reply expressing Madame Prinetti's appreciation and adding: "I think you will be interested to learn that the last official act of Signor Prinetti, before he was stricken, was to sign an order to deliver the copy of the Columbus books to our consul-general in New York, to be forwarded to you."

Next day my business with the Italian government was arranged, and from that time our despatches have been coming from Italy in less than half an hour. When the Pope died we received the bulletin announcing the fact from the Vatican, two miles distant from our office in Rome, in nine minutes, and retransmitted it to Paris, Berlin, and London, giving them the first news.

I went to Berlin, where I was "commanded" to an *Ordensfest*, and to dine with the Emperor. It occurred on a Sunday. The Ordensfest was an annual reception given by the imperial family to all persons who had been decorated during the preceding year. The most distinguished men of Germany were present to the number of several hundred. At noon, in the chapel of the Schloss in Berlin, all those entitled to admission assembled. I drove to the Schloss, presented my card, and mounted the stairs to the chapel. At the chapel door I was escorted by a court marshal to a seat, where I watched the company gather. There were generals and admirals and many distinguished men. Facing the pulpit was a space reserved for the imperial family, three tiers of seats deep. After I had been sitting for some time, Baron von Richthofen, of the Foreign Office, came up and said: "This is not the seat for you; you are misplaced. A seat has been reserved for you." Then he led me to a seat immediately back of the imperial family.

When the chapel was filled the master of ceremonies, with his mace in hand, rapped, and the imperial party entered. Every one rose as the Emperor and the Empress appeared and passed to the seats reserved for them. Four pages carried the Empress's train. Prince Henry and Princess Irene, his wife; Prince Leopold and Princess Leopold; and Prince Eitel, the Emperor's

second son, followed. The Emperor sat at the extreme end of a row, with the Empress at his side, and next to Prince Henry, Prince Leopold, and their wives. Behind them were the younger members of the imperial family and the court attendants.

The form of service of the Lutheran faith began, and at the proper times the Emperor rose first, and all others followed his action. When he sat, every one else followed. At the close of the service, the imperial party withdrew, and Baron von Richthofen and his chief secretary, Dr. von Mühlberg, led me to the great White Hall, where a one-o'clock dinner was served. I was seated directly opposite the Kaiser. There were two long tables, one slightly raised on a platform, and in front of this another, at which I was seated. Herr Sydow, Postmaster-General, sat on my right, and Dr. Becker, President of the Reichstag, on my left. There were

From a photograph by Gessford. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

MELVILLE E. STONE

about twenty at table, including the imperial family. After those at the lower table had assembled, there was a warning of some sort, and we all rose while the imperial party, with the Emperor leading, entered.

They came in at the end of the hall and marched across and took their appointed places, everybody standing until the Emperor was seated. At the Emperor's left sat the Empress, and at his right, Prince Leopold. Farther along sat Prince Eitel and Prince Henry and Princess Irene. The Crown Prince was not present. The dinner proceeded without incident. When it had ended the Emperor rose and offered the health of his guests, and then with a martial air turned and marched out, the imperial family following, while we at the lower table remained standing in our places. Then the Hofmarschall, gorgeously arrayed in the gold-braided costume of his office, came up and asked me to follow him. We went through a long series of halls and came to one where there were two doors with soldiers guarding them with crossed bayonets. As we approached, the guards raised their guns, and we entered. I found myself in the presence of the imperial family of Germany.

The Emperor stood at the farther side of the room, by a mantel, and standing about were the Empress, Prince Henry, Princess Irene, Prince Eitel, and Prince Leopold. Nobody else was in the room. I was presented to the Kaiser. He greeted me very cordially, and spoke in English of my mission to Berlin, and expressed his pleasure at the prospect that the people of the United States would be able to see Germany through American eyes. He said freely and at some length that he bore our people in affectionate regard, and assured me that he would give the necessary orders to put the Associated Press in a satisfactory position in Germany. Finally, turning to Prince Henry, he said: "Here is a gentleman whom you know." The prince was standing by his side and greeted me, adding: "I want you to know my wife." He then presented me to Princess Irene. She was cordial, speaking of her English ancestors, and the delight she had in meeting one who spoke her mother-tongue. Meanwhile several hundred people had gathered in the hall outside, awaiting an audience. The Hofmarschall approached and said that the Empress was ready to receive me. She was very gracious and said: "I hope you will enjoy yourself; we want you to know you are welcome." General von Plessen, who had visited the United States with Prince Henry, entered the room and greeted me cordially. As Von Plessen began talking, a young fellow came up,—a splendid, stalwart boy,—and, clicking his heels together, said: "I am Eitel; and I want to thank you for the courtesies you extended to my Uncle Henry while he was in America. It was very kind of you, and we all appreciated it." I said it was a pleasure for which no American deserved thanks. He was delightfully diffident. "Do you like yachting?" he asked. "Have you seen the *Meteor?*" "Yes," I replied; "she is a fine boat." He answered: "I hope to have a sail in her. I am sorry that my brother, the Crown Prince, is not here. He has gone to Russia. He will be greatly grieved because he is not here. I know you return to Italy. How long will you be in Italy? My brother and I are going to Italy, and if you will do me the honor to call on me there I shall be pleased."

By this time the doors of the great hall opened, and the Emperor and Empress went out among the waiting people. The Emperor walked up on one side of the hall and the Empress on the other, an improvised avenue being arranged for each. Baron von Richthofen presented me to a number of ambassadors. Prince Henry came up in a most informal way and said: "I know you will forgive me if I am not as attentive to you as I should like to be, because this is the one time in the year when every one in Germany who has been decorated has the right to command our attention. But," he continued, "I hope you will enjoy yourself. We want to make you welcome. You will meet here many of the most distinguished men in Germany." The Hofmarschall signaled me to the presence of the Empress. Beside her was standing a little old man to whom she presented me. It was Menzel, the artist. He had just painted a picture of Frederick the Great, which he had dedicated to the people of the United States, and I congratulated him on the splendid work. Then I drifted to the other side of the hall as the Kaiser was coming up. He stopped and said: "I think you will find this an interesting ceremony. Every man who has been decorated within

the year comes here, and we hold this reception. This man," he added, pointing to one obviously of the peasant class, "is a letter-carrier. He has been decorated. Back there is a locomotive-engine driver. A man may be decorated for courage or for skill. They all come here on this occasion."

The reception lasted until four o'clock, when the imperial family withdrew.

I met Postmaster-General Sydow. We talked over the French plan for expediting our telegrams. I said I thought a simpler way could be adopted. We finally agreed upon a small red label bearing the word "America." Pasted on a despatch anywhere in Germany, it meant that the despatch must take first place on the wires.

I had now perfected arrangements of a most satisfactory character with the French, Italian, and German governments, and they all went into effect about the 1st of January, 1903.

A year later, I was again invited to dinner by the German Emperor, and had an hour alone with him. He said he was greatly pleased with the better understanding which had developed between Germany and the United States, which he was good enough to attribute in large measure to the presentation of a just view of German events and German motives by the Associated Press. He freely declared his desire to cement the friendly relations existing between the two nations, not because of any immediate political consequences, but in the larger interests of the world's peace and progress. He made no secret of his impatience over the hypercritical, not to say censorious or malignant, tone of a number of journals of both countries, and said he believed that only harm could result from their utterances. His manner was wholly unrestrained, cordial, and democratic. He was greatly gratified at the reception accorded to his brother, Prince Henry, but hoped that no citizen of the United States would imagine that the visit of the prince meant more than a sincere desire to foster good fellowship between the two peoples.

(To be continued)

THE AMERICAN NURSES IN JAPAN

AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE

BY ANITA NEWCOMB McGEE

MRS. ANITA NEWCOMB McGEE, M.D. (who in the Spanish War was acting-assistant surgeon in the United States army, in charge of the Army Nurse Corps), took a party of American nurses to Japan in 1904 for six months' uncompensated service. They were the guests of the nation. The visit of the American nurses touched the heart of the entire people of Japan—the poor, the rich, the soldiers, the governing classes. In two articles Dr. McGee has summarized for the readers of THE CENTURY some of the principal features of their reception and of their unique and valuable experience.—THE EDITOR.

HAD we been princesses, the hurrahs of the crowds could not have been louder, nor their friendly greetings more hearty, than they were when my nurses and I landed in Japan. We had crossed a continent and a great ocean to give a little help to a people engaged in a life-and-death struggle, and that people poured out its gratitude in a thousand ways during the whole of our stay in the land. We were told that Japan, high and low, rich and poor, had never before given such a welcome to a foreigner; but, fortunately for our modesty, we knew that this was not a tribute to ourselves as individuals. To the Japanese we were the personal representatives, not of a

From a photograph

DR. McGEE AND PARTY ESCORTED THROUGH THE STREETS OF YOKOHAMA BY THE CHIEF OF POLICE (LEADING) AND THE GOVERNOR OF THE PROVINCE

government, but of a nation, and that nation the greatest, and to them the most friendly, on earth. Besides, we were women, we belonged to another race, to another religion, and yet we had traveled from the other side of the world to render service to their heroes. In their eyes this was the height of charity and friendship, and their admiration and gratitude knew no bounds.

The nine trained nurses in my party had served well and faithfully in the army of the United States during and after our war with Spain. Some were in Cuba and in the Philippine Islands, and one was also with our soldiers in the Chinese Boxer campaign. Now they were to serve in another army, under conditions which will be better understood by a word regarding the true meaning of the "Red Cross."

In Geneva, Switzerland, in 1864, certain governments signed a treaty binding themselves in time of war to give the privileges of neutrality to wounded soldiers and to those caring for them. This Geneva, or Red Cross, treaty provides for the recognition of the red cross, when officially authorized, as the emblem of neutrality. There is no reference in it to any society or civil organization; but at the present time most of the governments which have signed it have under their control large and flourishing "Red Cross societies" which are virtually auxiliaries to their army medical departments, operating in war only under orders from their governments, which receive no aid except through them.

The spirit of such organizations finds a much-appreciated expression in the exchange of Red Cross courtesies between societies of different nations; and now no war is declared without many offers of personal aid and supplies being made to the combating armies. America and England have no great official societies comparable with those of Japan and certain European countries; but, notwithstanding this, their people have taken part in such international courtesies. For example, during the Boer War Americans sent the *Maine*, a hospital-ship with physicians and nurses, to South Africa, and many English and Canadian nurses served in our army in the Spanish War time.

Before 1898 the nursing in the United

States army was done exclusively by enlisted men; but the need then became so great that before the close of the war with Spain about fifteen hundred women nurses had been appointed for regular military service, and hundreds more would have been employed had they been obtainable. So successful was the work of the trained nurses that when Secretary Root framed the army reorganization bill, at the close of 1900, one of its important features was a section making the "Nurse Corps" of women a permanent part of the United States army. The organization being thus completed, I resigned my position as Acting-Assistant Surgeon, United States Army, in charge of the Nurse Corps, but my nurses still continue me as president of their society of Spanish-American War Nurses.

Acting in the latter capacity, I addressed a letter to the Japanese minister in Washington, in October, 1903, offering to his government the services of a party of our nurses for six months, without compensation, in case a war with Russia should be declared. Of course hundreds of similar offers had been made by Americans, but it so happened that this was the only one which the Japanese medical and military authorities decided to accept. Immediately after the war began, a cablegram to the minister asked me to bring a small number of nurses, the main factor in this decision evidently having been their previous army training and experience, which, during the time they agreed to serve, could be not only utilized, but also critically observed and compared with the Japanese methods.

The small but active and public-spirited society of the Red Cross of Philadelphia most generously coöperated with the Spanish-American War Nurses in this humanitarian effort, and I selected five of the party from Philadelphia. So it was as representatives of both these societies that my nurses and I arrived in Japan in April, 1904.

We little dreamed what was before us that day and many days thereafter. The governor of the province and other officials of Yokohama, with delegations from

From a photograph

WALKING BETWEEN LINES OF WOMEN FROM THE WHARF AT YOKOHAMA

From a photograph by Katayama

THE AMERICAN NURSES, WITH A FEW OF THE SURGEONS, PHARMACISTS, AND CHIEF NURSES (MALE AND FEMALE) OF THE HIROSHIMA BASE HOSPITAL

In the center, Dr. McGee, supervisor of nurses; at her left hand, Lieutenant-Colonel Dr. Onishi, commander of the hospital; at her extreme left, Captain Tanaka, chief surgeon; the three officers at her right hand are, first, Major-General Fujita, now chief surgeon of General Nodzu's army; Major-General Sato, surgeon-general; and Colonel Watanabe, chief surgeon of the Fifth Division.

Tokio and many representatives of the press and of patriotic societies, came out to our steamer in decorated launches, and hundreds of people were assembled on the wharf to greet us. We passed through the city in beflagged jinrikishas, bowing to the hurrahing crowds, and were entertained at "welcome-meetings" and banquets, until we doubted whether all could be real.

But if such was our reception at Yokohama, how can our welcome to the capital city of Tokio next day be described? Representatives of the government and of the House of Peers; generals of the army; officers of the Red Cross Society; the governor and the mayor; princesses and other distinguished ladies, titled and untitled; missionaries; trained nurses; delegations

of school children, and finally the common people of the city, all offered their heartfelt greetings.

At the time of our arrival in Japan the great battles of the war were yet unfought, and so general was the desire to see and hear us that we were kept in Tokio about four weeks, before being escorted to our main post at Hiroshima in western Japan. This time was filled to the brim with welcome-meetings, receptions, official calls, visits to hospitals, to public, private, and missionary schools, to city improvements (some of them surpassing what we have in our own capital), to churches and temples. Everywhere I was called on to deliver an address or to respond to a speech. We were under orders from the moment of landing, and our movements were directed by the officers of the Red Cross Society, especially by one who kindly acted as escort and guide on all important occasions. This was our honored friend, Dr. Takaki, surgeon-general of the navy, retired, and member of the House of Peers.

From a photograph by Satow

REAR VIEW OF THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE RED CROSS SOCIETY OF JAPAN AT TOKIO

While we were in Tokio, the Empress visited the Red Cross Society hospital, in which a room is reserved especially for her use on such occasions. Here we were formally presented, and her Majesty's words to me, as interpreted by a maid of honor, were these: "Empress is very glad to hear about Mrs. McGee's kindness of coming to Japan from such far-distant country on purpose to assist in the charity affairs of nursing the Japanese sick and wounded soldiers and also the others who belong to the present war." (The last words evidently refer to the Russian prisoners.)

From a photograph by Yegi-Honten

REAR VIEW OF THE TOKIO HOSPITAL OF THE RED CROSS SOCIETY OF JAPAN

Both the Emperor and the Empress afterward gave repeated evidences of their interest and sent messages of thanks and appreciation. The same is true of other members of the imperial family and of high officials, especially the Minister of War, to whom we owe a great debt of gratitude for numerous kindnesses, both official and personal.

Of the enthusiasm and gratitude shown by the people themselves a few typical instances may give some idea. The trip

from Tokio to Kioto, the ancient capital, took about twenty-four hours, and although the train started at six o'clock of a rainy morning, bearers of some of the most honored names in the empire were there to bid us farewell. At every station we passed in daylight there was a crowd to greet us, to present addresses of welcome, one who, when I bowed, approached to present flowers.

The day in Kioto was full of most delightful and interesting experiences, after which we continued our journey to Hiroshima under the escort of Baron Ozawa, vice-president of the Red Cross Society, and other gentlemen. The garrison city of

From a stereograph, copyright, 1905, by H. C. White Co., N. Y.

PRIVATE AINO SHIMPEI, WHO SURVIVED WOUNDS IN THE KNEE AND FOOT, AND SEVERAL BAYONET THRUSTS THROUGH THE BODY, GIVEN AS HE LAY HELPLESS

gifts of flowers, cakes, fruit, and local productions of all kinds,—and to shout, "*Banzai!*" ("Hurrah!") Besides the governors of the provinces through which we passed, and the mayors of the towns, we met delegations from patriotic societies, from Christian churches, from the army and the schools. Even where there were no stations, the peasants were watching for us and ran toward the train, waving flags.

There was little sleep for any of us that night. At 1 A.M., when we stopped at Gifu, some thirty men and women, each bearing a lantern painted with a red cross, showed their respect by silently standing in a row opposite our car, all immovable except Himeji, west of Kobe, was reached at three in the morning; and in spite of the darkness we were aroused by "banzais" from the hundreds of people who crowded the platform. The train stopped long enough for the lieutenant-general and other high officers, the city officials and their wives, soldiers and citizens, to offer us a welcome to Japan and thanks for our coming, and for me to reply from my window in a little speech which my interpreter knew by heart from scores of previous deliveries. A band —and bands are rare in Japan—was also there to play for us. Instinctively we turned to one another to ask: "How many generals of our army, busy with war duties,

would go in full-dress uniform, in the middle of the night, to thank a party of foreign women for coming to nurse their soldiers?"

Three hours later, the fourth day of our journey was splendidly begun, for I stepped out upon the broad station platform, not only to shake hands with the usual delegations, including several American missionaries, but also to walk before rows of a thousand school children, whose bright, earnest faces made one forget fatigue. The boys and girls of a great orphan-asylum had gathered to sing a song composed in our honor, and they rendered it with genuine enthusiasm.

Later that day, at a hamlet which could boast no officials and no societies, yet where our train stopped ten minutes, there stood a typical country schoolmaster, with his female assistant and their twenty elementary pupils. In very broken English he bashfully told me he had been teaching his pupils about benevolence and charity, and how these virtues were exemplified by our coming so great a distance to aid the people of another land. To impress the lesson more deeply on their memories, he said, he had brought them to see and greet us. An incident like this throws a vivid light on the Japanese mind and ideas of education.

One of the most remarkable things in the Japanese character is the combination of that fiery heroism in battle, of which all have read, with the gentleness, courtesy, and simple-minded, almost child-like frankness which was shown to us.

Every day of our stay we were more impressed by the marvelous possibilities of this new factor in world-history, and by our own need, as a nation, to understand the Japanese people, to be friends with them, and to learn from them. On the other hand, I do not agree with the writers who have called them and their military organization "perfect," any more than they themselves do. In fact, I found less vain self-esteem than we may see anywhere in these United States; and one of their strongest traits is the never-ceasing desire to improve themselves. For a generation they have studied, and they continue to study, the civilization of the outside world, but they are not mere copyists. On the contrary, their greatest strength lies in their ability to judge wisely; to adopt only what is good, and then to improve on that.

But let it not be supposed from the foregoing that we were welcomed only by the men of Japan. On the contrary, the women of this most courteous nation were not behind the men in showing the same feelings, though by somewhat different methods, and for many of them I grew to feel deep affection and esteem. Yet, as every one knows, the growth which contact with the West has produced in Japan has but slightly affected its women. I maintain that a people whose men progress without its women is like a man trying to walk vigorously with one foot free while the other is wrapped in confining bandages. That the Japanese are beginning to appreciate this became evident in various ways. The subject was touched on in speeches, and in several of the scores of addresses which were received from all parts of Japan.

The president of the Red Cross Society, Count Matsukata, one of the "Elder Statesmen" of Japan, in his formal address at the banquet he gave us, said: "We have every reason to believe that your services will be in a great measure helpful, not only to our society, but also to our countrywomen at large."

One of the finest speeches I ever heard was delivered extemporaneously in English by a Japanese professor of science in a school at Kobe. Addressing us, he concluded thus:

> Your coming to the help of our country at the time of great need, I am sure, will revolutionize the old idea that has been so long clung to by our women, that they have no mission outside of their home. They will find out what there is in women by your noble example, and waken to their responsibilities.

Letters from missionaries tell the same story. One of them wrote of the excellent work being done by a patriotic society of women, founded in consequence of our coming to Japan, and she adds:

> The women of this country have taken a great step in advance, since this war began, in finding how much they can do, in public and private, which before they never dreamed possible for them.

To my surprise and great pleasure, the hand of fellowship was cordially extended us not only by the Christians, but also by the Buddhists of Japan. Their largest sect, the Zen or Soto, after gathering represen-

tatives of its priesthood from other parts of the country and assembling a large company of believers, gave us a "welcome-meeting" at its Tokio temple, and other sects were equally friendly and broad-minded.

At the close of the specified six months of our service in the Japanese army, it was planned by the authorities that we were to be taken on a tour of the country; but the nursing work was then so heavy that we begged permission to remain in Hiroshima until the time came for us to sail from Nagasaki on a United States army transport. Before leaving Japan, however, the scenes attendant on our arrival were repeated on an even larger scale.

This story of our reception will have served its purpose if it conveys to Americans the message of Japanese friendship toward them with which I was charged, and if it helps them to understand and appreciate their neighbors across the western sea.

AMERICANS generally supposed that the party would be sent to nurse on the battle-field, as though they were volunteer soldiers instead of nurses. In fact, although they did go to Manchuria and served on the hospital-ships running to Dalny and to the Yalu River, their main work was in the largest and most important hospital of the Japanese army; and this is not in Manchuria, but at Hiroshima, in western Japan. This city of 122,000 inhabitants is the great military base where the armies are assembled, drilled, and embarked for the field. It has a large and easily defended harbor on the Inland Sea, only a few hours by steamer from the Strait of Shimonoseki.

During the war with China, ten years ago, the Mikado resided in Hiroshima and the business of the government was transacted there. In the present war, while Hiroshima is again the principal seat of military activity in Japan, the government is not there. It may be incidentally remarked that this very clever change in the former plan, in consequence of which foreign correspondents recognized nothing between Tokio and "the front," has been of marked benefit in the maintenance of certain military secrets.

The policy of the medical department of the Japanese army makes Hiroshima of even greater importance to its work than it is to that of the line, for wounded soldiers are not operated on in Manchuria. Their first-aid bandages are applied on the field, and then the men are sent to Japan as expeditiously as possible.

The run from Dalny or New-Chwang, or from Antung on the Yalu, is only three or four days; and after landing the Kiusiu soldiers, the rest are taken to Hiroshima, where the great base hospital is located and the serious surgical work is done. The chief (consulting) surgeon here is a famous Japanese, Surgeon-General Sato; and it was interesting to hear him say that he had served in five wars, including his work under German army surgeons in 1870, but that he had never been near a battle-field. This policy of the Japanese army is one of the evidences that its surgeons have well studied the lessons of history; for these have taught the impossibility of obtaining at the front that surgical asepsis which is so essential to good results.

When my party arrived at Hiroshima, Surgeon-General Fujita, who was then the chief (administrative) surgeon there, said to me, "Except for the smoke and noise of battle, Hiroshima is 'the front.'" These words came vividly to my mind one day in September, when a party of soldiers arrived directly from Port Arthur. All had received comparatively light wounds only a few days before, and had been sent directly home on a transport, so they had not received the attentions usual on the hospital-ships. After landing at Ujina, the port of Hiroshima, they had been transferred to the hospital in the usual way, on sampans up the river; and as they walked in the gate they were indeed fresh from the front.

But "fresh" is far from describing their appearance. The khaki uniforms were soiled, blood-stained, and torn,—one man lacking his khaki suit entirely, and having to wear his heavy overcoat instead; one with an arm bandaged below the remnant of a bloody sleeve; one wearing his flannel abdominal band like a skirt, in substitution for missing trousers; many without socks or caps; and all with bandages proclaiming by their externally soiled appearance their original use on the battle-field.

The Hiroshima hospital in October consisted of eight divisions of different sizes, but with a total capacity of about fourteen thousand beds, or seventeen thousand, if closely crowded. These divisions are lo-

cated on previously vacant land in different parts of the city outskirts, and in the largest one must walk, in merely passing by the foot of each bed, a distance of six miles. An amazing fact is that the division for contagious diseases, including both typhoid fever and dysentery, is one of the smallest, with only five hundred beds. The wards are one-story wooden structures, on the "pavilion" plan, similar to those our medical department erected in the autumn of 1898, and are usually planned for sixty or seventy beds each, with increase to one hundred, if necessary. For officers and critical cases certain wards are partitioned into small rooms. Convalescing patients are sent from Hiroshima to the home hospitals of their respective army corps, or to some health resort, at which places many recover so completely as to return shortly to the front. Several train-loads of patients leave Hiroshima daily, so that the wards are scenes of perpetual change.

All the nursing in the field, and part of that on the hospital-ships and in Japan, is done by men. Some are soldiers who have learned only to carry stretchers, while even the most skilled are inferior to the women nurses of the Red Cross Society in the length and completeness of their training.

THE Red Cross Society of Japan is probably, all things considered, the finest organization of the kind in the world. It has been growing and improving constantly since its small origin in 1877, and now has nearly a million members, an excellent relief organization, and large funds. Its methods are radically different from any volunteer aid we have yet seen in America, for its fundamental assumption is that the army knows its own business and is competent to attend to it. Its general attitude, instead of implying, "We know the medical department will break down in the field, and therefore we insist on going to the front and into the camps to supply its defects," indicates this: "The people of Japan appreciate so highly the work of the medical department that they ask the privilege of assisting in it."

On the contrary, in the Spanish-American War we had a multiplicity of small societies, meaning well, but working blindly and at cross-purposes, accomplishing good at an altogether disproportionate cost of money and labor, and not infrequently interfering with and handicapping the work of the responsible medical officers.

But in the Japanese-Russian War there is a single great, well-prepared organization, the ally and assistant of the medical officers, working only where it is instructed that it will be of use, and accomplishing vast good at a minimum cost.

The Japanese Red Cross Society is characteristic of the nation; for every war, campaign, and great disaster since its foundation has been to its officers a lesson by which they have profited. In the present war they are always on the alert to discover their defects, to learn how to remedy them, and to gain new ideas for improvement. It was as one of many means to attain these ends that some American army nurses were wanted in the Japanese hospitals, where their work could be carefully observed; and for the same reason the writer was appointed by the Minister of War as supervisor of nurses of the Red Cross, with the rank of officer; sent to many hospitals; and required to make reports and recommendations to the Red Cross Society. A Japanese lady, by profession a teacher, had formerly held this position, but since her death it had been vacant.

Trained nurses in Japan do not attain the executive positions so commonly held by them in our country. They become head nurses and over-head nurses, but generally, if not always, the superintendents of training-schools and the lecturers in these schools are all doctors. Although some of the best schools try to get applicants from the upper classes of society, the required entrance examination covers only reading, simple arithmetic, and writing. The training-school of the Red Cross Hospital in Tokio requires three months of probation, during which twelve hours daily is spent in cleaning and other manual work about the hospital. For the next year and a half alternate days are spent in the same way, and the others in attending lectures and studying from notes. At the end of this time the pupils receive printed textbooks for reference, and are sent into the wards for eighteen months of practical nursing before graduation.

Women nurses are also trained by the Red Cross Society in various cities besides Tokio, but these schools require only one year of study and one of practical nursing in some selected hospital. The Red Cross

nurses' training is military throughout, and a large proportion of women take it primarily as an act of patriotism, in somewhat the same spirit that their brothers receive a military training and become reservists. These marry or take up other occupations after finishing their hospital course. All nurses trained by the Red Cross Society must take a binding vow to serve in the army, if physically able, at any time within fifteen years after graduation.

By the beginning of autumn, 1904, the society had supplied for military service all available graduates and pupil nurses as well, a total of 2200 women (besides 594 men). As this number was still insufficient, the society, in October last, decided to accept nurses from three other training-schools of the best standing, and perfected plans for utilizing the professional nurses of the country by giving a short course in military requirements to those applicants whose general reputation was excellent. They expected thus to obtain 506 additional nurses.

One of the most remarkable things about these Japanese women, whom we are accustomed to consider delicate, even frail, is their extraordinary strength and endurance. When we first heard that nurses were on duty at the Hiroshima hospital for twenty-eight hours continuously, with only such sleep as they could get in the ward anteroom, subject to calls, we exclaimed, "Impossible!" But they did it. All through the hot summer those dear little women were in their wards from eight one morning till noon the next day, followed by a third day of eight hours, and beginning on the fourth another long period. Like all Japanese, they drank hot tea at any hour, but they took scarcely fifteen minutes to eat their light, cold meals. They thought nothing of carrying a man on their backs, just as in childhood they had probably carried their little brothers, or perhaps more recently their own children.

But if the women of the Japanese army rival the soldiers in their marvelous endurance, with little sleep, and on a habitually slender diet, they are also like them in their cheerful, generous, and uncomplaining disposition. Their unfailing kindness and willingness to serve are charming traits. The Red Cross Society considers the essentials in a nurse to be obedience to discipline and the possession of a fine sentiment of humanity. Nurses with these qualities and, incidentally be it noted, paid only one yen (fifty cents) a day, are certainly to be valued highly, even if, as an American surgeon says, "they are not half doctors, as is the case with many from our training-schools."

The work of the Japanese nurses in the operating-room is the same as that of nurses in America. If in the wards the Japanese do not appear to accomplish as much in a given time as our nurses do, this is largely because they pay far more attention to the wishes of the individual patient. If he is asleep, his temperature-taking is postponed; if he feels hungry and wants one of his eggs boiled, or if he needs water after drinking his medicine from its bottle, he calls a nurse to wait on him. It is perfectly evident that such attentions are impossible in a ward where everything must be on schedule time; but perhaps we Americans, in some cases, carry our ideas of system too far. In the opinion of more than one person, there exist hospitals in our country where a somewhat larger corps of nurses, with a little more time to give individuals attention, would be of material advantage to the patients. The Japanese patients' ideal of a trained nurse is one as kindly attentive as are his own female relatives.

The greatest difference between the work of Japanese hospitals and those of our country is the former's greater simplicity of equipment and economy of management. We are apt to surround ourselves with so many "labor-saving devices" that the mere care of them becomes a burden, and in our hospitals there is generally a liberal use of supplies. At Hiroshima the really important things (including an X-ray and photographing outfit and a chemical and bacteriological laboratory) are all to be found, but not things which are considered unessential. Bandages from clean wounds are washed, rolled by hand, and used repeatedly, while laundry is kept at a minimum by rules specifying the length of time bedding and kimonos are to be used.

All military patients wear as their sole garment an unbleached cotton kimono fastened by tying a strip of the same material around the waist, and this gives an effect of order and cleanliness which is exceedingly attractive. One of the hospital rules is, "Patients shall attend to keeping their kimonos and themselves clean," and they obey it to the best of their ability. Each

soldier furnishes his own little towel, which he washes out after using. A sink on the roofed veranda of each ward offers washing facilities, and the bath-house is open at certain hours for the use of patients who are able to bathe themselves.

One of the most important duties of the American nurses, both at Hiroshima and on the hospital-ships, was giving bed-baths, for the doctor at the former place promptly ordered a supply of towels when he learned of their ability in that direction. The gratitude of the patients on this account cannot be described. The poor helpless paralytics smiled volumes, and men who had forgotten how it felt to be clean expressed their delight and thanks anew with the washing of each portion of their bodies. One patient said that he had taken his last bath in Japan six months before, and that he had not even been able to wash himself for three months. And there were many with dirt so ground into their skins that it took long and repeated applications of soap and hot water to restore them to a normal appearance. More than once a man's comrades would preside over the interesting process and add their repeated thanks to his. Sometimes it happened that a new arrival who was in pain or had some fever objected to being touched, but he never objected a second time.

Most of the patients felt it a special honor to receive the attentions of the Americans. One, whose wound had resulted in a partial paralysis of arm and hand, had great faith in the effects of their massage, and, eagerly showing me the improvement from two treatments, he asserted that with two more he would be entirely cured. When the Crown Prince sent his representative to visit the hospital, he encouraged such sentiments by the following message to the men in the wards: "The wounded here must specially endeavor to recover quickly, since they have the great good fortune to be nursed by the ladies who have come from so great a distance."

According to a visitor who spent considerable time in our hospital, the amusement some of the men got from the broken Japanese speech and sign-language of their American nurses was a distinct factor in their improvement. One of my nurses assisted in the operating-room, and those on duty in the wards at the Hiroshima hospital and on the hospital-ships shared in all the tasks of their Japanese co-workers, except the keeping of records, of which a large number were necessary on account of the frequent changes.

It was unusual, not only for nurses, but also for any one at the hospital, to know the manner in which the men received their wounds; but now and then an unusually interesting story would come to our attention. The general appearance of the great majority of the patients was one of abundant health and strength. One of these robust-looking persons was Private Shimpei of the Imperial Guards. On July 18 he and a comrade were on outpost duty when they were surprised by Russian scouts, and he was shot in the left knee and in the foot. His comrade, while trying to rescue him, was shot in the head and instantly killed. At that time and place bits of disputed ground were being held first by one side and then by the other, so Shimpei was left where he fell, with only the dead for company. After a long day and night, and at the close of a still longer second day of pain, he saw five men at last approach; and though they wore the Russian uniform, he called to them for help. Incredible as it seems, each of these five scouts answered his appeal by running a bayonet through his body. Then the tide of battle turned, the Russians vanished, and comrades came and carried him to safety. Two months later, when his photograph was taken at Hiroshima, his knee was stiff, but otherwise he was in excellent condition, with only a collection of harmless scars to tell the story of what he had suffered.

One of the interesting features of the hospital work was the presence on certain days of the members of the Ladies' Volunteer Nursing Association, an auxiliary of the Red Cross Society, with branches in the provinces. The ladies of the Hiroshima branch have an office-room at the main division, from which they send cards to the relatives of each newly arrived patient announcing his return from the field and whether sick, lightly wounded, or severely wounded. Besides such work as this, members of the society meet the hospital-trains at each stopping-place, make immense quantities of bandages and first-aid dressings, and use their funds to secure comforts of various kinds for their country's soldiers.

During the time our party spent in Tokio, I was invited to give an address

before a special meeting of the society. In the course of remarks about our army nursing, I showed the little book on emergency diet framed by one of our own army nurses for use in teaching our hospital-corps men how to prepare dishes for the sick from the army ration and standard hospital supplies. Beyond furnishing plenty of milk and eggs and cooking the rice soft, special diets for the sick seem unknown in Japan, and the greatest interest was taken in the subject by the large audience, which included four imperial princesses and several officers and doctors of the Red Cross. As a result, the little book was borrowed and translated into Japanese.

The Ladies' Volunteer Nursing Association is an admirable part of the Red Cross Society work, for it utilizes in an eminently wise and practical way the patriotic zeal of ladies who are not trained nurses, yet are able to give important assistance to the army. Its original purpose was to raise the social and ethical standing of the trained army nurses through the influence of its imperial and aristocratic members.

SANDY

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lovey Mary"

WITH PICTURES BY W. L. JACOBS

XIX

THE TRIALS OF AN ASSISTANT POSTMASTER

BY all laws of mercy the postmaster in a small town should be old and mentally near-sighted. Jimmy Reed was young and curious. He had even yielded to temptation once in removing a stamp on a letter from Annette Fenton to a strange suitor. Not that he wanted to delay the letter. He only wanted to know if she put tender messages under the stamp when she wrote to other people.

During the two years Sandy remained at the university, Jimmy handed his letters out of the post-office window to the judge once a week, following them half-way with his body to pick up the verbal crumbs of interest the judge might let fall while perusing them. The supremacy which Sandy had established in the base-ball days had lent him a permanent halo in the eyes of the younger boys of Clayton. "Letter from Sandy this morning," Jimmy would announce, adding somewhat anxiously, "Ain't he on the team yet?"

The judge was obliging and easy-going, and he frequently gratified Jimmy's curiosity.

"No; he 's studying pretty hard these days. He says he is through with athletics."

"Does he like it up there?"

"Oh, yes, yes; I guess he likes it well enough," the judge would answer tentatively; "but I am afraid he 's working too hard."

"Looks like a pity to spoil such a good pitcher," said Jimmy, thoughtfully. "I never saw him lose but one game, and that nearly killed him."

"Disappointment goes hard with him," said the judge, and he sighed.

Jimmy's chronic interest developed into acute curiosity the second winter—about the time the Nelsons returned to Clayton after a long absence.

On Thanksgiving morning he found two letters bearing his hero's handwriting. One was to Judge Hollis and one to Miss Ruth Nelson. The next week there were also two, both of which went to Miss Nelson. After that it became a regular occurrence.

Jimmy recognized two letters a week from one person to one person as a danger-signal. His curiosity promptly rose to fever-heat. He even went so far as to weigh the

letters, and roughly to calculate the number of pages in each. Once or twice he felt something hard inside, and upon submitting the envelop to his nose, he distinguished the faint fragrance of pressed flowers. It was perhaps a blessing in disguise that the duty of sorting the outgoing mail did not fall to his lot. One added bit of information would have resulted in spontaneous combustion.

By and by letters came daily, their weight increasing until they culminated, about Christmas-time, in a special-delivery letter which bristled under the importance of its extra stamp.

The same morning the telegraph operator stopped in to ask if the Nelsons had been in for their mail. "I have a message for Miss Nelson, but I thought they started for California this morning."

"It 's to-morrow morning they go," said Jimmy. "I 'll send the message out. I 've got a special letter for her, and they can both go out by the same boy."

When the operator had gone, Jimmy promptly unfolded the yellow slip, which was innocent of envelop.

Do not read special-delivery letter. Will explain.

S. K.

For some time he sat with the letter in one hand and the message in the other. Why had Sandy written that huge letter if he did not want her to read it? Why did n't he want her to read it? Questions buzzed about him like bees.

Large ears are said to be indicative of an inquisitive nature. Jimmy's stood out like the handles on a loving-cup. With all this explosive material bottled up in him, he felt like a torpedo-boat deprived of action.

After a while he got up and went into the drug-store next door. When he came back he made sure he was alone in the office. Then he propped up the lid of his desk with the top of his head, in a manner acquired at school, and hiding behind this improvised screen, he carefully took from his pocket a small bottle of gasolene. Pouring a little on his handkerchief, he applied it to the envelop of the special-delivery letter.

As if by magic, the words within showed through; and by frequent applications of the liquid the engrossed Jimmy deciphered the following:

—like the moan of the sea in my heart, and it will not be still. Heart, body, and soul will call to you, Ruth, so long as the breath is in my body. I have not the courage to be your friend. I swear, with all the strength I have left, never to see you nor write you again. God bless you, my—

A noise at the window brought Jimmy to the surface. It was Annette Fenton, and she seemed nervous and excited.

"Mercy, Jimmy! What's the m-matter? You looked like you were caught eating doughnuts in study hour. What a funny smell!. Say, Jimmy; don't you want to do something for me?"

Jimmy had spent his entire youth in urging her to accept everything that was his, and he hailed this as a good omen.

"I have a l-letter here for dad," she went on, fidgeting about uneasily and watching the door. "I don't want him to g-get it until after the last train goes to-night. Will you see that he d-does n't get it before nine o'clock?"

Jimmy took the letter and looked blankly from it to Annette.

"Why, it 's from you!"

"What if it is, you b-booby?" she cried sharply; then she changed her tactics and looked up appealingly through the little square window.

"Oh, Jimmy, do help me out! That 's a d-dear! I 'm in no end of a scrape. You 'll do as I ask, now w-w-won't you?"

Jimmy surrendered on the spot.

"Now," said Annette, greatly relieved, "find out what time the d-down train starts, and if it 's on time."

"It ought to start at three," reported Jimmy after consulting the telegraph operator. "It 's an hour late on account of the snow. Expecting somebody?"

She shook her head.

"Going to the city yourself?"

"Of course not. Whatever made you think that?" she cried with unnecessary vehemence. Then, changing the subject abruptly, she added: "G-guess who has come home?"

"Who?" cried Jimmy, with palpitating ears.

"Sandy Kilday. You never saw anybody look so g-grand. He 's gotten to be a regular swell, and he walks like this."

Annette held her umbrella horizontally, squared her shoulders, and swung bravely across the room.

"Sandy Kilday?" gasped Jimmy, with a clutch at the letter in his pocket. "Where 's he at?"

"He 's trying to get up from the d-depot. He has been an hour coming two squares. Everybody has stopped him, from Mr. Moseley on down to the b-blacksmith's twins."

"Is he coming this way?" asked Jimmy, wild-eyed and anxious.

Annette stepped to the window.

"Yes; they are crossing the street now." She opened the sash and, snatching a handful of snow, rolled it into a ball, which she sailed out of the window. It was promptly answered by one from below, which whirled past her and shattered itself against the wall.

"Dare, dare, double dare!" she called as she flung handfuls of loose snow from the window-ledge. A quick volley of balls followed, then the door burst open. Sandy and Ruth Nelson stood laughing on the threshold.

"Hello, partner!" sang out Sandy to Jimmy. "Still at the old work, I see! Do you mind how you taught me to count the change when I first sold stamps?"

Jimmy tried to smile, but his effort was a failure. The interesting tangle of facts and circumstances faded from his mind, and he resorted instinctively to nature's first law. With an agitated countenance, he sought self-preservation by waving Sandy's letter behind him in a frantic effort to banish, if possible, the odor of his guilt.

Sandy stayed at the door with Annette, but Ruth came to the window and asked for her mail. When she smiled at the contrite Jimmy she scattered the few remaining ideas that lingered in his brain. With crimson face and averted eyes, he handed her the letter, forgetting that telegrams existed.

He saw her send a quick, puzzled glance from the letter to Sandy; he saw her turn away from the door and tear open the envelop; then, to his everlasting credit, he saw no more.

When he ventured forth from behind his desk the office was empty. He made a cautious survey of the premises; then, opening a back window, he seized a small bottle by the neck and hurled it savagely against the brick wall opposite.

XX

THE IRONY OF CHANCE

THE snow, which had begun as an insignificant flurry in the morning, developed into a storm by afternoon.

Four miles from town, in a dreary stretch of country, a dejected-looking object tramped along the railroad-track. His hat was pulled over his eyes and his hands were thrust in his pockets. Now and again he stopped, listened, and looked at his watch.

It was Sandy Kilday, and he was waiting for the freight-train with the fixed intention of committing suicide.

The complications arising from Jimmy Reed's indiscretion had resulted disastrously. When Sandy found that Ruth had read his letter, his common sense took flight. Instead of a supplicant, he became an invader, and stormed the citadel with such hot-headed passion and fervor that Ruth fled in affright to the innermost chamber of her maidenhood, and there, barred and barricaded, withstood the siege.

His one desire in life now was to quit it. He felt as if he had read his death-warrant, and it was useless ever again to open his eyes on this gray, impossible world.

He did not know how far he had come. Everything about him was strange and unfriendly: the woods had turned to gaunt and gloomy skeletons that shivered and moaned in the wind; the sunny fields of ragweed were covered with a pall; and the river—his dancing, singing river—was a black and sullen stream that closed remorselessly over the dying snowflakes. His woods, his fields, his river,—they knew him not; he stared at them blankly and they stared back at him.

A rabbit, frightened at his approach, jumped out of the bushes and went bounding down the track ahead of him. The sight of the round little cottontail leaping from tie to tie brought a momentary diversion; but he did not want to be diverted.

With an effort he came back to his stern purpose. He forced himself to face the facts and the future. What did it matter if he was only twenty-one, with his life before him? What satisfaction was it to have won first honors at the university? There was but one thing in the world that made life worth living, and that was denied

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by Walter Aikman

"HE SAW HER TURN AWAY FROM THE DOOR AND TEAR OPEN THE ENVELOP"

him. Perhaps after he was gone she would love him.

This thought brought remarkable consolation. He pictured to himself her remorse when she heard the tragic news. He attended in spirit his own funeral, and even saw her tears fall upon his still face. Meanwhile he listened impatiently for the train.

Instead of the distant rumble of the cars, he heard on the road below the sound of a horse's hoofs, quickly followed by voices. Slipping behind the embankment, he waited for the vehicle to pass. The horse was evidently walking, and the voices came to him distinctly.

"I 'm not a coward—any s-such thing! We ought n't to have c-come, in the first place. I can't go with you. Please turn round, C-Carter,—please!"

There was no mistaking that high, childlike voice, with its faltering speech.

Sandy's gloomy frown narrowed to a scowl. What business had Annette out there in the storm? Where was she going with Carter Nelson?

He quickened his steps to keep within sight of the slow-moving buggy.

"There 's nothing out this road but the Junction," he thought, trying to collect his wits. "Could they be taking the train there? He goes to California in the morning, but where 's he taking Nettie to-day? And she did n't want to be going, either; did n't I hear her say it with her own lips?"

He moved cautiously forward, now running a few paces to keep up, now crouching behind the bushes. Every sense was keenly alert; his eyes never left the buggy for a moment.

When the freight thundered up the grade, he stepped mechanically to one side, keeping a vigilant eye on the couple ahead, and begrudging the time he lost while the train went by. It was not until an hour later that he remembered he had forgotten to commit suicide.

Stepping back on the ties, he hurried forward. He was convinced now that they meant to take the down train which would

pass the Clayton train at the Junction in half an hour. Something must be done to save Annette. The thought of her in the city, at the mercy of the irresponsible Carter, sent him running down the track. He waited until he was slightly in advance before he descended abruptly upon them.

Annette was sitting very straight, talking excitedly, and Carter was evidently trying to reassure her.

As Sandy plunged down the embankment, they started apart, and Carter reached for the whip. Before he could urge the horse forward, Sandy had swung himself lightly to the step of the buggy, and was leaning back against the dashboard. He looked past Carter to Annette. She was making a heroic effort to look unconcerned and indifferent, but her eyelids were red, and her handkerchief was twisted into a damp little string about her fingers. Sandy wasted no time in diplomacy; he struck straight out from the shoulder.

"If it 's doing something ye don't want to, ye don't have to, Nettie. I 'm here."

Carter stopped his horse.

"Will you get down?" he demanded angrily.

"After you," said Sandy.

Carter measured his man, then stepped to the ground. Sandy promptly followed.

"And now," said Carter, "you 'll perhaps be good enough to explain what you mean."

Sandy still kept his hand on the buggy and his eyes on Annette; when he spoke it was to her.

"If it 's your wish to go on, say the word."

The tearful young person in the buggy looked very limp and miserable, but declined to make any remarks.

"Miss Fenton and I expect to be married this evening," said Carter, striving for dignity, though his breath came short with excitement. "We take the train in twenty minutes. Your interference is not only impudent—it 's useless. I know perfectly well who sent you: it was Judge Hollis. He was the only man we met after we left town. Just return to him, with my compliments, and tell him I say he is a meddler and a fool!"

"Annette," said Sandy, softly, coming toward her, "the doctor 'll be wanting his coffee by now."

"Let me pass," cried Carter, "you common hound! Take your foot off that step or I 'll—" He made a quick motion toward his hip, and Sandy caught his hand as it closed on a pearl-handled revolver.

"None of that, man! I 'll be going when I have her word. Is it good-by, Annette? Must I be taking the word to your father that you 've left him now and for always? Yes? Then a shake of the hand for old times' sake."

Annette slipped a cold little hand into his free one, and feeling the solid grasp of his broad palm, she clung to it as a drowning man clings to a spar.

"I can't go!" she cried, in a burst of tears. "I can't leave dad this way! Make him take me b-back, Sandy! I want to go home!"

Carter stood very still and white. His thin body was trembling from head to foot, and the veins stood out on his forehead like whip-cord. He clenched his hands in an effort to control himself. At Annette's words he stepped aside with elaborate courtesy.

"You are at perfect liberty to go with Mr. Kilday. All I ask is that he will meet me as soon as we get back to town."

"I can't go b-back on the train!" cried Annette, with a glance at her bags and boxes. "Every one would suspect something if I did. Oh, why d-did I come?"

"My buggy is at your disposal," said Carter; "perhaps your disinterested friend, Mr. Kilday, could be persuaded to drive you back."

"But, Carter," cried Annette, in quick dismay, "you must come, too. I 'll bring dad r-round; I always do. Then we can be married at home, and I can have a veil and a r-ring and presents."

She smiled at him coaxingly, but he folded his arms and scowled.

"You go with me to the city, or you go back to Clayton with him. You have just three minutes to make up your mind."

Sandy saw her waver. The first minute she looked at him, the second at Carter. He took no chances on the third. With a quick bound, he was in the buggy and turning the horse homeward.

"But I 've decided to go with Carter!" cried Annette, hysterically. "Turn b-back, Sandy! I 've changed my mind."

"Change it again," advised Sandy as he laid the whip gently across the horse's back.

Carter Nelson flung furiously off to catch

the train for town, while the would-be bride shed bitter tears on the shoulder of the would-be suicide.

The snow fell faster and faster, and the gray day deepened to dusk. For a long time they drove along in silence, both busy with their own thoughts.

Suddenly they were lurched violently forward as the horse shied at something in the bushes. Sandy leaned forward in time to see a figure on all fours plunging back into the shrubbery.

"Annette," he whispered excitedly, "did you see that man's face?"

"Yes," she said, clinging to his arm; "don't leave me, Sandy!"

"What did he look like? Tell me, quick!"

"He had little eyes like shoe-buttons, and his teeth stuck out. Do you suppose he was hiding?"

"It was Ricks Wilson, or I am a blind man!" cried Sandy, standing up in the buggy and straining his eyes in the darkness.

"Why, he 's in jail!"

"May I never trust me two eyes to speak the truth again if that was n't Ricks!"

When they started they found that the harness was broken, and all efforts to fix it were in vain.

"It 's half-past five now," cried Annette. "If I don't get home b-before dad, he 'll have out the fire department."

"There 's a farm-house a good way back," said Sandy; "but it 's too far for you to walk. Will you be waiting here in the buggy until I go for help?"

"Well, I guess not!" said Annette, indignantly.

Sandy looked at the round baby face beside him and laughed. "It 's not one of meself that blames you," he said; "but how are we ever to get home?"

Annette was not without resources.

"What 's the matter with riding the horse b-back to the farm?"

"And you?" asked Sandy.

"I 'll ride behind."

They became hilarious over the mounting, for the horse bitterly resented a double burden. When he found he could not dispose of it he made a dash for freedom, and raced over the frozen road at such a pace that they were soon at their destination.

"He won the handicap," laughed Sandy as he lifted his disheveled companion to the ground.

"It was glorious!" cried Annette, gathering up her flying locks. "I lost every hairpin but one."

At the farm-house they met with a warm reception. "Jes step right in the kitchen," said the farmer. "Mommer 'll take care of you while I go out to the stable for some rope and another hoss."

The kitchen was a big, cheerful room, full of homely comfort. Bright red window-curtains were drawn against the cold white world outside, and the fire crackled merrily in the stove.

Sandy and Annette stood, holding out their hands to the friendly warmth. She was watching with interest the preparations for supper, but he had grown silent and preoccupied.

The various diversions of the afternoon had acted as a temporary narcotic, through which he struggled again and again to wretched consciousness. A surge of contempt swept over him that he could have forgotten for a moment. He did not want to forget; he did not want to think of anything else.

"They smell awfully g-good," whispered Annette.

"What?"

"The hoe-cakes. I did n't have any dinner."

"Neither did I."

Annette looked up quickly. "What were you d-doing out there on the track, Sandy?"

The farmer's wife fortunately came to the rescue.

"Hitch up yer cheers, you two, and take a little snack afore you go out in the cold ag'in."

Annette promptly accepted, but Sandy declared that he was not hungry. He went to the window and, pulling back the curtain, stared out into the night. Was all the rest of life going to be like this? Was that restless, nervous, intolerable pain going to gnaw at his heart forever?

Meanwhile the savory odor of the hoe-cakes floated over his shoulder and bits of the conversation broke in upon him.

"Aw, take two or three and butter 'em while they are hot. Long sweetening or short?"

"Both," said Annette. "I never tasted anything so g-good. Sandy, what 's the matter with you? I never saw you when you were n't hungry b-before. Look! Won't you try this s-sizzly one?"

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"SANDY SAW HER WAVER"

Sandy looked and was lost. He ate with a coming appetite.

The farmer's wife served them with delighted zeal; she made trip after trip from the stove to the table, pausing frequently to admire her guests.

"I 've had six," said Annette; "do you suppose I 'll have time for another one?"

"Lemme give you *both* a clean plate and some pie," suggested the eager housewife.

Sandy looked at her and smiled.

"I 'll take the clean plate," he said, "and—and more hoe-cakes."

When the farmer returned, and they rode back to the buggy, Annette developed a sudden fever of impatience. She fidgeted about while the men patched up the harness, and delayed their progress by her fire of questions.

After they started, Sandy leaned back in the buggy, lost in the fog of his unhappiness. Off in the distance he could see the twinkling lights of Clayton. One was apart from the rest; that was Willowvale.

A sob aroused him. Annette, left to herself, had collapsed. He patiently put forth a fatherly hand and patted her shoulder.

"There, there, Nettie! You 'll be all right in the morning."

"I won't!" she declared petulantly. "You don't know anything ab-b-bout being in love."

Sandy surveyed her with tolerant sadness. Little her childish heart knew of the depths through which he was passing.

"Do you love him very much?" he asked.

She nodded violently. "Better than any b-boy I was ever engaged to."

"He 's not worth it."

"He is!"

A strained silence, then he said:

"Nettie, could ye be forgiving me if I told you the Lord's truth?"

"Don't you suppose dad 's kept me p-posted about his faults? Why, he would walk a mile to find out something b-bad about Carter Nelson."

"He would n't have to. Nelson 's a bad lot, Nettie. It is n't all his fault; it 's the price he pays for his blue blood. Your father 's the wise man to try to keep you from being his wife."

"Everyb-body 's down on him," she sobbed, "just because he has to d-drink sometimes on account of his lungs. I did n't know you were so mean."

"Will you pass the word not to see him again before he leaves in the morning?"

"Indeed, I won't!"

Sandy stopped the horse. "Then I 'll wait till ye do."

She tried to take the lines, but he held her hands. Then she declared she would walk. He helped her out of the buggy and watched her start angrily forth. In a few minutes she came rushing back.

"Sandy, you know I can't g-go by myself; I am afraid. Take me home."

"And you promise?"

She looked appealingly at him, but found no mercy. "You are the very m-meanest boy I ever knew. Get me home before d-dad finds out, and I 'll promise anything. But this is the last word I 'll ever s-speak to you as long as I live."

At half-past seven they drove into town. The streets were full of people and great excitement prevailed.

"They 've found out about me!" wailed Annette, breaking her long silence. "Oh, Sandy, what m-must I do?"

Sandy looked anxiously about him. He knew that an elopement would not cause the present commotion. "Jimmy!" He leaned out of the buggy and called to a boy who was running past. "Jimmy Reed! What 's the matter?"

Jimmy, breathless and hatless, his whole figure one huge question-mark, exploded like a bunch of fire-crackers.

"That you, Sandy? Ricks Wilson 's broke jail and shot Judge Hollis. It was at half-past five. Dr. Fenton 's been out there ever since. They say the judge can't live till midnight. We 're getting up a crowd to go after Wilson."

At the first words Sandy had sprûng to his feet. "The judge shot! Ricks Wilson! I 'll kill him for that. Get out, Annette. I must go to the judge. I 'll be out to the farm in no time and back in less. Don't you be letting them start without me, Jimmy."

Whipping the already jaded horse to a run, he dashed through the crowded streets, over the bridge, and out the turnpike.

Ruth stood at one of the windows at Willowvale, peering anxiously out into the darkness. Her figure showed distinctly against the light of the room behind her, but Sandy did not see her.

His soul was in a wild riot of grief and

revenge. Two thoughts tore at his brain: one was to see the judge before he died, and the other was to capture Ricks Wilson.

XXI

IN THE DARK

An ominous stillness hung over Hollis farm as Sandy ran up the avenue. The night was dark, but the snow gave a half-mysterious light to the scene.

He stepped on the porch with a sinking heart. In the dimly lighted hall Mr. Moseley and Mr. Meech kept silent watch, their faces grave with apprehension. Without stopping to speak to them, Sandy hurried to the door of the judge's room. Before he could turn the knob, Dr. Fenton opened it softly and, putting his finger on his lips, came out, cautiously closing the door behind him.

"You can't go in," he whispered; "the slightest excitement might finish him. He 's got one chance in a hundred, boy; we 've got to nurse it."

"Does he know?"

"Never has known a thing since the bullet hit him. He was coming into the sitting-room when Wilson fired through the window."

"The black-hearted murderer!" cried Sandy. "I could swear I saw him hiding in the bushes between here and the Junction."

The doctor threw a side glance at Mr. Meech, then said significantly:

"Have they started?"

"Not yet. If there 's nothing I can do for the judge, I 'm going with them."

"That 's right. I 'd go, too, if I were not needed here. Wait a minute, Sandy." His face looked old and worn. "Have you happened to see my Nettie since noon?"

"That I have, doctor. She was driving with me, and the harness broke. She 's home now."

"Thank God!" cried the doctor. "I thought it was Nelson."

Sandy passed through the dining-room and was starting up the steps when he heard his name spoken.

"Mist' Sandy! 'Fore de Lawd, where you been at? Oh, we been habin' de terriblest times! My pore old mas'r done been shot down wifout bein' notified or nuthin'. Pray de Lawd he won't die! I knowed somepin' was gwine happen. I had a division jes 'fore daybreak; dey ain't no luck worser den to dream 'bout a tooth fallin' out. Oh, Lordy! Lordy! I hope he ain't gwine die!"

"Hush, Aunt Melvy! Where 's Mrs. Hollis?"

"She 's out in de kitchen, heatin' water an' waitin' on de doctor. She won't let me do nuthin'. Seems lak workin' sorter lets off her feelin's. Pore Miss Sue!" She threw her apron over her head and swayed and sobbed.

As Sandy tried to pass, she stopped him again, and after looking furtively around she fumbled in her pocket for something which she thrust into his hand.

"Hit 's de pistol!" she whispered. "I 's skeered to give it to nobody else, 'ca'se I 's skeered dey 'd try me for a witness. He done drap it 'longside de kitchen door. You won't let on I found it, honey? You won't tell nobody?"

He reassured her, and hastened to his room. Lighting his lamp, he hurriedly changed his coat for a heavier, and was starting in hot haste for the door when his eyes fell upon the pistol, which he had laid on the table.

It was a fine, pearl-handled revolver, thirty-eight caliber. He looked at it closer, then stared blankly at the floor. He had seen it before that afternoon.

"Why, Carter must have given Ricks the pistol," he thought. "But Carter was out at the Junction. What time did it happen?"

He sat on the side of the bed and, pressing his hands to his temples, tried to force the events to take their proper sequence.

"I don't know when I left town," he thought, with a shudder; "it must have been nearly four when I met Carter and Annette. He took the train back. Yes, he would have had time to help Ricks. But I saw Ricks out the turnpike. It was half-past five, I remember now. The doctor said the judge was shot at a quarter of six."

A startled look of comprehension flashed over his face. He sprang to his feet and tramped up and down the small room.

"I know I saw Ricks," he thought, his brain seething with excitement. "Annette saw him, too; she described him. He could n't have even driven back in that time."

He stopped again and stood staring intently before him. Then he took the lamp

and slipped down the back stairs and out the side door.

The snow was trampled about the window and for some space beyond it. The tracks had been followed to the river, the eager searchers keeping well away from the telltale footsteps in order not to obliterate them. Sandy knelt in the snow and held his lamp close to the single trail. The print was narrow and long and ended in a tapering toe. Ricks's broad foot would have covered half the space again. He jumped to his feet and started for the house, then turned back irresolute.

When he entered his little room again the slender footprints had been effaced. He put the lamp on the bureau, and looked vacantly about him. On the cushion was pinned a note. He recognized Ruth's writing, and opened it mechanically.

There were only three lines:

> I must see you again before I leave. Be sure to come to-night.

The words scarcely carried a meaning to him. It was her brother that had shot the judge—the brother whom she had defended and protected all her life. It would kill her when she knew. And he, Sandy Kilday, was the only one who suspected the truth.

A momentary temptation seized him to hold his peace; if Ricks were caught, it would be time enough to tell what he knew; if he escaped, one more stain on his name might not matter.

But Carter, the coward, where was he? It was his place to speak. Would he let Ricks bear his guilt and suffer the blame? Such burning rage against him rose in Sandy that he paced the room in fury.

Then he re-read Ruth's note and again he hesitated. What a heaven of promise it opened to him! Ruth was probably waiting for him now. Everything might be different when he saw her again.

All his life he had followed the current; the easy way was his way, and he came back to it again and again. His thoughts shifted and formed and shifted again like the bits of color in a kaleidoscope.

Presently his restless eyes fell on an old chromo hanging over the mantel. It represented the death-bed of Washington. The dying figure on the bed recalled that other figure down-stairs. In an instant all the floating forms in his brain assumed one shape and held it.

The judge must be his first consideration. He had been shot down without cause, and might pay his life for it. There was but one thing to do: to find the real culprit, give him up, and take the consequences.

Slipping the note in one pocket and the revolver in another, he hurried down-stairs.

On the lowest step he found Mrs. Hollis sitting in the dark. Her hands were locked around her knees, and hard, dry sobs shook her body.

In an instant he was down beside her, his arms about her. "He is n't dead?" he whispered fearfully.

Mrs. Hollis shook her head. "He has n't moved an inch or spoken since we put him on the bed. Are you going with the men?"

"I 'm going to town now," said Sandy, evasively.

She rose and caught him by the arm. Her eyes were fierce with vindictiveness.

"Don't let them stop till they 've caught him, Sandy. I hope they will hang him to-night!"

A movement in the sick-room called her within, and Sandy hurried out to the buggy, which was still standing at the gate.

He lighted the lantern and, throwing the robe across his knees, started for town. The intense emotional strain under which he had labored since noon, together with fatigue, was beginning to play tricks with his nerves. Twice he pulled in his horse, thinking he heard voices in the wood. The third time he stopped and got out. At infrequent intervals a groan broke the stillness.

He climbed the snake-fence and beat about among the bushes. The groan came again, and he followed the sound.

At the foot of a tall beech-tree a body was lying face downward. He held his lantern above his head and bent over it. It was a man, and, as he tried to turn him over, he saw a slight red stain on the snow beneath his mouth. The figure, thus roused, stirred and tried to sit up. As he did so, the light from Sandy's lantern fell full on the dazed and swollen face of Carter Nelson. The two faced each other for a space, then Sandy asked him sharply what he did there.

"I don't know," said Carter, weakly, sinking back against the tree. "I 'm sick. Get me some whisky."

"Wake up!" said Sandy, shaking him roughly. "This is Kilday—Sandy Kilday."

Carter's eyes were still closed, but his lip curled contemptuously. "*Mr.* Kilday," he said, and smiled scornfully. "The least said about *Mr.* Kilday the better."

Sandy laid a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"Nelson, listen! Do you remember going out to the Junction with Annette Fenton?"

"That 's nobody's business but mine. I 'll shoot the—"

"Do you remember coming home on the train?"

Carter's stupid, heavy eyes were on Sandy now, and he was evidently trying to understand what he was saying. "Home on the train? Yes; I came home on train."

"And afterward?" demanded Sandy, kneeling before him and looking intently in his eyes.

"Gus Heyser's saloon, and then—"

"And then?" repeated Sandy.

Carter shook his head and looked about him bewildered.

"Where am I now? What did you bring me here for?"

"Look me straight, Nelson," said Sandy. "Don't ye move your eyes. You left Gus Heyser's and came out the pike to the Hollis farm, did n't you?"

"Hollis farm?" Carter repeated vaguely. "No; I did n't go there."

"You went up to the window and waited. Don't you remember the snow on the ground and the light inside the window?"

Carter seemed struggling to remember, but his usually sensitive face was vacant and perplexed.

Sandy moved nearer. "You waited there by the window," he went on with subdued excitement, for the hope was high in his heart that Carter was innocent. "You waited ever so long, until a pistol was fired—"

"Yes," broke in Carter, his lips apart; "a pistol-shot close to my head! It woke me up. I ran before they could shoot me again. Where was it—Gus Heyser's? What am I doing here?"

For answer Sandy pulled Carter's revolver from his pocket. "Did you have that this afternoon?"

"Yes," said Carter, a troubled look coming into his eyes. "Where did you get it, Kilday?"

"It was found outside Judge Hollis's window after he had been shot."

"Judge Hollis shot! Who did it?"

Sandy again looked at the pistol.

"My God, man!" cried Carter; "you don't mean that I—" He cowered back against the tree and shook from head to foot. "Kilday!" he cried presently, seizing Sandy by the wrist with his long, delicate hands, "does any one else know?"

Sandy shook his head.

"Then I must get away; you must help me. I did n't know what I was doing. I don't know now what I have done. Is he—"

"He 's not dead yet."

Carter struggled to his feet, but a terrible attack of coughing seized him, and he sank back exhausted. The handkerchief which he held to his mouth was red with blood.

Sandy stretched him out on the snow, where he lay for a while with closed eyes. He was very white, and his lips twitched convulsively.

A vehicle passed out the road, and Sandy started up. He must take some decisive step at once. The men were probably waiting in the square for him now. He must stop them at any cost.

Carter opened his eyes, and the terror returned to them.

"Don't give me up, Kilday!" he cried, trying to rise. "I 'll pay you anything you ask. It was the drink. I did n't know what I was doing. For the Lord's sake, don't give me up! I have n't long to live at best. I can't disgrace the family. I—I am the last of the line—last Nelson—" His voice was high and uncontrolled, and his eyes were glassy and fixed.

Sandy stood before him in an agony of indecision. He had fought it out with himself there in his bedroom, and all personal considerations were swept from his mind. All he wanted now was to do right. But what was right? He groped blindly about in the darkness of his soul, and no guiding light showed him the way.

With a groan, he knotted his fingers together and prayed the first real prayer his heart had ever uttered. It was wordless and formless, just an inarticulate cry for help in the hour of need.

The answer came when he looked again at Carter. Something in the frenzied face brought a sudden recollection to his mind.

"We can't judge him by usual standards;

he 's bearing the sins of his fathers. We have to look on men like that as we do on the insane." They were the judge's own words.

Sandy jumped to his feet, and, helping and half supporting Carter, persuaded him to go out to the buggy, promising that he would not give him up.

At the Willowvale gate he led the horse into the avenue, then turned and ran at full speed into town. As he came into the square he found only a few groups shivering about the court-house steps, discussing the events of the day.

"Where 's the crowd?" he cried breathless. "Are n't they going to start from here?"

An old negro pulled off his cap and grinned.

"Dey been gone purty near an hour, Mist' Sandy. I 'spec' dey 's got dat low-down rascal hanged by now."

(To be continued)

COMO IN APRIL

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

THE wind is Winter, though the sun be Spring:
The icy rills have scarce begun to flow;
The birds unconfidently fly and sing;

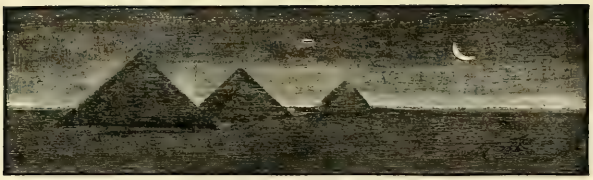
As on the land once fell the northern foe,
Th' exhaustless mountains from the passes fling
Their vandal blasts upon the lake below.

Not yet the round clouds of the Maytime cling
Above the world's blue wonder's curving show,
And tempt to linger with their lingering.

Yet doth each slope a vernal promise know:
See, mounting yonder, white as angel's wing,
A snow of bloom to meet the bloom of snow.

. . . . .

Love, need we more than our imagining
To make the whole year May? What though
The wind be Winter if the heart be Spring?



A MOTHER IN EGYPT

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

"About midnight will I go out into the midst of Egypt: and all the first-born in the land of Egypt shall die, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sitteth upon his throne, even unto the first-born of the maid-servant that is behind the mill."

IS the noise of grief in the palace over the river
For this silent one at my side?
There came a hush in the night, and he rose with his hands a-quiver
Like lotus petals adrift on the swing of the tide.
O small cold hands, the day groweth old for sleeping!
O small still feet, rise up, for the hour is late!
Rise up, my son, for I hear them mourning and weeping
In the temple down by the gate!

Hushed is the face that was wont to brighten with laughter
When I sang at the mill;
And silence unbroken shall greet the sorrowful dawns hereafter,—
The house shall be still.
Voice after voice takes up the burden of wailing—
Do you heed, do you hear?—in the high priest's house by the wall.
But mine is the grief, and their sorrow is all unavailing.
Will he wake at their call?

Something I saw of the broad dim wings half folding
The passionless brow.
Something I saw of the sword that the shadowy hands were holding,—
What matters it now?
I held you close, dear face, as I knelt and harkened
To the wind that cried last night like a soul in sin,
When the broad bright stars dropped down and the soft sky darkened
And the presence moved therein.

I have heard men speak in the market-place of the city,
Low-voiced, in a breath,
Of a God who is stronger than ours, and who knows not changing nor pity,
Whose anger is death.
Nothing I know of the lords of the outland races,
But Amun is gentle and Hathor the mother is mild,
And who would descend from the light of the Peaceful Places
To war on a child?

Yet here he lies, with a scarlet pomegranate petal
Blown down on his cheek.
The slow sun sinks to the sand like a shield of some burnished metal,
But he does not speak.
I have called, I have sung, but he neither will hear nor waken;
So lightly, so whitely, he lies in the curve of my arm,
Like a feather let fall from the bird that the arrow hath taken,—
Who could see him, and harm?

"The swallow flies home to her sleep in the eaves of the altar,
And the crane to her nest."—
So do we sing o'er the mill, and why, ah, why should I falter,
Since he goes to his rest?
Does he play in their flowers as he played among these with his mother?
Do the gods smile downward and love him and give him their care?
Guard him well, O ye gods, till I come; lest the wrath of that Other
Should reach to him there.

HOLY SATURDAY IN FLORENCE

THE STRANGE CEREMONY OF THE EXPLOSION OF THE CAR

BY HELEN ZIMMERN

FOR the Italians Easter is the most important festival of the ecclesiastical year: they attach far more value to it than even to Christmas. Throughout the whole peninsula the date brings with it its family reunions, its fêtes, its ceremonies, its local usages, all of which are rooted, as regards their origin, in remotest antiquity, while each and all are connected more or less directly with the worship of fire as the great purifying element. The appropriation of forms connected with old pagan associations and adapted to convey spiritual meaning adds an antiquarian interest to the study of Catholic symbolism. Of this principle the blessing of fire and water in the rites of Holy Saturday is an exemplification.

The religious meaning attached to fire may be traced in almost all antique worships. The Eleusinian Mysteries, the sanctuaries of Vesta and the Persian Mithras, the festivals of Bacchus, and Druid altars all had their sacred fire. It has been a practice since the earliest date for the church to extinguish all lights on the vigil of Easter; and the reproduction of this fire was proceeded with by the most various means and according to the most various rituals. Florence has always been distinguished in that it boasts a unique ceremony in connection with this rekindling of the altar fires. It is known as the "Scoppio del Carro" (the "Explosion of the Car"), and is undoubtedly of most ancient origin. Indeed, the genesis of the custom as practised in Florence is lost in hoary antiquity. As early as 850 the custom of

carrying the sacred fire about on Easter eve was made the subject of a homily by Pope Leo IV. Giovanni Villani, the gossiping Florentine chronicler, who wrote in the early fourteenth century, says: "The blessed fire of Holy Saturday is carried all over the city, as was the fashion in Jerusalem; and in this solemnity the fire is first taken to Casa Pazzi, because in the year of the great torch-light procession a certain Pazzi, very tall and large, carried a bigger torch than anybody else."

Popular legend tells a much more marvelous tale than this. The myth goes that the Pazzi in question, finding himself one Easter at Jerusalem, whither he had gone as a crusader, had joined the throng who lighted their tapers at the sacred flame within the Holy Sepulcher. Anxious to bring this back unextinguished to his native town, to protect it from the wind he rode the whole of the land journey on a donkey, with his face to its tail. The devil tried, but unsuccessfully, to blow it out, and Pazzi brought his taper back still alight; whereupon he presented it to the city of Florence, only claiming as his privilege to be the first to take a light from it on Holy Saturday to rekindle the lamp that burned before the shrine at the street corner of his house.

According to Ghinozzo dei Pazzi, who wrote a chronicle of his family in the early sixteenth century, one Pazzo dei Pazzi, a famous warrior, had command of the Tuscan militia in the crusade of 1088, and was the first to plant the Christian banner on the walls of Jerusalem. For this he was rewarded by the leader, Godfrey of Bouillon, with three pieces of flint from the Holy Sepulcher and a new coat of arms—two dolphins or, within an orle of six crosses on a field azure. On his return to Florence, Pazzi was received with great honor, and he in his turn presented the three stones he had brought with him to the Signoria, or city government, who very reverently deposited them in the Church of Santo Biagio, then one of the important churches of the city. At once these stones, on account of their sacred origin, assumed a great importance in the eyes of the citizens; and as time went on the Florentine devotion to the flints reached such a pitch that the Signoria prayed of the bishop of the diocese that he would draw thence the sacred fire for the ceremonies of Holy Saturday. They further begged him to carry the fire thus obtained in procession to the other churches of the town, and above all to Santa Reparata, as the cathedral was called in those days. Little by little the custom then sprang up for the Florentines to light little candles called *facelline* from this sacred fire and to go through the town, carrying them and trying to keep them alight, much after the manner in which, until recently, the Romans carried lighted candles during the last evening of Carnival.

And since this fire was held to be sacred, as it was derived from the stones that had lain around Christ's tomb, every man wanted to be the first to light his candle from it. In 1300 it so chanced that the first person to light his facellino was a young man of the Pazzi family. At this the whole clan were so greatly pleased that they resolved that the next Holy Saturday they would celebrate the circumstance with great pomp and with a display of fireworks such as to this day is a sign of Italian rejoicing. The Signoria gave the permission asked, and also gave the Pazzi leave to accompany the fire procession as far as Santa Reparata; and since the family spared no expense in marking the occasion, and it drew the interest of the populace and brought many country dwellers into the town, they were permitted to repeat it year after year.

Year after year these demonstrations grew more showy, the family expending more and more upon rockets and crackers and catherine-wheels. At last it occurred to them to build a car, to be crammed full of fireworks; and this they proposed to place in front of the cathedral, lighting the whole mass from the sacred fire and causing it to explode at the moment when the city bells, silent since Holy Thursday, should burst forth again into merry peals at the stroke of midday, when was celebrated the symbol of Christ's resurrection and the priests were chanting the "Gloria in Excelsis Deo." The notion caught the popular fancy. The people were more delighted than ever, and it silently became an established thing that the Pazzi should repeat the performance.

After a while the Pazzi asked as a grace, in consideration of the sums they expended for the popular pleasure, that the car, after

having discharged half its contents in the Piazza del Duomo, should be borne to the corner of their palace, and that the rest of the fireworks should be exploded there. The permission was granted, and to this hour, after the car has exploded at the stroke of midday in front of the cathedral, the magnificent four white oxen which have drawn it there are yoked to it again, and take it to the Via del Proconsolo, to the Canto dei Pazzi, and at the corner of the Palazzo Nonfinito, now the post-office, but once the home of the Pazzi, the noisy amusement of fireworks in the full light of day is once more repeated.

CHURCH OF THE SANTI APOSTOLI IN THE PIAZZETTA DEL LIMBO

From the Church of Santo Biagio, suppressed in the last century, and turned into a firemen's station, the venerable stones about which so much interest centered were removed to the Church of the Santi Apostoli. This church, one of the oldest in Florence, is said to have been founded

by Charlemagne, as an apocryphal inscription outside records, which also adds that it was consecrated by Archbishop Turpin. Situated in the tiny Piazzetta del Limbo, it is one of the hidden architectural treasures of Florence; for not only do few tourists traverse the narrow and not overclean Borgo Santi Apostoli, where it is situated, but its campanile, which is of great beauty both as regards form and the patina given to it by time, cannot be seen at any point from the street, and is familiar only to those privileged few who are the happy owners of roof-terraces in its immediate vicinity.

The present learned prior of the Church of the Santi Apostoli, to whose courtesy is due the fact that I have been allowed to photograph for this article these most ancient and revered stones, casts great doubt upon the tale of the Pazzi having brought the stones to Italy, and specially at the date named. He told me that he found records among his archives of the striking of the sacred fire from these stones at dates as early as the eighth century. He believes with time that he will be able to trace it back even further. He particularly drew my attention to the bit of iron.

"See," he said, "how from concave it has become convex with successive striking; and when you bear in mind that it was used but once a year, you will appreciate how old it must be."

He is also very skeptical about the legend that the stones had been taken from the Holy Sepulcher, pointing out to me that they were flints, while it is known that the Holy Sepulcher was built of limestone. Still, he thinks it not improbable that the stones may have been brought at some remote time by a pious pilgrim from the Mount of Olives.

These three stones, not much larger than walnuts, are kept by the prior under many locks and keys. Extracted from the ancient press that contains them, I saw that they were inclosed in a dainty little bag of golden brocade tied with golden cords, and this in its turn was inclosed in a small box also covered with fine old brocade. Two are white and one is black.

On the morning of Holy Saturday it is the prior's duty and privilege to carry the stones into the church and strike fire from them—not always a quick operation, as he explained to me, as it is not only a question of striking fire from the flints, but of getting a spark that will ignite the cotton or other material. When this is obtained, he lights a taper from the spark, and this taper is then with much care and ceremony placed in the upper portion of a special *porta fuoco*, shaped like a dove with outspread wings. This porta fuoco, which is carried on the top of a long pole, is a fine piece of fourteenth-century copper and iron work. The eagle, beneath the dove,

From a photograph by H. Burton

THE SACRED STONES, BAG, AND BOX

THE ARRIVAL OF THE CAR, DRAWN BY OXEN

which crushes a dragon under its claws is the arms of the Guelph party, and recalls the fact that the *capitani di parte Guelfa* were for centuries the legal guardians of the stones. In the brazier below were formerly placed live coals kindled from the stones, but the lighted taper now takes their place as being more convenient.

This porta fuoco is taken from the church with much pomp, even in these days, when most church ceremonies have been shorn of their splendor. The archbishop as often as not comes in person. In any case, he sends a substitute, and the municipality sends representatives. When it is a clerical municipality that is in power, the syndic comes himself. Then there is always a flag-bearer with the church banner, the red cross in a white field, as well as the flag of the city, the red lily of Florence.

Never absent, too, are some of the municipal attendants called, in the ancient style, *donzelle*, to whom has recently been restored their traditional costumes of red-and-white jerkin and hose—one stocking and one sleeve red and one white, with the Florentine lily embroidered on their breasts, and on the bannerets that hang from their silver trumpets. These bear the porta fuoco in triumph from the Borgo Santi Apostoli to the baptistery, where it rests on the high altar while the Holy Saturday services are being recited.

While these formalities have been going on in the churches, others have been no less busy in getting ready the traditional car. At first the Pazzi made a new machine every year, but after a certain time they decided to have a durable one. Accordingly they built a huge triumphal car, carved and gilded, and this served for some time; but after a while it was worn out, and others were burned. The present car was made in 1622, as an inscription on the inside testifies. Yet another inscription tells how it was restored in the eighteenth century at a cost of one hundred and thirty-one scudi. Indeed, so many times has it been restored that the inside is a patchwork of many kinds of wood, each piece inscribed with the name of the carpenter

who fixed it there. As it now presents itself, it is a massive square structure four stories high, made of great beams and boards clamped together and supported on low solid wheels. Thick coatings of paint and varnish have overlaid the paintings that commemorated the Pazzi's deeds, but the coats of arms can still be made out. On three sides are the present arms of the family, but on the fourth side are the original arms—six crescents intertwined. A mural crown supported by four inverted dolphins, emblematic of the honors conferred on Pazzo, tops the whole.

When this strange construction has been packed with fireworks, it is adorned with artificial flowers, and the tall light-blue doors of the stable in which it is kept for three hundred and sixty-four days are thrown open—doors the strange color and shape of which must often have puzzled tourists. Here are harnessed to this bulky pile four stately oxen of the beautiful breed so common in the Chianti and the province of Siena, snow-white, with long, wide-spreading horns. These oxen are always selected with great care and from the finest breeds, and owners vie with one another for the honor of drawing the famous car. The big beasts are always richly decked with bright-scarlet trappings, and on their heads and necks are hung garlands of fresh flowers. Creaking and swaying, the car then makes its way through the streets of Florence, followed by crowds of urchins, until, shortly before midday, it is brought to a halt in front of the cathedral doors. Here is fixed to it a wire connected with the high altar at the farther end of the cathedral. At the other end of this wire is a mechanical device made of wood, with a wheel and a slow fuse inside it, known as the *colombina*, or dove. In ruder and earlier times this dove was a living bird.

THE PORTA FUOCO FOR THE SACRED FIRE

During this time high mass is being sung at the high altar of the cathedral, the archbishop, escorted by red-and-white-robed priests, having previously brought the sacred fire from the baptistery, and in the course of the service acolytes rekindle from it the candles and lamps of the high altar. At last approaches the moment of moments for which the densely packed crowd inside and outside the cathedral have been anxiously waiting for many hours.

Midday strikes from the city clocks, the cannon booms midday from Michelangelo's fortress of Santo Giorgio, the choir at the altar intones the "Gloria in Excelsis Deo," the great full-toned bell of Giotto's campanile imparts the fact in glad and solemn chimes, followed immediately by the other church bells of the city, which have been silent since Holy Thursday (in old days a heavy fine was imposed for disobedience); and amid this joyous clamor the archbishop applies a light from the sacred fire to the dove, which goes hissing down the wire that stretches the length of the nave over the heads of the mass of people, out through the wide-opened central door of the cathedral, and on to the car, the fireworks of which are thus ignited; after which the dove once more returns by the way that it came. Loud explosions now follow, crack upon crack, and boom upon boom, which

From a photograph by Mr. G. St. Gem

THE EXPLOSION IN FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL

can be heard the whole length and breadth of the city, drowning the din of the clanging bells and accompanied by the frenzied shouts of joy of the peasants assembled in square and church. For the peasants are deeply superstitious with regard to this dove, and consider its successful passage as a sign that the coming harvest will be good. As for the stay-at-homes, some wash their eyes at the moment they hear the first boom of the explosion, deeming it lucky and wholesome for their sight to do so; while mothers make a practice of loosing the swaddling-clothes of their babes and making them take their first steps while the bells are ringing after the "Scoppio."

All this, of course, presuming that the dove goes well; and by "going well" is meant that it flies straight like a rocket from the high altar to the car, ignites the fireworks instantly, and returns as swiftly and directly as it came. But woe if it sticks, if it fails to ignite, if there be any hitch! The huge close-packed crowd of peasants curse as loudly as otherwise they cheer, and the blackest of omens are drawn from this incident. And the effects are truly far-reaching. Thus, for example, last year the dove stuck half-way down the nave, the fire was extinguished, and the car had to be ignited by hand. It was hoped that the peasants, hearing the traditional crackling and explosion, would not notice; but they did. Hisses and imprecations made themselves heard, and after all was over there was but a poor market for the itinerant venders of miscellaneous wares, who usually do a roaring trade on this occasion. Thus I was told that not a single new straw hat was bought by the country folk, though it is the custom for the peasants to buy after this ceremony, and on this visit to the town, a new straw hat for the coming season; and the number who stream in for this quaint ceremony are legion.

In former times, when the dove did not go well, the man who had stretched the wire was imprisoned. Now he is only left without payment for his labor when such a contretemps occurs.

When the fireworks destined to explode before the cathedral have spent their force, and the tightly packed crowd has dispersed from windows, balconies, roofs, sidewalks, and roadway, the oxen are once more brought round and fastened to the top-heavy structure. The car is then drawn through some of the busiest streets of Florence until it reaches the Canto dei Pazzi, where a fresh wire is attached and the performance of letting off fireworks by daylight is once more repeated until the last crackers are spent and the last rocket is exploded. But this second affair, though it collects some spectators, does not attract the interest of the first, since no augural omen attaches to it.

When all is at last ended and the citizens have returned home, the groaning, lumbering machine laboriously wends its way to its stable near the Cascine, its annual outing over, and the oxen are released from their burden. The "Scoppio del Carro," with its augury for good and evil, is over for the year, and a curious ceremony has been once more repeated, to the delight of thousands of peasants and hundreds of tourists. Certainly there is not a stranger who would miss it, and many come to Florence on purpose. Thus Queen Victoria witnessed it when she was wintering here, and expressed herself as strangely interested and amused. There certainly is no falling off in interest in the show, or likelihood that the quaint custom will be discontinued.

Nevertheless, the Pazzi family, who for years gloried in this signal distinction, some years ago tried to free themselves from the expensive onus of providing for a people's holiday. The head of the house proposed to suppress the festival. The authorities dared not second his proposal or facilitate it. Knowing how attached the common people were to the ancient custom, they feared it might cause a small revolution, especially among the country folk, who honestly believe that the success or failure of their crops is influenced by this usage. To get over the difficulty, the Pazzi gave over a sum of money to the city of Florence, the interest of which should pay for the expenses of the show. This sum, however, proved inadequate; and in order that the people shall not lose their holiday the city makes good the deficit.

AFRICA'S APPEAL TO CHRISTENDOM

BY PRINCE MOMOLU MASSAQUOI OF GHENDIMAH (GALLINAS)

Of the British Protectorate of Sierra Leone

"Come over into Macedonia, and help us."—*Acts xvi, 9.*

INTRODUCTION BY THE REV. JOSIAH STRONG, D.D.

Momolu Massaquoi, Prince of the Veis, is the son of King Lahai of Gallinas and of Queen Sandi-Mannie of N'Jabacca. He speaks of his mother as "a woman of rare intellect, energy, power, and ambition—qualities which promoted her to the position which no other woman has occupied in the Vei territory."

He was born in 1872, and was required by his mother to begin to study at an early age. The Veis are exceptional among African tribes in having a written language. Their alphabet, which comprises more than one hundred characters and is not usually undertaken by Vei children until well advanced in their teens, had been mastered by Momolu when eight years of age. The native teacher, called to examine the young prince, wrote to the boy's mother: "The letters have grown upon the child's brain. I can see the roots when he opens his mouth [i.e., when he speaks]; I see the leaves thereof in his eyes."

His parents were both Mohammedans, and that their son might learn to read the Koran they placed him under the tuition of a Mohammedan priest when eight years old. Two years later he came under Christian influence at a mission school of the Protestant Episcopal Church, where he was sent to learn the English language. After several years' residence at the mission he was baptized and confirmed.

In 1888, when only sixteen, he came to America and entered Central Tennessee College, at Nashville.

Before the completion of his college course, the death of his mother made him the rightful ruler of N'Jabacca, and he felt it to be his duty to return to his people.

After a brief stay in his own country he again visited the United States to represent Africa at the Parliament of Religions and the African Ethnological Congress in connection with the Chicago Exposition.

It was at that time that I became acquainted with him; and I was much impressed by his gentlemanly bearing and by the accuracy with which he used the English language, which he spoke with great fluency and without the slightest foreign accent.

The exposition was a revelation of civilization which deeply impressed the young ruler. After returning to Africa he wrote: "Since I came in contact with the white man and saw the glory of the civilized world, and especially since attending the World's Fair, I have daily asked myself, How can my people be saved?"

The fitting outcome of his study and solicitude is an industrial school, which was opened in May, 1900, at Ghendimah, the capital of Gallinas. Here the pupils are instructed in English, Vei, and Arabic, and in the industrial arts of civilized life. He is not attempting to make Caucasians out of Africans, but he is endeavoring, in his own words, "to develop an African civilization independent of any, yet, like others, on a solid Christian principle."

Among the evils which contact with civilization has inflicted on Africa, Prince Massaquoi recognizes the liquor traffic as supreme. It is debauching whole races, plunging

them into the horrors of savage warfare, and pouring vitriol into the "open sore of the world." Dean Farrar a few years ago declared that this traffic was becoming a deadlier evil than the slave trade. Such a council of the friends of Africa as the prince suggests might well be called, in the name of justice and of humanity, with a view to protecting the undeveloped races of the world from the vices of civilization.

The enlightened nations should unite to end the African rum traffic as they did to stop the African slave trade.

Josiah Strong.

From a photograph by G. W. Varney. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

PRINCE MOMOLU MASSAQUOI OF GHENDIMAH

THE Vei territory is situated on the western coast of Africa. Including the tribes in alliance with the Vei, but which do not speak the Vei language, the territory is about three hundred miles long and two hundred miles wide, extending along the seaboard from Gallinas to Cape Mount.

The principal articles of commerce are palm-kernels, palm-oil, camwood, piassava, rubber, and some ivory. In return the na-

tives get calico, guns, gunpowder, tobacco, hardware, rum, and whisky. To the latter two must be attributed the most lamentable crimes and misfortunes. The forest of the territory contains some of the rarest and most costly timber in existence. That the highlands of the interior abound with minerals is beyond contradiction; the Mandingoes, in whose territory lies the eastern end of these mountains, having dug gold and other minerals therefrom.

The coast of the country is low and marshy, and sometimes proves unhealthful to the Caucasian on his first arrival, unless he conforms in some measure to native health rules. The greater part of the lowland is annually covered by the water at high tide; hence the fertility of the soil, which is prodigious.

There are two distinct seasons, the dry and the rainy. The dry season is from October to May, and the rainy from May to October. There is, however, an intermediate time, the last month of the dry season and the first month of the rainy, during which it is neither extremely wet nor dry. During the months of July and August it rains almost continuously. Terrific downpours are accompanied by a peculiar sound like the cry of an owl, which the Veis call *sonah la keendee coola* ("the snoring of the rain").

GOVERNMENT

THE Vei territory is divided into petty kingdoms: Jaryalor, Sowolo (which two are called Gallinas), Teywa, Konae, Garwoola, and Tombei. Each of these has its own king, and each village or town its own chief. These kings form a sort of double triumvirate, meeting occasionally for the discussion of subjects concerning the whole tribe. The result of these convocations is communicated by each king to his own people, so that the laws throughout the territory are the same.

The king is absolute in certain things only. He has an advisory council, who follow him wherever he goes, and to whom he refers all matters brought before him before discussing them. The most eloquent member of this council is generally the king's spokesman. He understands the law, the language, and the art of persuasion. Each one sets forth the claims or demands of his own tribe. The king does not settle a question by referring it to the council, although he may if he so wishes. In a case requiring instant decision the king acts at once.

Questions between two parties are discussed not by lawyers, but by the parties themselves, before judges appointed by the parties, but approved by the king. A relative cannot be a judge. These judges, together with the king and his council, reason together, casting votes if they disagree. Great crowds gather to hear the judgment. The spokesman gets up, bearing a long scepter in his left hand, and announces the decision. The guilty party is made to pay a fine to the other, but both have to pay the judges. There is then a feast, and the parties thenceforth are friends.

If one man kills another he may be killed by a friend or relative of the deceased. If a man kills his own brother, sister, or relative, nothing is done to him. A father can do what he pleases with his children in case of disobedience. If an idle, good-for-nothing fellow is killed by a brave or patriotic man, nothing is done, as it perhaps is for the country's good that such a man should die. But he must be known by all to be worthless; he is not to be killed solely because he is lazy. When a slave steals, he is whipped and let go; but when a free man steals, a bunch of rice straw is tied tightly round his hand and arm and set on fire. This will burn so as to leave the rogue a spotted mark, which will forever accompany him and show him to be dishonest. Nothing is expected from a slave, but the free man disgraces not only himself, but his entire family.

Upon the king's death, his brother, or the first child of his head wife, takes his place, so that the successor is known long beforehand, and virtually rules while the king is sick or absent. But the people must unanimously proclaim his name before he is considered king. In that sense the government is democratic.

All public questions among the people are settled by vote.

The king receives no regular salary, but only voluntary tribute, the valuable spoils of war, and the profit of his slaves' labor. The subject chiefs of villages and towns, wishing to become prominent in the eyes of the king or to encourage him in his services to the country, will give almost

one third of their annual earnings for his support.

Soldiers go to war at their own expense, depending entirely on the spoils of war for support. Whenever the king announces war, every man gets ready his weapon—gun, spear, or sword. Arrows and slings are seldom used in our territory. Those who do not possess arms may get them from the king or from some man of wealth without price. Before starting for the scene of action they are provided with native bread, cooked rice, and meat. Each soldier ties up in leaves as much as he can conveniently carry, and hangs it round his body.

The spoils of war are retained by each person until his return home, when all are put together. The king takes his choice, and what remains is divided between the soldiers. Mercenaries are sometimes employed, and the amount of their hire is paid to their king for distribution.

EDUCATION

From the cradle, the child learns to be interested in the tribal legends. The older members of the family breathe into his ears the songs of the departed braves who fought for their country, thus implanting the seed of patriotism, which forever grows with undying vitality.

Leaving the cradle, the attention of the child is soon attracted by the beautiful bow and arrow. His next ambition is to be allowed to carry it for his father or brother. He then begins target practice with arrows, and afterward joins in the regular game, hunting, for which the boys are noted. When about twelve he begins the study of the Vei character, and at fourteen goes to the tribal school, called Bellee, situated in the heart of the forest. Boys are then supposed to be in the inside of a great monster—a monster whose growl is thunder and whose breath is a flame, who rules all heathendom, and nightly covers the Vei country with the palm of his hand. God excepted, he is the most powerful of beings. This monster, as the women and strangers are made to believe, receives yearly all male children of a certain age in the Vei territory and devours them. Inside his huge body the children unconsciously get their education without study. They learn fine cloth-making, farming, canoe-making, woodwork of all kinds, the art of magic, prophecy, hoodooism. In fact, they are instructed in everything necessary for boys in Africa to fill their positions as men and husbands.

A similar training-school for girls is the Sandee. In it they learn basket-making, fishing, cooking, and other matters necessary for African girls to know. When the boys are ready to leave the school, the people are surprised, some morning, at the sight of a crowd of boys rushing into the towns and killing everything they come across except the men and the cats. The excuse for this behavior on the part of the boys is that their minds are disturbed with the novelty and freedom of their situation. Four days afterward each father takes his own boy and makes a feast for him, with drum-beating, dancing, singing, and, since the coming of the white man, drinking. At the close, the boy, if of age, is presented with a wife or wives. From this time he is considered a man, and must be called by the honorary name conferred upon him while in the Bellee.

During the four or more days between the turning out and the feast, the boy's head is completely covered with a thick cotton cap, so as to keep him from hearing the voice of a woman.

In other ways than by the preparation mentioned, morality is deeply impressed on the minds of these young people. Every girl undergoes a strict examination before marriage. A man or a woman who violates the laws of virtue is severely whipped, dragged all over the town, and proclaimed an outcast throughout the whole country. They are thenceforth not recognized even by members of their own family.

ENGAGEMENT AND MARRIAGE

In many cases, while a boy is young, his mother engages a young girl or girls for him, the idea being that she can train them as he would wish. It is common to find friends engaging a young woman for a man whom her people have never seen, and they meet only a very short time before the marriage; but the whole history of the young woman is generally known beforehand, so that the husband feels almost acquainted when they meet.

WOMEN

The women lead a somewhat secluded life, seldom joining in conversation with men, unless they are relatives. The girls grow

up to fear and honor men, to be dignified and feminine, thereby helping men to feel their own importance as well as that of the women, whose seclusion is a result of the esteem in which they are held.

The respect paid to a woman soon to become a mother is on a purely Christian basis. She seldom wants for anything; whatever she asks for is given to her. Every one considers it a duty to minister to her comfort.

Even in war women retain their honorable position. They are seldom killed in warfare, although often taken captive, in which case they become slaves, so-called, or wives; but even in captivity they marry only the man they love, and as slaves they are entitled to all the respect belonging to free women. The labors which they perform, and which civilized men consider a degradation, are simply a part of their life and enjoyment, and the cause of their healthy and robust appearance, and do not entail any disrespect whatever. In my own territory, however, they do very little, if any, hard work. Most of the sewing is done by men, formerly with fish-bone or thorn, but now with a needle. The women prepare cotton thread and also cotton for the loom. They also fish with a dipping-net, swimming and catching fish at the same time.

INDUSTRIES

Every man in the Vei territory may be called "Jack of all trades," but each one has his own specialty.

The principal occupations are farming, hut-building, canoe-making, wooden bowl- and spoon-making, or woodwork in general, climbing the palm-tree to gather its kernels, sewing, leather-work, fishing, cloth-weaving, pottery-making, etc.

Farming is simple. During the dry season a man cuts first the undergrowth of the forest, and, when that is dry, the larger trees. When all is thoroughly dried, he prepares torches of bamboo, and gets his friends, or slaves, if he has any, to burn it down. During this operation every one calls out, "Oh, Ngomboo! Oh, Ngomboo!" (which, in the Mendi dialect, means "Oh, thou fire! Oh, thou fire!"), believing that the more noise they make, the angrier gets the flame. In a few hours the site will be perfectly cleared. The farmer then scatters the seed over as much as he can work in one day, using a rude kind of hoe to rake the ground. If it is cassava that he plants, he cuts the sticks and buries them about four inches deep; if sweet potatoes or other roots, he plants them. The soil is so rich that everything grows rapidly without plowing.

The huts are made with poles, mud, and thatch, setting the poles in the shape required, and covering the roof with thatch or leaves. Then some clay is put inside, water poured over it, and the clay beaten with a flat board. This floor soon becomes compact and dry, and friends are invited to mud or daub the house. Some fine red earth is obtained, wetted, and trodden underfoot until sufficiently mixed and plastic. Then it is thrown upon the poles, inside and out. A few days later the wife or wives get better clay and smooth it all over, repeating the operation every few weeks, while the husband attends to the roof.

HOSPITALITY TO STRANGERS

Hospitality may be considered as one of the characteristics of not only the Veis, but of the whole African race. It is considered the duty of every citizen to entertain strangers without the smallest compensation. Places of rest stand always open, and when these are found occupied by strangers, a man goes and tells his wife, who will send her servants with water for the strangers to wash their feet; for, as they wear no shoes, they naturally need such accommodation. Afterward rooms and cloth wrappers are given them, food is brought from all quarters, or they are invited to eat with the people. They continue to be so provided for, even if they stay months. Their garments are also washed and returned to them. On leaving, they generally make a small gift to the wife of the host, though not more than two or three cola-nuts or two or three English pennies.

PAGAN RELIGION

"They condemn what they understand not."

It seems beyond possibility to make some people realize that the pagan African believes in the existence of a Supreme Being. Yet the Scriptures say, God "left not himself without witness." Who spreads

that boundless sky over our heads? Who fills the earth with the joy of sunlight? Who hangs those twinkling stars and gives the bright moonlight nights? Who carpets this vast earth with grass and all kinds of pleasant herbs? It is something or somebody. You may call him Deus, Theos, God, Kamba, or Gol, or whatever name you wish; they will all apply to the same Person, and that Person is known to all. It is he, therefore, whom the Africans "ignorantly worship."

The idea of a mediator is one upon which nearly all religions agree. Wherever we find the idea of God, we also find the idea of a medium between God and his creatures. The Mohammedans have Mohammed; the Zoroastrians, Zoroaster; the Brahmans, Brahma; the Buddhists, Buddha; and the Christians, Christ: and all believe these persons to be perfect, or nearly so. The pagan takes a piece of wood or stone, which cannot lie or steal, and is free from any crime, and through this he approaches and supplicates the great Creator. It is from the point of mediatorship that these things are worshiped by pagans in Africa.

When a Christian reads of the natives on the shores of the Niger sacrificing their children to crocodiles, he shudders at the ignorance of the African; but when he reads of Abraham offering Isaac on the mount, he calls it faith! It is faith in both cases; each has faith enough to sacrifice his only son to God. I do not wish these remarks to be taken as coming from a pagan, but as from one who can see the foundation of good in the pagans' belief.

CHRISTIANITY IN AFRICA

One of the greatest hindrances in presenting Christianity to Africans, and the reason why Mohammedanism is often preferred by them, is the sectarianism which prevails in Christendom. A Mohammedan from the Sudan can pray with the same belief, and using the same form, as his brother in Mecca. What does it matter to the Mussulman how Mohammed entered the cave, or how far he was in it when the revelation was made? Why should he bother himself in discussing how Mohammed began the hegira? All he cares to believe is that God made a revelation to Mohammed in the cave near Mecca; that that revelation exists, and is sacred and infallible; that the prophet really fled from the holy city to Medina; that God is God, and Mohammed his prophet, and all believers should walk as commanded in the sacred book, the Koran.

Christians, on the contrary, have made secondary matters so important as to cause their grand faith to appear unreliable and even ridiculous to the heathen. Some are so blinded by prejudice to the true interest of their cause as to criticize Christians of another denomination in the presence of those they wish to convert.

Christianity should be offered to the heathen as Christianity, not as this or that church. Very little of the gospel is being preached to them, notwithstanding the number of missionaries, who merely preach the doctrines of their individual churches. They get the mind of the heathen packed with this and that creed, what this or that reformer says, and when they get through with him he is anything but a Christian. Why? Because he has never heard the gospel. And the poor fellow, in his ignorance, thinks he will go to heaven because he has gone through certain forms. Perhaps he will; for I do not believe God will burn a man for neglect of Christian duty when he has never in his life heard the gospel. Then let missionaries to Africa preach Christ and his love, and give example of that love in their actions, and they will obtain Christians as the natural fruits of their labors.

At the same time, no one can ignore the grand work that missionaries in general have been doing; nor do I wish my readers to gain the impression that I do not respect the different dogmas of the denominations. That is not the point at issue: I simply affirm that such varying creeds are not what heathen require. They believe that when two or more witnesses give different testimony, somebody is wrong; hence, in Christianity, some denomination must be wrong: therefore they pay no attention when different sects are preaching.

The details incidental to climate, temperament, heredity, etc., could be left to regulate themselves if all devout-minded souls would but obey the grand injunction, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

MISSIONARY WORK

About the year 1860 the Rev. Daniel Ware, an Americo-Liberian, settled in Grand Cape Mount. He took a few native boys and girls into his family and taught them their letters and a little English; but before anything could be accomplished this good man was called by his society to a charge up the St. Paul River, near Monrovia. From that time no Vei man saw a book until 1877, when the St. John's Mission was founded by Bishop C. C. Penick, under the auspices of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America. The influence of this mission has been wonderful, not only among the Veis, but also among the adjacent tribes. In 1877 there were not five men in the Vei territory who spoke decent English: to-day hundreds of young men and women express themselves well in that language. In that year there was not a single man who could read the Roman characters: to-day nearly all business letters, petitions, and other diplomatic documents from Vei kings and merchants are written by Vei boys and girls in civilized language. In 1877 there was not a single Christian among us: to-day we have hundreds in the fold of Christ. You will not find a single civilized town in Liberia where there are not boys who have belonged to the St. John's Mission. Many of them have become officers in the Belgian army down the Kongo coast; many are clerks in different places in West Africa; and some have been prize-winners in competitive examinations, or successful debaters and original essayists in reputable American colleges.

But while all this has been done for the Veis, we are still greatly in need of an industrial school. The best pedagogical method, and one that would promote the evangelization of Africa, would be the education of the head, the heart, and the hands, as well as the collateral training of the boys and girls. Comparatively nothing has been done in the line of manual training. Such knowledge as brickmaking, carpentry, blacksmithing, masonry, mechanics in all its branches, agriculture, and how to use modern implements of husbandry, would do more good to Africa than all the classics, mathematics, and philosophies. Just imagine an educated, refined, and Christian man being obliged to continue living in a rude, inclement hut! If he cannot build a better house he will naturally fall back to his old ways. But an industrial institution which would teach the building of Christian homes, of churches, of public halls and houses for transacting public affairs, and thereby cause the people to feel their own strength, would be of incalculable benefit, and its moral influence would be like a star shining forever.

Another advantage in industrial education is that it would put a stop to war. When a man's house is burned to-day and he rebuilds it to-morrow or in a few days, it does not hurt him much; hence "war" is not a very formidable word to him. But no man will feel warlike when he has a nice little house with furniture and other things conducive to comfort, knowing, as he does, their worth, and the time it takes to make them.

It is generally known that the continent of Africa is only a playground for European lions and tigers. Every nation in Europe claims the right of possession and colonization, regarding only the so-called rights of other European nations, without paying any attention to those of the natives themselves. When the question arises, What right has Europe to possess Africa? we hear only the unreasonable reply: "The right of discovery, and because the African is ignorant and uneducated and cannot cultivate the land."

With respect to my own country, these foreign powers say it belongs to them now, and the civilized world in general seems to agree with them. But we think our country belongs to us. The African may be ignorant and unable to develop his country, but would a man be justified in taking possession of his neighbor's house just because the time for the neighbor has not come, or he is unable, from any cause, to make necessary improvements? Would it not better become the part of a Christian to go in and show the neighbor his deficiencies and how he may remedy them, and leave him to enjoy the results of whatever he may be able to accomplish? But greed is at the bottom of it all. They cannot hear of a country possessing anything which can be converted into tangible profit without desiring to possess it for themselves.

It is believed by some that the African himself sells his country to the European.

I have never heard of a single case of the kind. On the coast there is a system of presenting gifts which the English-speaking people in Africa call "dash." All Europeans visiting native kings generally "dash" the king with something from "white man's land." By men who wish to steal the land of the natives presents are offered the chiefs as being from the English king or some other European monarch. This the native king understands to be merely a recognition of him on the part of the monarch. He therefore receives the gifts, and sends back others in return. This means friendship; and from that time all Europeans are treated with great consideration, and even invited to settle in the country as long as they wish. The Europeans, in the meanwhile, keep account of what they have given, and when the old king dies, or at some other opportune moment, the natives are told that their land has been bought.

Some time before this announcement is made, however, the chiefs are called together to sign a "paper of friendship." Not being able to read, they touch the pen, and somebody signs their names to the document which puts them under the dominion of some foreign power, while altogether in ignorance of its meaning. Naturally the natives do not always take such treatment quietly, and a great war is begun, in which they are slaughtered like wild beasts. All readers of the daily papers are acquainted with the bloody contest which resulted in the expulsion of King Lobengula by France, as well as many other German and English wars in Africa during the last half-century. These disturbances arose from the fact that the rights of the natives had been abused, and they were unwilling to be forced, on their own soil, to obey European orders.

My readers know that the vices of civilization are as degrading as its virtues are uplifting; yet it is an acknowledged fact that these vices have been introduced in the African continent entirely by European representatives. All who have traveled on our continent will bear me out in the assertion that there is a remarkable contrast morally between the natives of the coast and those of the interior. This is owing simply to the fact that the people on the coast have been demoralized by the vices of civilization from European sources.

As an instance, in none of the various native dialects with which I am acquainted, about eighteen in number, are there any words with which to curse or swear, and I am told that the same is true of the other languages of Africa. They have words to express anger or abuse, but not to swear or curse; and when one hears a profane word, it is always in English, German, or other foreign language. The absence of these words surely shows a great respect for religion.

Again, polygamy is practised just as much by Europeans as by natives, although against their own laws and code of morality. It is very common to find a European merchant with from two to five or even more native wives. Now, according to the still more degrading system which Europeans have introduced on the coast, the wives of a Caucasian are the wives of all his friend visitors. When the so-called husband returns to Europe, these women are left unprovided for, and scatter their evil lesson wherever they go.

I know that in Europe there are noble men and noble women. I know, too, that the home governments are not aware of these nefarious practices. But I also know that travelers and residents, as well as colonial officers of these governments, are aware of them, and yet nothing, so far, has been done to protect the virtue of our women.

I believe fully in the protective authority of the European governments, but I cannot be imbued with the idea that European or American supremacy in Africa is to result in the elevation of the African.

I claim that Africans who have come in contact with European civilization are just as good and just as bad as any other nation; and that in their native state they are superior in some respects to the untrained European or American.

This is shown by the easy management of vast tribes by their untutored chiefs, who, in a few minutes, settle questions that would puzzle a senate or parliament, or bring up a lifelong discussion.

As long as the two antagonists to real civilization, money-making and prejudice, are allowed to exercise permanent control, the unsafety of the African and his brother in white on the same soil is quite obvious. Therefore I believe that the political elevation of the African, which bears such a

close relation to his elevation in other directions, must be left dependent upon himself or upon those of his race. This can be done only by permitting or restoring native lineages to power in their respective tribes; by special attention to the education of native princes, as well as the masses, from the revenue of their own country; by having only a few officers to represent the government in authority.

An account of European civilization and missionary work in any country would not be complete without some notice of the cursed liquor traffic by which, so far, it has been accompanied. The evils referred to in the preceding pages are merely forerunners of that abominable curse on our coasts.

From actual calculation I find that nearly one half of the goods imported into my territory is in the form of liquor, and that of the very worst and most injurious kind. The native has an idea that everything the white man uses and exports must necessarily be good and an essential element in civilization. It is therefore common to find a man who is poor, and not able to get sufficient liquor on which to get drunk, rubbing a drop on his head or on his mustache in order that people may smell it and call him civilized.

The evil practice has really been introduced into everything. A feast is not now a feast unless every participant gets drunk with liquor. Mohammedans excepted, those of the natives who have the means to buy liquor are drunk nearly every day. Our chiefs themselves have already gone so far in this practice that the least disturbance always results in war; and I can prove from my own knowledge that all the wars that have been fought by my tribe since the advent of civilization have been brought on by rash action on the part of drinking men.

Here is our beautiful country, teeming with every natural advantage, ripe for improvement, and promising enormous returns commercially, if properly handled. The people are strong, healthy, docile, and willing to work for those having lawful authority over them. In many localities, my own among the number, their intelligence is above the average, certainly far above that of the God-forsaken (if such a word be possible) populations of mining and manufacturing districts throughout Europe.

Here we are on our soil, planted here by an Original Power, our advent lost in the mists of time. So far we have been able to govern and maintain ourselves without more vicissitudes than have marked the rise and progress of other nations. Surely, then, we have a right to be considered when the disposal of our land and the rearrangement of our social condition are under consideration.

If we have not advanced higher in the scale of civilization, neither had we,—I speak again for my own people,—until this fatal liquor was forced upon us, fallen so low as many. We need but an honest helping hand to raise us to as high a state of culture as was possessed by most of the dark races at a time when the Western Continent was still in the gloom of barbarism. To judge by those nations who have been fortunate enough to obtain education and Christianity in a wholesome atmosphere, and without their attendant evils, there seems to be no inherent difficulty in the way of such a result. We are willing to be taught; we are willing to give a large share of the results to those who teach and employ us: but we are not willing to sell body and soul for the very doubtful advantages of civilization as it looks to us.

If the present policy continues, we cannot fight as men should against the wrong. The poison is fast doing its deadly work, and in a few years there will be none of us left to resist the oppressors. But our blood will be on their heads, and will cry to Heaven for vengeance.

It is but very little that we ask—the right to work on our own soil, among our own people, ruled by some, at any rate, of our own rulers, and to be permitted to eat and drink what we think good for us, instead of having deadly poison poured down our throats. Even if foreign powers should for a time be financial losers, they cannot eventually be anything but gainers—aided by a country almost unlimited in its capabilities, and the willing, grateful service of twenty millions of people rescued from the moral as well as physical death now staring them in the face. They will not have the obstacles presented to them in their own country: all will be with them in this crusade; leaders and people alike are stretching out their hands for aid.

We appeal, not to England, not to

France, not to Germany, not to other empires and states, but to the consciences of the individual men forming such nations. We appeal, not for a gift or favor, but for our right. Even as the Americans appealed for their rights, and obtained them by heroic measures, so do we claim the right for "freedom to worship God," and to worship him by sobriety, industry, good will, and all the Christian graces.

Knowing the deep interest which the great monarchs of Europe have taken in our continent, the faithfulness of some European officials, the sympathy of lovers of humanity the world over, the zeal and energy of Christians for the uplifting of my people, I here venture to offer a plan for their betterment which may be suggestive to some who have the ability and inclination to carry out some such idea.

Let a council of friends of Africa be called at some central point. Let men of all countries interested in the subject be invited to present papers on topics relating to the salvation of Africa. Let intelligent natives, missionaries, and travelers from different parts of the "Dark Continent" present papers relating to the dealings of Europeans with natives.

At such council let a definite plan be made for the protection of Africans from the evils of civilization. Let this petition be sent to the great governments on behalf of Africans. From this same council let there be a society formed, the duty of which shall be to see that laws made by these governments for the protection of natives be carried out; that complaints from the native chiefs shall reach the colonial or the home government; that native women in particular shall be specially protected, and, when abandoned by a European husband, that such husband be made to support her and her children.

Let such society have a journal whose correspondents shall be all over Africa, so that fresh facts may be directly known. Let there be a branch of such society in every European colony in Africa.

If some such plan, or a wiser one, be suggested to the friends of Africa, might it not be the basis of a great reformation and the improvement of Africa for the Africans?

Of course the very first step in our forward career must be the absolute demolition of the liquor traffic. That once effected, and the people given a chance to recover from the deadly glamour it has cast over them, their eyes will be opened to the depth into which they have fallen, their manhood will return, and they will once more take their stand among the free races of the earth in their diverse journeys toward the one heavenly kingdom.

YESTERDAY

BY MARGARET RIDGELY SCHOTT

SHIP of To-day! I watch you sail
Across the lessening hours to me.
What storm can those brave wings assail,
What tempest toss that peaceful sea?

All happy things you seem to bring,
A cargo of long-sought desires,
Rebirth of joy, glad songs of spring,
And subtle hints of hidden fires.

Yet stand I silent and apart,
Unwelcoming your fair array,
With eyes turned toward you, but with heart
Still with the Ship of Yesterday!

Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington. See "Open Letters"

ONE OF THE BRONZE DOORS FOR THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.
BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH

THE BREAKING UP OF GEE HAW

BY EMILY HEWITT LELAND

WITH PICTURES BY A. B. FROST

IT was conceded by all the residents of Kane's Knob that Mr. George Haw was the most bashful man and the queerest man that ever lived. To be forty-five years old and as sensitive to human approach as a mimosa is bad enough, but to be labeled "queer" is to bear a burden heavier in its way than a reputation for stealing. One's simplest speech or act is certain to assume more or less strangeness and mystery.

Mr. Haw kept a small shop in which books, stationery, and wall-paper predominated, with some minor effects in the way of confectionery, cigars, games, and toys. In the rear were three rooms—a kitchen, which served also as dining-room, a bedroom, and a large closet with a high window, in which it was said that this peculiar man took all-over baths every day. His bedroom had cases of bugs and butterflies and a few small stuffed animals arranged on the walls, and shelves of books held many large volumes of botanical specimens. No woman had ever been known to obtain a glimpse of these rooms; but a mason, once called in to patch some plaster, reported that "no old maid in the county could beat Haw for keepin' things slicked up."

In these rooms Mr. Haw lived unto himself, coming out into the shop when called by a little bell fastened to the front door. The bell had a gentle, deprecatory tinkle, as if pained to disturb the peaceful silence. In answer to its summons, Mr. Haw would open the door of his private domain and cautiously survey the customer. If it was a man, he would come forward quite promptly; if a child, he would call out, "Ah, there!" in the boldest way; but if a woman, he would involuntarily step back and take a second or two to nerve himself; then, with a little flush on his always clean-shaven face, and softly rubbing his hands together, he would gingerly emerge.

In all his life, since early childhood, he had never known any women associates. His mother dying when he was very young, he had been brought up by a bookish, half-hermit father, from whom he had inherited a love of quiet and a gentle independence of all human ties. People wondered how such a man came to set his hand to business. But Kane's Knob business was hardly of the seething-whirlpool order, and Mr. Haw had plenty of time for his housework and reading, and, in its season, the cultivation of a bit of garden under his kitchen windows. On pleasant Sundays he took long walks to distant fields and woodlands, sometimes bringing home a new plant or insect for his neatly arranged collections. Upon the shores of his peaceful life it is true that the tidal waves of new spring and fall stocks came sweeping in with such power as to make him postpone his breakfast dishes or forget his luncheon; but in a few hours everything would be settled in place—the wall-paper rack sumptuously full, and the other departments making a brave display of new goods at popular prices.

It was in spring and fall, too, that Mr. Haw experienced his sorest trials, for then it was that women came to buy wall-papers. When they came in pairs it was not so dreadful, but when one came alone and sat down, severely or playfully critical, according to her temperament, while he unrolled the various patterns and sought out the borders that matched, the perspiration would start out on his partly bald head, although a cold east wind might be blowing, and his hands would tremble until

Drawn by A. B. Frost. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'BEETLE, EH? WELL, I DON'T SEE HIDE NOR HAIR OF HIM. MUST BE PRETTY WELL DOWN'"

he was glad to find refuge for them in searching for still another style. Every spring and fall, mopping his head and neck in the privacy of his apartment, he would vow to go out of the wall-paper business at once and forever; but as the season was so soon over, and the money much needed, he would forget his painful experiences, and in due time again order samples for the season's trade.

Mr. Haw had lived in Kane's Knob so long that the settled inhabitants paid little attention to him personally. He was good for nothing in politics, and he never smoked, drank, or gossiped, so men had little use for him. And as he could not have gone out to a tea-party or a church "social" without wearing his sensibilities on his sleeve, so to speak, kindly matrons grew tired of inviting him, and finally ceased to do so.

But to the summer boarder he was new and odd and interesting. It was to a smart youth of this genus that he became indebted for his new name, "Gee Haw," which proceeded to stick to him. And it was a woman boarder who came one summer and pervaded his shop like a brisk west wind, overhauling the books, some of which were interestingly ancient, scoffing at the stationery, which contained no "un-

ruled," advising him as to the arrangement of his windows, demanding to know how he managed to live in those back rooms, and expressing her horror that he had never even heard of entire-wheat bread.

And yet, as the season wore on, whenever bad weather or an excursion to some distant point made a hiatus in the calls of this brisk woman, Mr. Haw, instead of wildly rejoicing, had a vague uncomfort-

Drawn by A. B. Frost. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"'WILL THERE BE ROOM IN THAT GREAT CITY FOR—FOR OUR IDEAL KITCHEN?'"

Mr. Haw dreaded her calls so much that he came to fancy that the intense relief of her departure more than atoned for the dread. "She has gone—for to-day! Once more I live and breathe and have my being! Thank Heaven!" were the thoughts that flashed through his mind as soon as the tinkling bell sounded its faint applause to her receding footsteps.

able sensation of being "lost." Could it be possible that he *missed* her?

Miss Marcella White was one of those women who make themselves missed in one way or another. She was thirty-six years old, with advanced ideas on dress and food, and yet neat and comely in appearance, and a crisp and incisive contributor to the home columns of various

worthy publications. Learning that Mr. Haw was his own housekeeper, she lent him several instructive productions of her pen such as she thought appropriate to his needs—among them being "Death in the Dish-cloth," "Dust and Doctors," "Satan and Soda," "The Pie-Python," and other alliterative and alarming themes.

Mr. Haw had thought himself a fairly neat and capable housekeeper, but after reading Miss White's stirring papers, he made it a point to rise extra early that he might sweep and scrub and air with yet more thoroughness, and in all possible ways discourage the swarming microbes and insidious bacilli which, according to Miss White, were assailing him on all sides as well as internally.

"I hope I shall be rich enough before I die," she said to him one day while looking over a book on architecture, "to have my ideal kitchen: not a costly affair, but a pleasant, airy room with painted walls and ceiling, a ventilator over the stove to carry off smoke and smells, a nice linoleum floor, a marble-top cooking-table, the latest thing in gas-ranges, and just *all* the agate and aluminum ware I can possibly use."

"Most women would prefer silk gowns and Paris bonnets, would they not?" Mr. Haw ventured to ask.

"Well, I 'm not most women," answered Miss White.

After she went away, Mr. Haw looked up aluminum and linoleum in his encyclopedia without being aware of any motive beyond a desire for knowledge, and was vaguely pleased to learn that both were within the scope of moderate means.

It was Miss White's second summer in Kane's Knob, and she had become so well acquainted with the inhabitants that she thought nothing of expressing herself freely on all subjects, personal and otherwise; and it was at a church supper that she remarked to a neighboring tea-sipper: "It is strange that your Mr. Haw *never* mingles in social affairs. He 's such a dear, clean little man, and extremely intelligent."

Next day the tea-sipper's husband dropped in for a cigar, and fired the compliment at Mr. Haw—"just to see him squirm," he reported to his wife.

Mr. Haw did squirm, and turned red to his collar; and after his guffawing customer had gone away, continued to feel uncomfortable and, in fact, pained. He was *not* "little"—he was certainly two inches taller than Miss White; and, anyhow, such an extremely personal remark—from a lady! He earnestly hoped and believed that he had in no way *invited* such—such shocking—familiarity.

A day or two later, when Miss White called to consult a dictionary, Mr. Haw was not only shy, but coldly so. He might be slightly undersized and of small account in the world, but he did not desire to be regarded as a small, well-mannered poodle-dog.

Miss White went away with a new impression of Mr. Haw. "For a little man he is really quite dignified—one of the old courtly school, so rapidly disappearing," she said to herself.

It so happened that she had no business at the book-store for several days, and Mr. Haw began to wonder if he had in any way offended her. He missed her. No woman in Kane's Knob said such bright, original things and gave such helpful suggestions—ideas that lingered and led into new paths of thought.

As he washed his dishes he, too, thought of an ideal kitchen and the strange new pleasure of having a certain bright person in it, cooking advanced forms of food. And then at the boldness of such thoughts he would shiver with shame.

It was at this time that a most humiliating calamity befell Mr. Haw. Whether it was a Sunday indulgence in tinned clams or the wildly raging storm sweeping over the town that caused him to start from his slumber, feverish and but half-awake, may never be known. It is enough that he hastily reached for a tumbler on his dressing-table, eagerly drank its contents, and immediately became possessed of the awful consciousness that he had swallowed a rare and extremely interesting beetle which he had a few hours before brought from the woods, intending to classify it early in the morning before business hours. It appeared to belong decidedly to a water family, and he had placed it in a half-filled tumbler on his dressing-table. He did *not* remember placing a glass of drinking-water on the table. He lighted his lamp and gave one look at the tumbler from which he had drunk.

The beetle was gone! And those powerful, well-remembered mandibles! Mr. Haw could feel them fastened low down in his throat, with the tenacious grip of a beetle of *prey*—an outraged, malignant beetle who was going to fight for his life! He could feel those scraggly legs bracing themselves for a still firmer hold. He coughed, gargled, tried holding up his left arm while he essayed to hit himself between the shoulders with his right. He held his head low down, opening his mouth very wide above a basin of water, hoping to lure the creature to its native element. In vain! What if the thing were poison? He fought against swallowing, and yet his throat would spasmodically close again and again, increasing the horrible grip and scramble of the monster.

Something must be done. He thought of the town's one physician, Dr. Scott. Hurrying into his trousers and shoes and dashing into a voluminous mackintosh, he fled forth into the storm. He pounded upon the doctor's door again and again before he could make himself heard above the uproar of the elements. At length a frightened woman's voice screamed from an upper window, "Who are you, and what do you want?"

"Geor' Haw. I wa' see 'octor," he answered, trying to tax his throat as little as possible.

"Oh, Mr. Haw? Well, doctor has gone to Brockville, and won't be home until morning. Anything serious?"

But Mr. Haw was already in the street. He must see some helpful human being at once. There was Doc Butler—called "Doc" because he knew something about sick horses and cattle and could pull a tooth at a pinch. He lived in the suburbs, but Mr. Haw was soon at his door, beating upon it hand and foot. Doc had just settled down in comfort after setting out tubs, fixing rain-troughs, and getting a portion of the shower inside his collar, and he came hastily to the door in an unamiable state of mind.

"What the blank do you want?" he demanded.

"I 've swallowed a water-bug—beetle—some kind—it 's fast in my throat." Mr. Haw's voice was tremulous and indistinct from his effort to disturb the insect as little as possible.

"Swallered a *beetle!*" shouted Doc. "And who the blank *be* you—swallerin' beetles this time of night?"

A lightning flash here revealed the anguished face of the visitor.

"Gee Haw! Well, of all the— But come in—come in!"

"Don't disturb family," pleaded the poor wretch, sinking into a chair.

Doc lighted a candle and proceeded to pour its radiance into Mr. Haw's widely opened mouth.

"Beetle, eh? Well, I don't see hide nor hair of him. Must be pretty well down."

Mr. Haw placed his finger on his throat, indicating the seat of his affliction. Doc manipulated the spot gently. "Seems as if I could feel him about *there*. Can't you get him down? Tried a crust of bread?"

Mr. Haw shook his head. "Won't let go—mandibles clinched."

"What 's clinched? Well, now, hold your head over—so—and open your throat wide 's you can. Now, then!" And Doc delivered his subject such a blow between the shoulders that he nearly felled him to the floor. He set him up and repeated the whack.

"No go, eh? Well, we 'll try—"

A head now appeared in the bedroom door—the head of Mrs. Butler.

"For pity's sake, Jim, what 's the matter?"

"Gee Haw 's up and swallered a beetle—or tried to. Sticks in his throat," answered Doc, with great calmness.

"For pity's sake! Can't you do something for him?"

"Ain't I doing?" answered Doc, surveying his patient meditatively. "If you was only a cow, now, I could put my hand down and grab him out in no time. Or, I could take hold—so—and squash him." Mr. Haw here shrank visibly. "But you ain't a cow." Mr. Haw mentally wished that he was.

"Wake up little Jen," commanded Doc, wheeling toward the face in the door. "Her hand 's no bigger than a frog's—*she* can reach him."

"Well, for pity's sake!" repeated Mrs. Doc, withdrawing her head.

Then followed sounds of hastily donned apparel, a child's sleepy whines and expostulations, and presently the mother came out, bearing little Jen in nightgown and tousled hair.

"Now, Sissy," began Doc, in a coaxing

voice, "poor Gee Haw has swallered a—a pretty little bug, and it 's sorter stickin' in his throat, and we want you to put in your nice little hand and pull him out. Open your mouth, Haw, as wide 's you can. *Now*, Jen!"

Little Jen gave one look and then snuggled into her mother's neck.

"I 's 'fraid of Gee Haw," she whimpered.

"Aw, Jen," said her father, taking her in his arms and kissing her. "You don't want poor Gee Haw to get sick and die, do you? 'Cause then you could n't run over to his store in the mornin' and buy a stick of candy big as your arm. You 've got 'em that big, hain't ye, Gee Haw?"

Mr. Haw was so demoralized that he nodded in the affirmative.

Jen, sorely tempted, extended her hand toward the yawning mouth and then drew back.

"I 's 'fraid he 'll bite."

"Aw, *he* won't bite. He likes little girls awful well, but he don't like 'em bad enough to eat 'em—ha! ha! And just think of the candy—big as your arm!"

"And you can wear your new pink dress and carry ma's parasol when you go after the candy—bright and early in the morning," encouraged the mother.

"Just put your little hand 'way down," coaxed Doc, "and when you feel something smooth and round,—like a nice little bug,—just jerk him out. 'T won't take but a jiffy."

Little Jen shut her small mouth very tight, and bravely thrust her small hand into Mr. Haw's throat. He wriggled and choked and promptly rejected, so to speak, the little hand.

"Did you feel him, Sissy?" asked her father, anxiously.

"Me feeled him—but he 's so slipp'ry."

"Try once more, darlin', and you shall have *two* sticks—two monstrous sticks," urged her father.

The second trial ended like the first, and Mr. Haw groaned in despair.

"Can you breathe all right?" asked Doc.

"Y-e-s," admitted Mr. Haw, doubtfully.

"Then there 's nothing to do but go home and keep quiet until Scott comes back. I hain't got any sort of instrument for *human* chokers, and I ain't goin' to try nothin' more, for I might do more harm than good. Come on, I 'll go home with you, and stay until you can get Scott."

"Thank you," said Mr. Haw, grateful for any companionship, and staggering to his feet.

A wail burst from little Jen. "Tan't me have n-o-o tandy?"

Mr. Haw turned to her and nodded, and measured many invisible sticks of sweetness in the air.

The rain still poured. Under Doc's umbrella the two men took their way as speedily as possible to the abode of the bookseller. Mr. Haw was shaking with cold and fright, and, as he walked, the water in his low shoes gurgled uncomfortably about his stockingless feet.

"The first thing to do is to get dry and warm. A chill may be worse 'n a choke, and you 've no call to have both," said Doc; and treating the faintly struggling little man as if he were an infant, he disrobed him and, rubbing him from head to toes until he appeared ready to burst into flames, bundled him about with all the blankets and quilts he could lay hands on, and placed him in his high-backed easy-chair.

"Better to set up than to lay down, you know; and now if you 'll take a swaller—about two fingers neat—" and Doc extended a flat bottle half filled with an amber liquid.

"Oh, no, I never take—I dare not attempt—to swallow anything," moaned Mr. Haw.

"Might kind of let it *trickle* down," said Doc, coaxingly. "Best thing to knock a chill you ever see—and you don't want no chill, man!"

Mr. Haw obediently took a mouthful from the flask and permitted it to trickle. Entirely unused to such strong liquids, he began to choke and strangle.

"Han'k'chief!" he gasped, pointing to a coat hanging near the dressing-table.

Doc sprang to the coat, and as he felt in its various pockets his eyes rested casually on the dressing-table and settled into a stare.

"Was your bug in a tumbler of water?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; unfortunately."

"Unfortunately nothing! What do you call this thing?" and Doc lifted the glass from behind Mr. Haw's Sunday hat and held it so closely before that gentleman's

eyes that he had to draw back in order to see it clearly.

"Oh—my—Lord!" gasped Mr. Haw.

"Is that the critter?" demanded Doc.

"The very one! And he's not in my throat—after all?" Mr. Haw gazed upon the bug with an expression of ecstatic relief.

"*You 're* a nice one!" glowered Doc, setting the glass on the table and standing before his patient with feet wide apart and hands on hips.

"Eh?" said Mr. Haw, with the smile of totally relaxed nerves.

"You're a *nice* one! Pretendin' to choke to death over a drop of whisky, while all the time you 've got 'em—and got 'em bad."

"Got—what?" questioned Mr. Haw, feebly.

"Jim-jams, snakes in your boots, mud turtles in your throat, delirium trimmins—whatever you *want* to call 'em, Mr. Gee Haw!"

Mr. Haw slowly became aware of his terrible position.

"Shuttin' yourself up here so mighty sly and swiggin' it down all by yourself! I 've heared of sech cases, but I 'd never dremp it of *you*, Gee Haw."

Mr. Haw suddenly sat up very straight.

"Mr. Butler—you—you *dog!*" he shouted, throwing aside his blankets. "Do you dare to insinuate that I am a drinking man? Never, sir! never! Look at me! Do I *look* like a drinking man? Search these premises—leave nothing unexamined! Those bottles, sir, contain, respectively, bay-rum,—for external use *exclusively*,—a preparation for the extermination of moths, ammonia for the bath, chloroform for the humane killing of insects, and—and a harmless and, I may truthfully add, ineffectual hair restorative. In the kitchen you will find, sir, if you will kindly look, a small jug of vinegar and a bottle of blacking. And I defy you, sir, to find any other bottle or jug or *smell* in this establishment, in support of your most uncalled-for—your most *vile*—accusation."

Doc stared at the glowing orator for a moment before he asked slowly: "Then what in time do you mean—tearin' round town at midnight—in a storm like this—rousin' people from their beds with your bug-swallerin'?"

Mr. Haw calmed himself with a great effort.

"Mr. Butler, I started up from sound sleep very suddenly, and, feeling thirsty, reached, mechanically and only partly awake, for the glass of drinking-water which I usually place on the table here, close at hand, but which even now I do not remember placing there to-night. After hastily drinking, I felt what I considered to be a distinctly foreign substance in my throat; and lighting the lamp, I saw the *one* glass—and the beetle gone. I had every reason, sir, to infer that he was in my throat, and as I had not yet classified him, the uncomfortable thought that he might be a member of a venomous family—"

Doc, who had choked back several convulsions during this earnest recital, now burst into screams of laughter. But for the pouring rain and crashing thunder he might have aroused the neighborhood. Poor Mr. Haw collapsed into his blankets and buried his face in his hands.

"Streakin' it half a mile—in the dead of night—in a storm like this! And me wakin' up little Jen—and she rammin' her little hand—" Doc gave up all further attempts at speech and fell into a chair, feebly shrieking.

Mr. Haw roused himself, reached for his dressing-gown, and thrusting his feet into his slippers, caught up the lamp with a polite apology, and went into the shop. He returned in a moment with a large package neatly wrapped in white paper.

"I regret, sir," he said stiffly, "that I allowed your little daughter to infer that the sticks were as large as her arm. These are the largest I have, but I trust I have made up the difference in quantity. And for your own kindness I shall be glad to make most ample—"

"Oh, don't mention it," moaned Doc, preparing to go.

"I shall see that you are repaid," insisted Mr. Haw. "And I must ask of you a still greater kindness: will you most generously refrain from making any—any *public* allusion to this humiliating occurrence? You cannot realize how terribly I—"

"Oh, don't worry, old fellow! I 'll *try* to keep it. And thanks for the candy—enough to last a year, I should say. Good night. Don't get another chill! And look out you don't swaller another—" Doc converted a snort into a cough, and took himself away.

Alas! before twelve hours had passed Mr. Haw felt himself a disgraced and ruined man. The people who came into his shop either spoke openly of his night's experience or, what was worse, looked at him with wide and silent grins. And whenever he heard long and loud guffaws borne along the summer breeze, he shuddered and grew hot to his shoes, well knowing that to some new listener the affair was being graphically recited.

"I will go away; I will leave this place forever!" he vowed to himself again and again during that interminable day.

He closed the shop at the earliest possible hour and hastened into the refreshing privacy of his rooms and to some expeditious packing.

"I have enough money to keep me for a while. I will write to Squire Billings soon and have him dispose of everything, at no matter what price. Gracious Heaven! I would rather live in the woods—in a cave—on wild roots—than stay here another day." Such were the thoughts with which he fiercely punctuated his hurried preparations.

Later, as he sat at a hastily prepared supper, but with small appetite, considering the point to which he should fly on the wings of the night train, the outer door of the shop was vigorously shaken.

"I shall not respond. Not another grinning human, man, woman, or child, shall lay eyes on me again in this town!" he muttered. Yet, in spite of his brave words, his hands trembled slightly as he buttered his bread.

After two more rattling shakes the person, or persons, left the door, and Mr. Haw drew a breath of relief, which ended, however, in a start and a posture of rigid attention as footsteps hurried along the side path which led to his kitchen entrance.

"Oh, we 'll find him somewhere, dear," he heard a brisk and cheerful voice exclaim. "Just come right along with me! My, what a trim little garden! And mignonette! Who would ever imagine—" and then came a smart knock on the kitchen door.

Mr. Haw remained motionless.

Another knock, still smarter.

Mr. Haw, rejoicing that he had shoved the bolt before sitting down to supper, held his breath.

"Three times and then out!" laughed the cheery voice, and then came such a knock that the dishes in the wall cupboard rattled.

A cough which had been perversely tickling Mr. Haw's throat now burst forth, and he was undone.

"Oh, Mr. Haw, *please!*" called the voice. "Here 's a little cherub who has had no birthday present, and I 've promised to buy him one. I 'll wait out here until it is quite convenient for you to let us in."

It was the voice of Miss White, and it conveyed the conviction that she would wait all night if necessary.

Mr. Haw gave an irrepressible groan.

"Oh, you are not ill, I hope?" queried Miss White in a softer voice as she inclined her head to the keyhole.

"Thank you, no," answered Mr. Haw, approaching the door, and inclining his head also. "I am going away to-night, and I closed early in order to make some necessary preparations."

"Ah, going for new stock so soon?"

"No, ma'am; going away for—ever!"

Miss White gave a little cry of dismay, and her voice trembled a little when she asked if she might know the cause of such a sudden step.

"How can you ask, Miss White, after the talk that has filled the town to-day? I simply cannot and will not endure any more of it."

There was a sound outside which might have been a smothered cough, but Miss White's tones were very clear and even when she replied: "Oh, my dear—sir, you are much too sensitive! And you take everything so seriously. Now, if you would only laugh *with* the people, you would take the sting out of the affair in no time. Dear me! How often we hear of people having a great hunt for their spectacles which all the while are reposing on top of their heads!"

"Ah, but they don't go about in the dead of night insisting that they have swallowed them, do they?" Mr. Haw, behind the safely bolted door, began to feel as if he might enjoy prolonging the conversation.

"They might, if they kept them in their drinking-water," laughed Miss White.

Mr. Haw laughed, too, greatly to his surprise.

"Where do you contemplate going?" asked Miss White, after a pause.

"I don't know—and I don't care—very much."

"Business is rather dull here, I know," said Miss White, in a musing tone, "but you certainly ought to *care*."

"I have no one but myself; why should I care?" demanded Mr. Haw.

"Because—because—there may be those who care for *you*—and your welfare—and who might be greatly worried about you—if you go away—like this."

"You are very kind," murmured Mr. Haw, feeling a grateful moisture stealing into his eyes.

"I hope I am *sincere*, Mr. Haw." Then followed a little silence.

"Since you are undecided about a location, why not move to *our* city—as I 'm fond of calling it? A well-conducted little book- and news-store would do a comfortable business there. I have a little capital which I have often thought of investing in such an enterprise. And I feel that you are the ideal person, Mr. Haw, to take charge of it. I could trust you—*perfectly*."

"Oh, my dear Miss White, you surely overestimate—"

"No, Mr. Haw. I have known you quite a long time,—in fact, it seems as if I have known you all my life,—and I—I *like* you—very much—if you can forgive me for being so bold."

Mr. Haw felt a sudden warmth and comfort in his heart. What if it were love—that tender, beautiful passion of which he had read so much? The new thought scared him and yet, queerly enough, it made him brave.

"Dear Miss White," he said, leaning closer to the door, "I will gladly work for you all my life, provided you can answer favorably one little question: Will there be room in that great city for—for our ideal kitchen?"

There was something of a pause. The cherub, thinking of his promised gift, now rattled the latch and called out lustily, "Ope' door; ope' door!"

Miss White restrained his hand and inclined her head yet lower.

"If you won't think me *frightfully* forward and unwomanly, Mr. Haw, I will say that I *hope* there will be room. Good night," she said gently.

But the cherub, with a whimper of disappointment, attacked the latch with both hands.

Mr. Haw, without waiting even to smooth his hair, dashed back the bolt and flung wide the door.

"Come in—*my dear!*"

His hand was on the child's head, but his eyes were on Miss White's softly blushing face.

SCRAP

BY LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC R. GRUGER

AT the gray end of afternoon the regiment, twelve companies, went through Monterey on its way to the summer camp, a mile out on the salt-meadows; and it was here that Scrap joined it.

He did not tag at the heels of the boys who tagged the last company, or rush out with the other dogs who barked at the band; but he appeared, somehow independent of any surroundings, and marched, ears alert, stump tail erect, one foot in front of the tall first lieutenant who walked on the wing of Company A.

The lieutenant was self-conscious and so fresh to the service that his shoulder-straps hurt him. He failed to see Scrap, who was very small and very yellow, until, in quickening step, he stumbled over him

and all but measured his long length. He aimed an accurate kick that sent Scrap flying, surprised but not vindictive, to the side lines, where he considered, his head cocked. With the scratched ear pricked and the bitten ear flat, he passed the regiment in review until Company K, with old Muldoon sergeant on the flank, came by.

As lean, as mongrel, as tough, and as scarred as Scrap, he carried his wiry body with a devil-may-care assurance, in which Scrap may have recognized a kindred spirit. He decided in a flash. He made a dart and fell in abreast the sergeant of Company K. Muldoon saw and growled at him.

"Gr-r-r-r!" said Scrap, not ill-naturedly, and fell back a pace. But he did not slink. He had the secret of success. He kept as close as he could and yet escape Muldoon's boot. With head high, ears stiff, tail up, he stepped out to the music.

Muldoon looked back with a threat that sent Scrap retreating, heels over ears. The sergeant was satisfied that the dog had gone; but when camp was reached and ranks were broken he found himself confronted by a disreputable yellow cur with a ragged ear cocked over his nose.

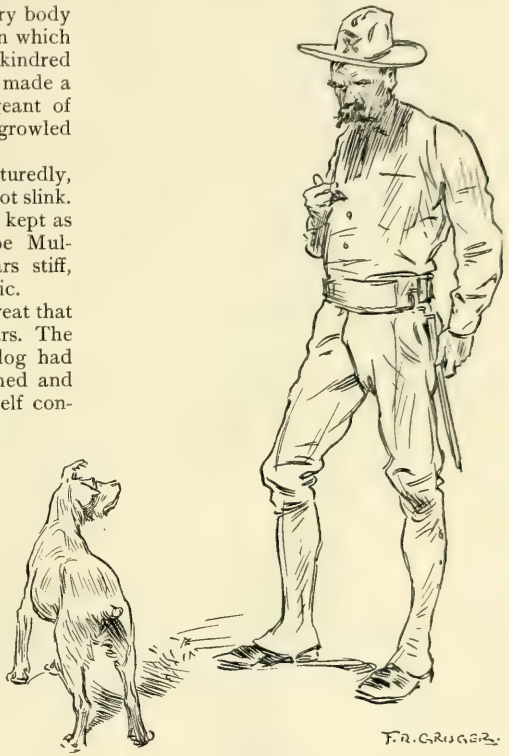
"Well, I 'm domned!" said Muldoon. His heart, probably the toughest thing about him, was touched by this fearless persistence.

"Ar-re n't ye afraid o' nothin', ye little scrap?" he said. Scrap, answering the first name he had ever known, barked shrilly.

"What 's that dog doing here?" said the tall lieutenant of Company A, disapprovingly.

"I 'm afther kickin' him out, sor," explained Muldoon, and, upon the lieutenant's departure, was seen retreating in the direction of the cook-tent, with the meager and expectant Scrap inconspicuously at his heels.

He went to sleep at taps in Muldoon's tent, curled up inside Muldoon's cartridge-belt; but at reveille the next morning the sergeant missed him. Between drill and drill Muldoon sought diligently, with insinuations as to the character of dog-stealers that were near to precipitating personal conflict. He found the stray finally, in Company B street, leaping for bones amid the applause of the habitants. Arraigned collectively as thieves, Company B declared that the dog had strayed in and remained only because he could not be kicked out. But their pride in the height of his leaps was too evidently the pride of possession; and Muldoon, after vain attempts to catch the excited Scrap, who



"'AR-RE N'T YE AFRAID O' NOTHIN', YE LITTLE SCRAP?'"

was eager only for bones, retired with threats of some vague disaster to befall Company B the next day if *his* dog were not returned.

The responsibility, with its consequences, was taken out of Company B's hands by Scrap's departure from their lines immediately after supper. He was not seen to go. He slid away silently among the broken shadows of the tents. Company B reviled Muldoon. Scrap spent the night in a bugler's cape, among a wilderness of

brasses, and reappeared the next morning at guard mount, deftly following the stately manœuvers of the band.

"Talk about a dorg's gratitude!" said the sergeant of Company B, bitterly, remembering Scrap's entertainment of the previous evening.

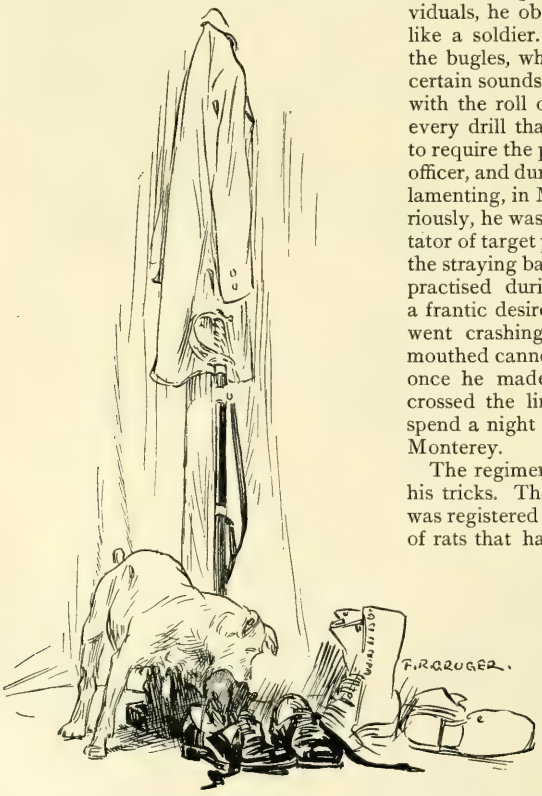
"I 'm on to his game!" muttered old Muldoon. "Don't ye see, ye fool, he don't belong to any *wan* of us. He belongs to the crowd—to the rigiment. That 's what he 's tryin' to show us. He 's what that Frinchman down in F calls a—a mascot; and, be jabers, he moves like a soldier!"

The regiment's enthusiasm for Scrap, as voiced by Muldoon, was not extended to the commanding officer, who felt that the impressiveness of guard mount was detracted from by Scrap's deployments. Also the tall lieutenant of Company A disliked the sensation of being accompanied in his social excursions among ladies who had driven out to band practice by a lawless yellow pup with a bitten ear. The lieutenant, good fellow at bottom, was yet a bit of a snob, and he would have preferred the colonel's foolish Newfoundland to the spirited but unregenerate Scrap.

But the privates and "non-coms" judged by the spirit, and bid for the favor of their favorite, and lost money at canteen on the next company to be distinguished as Scrap's temporary entertainers. He was cordial, even demonstrative, but royally impartial, devoting a day to a company with a method that was military. He had personal friends,—Muldoon for one, the cook for another,—but there was no man in the regiment who could expect Scrap to run to his whistle.

Yet independent as he was of individuals, he obeyed regimental regulations like a soldier. He learned the guns and the bugles, what actions were signified by certain sounds. He was up in the morning with the roll of the drums. He was with every drill that was informal enough not to require the presence of the commanding officer, and during dress parade languished, lamenting, in Muldoon's tent. Barking furiously, he was the most enthusiastic spectator of target practice. He learned to find the straying balls when the regimental nine practised during "release," and betrayed a frantic desire to "retrieve" the shot that went crashing seaward from the sullen-mouthed cannon on the shore. More than once he made one of a company that crossed the lines at an unlawful hour to spend a night among the crooked ways of Monterey.

The regiment was tiresome with tales of his tricks. The height of his highest leap was registered in the mess, and the number of rats that had died in his teeth were an ever increasing score in the canteen. He was fairly aquiver with the mere excitement and curiosity of living. There was no spot in camp too secure or too sacred for Scrap to penetrate. His invasions were without impertinence; but the regiment was his, and he deposited dead rats in the lieutenant's shoes as



"HE DEPOSITED DEAD RATS IN THE LIEUTENANT'S SHOES"

casually as he concealed bones in the French horn; and slumbered in the major's hat-box with the same equanimity with which he slept in Muldoon's jacket.

The major evicted Scrap violently, but, being a good-natured man, said nothing to the colonel, who was not. But it happened, only a day after the episode of the hat-box, that the colonel entered his quarters to find the yellow mascot, fresh from a plunge in the surf and a roll in the dirt, reposing on his overcoat.

To say that the colonel was angry would be weak; but, overwhelmed as he was, he managed to find words and deeds. Scrap fled with a sharp yelp as a boot-tree caught him just above the tail.

His exit did not fail to attract attention in the company street. The men were uneasy, for the colonel was noticeably a man of action as well as of temper. Their premonitions were fulfilled when, at assembly the next morning, an official announcement was read to the attentive regiment. The colonel, who was a strategist as well as a fighter, had considered the matter more calmly overnight. He was annoyed by the multiplicity of Scrap's appearances at times and places where he was officially a nuisance. He was more than annoyed by the local paper's recent reference to "our crack yellow-dog regiment." But he knew the strength of regimental sentiment concerning Scrap and the military superstition of the mascot, and he did not want to harrow the feelings of the "summer camp" by detailing a firing squad. Therefore he left a loophole for Scrap's escape alive. The announcement read: "All dogs found in camp not wearing collars will be shot, by order of the commanding officer."

Now there were but two dogs in camp, and the colonel's wore a collar. The regiment heard the order with consternation.

"That 'll fix it," said the colonel, comfortably.

"Suppose some one gets a collar?" suggested the major, with a hint of hopefulness in his voice.

"I know my regiment," said the colonel. "There is n't enough money in it three days before pay day to buy a button. They 'll send him out to-night."

Immediately after drill there was a council of war in Muldoon's tent, Muldoon holding Scrap between his knees. Scrap's scratched ear, which habitually stood cocked, flopped forlornly; his stump tail drooped dismally. The atmosphere of anxiety oppressed his sensitive spirit. He desired to play, and Muldoon only sat and rolled his argumentative tongue. From this conference those who had been pres-

"A BOOT-TREE CAUGHT HIM JUST ABOVE THE TAIL"

ent went about the business of the day with a preternatural gloom that gradually permeated the regiment. The business of the day was varied, since the next day was to be a field day, with a review in the morning and cavalry manœuvers in the afternoon.

All day Scrap was conspicuous in every quarter of the camp, but at supper-time the lieutenant of Company A noted his absence from his habitual place at the left of Muldoon in the men's mess-tent. The lieutenant was annoyed by his own anxiety.

"Of course they 'll get him out, sir?" he said to the major.

"Of course," the major assented, with more confidence than he felt. The colonel was fairly irritable in his uncertainty over it.

Next morning the sentries, who had been most strictly enjoined to vigilant observation, reported that no one had left camp that night, though the man on beat

four must have failed in an extraordinary way to see a private crossing his line six feet in front of him.

The muster failed to produce any rag-eared, stub-tailed, eager-eyed, collarless yellow cub. Nor did the mess-call raise his shrill bark in the vicinity of the cook's tent. The lieutenant felt disappointed. He thought that the regiment should at least have made some sort of demonstration in Scrap's defense. It seemed a poor return for such confidence and loyalty to be hustled out of the way on an official threat.

It seemed to him the regiment was infernally light-hearted, as, pipe-clay white and nickel bright in the morning sun, it swung out of camp for the parade-ground, where the dog-carts and runabouts and automobiles were gathering from Del Monte and the cottages along the shore.

The sight of the twelve companies moving across the field with the step of one warmed the cockles of the colonel's pride. The regiment came to parade rest, and the band went swinging past their front, past the reviewing-stand. As it wheeled into place, the colonel, who had been speaking to the adjutant, who was the lieutenant of Company A, bit his sentence in the middle, and glared at something that moved, glittering, at the heels of the drum-major.

The colonel turned bright red. His glass fell out of his eye-socket.

"What the devil is the matter with that dog?" he whispered softly. And the adjutant, who had also seen and was suffocating, managed to articulate, "Collars!"

The colonel put his glass back in his eye. His shoulders shook. He coughed violently as he addressed the adjutant:

"Have that dog removed—no, let him alone—no, adjutant, bring him here!"

So the adjutant, biting his lip, motioned Muldoon to fall out.

Tough old Muldoon tucked Scrap, struggling, squirming, glittering like a hardware-shop, under his arm, and saluted his commander, while the review waited.

The colonel was blinking through his glass and trying not to grin.

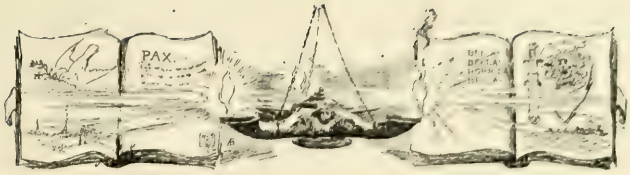
"Sergeant, how many collars has that dog got on?"

"SOMETHING THAT MOVED, GLITTERING, AT THE HEELS OF THE DRUM-MAJOR"

"Thirteen, sor," said Muldoon.

"What for?" said the colonel, severely.

"Wan for each company, sor, an' wan for the band."



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AS A READER

IT is a matter of interest to the literary world that President Roosevelt is himself a man of letters—a historian and biographer, author of books of Western hunting and adventure, a writer of essays, and a friend of authors. That he is also one of the greatest readers we have among our literary men is a circumstance of interest and significance which is not so well known. He has always read widely, but those who are acquainted with him most intimately have been astonished at the discovery that, though one of the busiest of Presidents, he has been able to carry his habit of "omnivorous and insatiable" reading into the White House.[1]

I have noticed in the papers, occasionally, evidences of the President's extensive knowledge of books, ancient and modern, as reported by visitors from his own and other countries; and some instances of the rapidity and breadth of his reading have come under my own observation, or have been brought to my knowledge through the testimony of friends. In these "inauguration days" I have thought it would not be inappropriate to print some notes on this subject, particularly for the benefit of the guild of writers, but also as a hint to others as to what can be done in the way of reading in a life full of the most exacting demands.

I am fortunate enough to be able, with the help of one of the President's personal acquaintances, to present a pretty full, though far from complete, list of the President's reading for two years, up to the first week in November, 1903. This catalogue omits his newspaper and magazine reading, the latter remarkably extensive; also a number of ephemeral novels. More than half of the books enumerated had been read before, so that he read in them only the parts he liked best. For instance, in "Waverley" he omitted the opening part, and in "Pickwick" he took only his favorite scenes. In Macaulay he read simply the essays that specially appealed to him, while in Keats and Browning he omitted much, reading, however, again and again, a tenth or a twentieth of the volumes. Eighty or ninety per cent. of the work of these two poets he never succeeded in reading at all. The old names on the list may be counted as representing his favorite authors, taken up again somewhat at random. All the reading in this list, as he said to a friend, was "purely for enjoyment."

Here, then, is a partial list of books read, as this friend has said, during "the first two years of an exceptionally exciting and difficult administration":

Parts of Herodotus; the first and seventh books of Thucydides; all of Polybius; a little of Plutarch; Æschylus's Orestean trilogy; Sophocles's "Seven Against Thebes"; Euripides's "Hippolytus" and "Bacchæ"; Aristophanes's "Frogs"; parts of the "Politics" of Aristotle,—the foregoing in translation; Ridgeway's "The Early Age of Greece"; Wheeler's "Life of Alexander the Great," and some six volumes of Mahaffy's studies of the Greek world,—of which only chapters here and there were read; two of Maspero's volumes of the early Syrian, Chaldean, and Egyp-

[1] Trevelyan speaks of Macaulay's "omnivorous and insatiable appetite for books."

tian civilizations,—these read superficially; several chapters of Froissart; the memoirs of Marbot; Bain's "Charles XII"; Mahan's "Types of Naval Officers"; some of Macaulay's "Essays"; three or four volumes of Gibbon, and three or four chapters of Motley; the lives of Prince Eugene, of Admiral de Ruyter, of Turenne, and of Sobieski,—all in French; the battles in Carlyle's "Frederick the Great"; Hay and Nicolay's "Lincoln," and the two volumes of the "Complete Works" of Abraham Lincoln—these were not only read through, but parts were read again and again; Bacon's "Essays"—curiously enough, he had not really read these until now; "Macbeth"; "Twelfth Night"; "Henry the Fourth"; "Henry the Fifth"; "Richard the Second"; the first two cantos of "Paradise Lost"; some of Michael Drayton's poems—he cared for only three or four; portions of the "Nibelungenlied"; portions of J. A. Carlyle's prose translation of Dante's "Inferno"; "Beowulf"; Morris's translation of the "Heimskringla," and Besant's translation of the sagas of Gisli and Burnt Njal; Lady Gregory's and Miss Hull's "Cuchullin Saga," together with "The Children of Lir," "The Children of Turaine," the tale of "Deirdre," etc.[1]

After a pause to take breath, let us go on again with the list: Molière's "Les Précieuses Ridicules"; Beaumarchais's "Le Barbier de Séville"; most of Ambassador Jusserand's books (among which he was most interested in his studies of the "King's Quhair"); Holmes's "Over the Teacups"; Lounsbury's "Shakespeare and Voltaire"; various numbers of the "Edinburgh Review" from 1803 to 1850; Tolstoi's "Sebastopol" and "The Cossacks"; Sienkiewicz's "With Fire and Sword," and parts of his other volumes; Scott's "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "Rob Roy," "Waverley," "Quentin Durward," parts of "Marmion," and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"; Cooper's "The Pilot"; some of the earlier stories and some of the poems of Bret Harte; Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer"; Dickens's "Pickwick Papers" and "Nicholas Nickleby"; Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "The Newcomes," "Adventures of Philip"; Conan Doyle's "The White Company"; Lever's "Charles O'Malley"; the romances of Charles Brockden Brown (from motives of curiosity, but without real enjoyment, when he was confined to his room with an injured leg); an occasional half-hour's reading in Keats, Browning, Poe, Tennyson, Longfellow, Kipling, Bliss Carman; also in Poe's tales and Lowell's essays; some of Stevenson's stories, and of Allingham's "British Ballads"; and Wagner's "The Simple Life." He read aloud to his children, and often finished afterward to himself, Thackeray's "The Rose and the Ring," Hans Andersen's stories, some of Grimm's, some Norse folk-tales, and stories by Howard Pyle; "Uncle Remus" and the rest of Joel Chandler Harris's stories (he is known, by the way, to have said, "I should be willing to rest all that I have done in the South, as regards the negro, on his story 'Free Joe'"); two or three books by Jacob Riis; also Mrs. Van Vorst's "The Woman who Toils," and one or two smaller volumes; the nonsense verses of Carolyn Wells, first to the children, and afterward for Mrs. Roosevelt and himself; Kenneth Grahame's "The Golden Age"; what he has called "those two delightful books" by Somerville and Ross, "All on the Irish Shore" and "Experiences of an Irish R. M."; Townsend's "Europe and Asia"; Conrad's "Youth"; "Phœnixiana"; Artemus Ward; Octave Thanet's stories—he especially liked those that deal with labor problems; various books on the Boer war, of which he liked best Viljoen's, Steevens's, and studies by the writer signing himself "Linesman"; Pike's "Through the Subarctic Forest," and Peer's "'Cross Country with Horse and Hound," together with a number of books on game-hunting, mostly in Africa; several volumes on American outdoor life and natural history, including the re-reading of much of John Burroughs; Snellendam's "The Real Malay"; David Gray's "Gal-

[1] Professor Maurice F. Egan, in "Men and Women" for January, 1905, says: "From the moment he read one of the Celtic sagas he saw the beauty, the virility and delicacy of these interpretations of the heroic age of Cuchullin and of Finn. The ideal of Christian chivalry in pagan conditions so unusual he found at once. 'Gods and Fighting Men,' the Irish myths preserved by Joyce and Elinor Hull, the bugle sounds of Miss Lawless's poems of the Wild Geese,—in a word, all that is best and highest in the literature of the Gael,—charmed him. . . . To him these wonderful stories, illuminating the past of the Irish race, are as new and moving as the Grecian tales were to Keats when he found them in Chapman's 'Homer.'"

lops"; Mrs. Stuart's "Napoleon Jackson"; Janvier's "The Passing of Thomas, and Other Stories"; "The Benefactress," by the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden"; "The People of the Whirlpool," by the author of "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife"; London's "The Call of the Wild"; Fox's "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come"; Garland's "The Captain of the Gray-Horse Troop"; Tarkington's "The Gentleman from Indiana"; Churchill's "The Crisis"; Remington's "John Ermine of the Yellowstone"; Wister's "The Virginian," "Red Men and White," "Philosophy Four," and "Lin McLean"; White's "The Blazed Trail," "Conjuror's House," and "The Claim Jumpers"; Mrs. Hegan Rice's "Mrs. Wiggs" and "Lovey Mary"; and Trevelyan's "The American Revolution."

It should be reiterated that this astonishing list takes no cognizance of the fact that the President reads all the leading magazines regularly, nothing in them of importance escaping him. He has, also, of course, an immense amount of official reading to do,—manuscripts and documents of all kinds,—and he is burdened with an enormous correspondence to which he attends with remarkable punctiliousness. Besides this, he is not neglectful of the news and comments of the weekly and daily press.

I have no record of the President's recent reading, but it is not a secret that he is "keeping up the pace." Some of my friends are still "reading at" Morley's three thick volumes of Gladstone's "Life." The President, of course, read them promptly, gaining, I am told, not only a fresh, but a much more favorable view of the great leader, whom he confessed he had hitherto failed to understand. A publisher not long ago told me that Mr. Roosevelt seemed to have his eye on the authors of their house, and now and then a private letter, full of appreciation, would pass through the publisher's hands on the way to an author. In the thick of the campaign of 1904 I happen to know that he re-read all of Macaulay's "History of England," all of Rhodes's "History of the United States," and Dickens's "Martin Chuzzlewit."

The other afternoon he was handed a new book—a not very long dissertation on a matter of current interest. That evening he entertained a number of guests at dinner, and later there was a musical party at the White House, at which he was present. At luncheon, the next day, the giver said to him: "Mr. President, of course you have not had time to look at that book." "Oh, yes," said the President; "I have read it." Whereupon he proved that he had done so by his criticism of the work. One day, lately, a book of short stories was sent to him; almost by return mail came a letter thanking the sender and saying he had already enjoyed the stories greatly in serial publication.

"How does he manage to do it?" All I know about this is that, in the first place, he has by nature or practice the faculty of extremely rapid reading. There are some men of letters, and "general readers," who never have been able to acquire this art. Others can take in paragraphs or pages well-nigh at a glance. The President must be one of these photographic readers, who take almost instantly the impression of a whole paragraph, or nearly a whole page, the eye running along the line with lightning-like rapidity, and leaping to the more important phrases as by instinct. I have known the following to occur: a Congressman makes a statement to him and hands him a type-written paper. Almost immediately the President hands it back to him; whereupon the Congressman says, deprecatingly: "Mr. President, may I not leave this paper with you? I am anxious that you should read it." "But," answers the President, "I *have* read it; you can examine me in it, if you wish."

In the second place, this reader evidently never wastes a moment. Not that he does not spend much time in recreation and social relaxation, but that, whenever it is convenient, he is peering intently into a book or magazine,—at home or on his journeys.

In the third place, the President's reading is only another evidence of his peculiar temperament,—of a mind eager, of wide sympathies, and full of wholesome curiosity. Said Professor Maurice F. Egan, after first meeting the President, "He is a man of letters in love with life."

I had a good friend once who, having nothing on earth to do except read, read nearly as many books as the President, and forgot in the afternoon everything that she had read in the morning. Not so with the subject of this sketch, whose memory is as exceptional as is his power of literary absorption.

President Roosevelt has been over and over described as leading an extraordinarily active life. This characteristic has been constantly written about and variously caricatured. That, along with his responsible and forcible part in great affairs, his physical activity, and his energy as a writer and speaker, should go the power and habit of persistently concentrating his mind upon the printed page, is a matter which I have no intention of commenting upon, either by way of comparison with other great readers, or as a psychological phenomenon. I have merely wished to set forth some of the facts, because they are so interesting and suggestive in themselves, and because of the light they throw upon an important individuality.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

CHANGING RUSSIA

"AS for political institutions, they are all challenged, and statesmen, conscious of what is at hand, are changing nations into armies." So, with characteristic epigram, speaks a character of Lord Beaconsfield's in the recently published fragment of his unfinished romance. Governmental methods that are outworn inevitably pass away either by cataclysmic violence or by quiet growth—by "revolution or evolution." Old-fashioned Spanish government in a New-World province became an anachronism and was removed by war—whether or not actual war was necessary to the accomplishment of the end in view, namely, the removal of Old-World methods from New-World administration. However Asiatic, as a whole, Russia may still be, a good part of Russia is in Europe and not in Asia; Russia in Europe has long been becoming more and more Europeanized,—more and more brought into touch with the culture, intellect, and the ideas of the western part of the Old World,—and therefore more and more has the situation been felt by the civilized world, including civilized Russia, to be absurd, intolerable, impossible.

That the welfare of millions should hang upon the will, whim, and word of a single individual—and this individual walled away from all real knowledge of the people's condition and natural wishes—is an anachronism of tragic proportions—an anachronism which leads to deplorable assassination on the one side, and on the other to such hideous massacres of the confiding innocent as took place in St. Petersburg on Sunday, the 22d of January, 1905.

In all the history of man no more pregnant opportunity was ever offered to a sovereign than that offered to the Czar Nicholas when his people came to him, not with swords and guns, but bearing a petition, carrying the sacred icons, and pictures of the Czar, and following a cross. The humblest Turk is protected in presenting a petition to his Sultan; but the White Czar, the beloved Little Father, allows his petitioning subjects to be slaughtered like mad dogs!

The psychologist and the philosopher can find a score of explanations of the conduct of the troubled, perplexed, and wrongly advised Czar on that day of judgment for him and for the exploded system of government which he represents. Yet it remains true that, strive as he may to undo the awful effects of his action, on that 22d of January the doom of the Russian oligarchy was sealed. Through whatever slow or rapid processes, by means of whatever wise concessions or hysterical convulsions, Russia from now on will advance painfully, perhaps with pitiful reactions, toward some modern and rational form of government. The new government may or may not retain imperial forms, as in Japan. The danger is that the blind, brutal, stupid measures of repression, the grinding system of imperial uniformity, may so inflame the people that fearful reprisals and chimerical schemes of reform will take the place of wise and orderly measures, and that the "man on horseback" may, for a time, stand in the path of progress.

The articles in the February and March numbers of THE CENTURY, by Mr. Mac-

gowan, on "The Conflict in Finland" and "The Outlook for Reform in Russia" give an idea of the movements with which the empire is seething. Last summer there came to our desk certain private letters, not originally addressed to us, but from which we are allowed to quote and for the genuineness of which we can vouch. They were written by a Russian lady of high position. The writer's frank comments were suggested largely by the war in the East, and are significant of the trend, more evident since the letters were written, toward attempts on the part of the conservative forces of society to bring about political amelioration. We present detached passages in translation:

It is true that despotism has a demoralizing influence. Men, under the yoke, end by having no sentiment left of honor or morality; there is a complete lack of ethics—nothing but a fierce desire to grow rich by any possible means. That is what has happened with us. For those of us who are serious and thoughtful the position is frightful. Knowing in what hands are placed the destinies of our country, and feeling completely powerless to come to her assistance, we can only cry, "The country is in danger." . . .

Our condition is aggravated by favoritism. There is always one person—the most corrupt of all—who has the absolute confidence of the master and profits by it to do all the evil possible. The feeling of personal insecurity is so strong that really one must have courage to live here. No matter how the war may end, a complete change must take place; otherwise we shall become like the Turks—we shall die. . . .

Despotism cannot be a victor; it is a corrupter of peoples. With us it is quite an anarchy—a camarilla is ruling over us. All is crumbling down. This is what the Emperor Julian said before dying: "Persuaded that the happiness of the people is the sole end of all equitable government, I have detested arbitrary power—the fatal source of the corruption of states." . . .

No courage, however great, will avail. The Japanese are at least defending their country, while the Russians are fighting for a foreign province which belongs to itself.

No persons are better aware than those who live under free forms of government, either republican, democratic, or monarchical, that all the virtues do not necessarily pervade communities liberally governed. But that no other system is possible for peoples who have arrived at a certain grade of intelligence is proved by experiment; only by some method of representation and self-government can be avoided a condition of cruel repression above and of misery and unrest below. Only thus can humanity work out its own salvation. With Japan following successfully the direction of freedom and progress, it is not in the nature of things that Russia can long linger in the region of nightmare and chaos. The Emperor and people of Russia have other lessons than those of war to learn from the Emperor and people of Japan.

ON THE GOOD CITIZENS YET LIVING

THE public testimonials to the worth of the late Mr. Baldwin, whose death was mentioned last month in these columns, have been very remarkable and significant. If that modest man could have known beforehand of this posthumous outburst of grief and of praise, he would have been greatly astonished.

Testimonials to living men are far from being unknown; they are sometimes rather perfunctory, sometimes overdone, sometimes superfluous, sometimes wrongly applied and misleading; yet sometimes useful, heart-warming, and exemplary. Perhaps, however, the best testimonial a good and unselfish man can have is in his knowledge of the respect, confidence, and good will of his associates and friends in business or in good works. If his good works cover a wide field, he is indeed happy if a still wider audience appreciates the disinterestedness of his service and the purity of his motives. Mr. Baldwin was fortunate in having such appreciation as we have just indicated while he was still laboring among us.

When a man like that drops out of the ranks of the willing workers for better things it is a good exercise, after doing all we can to fix his memory and exalt his example, to look about us in our respective communities, with the idea of taking cognizance of the living good men, whom one day we may be called upon to mourn and memorialize. This, in order to discover whether or not we are neglecting the opportunity of appreciating and supporting them while they are still in the flesh and needing our help in battling for a better world.

It must be an exceptional community that has not men and women who prominently, or with little publicity, are hard at work in an altruistic spirit. This big community of New York can boast a fair roll-call of such workers. Many of them will scarcely be heard of by the general public until they lay down their labors with their lives. Some will have monuments in bronze, or in useful and perpetual institutions; the names of others will be cherished only in the memories of loving associates and of those they have helped, and in whatever celestial records may contain to all eternity the names of those who have served, in humility, their fellow-men.

As we write, the faces come before us of good men and devoted women who in this great whirling world of New York stand for scruple, for civic righteousness, for undiscourageable helpfulness in a hundred good causes. They work in different ways: some in churches, missions, societies; some in hospitals; some in the homes of poverty and suffering, in courts, in prisons, and in "settlements"; some in local reform organizations, in civil service reform, in schemes for beautifying the city, for making it more healthful, for improving our tenements, for spreading education and the love of books among the masses through kindergartens or in the improvement of every part of the public-school system. They are business men, preachers, clerks, capitalists, physicians, lawyers, brokers, artists, teachers, workingmen, politicians of the better sort, journalists. Often the same man will be met with in tiresome committee work in widely different activities—for there is a tendency here as elsewhere to overwork the conscientious and the willing.

The city has not a few such citizens, and their number is increasing. Permanent institutions for political betterment, like the Citizens' Union and the City Club, help to bring out and make practically useful what often would otherwise be ineffective talents and fruitless good intentions. Not every one working in local charities and reforms is thoroughly admirable and unselfish, but many are, and it is a consolation and encouragement to realize that all our "good citizens," all our great-hearted leaders, are not in their graves.

Since this was written New York has been called upon to mourn the loss of James C. Carter—a lawyer of the grand, historic type, whose splendid talents were ever ready at the call of public duty.

"THE FUTURE OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM,"—AGAIN

SO long ago as in THE CENTURY for April, 1884, we ventured some editorial suggestions as to the possible "Future of the Metropolitan Museum," outlining first the uses and objects of such an institution, and exalting "above all, the educational (in the highest sense), which in this country is the first object." We spoke especially of what the word "expert" means in the great European museums, and the necessity of having authoritative experts in the management of the New York institution. We added: "What has been said is to hint at the future that is open to the Museum rather than to criticize the past. Those who are old enough to remember the greatness of the impulse given to the study of natural science when Agassiz was brought to this country, can appreciate the force of the argument. The Museum needs, and should have, a munificent endowment; then, with the constant presence and advice of experts of the character described,—men of acknowledged authority in the realm of art, commanding the confidence of the entire public,—its present collections would form a valuable nucleus for the systematic building up of a truly educational museum."

There have always been, in connection with the Museum, in the board of trustees or otherwise, scholarly and expert men; but expertness and the artistic spirit have not ruled and permeated the institution. There is no doubt that Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke of the South Kensington Museum, now chosen as Director of the Metropolitan Museum, in whatever particular branch of art he may or may not be an expert, is an expert and successful museum director, earnestly devoted to the educational side of such institutions. He necessarily brings to his new position a high standard as to every detail of museum management, and as to authority in art knowledge and opinion. It is no wonder that his welcome by the world of art in America, coincident as is the beginning of his administration with the presidency of Mr. Morgan, has been widespread, cordial, and full of hopefulness.

OPEN LETTERS

French's Bronze Doors for the Boston Public Library

THREE doorways, placed side by side in the middle of the façade, are the salient feature which the Boston Public Library presents to Copley Square. A few months ago these portals were filled by three pairs of swinging bronze tablets bearing figures in relief, and in their art expression emphasizing with peculiar strength the simplicity and refinement of their architectural setting.

These tablets are Daniel Chester French's sculptured doors, which have been eleven years in the making, and are a departure from the conventional method of treating metal doors with stiles and rails, as though they were of wood, and filling the panels with decorative motives.

Mr. French has chosen rather to concede the nature of bronze, and to employ the whole surface of each half-door as a field for the display of his artistic conception. The result is largeness of execution, imaginative freedom, and artistic interest. Who has not felt that the art motive of the usual bronze door is smothered in decorative details?

As Mr. French's student days and early life as a sculptor were mostly spent in Boston, it is peculiarly appropriate that he should set the pitch of graceful seriousness for those who enter the portals of Boston's literary temple. Each of the six wings of the three doors (as may be noted in the key below) presents the figure of a woman, in classic drapery, bearing the symbol of an intellectual attribute or art. The wings of the first door, counting from the left of the observer, represent Music and Poetry. This door may be understood as to its details and its grace and feeling, and to some extent appreciated, in the full-page picture given on page 937. Knowledge and Wisdom are typified by the figures on the middle door; and Truth and Romance on the wings of the right-hand door. The key, though a mere outline, gives a suggestion of the harmony of effect produced by the three doors viewed as a group.

B.

Music
Poetry
Knowledge
Wisdom
Truth
Romance
SUCH SWEET COMPULSION DOES IN MUSIC LIE TO LULL THE DAUGHTERS OF NECESSITY AND KEEP UNSTEADY NATURE TO HER LAW
FAME POETRY IS LIKE THE LOADSTONE WHICH BOTH ATTRACTS THE NEEDLE AND SUPPLIES IT WITH MAGNETIC POWER
BY KNOWLEDGE SHALL THE CHAMBERS BE FILLED WITH ALL PRECIOUS AND PLEASANT RICHES
WISDOM IS IN WISDOM A SWIFT SUBTIL CLEARING VITE RANGE LOVING WINGS GOOD PURE STEDFAST
TRUTH IS THE STRENGTH AND THE KINGDOM AND THE POWER AND DEARNESS OF ALL AGES
ASCOPIA CENTURIES AND GENERATIONS

Drawn by Malcolm Fraser

KEY TO THE THREE BRONZE DOORS BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH (SEE ALSO PAGE 937)

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Authors' Agency

'MID new inventions, none, I ween,
More truly fills a long-felt need,
Makes more for peace and joy indeed,
And self-respect, than this: I mean
The literary go-between.

Now may the Muse her plumage preen,
The poet wholly give himself
To loftier thoughts than those of pelf.
'Twixt such and him will intervene
The literary go-between.

His purse, alas! may still be lean,
But, O! the saving to his pride!
To ask and ask, and be denied!
All this is over. Blessed screen!
The literary go-between.

He 'll scan the tides with vision keen,
And angle where the sport is best.
We furnish bait, he does the rest;
O may his memory be green!
The literary go-between.

Julia Boynton Green.

Humor in School

IN school it is not always the dry bones of the valley; no day passes without its flash of humor or its touch of pathos. A soft answer turneth away wrath, and a humorous answer brushes away the cobwebs and relieves overstrained nerves.

Only yesterday a class of the average age of twelve was asked to define "sultan." With the exception of three, all the answers were normal. One of the three declared a sultan to be "a special kind of air-tight heater"; another thought it "a kind of Christmas raisin"; while a boy who has been there remarked feelingly, "Sultan is the kind of language you get took up to the police court for usin'."

A little girl in the same class declared, "A crusade is a war for a holy porpoise," the inference being that sacred "porpoises" may not tie up to a dock with all comers.

During the last smallpox scare, as the little people were marching in to morning prayers, a wee bit of a girl pulled her teacher aside, and, tiptoeing to reach her ear, confided earnestly, "Miss Maclean, mother says if the man comes to-day to do it, Johnny is *not* to be *baptized*." The little mother was assured that physically and spiritually Johnny was safe.

There is a directness about this that challenges contradiction: "The most important event of Queen Victoria's reign was the successful lying of the Atlantic cable."

In the "Evangeline" poem the representative of the King of England gathers the Acadians together in the old church, and before formally announcing their expatriation says: "To my natural make and my temper painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous." The class had been given certain quotations from "Evangeline" to place properly, telling who used the words and under what circumstances. Among the selections was the one quoted above. A small boy wrote: "To my natural make and my temper painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous—these words were spoken by the notary at the wedding feast when he was marrying Evangeline to Gabriel."

This is obvious: "The sense of sight is very great in the eye." And this: "Edward III claimed the French crown because he got his birth from his mother."

There is a finality about "Positive, sick; comparative, worse; superlative, dead."

But it is the subject of anatomy which furnishes most food for thought. "What are oil-glands?" "Oil-glands are little pipes filled with oil all through the body. They are for oiling the heart and the liver and the lungs so they can do their work smooth and slick." "You should not work either before or after eating." "Cohesion is something you take into the body to stick the particles together." "We should not drink hot water and then cold, because it cracks the tartar on the teeth." "The teeth should be washed after every meal to remove any articles that may be in them." "Round shoulders are caused by leaning on the stomach."

Politicians change their coats, but the youthful historian who writes, "The Indians in Canada walk long distances through the woods to the Hudson's Bay forts to change their hides," goes them one better.

Sometimes it is the mother who contributes to the gaiety of nations. "Please, Miss Gardiner, excuse Tommy for his absence and don't whip him when he ain't there."

Again it is the locally loyal janitor who, referring to a rival city, scornfully demands:

"And I 'd like you to tell me, Miss Cameron, what felicities for examinations they have in Vancouver!" When the basements were flooded from defective pipes, this same man explained that, "What you want is two large ducks in each basement—you won't be right till you get ducks." "Ducks?" I questioned. "What good on earth will the ducks do?" And then, as I spoke, it dawned upon me that he meant ducts. On prayer-meeting night, petitioning for a bereaved teacher, he supplicated, "O Lord, bear up our sister; O Lord, we pray thee, pour into her mourning heart the balm of Gilead and the ile of Patmos!"

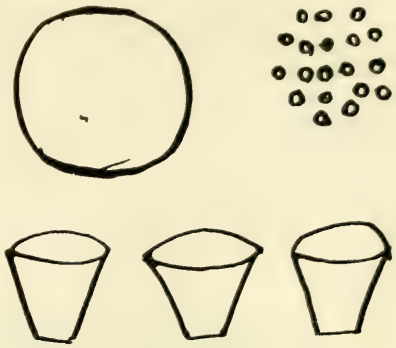
"When in doubt give good measure" was the motto of the little girl who answered the demand, "Name the different races of mankind," thus: "Red, yellow, brown, gray, black, white, and speckled; foot-race, horse-race; run, hop, and jump race; base-ball race, running race, pacing race, trotting race; Chinamen, black men, white men, Indian men, Spanish men, French men, Canadian men, Yankees, Japs, Laps, M-latter men, gentlemen, Duchmen, chain-gang men, half-breed men, quarter-breed men, jockeys."

A little half-breed Indian from the *rancherie* presented himself one summer for enrolment. "What is your name?" I asked. "Johnny," he replied. "Yes; Johnny what?" "Just Johnny." "What is your father's name?" "Johnny." "What do people call your father when they speak to him?" "Pretty Johnny." So the boy was duly registered, "John Pretty-John," a sweet enough cognomen surely, but one which for all-embracing wholesomeness cannot stand in the same presence with that of a bead-eyed little piccaninny in the cotton belt: "Predigested Hygienic Antiseptic Tissue-Renovatin' Non-Corrodin' Sterilized Stimulatin' Joyful Jones."

It was a pioneer town in the Canadian Northwest; the new teacher had issued a demand for geography text-books in the upper class. An irate mother met the pedagogue on the only street, and with a menacing fist demanded, "You want my Julia to get a joggafy, is it?" "Yes, Mrs. Malony, it will be necessary for Julia to provide herself with the required text-book." "Well, she won't get it, young man; she don't want no joggafy. You teach her figgerin', stick to the figgerin', teach her to make money, and if she has money enough, *she 'll find the stations.*"

Recently a lady stepped into one of our modern kindergartens where "nature-work" is the fetish. "Now, children, can't we do something to please Mrs. Wanderslee? Let us each try to imitate some animal." Immediately followed pandemonium—cocks crew, donkeys brayed, lambs baaed, and countless pigs squeaked under gates. One little girl alone sat in a corner quiescent. "Come, Mary dear, can't you *be* something?" "Please, I *am*, Miss Millie." "Why, what is little Mary being?" Mary (gravely): "I 'm a hen laying an egg—*after*, I 'll cackle."

The poem "The Old Oaken Bucket" was under discussion in a juvenile class. It had been read and its beauties pointed out with painstaking patience. Then, following the present-day fad of artistic development, the infants were asked to illustrate the poem. One youth handed in this diagram:



To the teacher it proved a "staggerer." "James, what does this mean?" "Why, ma'am," he carefully explained, "the circle is the well, and there are the three buckets." "But why have you three buckets, James?" "Why, one is the old oaken bucket, one is the iron-bound bucket, and the other is the moss-covered bucket that hung in the well." "And the dots?" "They are the loved spots that my infancy knew."

The little Galician in Winnipeg who declared, "I haf no fader. I haf no moder. I am born off my grandmoder," is no relation to the Vancouver Island child who gravely asserted, "Elizabeth's parents were Spenser and Bacon."

Those blessed with impecunious friends would be glad to revive this old law, "The Petition of Right said no man should be asked for a loan without consent of the Parliament." From the same pen comes: "Magna Charta was a man who signed the Provisions of Oxford; but when King Magna Charta went home he fell down in a rage and chewed sticks and straws, and shortly afterwards died of fever." "The Interdict was draping the church with sackcloth and putting ashes on the roof." "The foundation of the House of Commons was the laying of the corner-stone."

One scarcely knows whether to laugh or cry when a set of examination-papers yields up such fruit as this: "A hemmisfere is the thing that gives us the different kinds of heat." "Steppes

means little holes in the sides of a mountain." "Geography is round like an orange, slitely flat at the poles and bulgin' out in the middle." "Largest desert is Sarah Nevady." "Language is talk." "Inflexion is when you don't want to." "The active voice is when you speak out loud and clear." "Climate is the source of light, heat, and cold." "Climate is a contrition of air and heat." (The implied repentance gives us hope.) "The Romans withdrew from England because the savages became so frequent."

It was an eight-year-old who contributed, "A map is a peace of paper with the earts drod on it." The older brother of this boy wrote, "Soliloquy is thinking of death." He was evidently of a morbid disposition, or perhaps the inhuman questions had broken down an erstwhile happy spirit.

In a Seattle public school a new teacher started a crusade on the popular joyance of chewing-gum. "Put that gum in the waste-basket," was the stern command, in a teacher-tone. "Oh, teacher," sobbed the little girl, "I would like to, but I can't." Thinking that perhaps too vigorous trituration had led to gummy entanglement, the teacher waited for further light. "Oh, teacher, I can't! This gum—*boo-hoo!*—b'longs to my mother!"

I cannot refrain from giving one against that specially bland type of teacher whose unction is an irritant. He arrived on the scene of his "new labors" on a Saturday, and was perambulating the streets with his hands behind his back and benevolence in his left eye. In front of the Smith mansion he stopped and beamed on Thomas John, Jr. "Ah, my little boy, you live here?" "Yes." "This is your home?" "Yes." "Ah! you 've lived here all your life?" But Thomas John had had enough. "Not yet," he returned, and went on with his whittling.

A single definition and I am done. It is the most soul-satisfying conception of a friend that it has been my fortune to meet with. May its ten-year-old originator find a David for his Jonathan. "A friend is a fellow who knows all about you, but likes you."

Agnes Deans Cameron,
Principal of South Park School,
Victoria, British Columbia.

Drawn by Boardman Robinson

NO ROYAL ROAD TO LEARNING

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK